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The May issue of THE CALIFORNIAN, if we may judge from the reviews of the press, attracted unusual attention and was received with especial favor from Canada to the republic of Nicaragua. The Boston *Herald* remarks, in referring to its phenomenal success: "We do not know of an American magazine that has more quickly found its place than this. It cannot avoid securing a large recognition throughout the country. One is surprised to find that so much can be said about things in California that have not before received treatment." The literary editor of the *Advocate* writes: "THE CALIFORNIAN for May is a splendid number. The article on 'The Underground Opium Dens of San Francisco,' illustrated by flashlight, is a real literary novelty, and would be sufficient in itself to establish a reputation for enterprise and originality for the Magazine." Regarding the pictorial features of THE CALIFORNIAN, the Toledo *Blade* says: "THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is superbly illustrated." The San Francisco *Report* is one of the best judges of what success means and how it can be accomplished. It says: "The Magazine has been a success from a literary and artistic standpoint from the start. * * The first number of THE CALIFORNIAN was so good that it was generally believed that its excellence was due to especial effort and could not be maintained. Each subsequent issue has, however, proved better than its predecessor and the Magazine is one of which California may feel proud." The *Missouri World*, of Chillicothe, says: "THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has attained the phenomenal success of the age. * * In six months the Magazine has been placed on a plane with *Harpers'* and the *Century*." The literary editor of the New York *Evening Telegram* says: "It is but the fifth issue, yet it compares favorably with an issue on the Atlantic Slope, both typographically and pictorially. Its contents are sufficiently varied to make it interesting to every section of the country and it has undoubted signs of long life within it." The *News Letter*, of San Francisco, says: "It is an excellent publication fully up to the standard of the leading monthly magazines of the country." The literary editor of the *Argus* writes: "The present issue is a credit to the State." A greater compliment could not be paid THE CALIFORNIAN than this short sentence. The Harrisburg, Pa. *Telegram* says: "The issue is a veritable *bijou* of excellence from a typographical, artistic and literary standpoint." The *Appeal*, of Marysville, says: "Such clever work deserves recognition by every thorough Californian." The *Messenger*, of San Luis Obispo, writes: "It is one of the best literary ventures of the day." These expressions of opinion are a few taken at random from hundreds; and are republished here to show that the efforts of the publishers to give Western North America an illustrated monthly which will compare favorably with those of the East are being appreciated.

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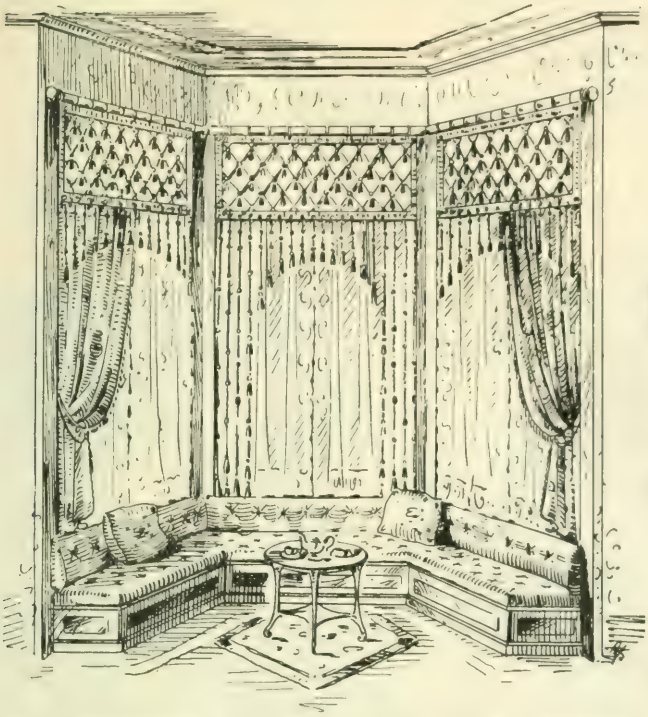
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THE CALIFORNIAN

VOL. II JUNE, 1892 NO. 1

LES AUTRES OF NICE

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR



AMONG the gay and happy throng of wealthy visitors who flock to this most attractive spot on the French Riviéra, in search of recreation, climate or health, very little is known of *nous autres*, as they call themselves. These are the other classes of those less fortunate ones who have to work hard for their daily bread.

Nice is pre-eminently a city of gaiety, light-heartedness and distraction, with its enchanting sunshine and beautiful scenery, over-shadowed by skies of unfathomable blue, no wonder that, in this almost cloudless atmosphere, one forgets for the moment that here there are many lives, whose dullness is seldom brightened by any ray of joy, and whose daily existence is over-clouded by the shadows of care, and the hard toil of a never-ending struggle for the mere necessaries of life.

Side by side, in strong contrast, lie the new part of the city—the strangers' quarter—and the old town or *vielle ville*, just across the river. The one possesses its open squares and its Casino with a most enchanting winter garden, which resembles fairyland, when it is illuminated for the nightly concert, or frequent evening *fêtes*. The beautiful *Jardin Publique*, filled every day with a crowd of fashionable visitors, lies at the beginning of the *Promenade des Anglais*, that broad, villa-lined avenue, which stretches along for two miles, a magnificent, palm-bordered roadway, close to the crescent shore of the sea. The newly completed *Jetèe Promenade*, jutting out into the deep blue Mediterranean, with its foundation of iron trestle work, lapped by the spray of the rolling surf, offers a most attractive place of *rendezvous* for this amusement surfeited crowd of *élégantes*. Here they walk on its terrace, which, overhanging the water, reminds one of the deck of an ocean steamer; and here they congregate every afternoon to listen to exquisite strains of music, rendered by a first-class orchestra. Here they flirt and chat and even gamble a little, while sipping afternoon tea, coffee, or *absinthe*, according to their nationality, and the main object in life seems to be to while away the hours in the most charming manner possible.

Now let us look upon the other side of the picture—across the river in the old town with its dark, narrow streets, into some of which no solitary ray of God's sunlight, so free to all, ever penetrates. Here the scene differs widely from the first. All are at work, not with that woe-begone, crushed bearing, which characterizes the hopelessly poor in our own large cities, but with a spirit and a will, with many a song and jest.



Promenade des Anglais, Nice

Queer little shops whose darkness is almost unfathomable, offer curious wares to the passer-by. One contains cheese and nothing *but* cheese. Here are *gruyère*, *parmésan*, *roquefort*, *brié* and *calombert*, in all stages and ages, with their accompanying odors. Here is a pleasant-faced old French woman with snowy cap, who offers us *casseroles*. Such a collection, all of earthenware! Jugs, pannikins pots, chestnut roasters, *marmites* and pitchers, some of which are so artistic in form and coloring that we are tempted to invest in one at the price of a few *sous*, to fill with flowers for our salon tables. Then we come across an arcade where hang rabbits and game for sale. The former are suspended alive by their hind legs, which are tied tightly together, while their fore feet trail on the ground. As they send frightened, beseeching glances at us from their large pathetic eyes, we should like to purchase the whole stock for the fun of seeing them scamper joyfully down the narrow pathway.

The other game consists of pigeons which have been shot the day before at the Monte Carlo shooting matches; poor little larks, whose bony bodies show that their song is worth far more than their flesh; hares, skinned and sold in portions or by the joint; and sad looking chickens, whose yellow, dried-up skins suggest the experience of a long journey hither, with third-class accommodations. Further on are all sorts of dried fish; salt codfish soaking in *casseroles* of fresh water; herrings, *marinéed*, smoked and salted, with sardines and tunny in oil.

Now, we find a most curious bazaar where they sell everything; a diminutive Macy's in the shadow. Here is a tailor shop where the men sit cross-legged close to the window which has no glass in order to get a ray of light. There are some interesting old jewelry shops where one can occasionally find a good piece of fine work done by the celebrated goldsmiths of old Nice. In all of these places much bargaining is necessary if only to buy two *sous*' worth of cheese or an egg. You must always cheapen the first price or you will be considered by the seller to be slightly *outré*.

A singular sight now presents itself and we almost cry aloud in amazement. From out a steep and narrow side street appear three women carrying a piano on their heads. They have taken an old apron rolled it into a thick round wad and placed it on the crown of the head. There they go with slow and measured tread, swinging their hands to balance themselves while they carry a load which in our own "land of the free" it requires four men, a pair of horses and a cart to transport. For this work they will earn a half a *franc* apiece, or possibly a *franc*, with which latter sum they will go home radiantly content.

We meet women coming in to the town market riding on small donkeys which are so laden with vegetables bulging out on either side that it is rather difficult to pass and we must crowd into a doorway. The *laitières* or women who sell milk excite our curiosity. They sit by the roadside and knit while they deal out in small portions rather blue-looking milk to any who are fortunate enough to be able to afford it; for milk is an expensive beverage here, where cows are kept in the stables from one year's end to the other, brought up and fed by hand, as it were. Wine is much cheaper than milk, and many a little one in these parts is fed upon diluted wine (from its infancy) instead of wholesome nourishing milk.

A poor old woman toiling up the steps with a heavy basket of newly washed linen on her head suggests another occupation of many of the *Niçoise*. Down below all this narrowness and steepness runs the River *Paillon* which forms another most striking contrast to the darkness above. Wide and open is its bed and sunny are its banks. Here we see the poor engaged in quite a different employment and a peculiar picture pre-



Winter Garden of the Casino, Nice

sents itself before us. There are numbers of women and girls kneeling on the cold stones which form little islands between its streams when the river is low. What are they doing there, hundreds of them, bending over the water so attentively? Ah! here is a life of toil!

There are the *lavandières* of Nice. Not alone on a Monday, but on any day of every week, one can see long lines of these women, stretching far away under the consecutive bridges, scrub, scrub, scrubbing; wringing, rolling, rinsing, and then hanging out the clothes to dry, until the river-bed resembles one huge laundry. As this clothing is washed in cold water, and is vigorously rubbed on some large, flat stone in the river, one would imagine that the general aspect of the inhabitants and visitors in Nice would be rather grimy as to linen. I have never dared to question my *blanchisseuse* too closely about the environs of her laundry, but I have a growing conviction that we are not made an exception to the general rule, which is one of the penalties of living in this otherwise charming place. Still, our washing is brought home every week so spotlessly pure, that we cannot complain. Judging, however, from its present condition, although quite new three months ago, as it now seems suddenly to be falling to pieces, I opine that the strong scrubbing on the rocks by the river side is not the only injury inflicted upon these same garments, but that they are cleansed and whitened afterward by some more artificial and harmful process.

However, we all know that when one is in Rome, there is really no sage course to pursue, except to follow the illustrious example of the Romans, in even the smallest particulars. And so in this place, one must do as the *Niçoise* do. And how cheaply the washing is done here. No one thinks of keeping a laundress in the house, for it really would not pay. One is not charged so much a dozen as in our country, but each garment has its own price, according to the work. A handkerchief, for example, is laundried for one cent, while a man's linen shirt costs eight, and a collar only two cents.

These poor washerwomen do not pursue their humble avocation without danger. For there are times in the spring when the snow is melting on the mountains and the freshets occur, that the river rises so suddenly they have barely time to escape. It has even sometimes occurred, as it did last spring, that the sea rose with a storm at the same time, and, meeting the freshets half-way, several *lavandières* were overtaken, and before they could be rescued were swept out to sea and lost.

And now how do these people live? What do they eat and how much do they earn? I was invited the other day to visit one of their apartments in the old town. This was on the ground floor, and consisted of three rooms. The front one, on the street, was the shop, with a door but no window, and as I groped my way into the middle or sleeping-room, I could not see. Here they sleep in a room with a cold stone floor and no carpet; with no fireplace and hardly any daylight. The third or back room, which had one window, was the kitchen, eating and living room, also with a stone floor. As wood and coal are dear, the strictest economy is practiced about kindling a fire in the curious little French range. When they do have meat to roast, which is very rarely, they take it to the baker, and have it cooked there for a few *sous*, as an amount of heat sufficient to roast anything would require a most extravagant quantity of fuel for such poor folk. Everything is bought in very small quantities, and even of staple articles, such as salt, pepper, flour and sugar, just enough for the day is purchased. Ready money is not plenty enough to lay in a stock of such things.

The daily wage here is very low



A Street in Nice—Vegetable Seller

and profits are small. Still, as I have said, one does not find the abject misery among the poor which is to be seen among the lower classes in many a larger city, like London, Paris, or New York. An ordinary carpenter, plumber, or mechanic receives from two to two and a half *francs*, or fifty cents for a day's work of nine hours, while a boss plumber has ten *francs*, or two dollars. A gardener earns from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. A first-class seamstress who works for a dressmaker gets two francs a day, or if very well advanced toward the head of the line, three *francs*, or sixty cents; and a lady can have her gowns well made and artistically finished at a good dressmaker's for from five to ten dollars. The wages of domestics range from five to twelve dollars a month, but the latter price is only paid for very superior work, or a large family. The cabmen ask only fifteen cents a course—within the city limits, or forty cents an hour. Then there is the army of porters; *commissionaires*, who carry packages and letters, or do any errands required, and the *porteuses*, who carry your purchases home from the market, all of whom earn from ten to twenty cents a day.

Fortunately for themselves, the lower classes are satisfied with very little. Give them a piece of hard, dry bread and a cup of black coffee with sugar for their breakfast; a bowl of soup and bread for their dinner, accompanied by the inevitable *vin ordinaire* at seven cents per quart; and bread and cheese, a penny salad or a dish of maccaroni for their supper, and they are quite content. They seem to thrive well, although they may not know the taste of meat for weeks.

They pass their existence out of doors in front of their shops. No wonder that the children congregate there to escape from their homes, those "black holes of Calcutta," whose darkness and chill seem tomb-like. The mother places her chair outside the door in the street and sits there all day with her knitting, chatting sociably with her neighbors who are engaged in the same occupation. A walk through the old town of Nice always brings to my mind the grim picture of the Lefarge woman, whose character Dickens has depicted in so masterly a manner, and who, during the terrible scenes of the Revolution, sat in her doorway and knitted away so many lives.

The helpless poor and the sick are well cared for in Nice. There are many charitable people here and some societies especially formed for their benefit, so that soliciting alms is not necessary. Every year, at Carnival time, a *Kermess* is given here by representative ladies of all nationalities, for the benefit of the poor. Begging is deprecated by the authorities, though the French citizens themselves encourage it. You rarely see *monsieur* or *madame* refuse a few *sous* to a poor *malheureuse*, and I have frequently seen the poor give to the poor, for theirs is the heart soft with pity for the sufferings of others.

Thus, side by side they walk, these sons and daughters of toil, with the fashionable, the wealthy and the prosperous, on the streets and promenades. And the same cloudless sky and the same sunshine is over them all, while the deep blue sea, with its changing hues, the setting sun gilding the snow peaks with shadings of glorious red, and the pale lustre of silvery moonlight touching the Bay of Angels, are free alike to the rich and the poor of Nice, for *les autres* can have their share in the heavenly beauty of the whole.

Much of the domestic life of *les autres* goes on out of doors in Nice. One sees on every side, bright eyes and rosy cheeks among the young ones, and even the old women are rosy, though wrinkled. The bright sunshine, clear air and wholesome though ofttimes scant food account for these evidences of health and the laughter and chatter going on all about as one passes the groups, about the doors of the modest dwellings evi-



Washerwomen at Work in the River Bed, Nice

dences a cheerful contentment that to one accustomed to poverty in American or English cities, is a very pleasant contrast, and proves that contentment after all does not depend upon either riches or higher education, for here are a class whose lives are one continual toil from the cradle to the grave, none of whom know any greater degree of wealth than the possession of their modest chattels evidences, or whose mental acquirements go farther than a very limited acquaintance with their breviaries, and yet life to them has none of that black hopelessness we see written in the expressionless faces of our own *les autres*. They seem indeed to have solved the vexed question of "Is life worth living?" very much in the affirmative, to their own satisfaction at least, and one of the pleasantest memories of a close acquaintance with the *Niçoise* is the many bright and smiling welcomes I have read in the faces of my friends among *les autres*.



Niçoise and Child

The *Niçoise* in common with the others of their class in France, are of the soil, seldom or never emigrating. Hard and toilsome as is their life in their own land they prefer it to a more prosperous one in any other. They love the blue skies, the meagre soil and the bright sunlight as a *religieuse* her patron saint, and nowhere, save in isolated cases, does one find them in foreign lands.

Any country might count itself fortunate, indeed though, could it attract them as immigrants, for the experience of Canada, with its *habitans*, proves that they carry their habits of industry, thrift and cheerfulness with them. Many times in traveling through French Canada I have been reminded of my friends among *les autres* for there one frequently comes across scenes in which the surroundings and the *dramatis personæ* are distinctively reminiscent of *bourgeoise* France. The same types are here, the same costumes, the same household gods, the same gentle piety, and, above all, the same smiling heartfelt courtesy to *madame* or *m'sieur* that has gladdened one's heart at the market place or the fountain in the *vielle ville* of Nice. The types are exactly reproduced—the sturdy, brown skinned, ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed youngsters, the sweetly pensive, shy-eyed girls, and, above all, the white-capped, wrinkled old women. These last are as voluble as their younger sisters are chary of talk with the stranger and love to chatter to anyone who will listen, of their ills, of course, but they never omit to wind up with a

thanksgiving to the *bon Dieu* for some small blessing at least.

The bitterest time for *les autres* is during the spring when the *mistral* or *tramontane* blows ; these bitter winds are from the west and northwest and while they blow at least, the *Niçoise* are miserable. The air is full of dust whirled about into one's eyes, nose and mouth and even sifted through one's clothing until the sensation is unbearable. The mistral blows from a perfectly clear sky and although the sunlight falls bright and sharp upon the white walls and pavements it gives no warmth and the keen wind cuts like a knife ; at such times the streets are deserted of even *les autres*, they are forced under cover even of such miserable holes as they call home.

The poetic side of *les autres* is shown in their piety ; they are Catholic, of course, and their faith is very touching and beautiful to one accustomed to the hard pessimism of the poorer classes of Anglo-Saxon origin. They have each and every one some patron saint to whom they make their petitions, burn their votive candles and upon whom they cast all the troubles and cares of their very work-aday lives with the most utter confidence that the burden whatever it may be will be lightened.

They steal away to the churches at all hours for prayer, meditation and



Niçoise Lavandière

consolation, and no matter how trivial or of what moment the matter may be they take it there and find comfort. Their faith is the childlike trusting confidence of the southern people's in "*le bon Dieu*" and the Virgin Mother and is a very beautiful side of the *Niçoise* character, they never neglect *la mere de famille* and the younger members appear in their best and all meet about the family board in innocent mirth or joy of the festival.

The good-heartedness and generosity of these poor people to one another was a constant source of sur-



Niçoise Laitière

observance of their fast or feast days, and no matter how poor the people nor how humble the home no Easter or Christmastide passes but is remembered by some little family festival, meat is seen on the table and the highly prized necklace of amber or coral, or mayhap a brightly-colored kerchief or lace scarf is donned by

prise to me, and often and often have I seen the poor give to the poor out of their scanty store of *sous*; even the children share any bit of sweetmeat or fruit they may have given them with one another with a cheerful alacrity that is as charming as it is rare among folk who are better off in this world's gear than are *les autres*.

Art in Japanese Swords



刀劍ハ武士ノ魂

BY MRS. HELEN E. GREGORY-FLESHER, M. A.

A GLITTERING halo of golden legend and brilliant romance surrounds the Japanese sword. In no other country in the world has this weapon been held in such esteem. Almost superhuman qualities were ascribed to it, and it was credited with attachment to its owner.

To the nobleman or the *samurai*, the sword was his most cherished possession, not even excepting his wife, who was held a little lower than his sword. Self-denial and deprivation, that one might have a fine weapon, was regarded natural and commendable.

"The sword is the living soul of the *samurai*," wrote Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate. This saying, rendered in his own words on the title page, was written in the sixteenth century, and gives some idea of the regard in which this weapon was held. Famous sword-smiths could sign after their names such titles as baronet or marquis. Emperors did not disdain to patronize the art, but even to while away their leisure hours, sword-forging. Gotoba-No-In, a Mikado who lived A. D. 1186, sent every month for a different maker who worked under his patronage. The swords he made himself he marked with a chrysanthemum and a stroke underneath it, the chrysanthemum being the official Imperial crest.

In mediæval days, the famous Damascus blades were rivaled by those from Japan. Weapons that with unturned edge halved copper coins were not uncommon.

The great value attached to swords and the impulse given to armor-making was in great part due to the fierce civil wars that for so long convulsed the whole country. The great *daimyo* or lords maintained and were expected to contribute when called upon so many fighting men to their superiors, the *kuge*. This meant, of course, an immense force of skilled warriors, whose business in life was war. These men were called *samurai*, when attached to a feudal lord and *rônins*, literally "wave men," when owning allegiance to no lord, but wandering like the "waves" of the sea, and who, for a monetary consideration, fought under any standard. The *kuge* and *daimyo* formed the nobility, the *samurai* and *ronins* the gentry of Japan. So, as it often happened that the very life of a *Samurai* depended upon the keenness of his blade, it is not surprising that he regarded it as his most valued possession.

Sword etiquette was governed by certain well-defined rules and ceremonies, and violation of these often cost not only honor, but life itself, and the offender's world thought him well served.

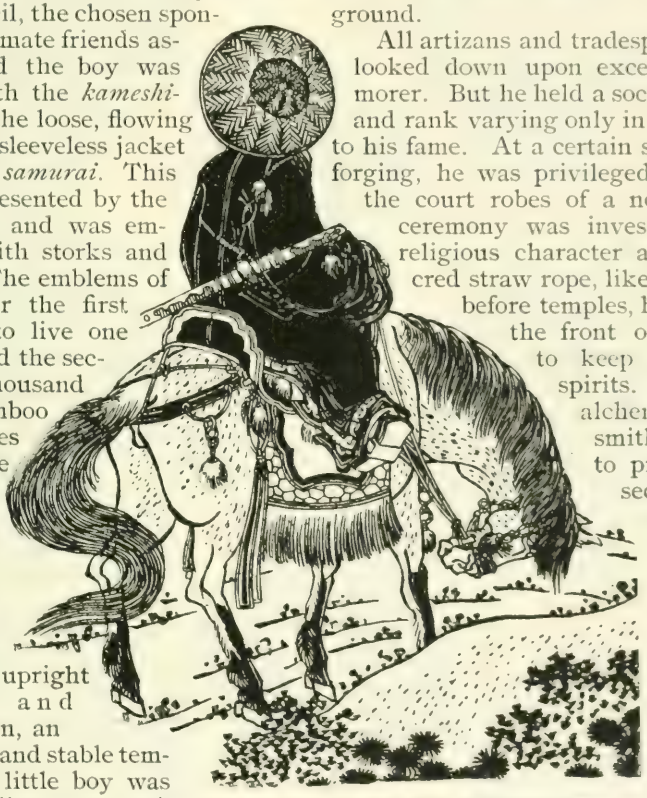
Swords by famous makers brought enormous sums. A Japanese noble frequently paid from one thousand to

fifteen hundred dollars for a blade alone, and as much more for the furnishings, the guard, ornaments and scabbard. Such weapons were handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. Even children wore miniature swords or dirks, and the presentation to the little heir of his first weapon was a ceremony of itself.

On the fifth day of the eleventh month of the child's fourth year, the family council, the chosen sponsors and intimate friends assembled and the boy was invested with the *kameshimohakama*, the loose, flowing trousers and sleeveless jacket worn by the *samurai*. This dress was presented by the sponsors, and was embroidered with storks and tortoises. The emblems of longevity for the first is reputed to live one thousand and the second ten thousand years. Bamboo and fir trees must also be worked upon it, the bamboo to signify a hope that he may have a straightforward and upright disposition, and the evergreen, an unchanging and stable temper. The little boy was placed standing upon a gô board (a gô is a Japanese game not unlike chess), with his face to a lucky quarter of the room; then the dress was put on, and a little sword, a model of the real one he would receive when fifteen years of age, was given him. Three wine cups were brought on a tray, and filling all three, the sponsor drank from each in turn. He then offered them to the godchild, who pretended to drink, too. The sponsor produced a present, and the child again pretended to drink. This was repeated three times, and the ceremony ended.

The most famous swords are still known by names. Iyeyasu, who drew up the rules governing sword etiquette, owned a magnificent blade forged by Naga-Mitza A. D. 1279, called *Adzuki-Naga-Mitza*, because it could cut a bear (*Adzuki*) thrown into the air in half before it fell to the ground.

All artizans and tradespeople were looked down upon except the armorer. But he held a social position and rank varying only in proportion to his fame. At a certain stage in the forging, he was privileged to assume the court robes of a noble. The ceremony was invested with a religious character and the sacred straw rope, like those seen before temples, hung across the front of the forge to keep out evil spirits. Like the alchemist, the smith retired into privacy and secrecy during this critical time. This mystery was still kept up by old-fashioned smiths as late as 1872.



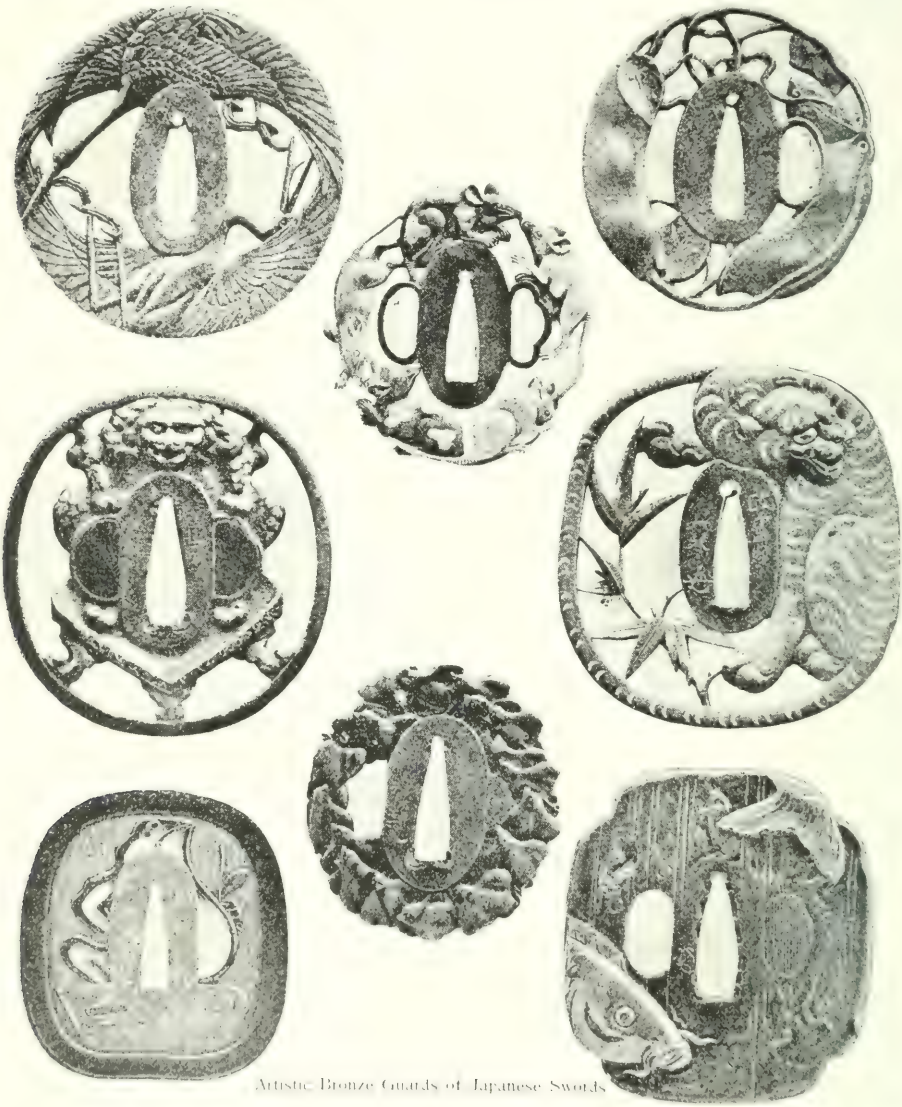
Japanese Man—Showing Mode of Wearing Sword

The *samurai* wore two swords—a long one, *katana*, and a short one, *tanto*. This curious fashion dates from the fourteenth century, and prevailed until a few years ago. How close the custom lay to their hearts may be judged from the following extract, written by Mitford.

"The statesman who shall enact a law forbidding the carrying of this weapon will indeed have deserved well

of his country; but it will be a task difficult to undertake and a dangerous one. I would not give much for that man's life. The hand of every swashbuckler in the Empire would be against him."

edict prohibiting them altogether was issued, the decree to take effect the 1st of January, A.D. 1877. Those who knew how cherished the privilege of wearing the sword was expected violent disturbances, riots and bloodshed, but



Artistic Bronze Guards of Japanese Swords

This was written in A. D. 1871. Only a year or so later the government issued a request to the *samurai* asking them to refrain from wearing their swords and on the 28th of March, A.D. 1876, an

the Japanese are a wonderfully submissive race, nothing happened and swords became things of the past — weapons that a few years before their owners could not have been induced

to part with even at the most fabulous prices would not fetch half their former price and lay neglected and dust covered in the second-hand shops.

The ancient sword called *tsuguri* or *ken* was a straight double-edged heavy weapon about three feet long, the width varying from two to two and a half inches. It was to be swung with both hands and was carried crosswise over the back. The best blades were made and the most noted smiths



Japanese Woman, Gidiyo-Assadi, with Sword

flourished over a thousand years ago during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. All swords made later than A. D. 1570 and inferior blades of older make are styled *shinto*. Nero Horikawa Kunihiro who lived A. D. 1600 is the best of the *shinto* makers. The old swords are much lighter than the new. Weight is one of the tests applied by connoisseurs. A fine old weapon is proportionately much lighter than the *shinto* blade. I have seen and held in my hand a dirk-shaped extraordinarily light blade. The quaint inscription upon it being, "Made in the time of God," which means that it is so old that the date of its making has been forgotten. Its age is not a mere tradition, but is proved not only by a well-kept record, but by internal evidence such as the strange crude



Nobleman in Hamashimohakama—Swords in Place

manner in which the handle is finished and the peculiar color of the steel. This particular weapon belongs to a Japanese gentleman and is cared for most solicitously. It is set in a plain wooden handle with a sheath of the same undecorated material; it is slipped, sheath and all, into a silk brocade muslin-lined bag, and in order that no vestige of moisture may get in, the space between the outside and the lin-

ing is filled with perfumed rice powder. In the same bag is a little crepe handkerchief with which to wipe the blade before it is put away.

In the temples in Japan there are celebrated swords known to be older than this one but many of them unfortunately are not in a good state of preservation.

In mediæval times the *katana* was evolved ; it was more convenient than



Forging the Sword

the *tsuguri* being shorter and lighter. It has a single edge and is slightly curved at the point. In modern days the *wakizashi*, often called the *harakiri* knife, was replaced by the *tanto* worn with the *katana*. Numbers one and two belonging to collection of Mr. Henry Molineux of San Francisco are good examples. The ornamentations on the hilt and scabbard of number one are of silver and represents the seven gods of good fortune. It was made in the seventeenth century by Kore Hiro. Number two which is about the same age, made A. D. 1630, is also ornamented in silver and was forged by Tada Yoshi. Number three in the same collection is in that style called *shin-no-tatchi* so named because the owner's crest is repeated at least seventy-five times. The scabbard is of aventurine lac. The sword is a remarkably beautiful one and was made by Kuni Sada six hundred and three years ago for the prince of Sendai.

The most important part of the Japanese imperial regalia is *Cloud-cluster*, a famous sword the origin of which is lost in a myth.

Sosanoö was sent on a mission to the food goddess by Amaterasu the moon god, who during the reign of the sun goddess wandered in exile upon the earth, was appealed to by the people to rid them of a terrible eight-headed



Carved Ivory Sword — Made in the year 1080 A. D.
The blade of the sword was made by Munechika, one of the most celebrated Japanese smiths of his time.
In the Marsh Collection

dragon which was devastating the land and devouring their most beautiful maidens. When the time came for the monster's periodical visitation Sosanoö set out on the seashore eight huge tubs of *saké*. The dragon attracted by the smell plunged his eight heads into the tubs and soon was intoxicated and Sosanoô found little difficulty in slaying him, but try as he would he could not cut through the tail, something offered a firm resistance. Carefully splitting it open the astonished god found it contained a magnificent sword, this was the famous Cloud-cluster which, with the sacred mirror and the ball, was carried before the Emperor when he opened the Diet A. D. 1890.



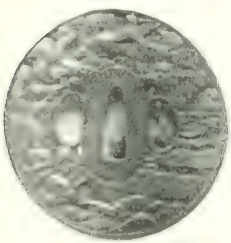
19

During the Askihaga Shogunate, in the fourteenth century, it became the custom to commit *hara-kiri* or *seppuku* when defeat or disgrace was encountered. Not only the nobleman but his retainers with him committed suicide, but it was not until the Tokugawa dynasty that it was raised to the status of an official punishment. And at this period it became the fashion to wear two swords, the long one for enemies and the short for *hara-kiri*.



21

The most elaborate ceremony attended its performance, an etiquette that descended to the most minute details, such as, "the witnesses may hitch their trousers, if the ceremony is performed in a garden, but if it is performed in the house, they must on no account do so." It was quite common for a statesman to disembowel himself, if his advice were not taken, as a sort of guarantee of good faith and to prove that he was in earnest.



20

Every Japanese boy was taught from his earliest infancy to regard *hara-kiri* as his plain duty and only honorable recourse, if disgrace attached to him. In olden days when a nobleman died, his wife and a few of his most faithful servants committed the "happy despatch" in order that they might accompany their lord to the other world.

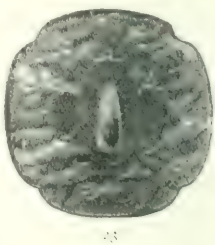


22

Hara-kiri is not entirely out of vogue even in the nineteenth century. When Count Mori was assassinated, a few years ago, the man who attacked him attempted *hara-kari* immediately, and but for the prompt action of the police, would have been successful.

Many swords have a place in the scabbard, for either a pair of camp chopsticks or in old weapons for the *kogai* or skewer, sometimes called the "hair pin? On the field of battle when an enemy was slain, his head was cut off, the *kogai* thrust through the top knot, and the ghastly trophy suspended from the victor's girdle.

In the opposite side of the hilt an opening was left for the *ko-katana* or little knife, generally called the *Kodzuka*, a narrow, rough little blade with an embellished handle.



23

Most of the weapons in Mr. Henry Molineux's collection have this little knife. Number four, a sword with a shark skin hilt and a scabbard of sh'tan wood, ornamented with lacquer

and mother-of-pearl, was made five hundred and sixty-seven years ago, and has the *kodzuka*, and so has number five, which is a court sword, a beautiful weapon with a scabbard of polished lac, flecked with malachite. Number six of the same collection is remarkable for its beautiful polished and lacquered shark skin hilt and scabbard. The process of lacquering shark skin is difficult and tedious. The skin must be carefully ground down and the little interstices filled with lacquer, the larger the nodules of the skin the more valuable it is. This sword (number six) is over four hundred years old.

The *kodzuka* has sometimes mistakenly been called the *hara-kiri* knife, but a moment's consideration will correct this error, as the blade is so poor and rough that it would be almost impossible to put it to such service. Its uses were various. No true *samurai* would degrade so noble a weapon as a sword by employing it for anything but defense or attack, so this little knife occupied something the same place that a penknife does with us, but its principal use was as a means of identification or card. When a *samurai* succeeded in killing his enemy, he drew the *kodzuka* from his own weapon and thrust it into the ear of his dead foeman, and as it always bore the owner's name or crest or both, all the world knew to whose vengeance to attribute the deed.

Among Western nations, when one man kills another, the slayer is not generally over anxious for publicity, nor desirous of proclaiming his identity to the winds, but in Japan the vendetta prevailed in full force and burned with a fiercer flame than in Corsica itself.

Mr. G. T. Marsh of San Francisco has an unusually large and fine collection of *kodzukas*. Number eleven in his collection has a bronze handle with an elaborate design depicting Asatsima Himè, the Goddess of Music, seated in a boat playing the *biwa*. Number fourteen, also of bronze, shows a badger sitting on his hind legs, drumming on his stomach with his forepaws. The subject upon number thirteen represents two of the Gods of Plenty, Juro Jin, the God of Longevity, and Fakoroku Jin, God of Wisdom. The design of number fourteen shows an incident in the practice of the vendetta.

Ornaments on Japanese Swords

Two brothers, Jin-No-Suke Nari and Goro Toki Nemi are about to attack Suketsune Kudo, who assassinated their father.

In addition to a name, the sword often had applied to it the endearing term *maru*, little or dear, which Chamberlain thinks is a corruption of *maro*. When a gentleman called upon a friend, if he wore two swords upon entering the house, he removed the long sword with his right hand, from the left to the right side, as in that position it would not be easy to draw, and, therefore, gave a more friendly appearance to the visit. Such matters of importance as the occasions upon which to wear a short, long or single sword were regulated by strict etiquette. To touch or come into collision with another's weapon, to enter a friend's house without removing it, to turn the blade in the sheath as though about to draw or to lay it upon the floor and kick the guard toward any one, all or any of these acts were deadly insults, to be wiped out by blood alone.



Japanese Sword Scabbard Inlaid with Pearl — Mulhenny's Collection

To turn back to back and strike scabbards was a challenge equal to the throwing down and acceptance of the gauntlet among European knights. To exhibit a naked weapon was an affront, unless, indeed, the blade was a very famous one, and the fortunate possessor was much pressed to show it. After many apologies the owner would hand it to his friend, who received it in a silk napkin, never in his bare hand. Every gentleman carried these little silk napkins or soft paper, made especially for this purpose. It was always held with the hilt to the left, and the blade to the owner himself. Inch by inch, and with the repeated apologies on one side and urging on the other, the sword was drawn and examined, but only after earnest solicitation was it fully removed from the scabbard, all the time carefully held away from the other guests. It was then delicately wiped lest a breath or a finger-mark should mar its brilliancy, sheathed and returned to its place.

Unless the visit were a prolonged one both host and guest retained the short sword in the girdle, but the long one was always laid aside.

If the guest was a man of means a bearer went with him to carry the long sword, but if the gentlemen came alone, when he removed it his host's servant took it with a napkin and put it in the sword rack in a place of honor. Indeed it was treated almost like a sentient being. The *jintachi*, or two-handed war-sword, was always carried by a bearer.

As a rule, women did not wear swords, except when traveling, but the ladies of the Imperial Palace always armed themselves during fires. To fence skillfully with the halbred was regarded as an elegant and almost

necessary accomplishment for young ladies of good family.

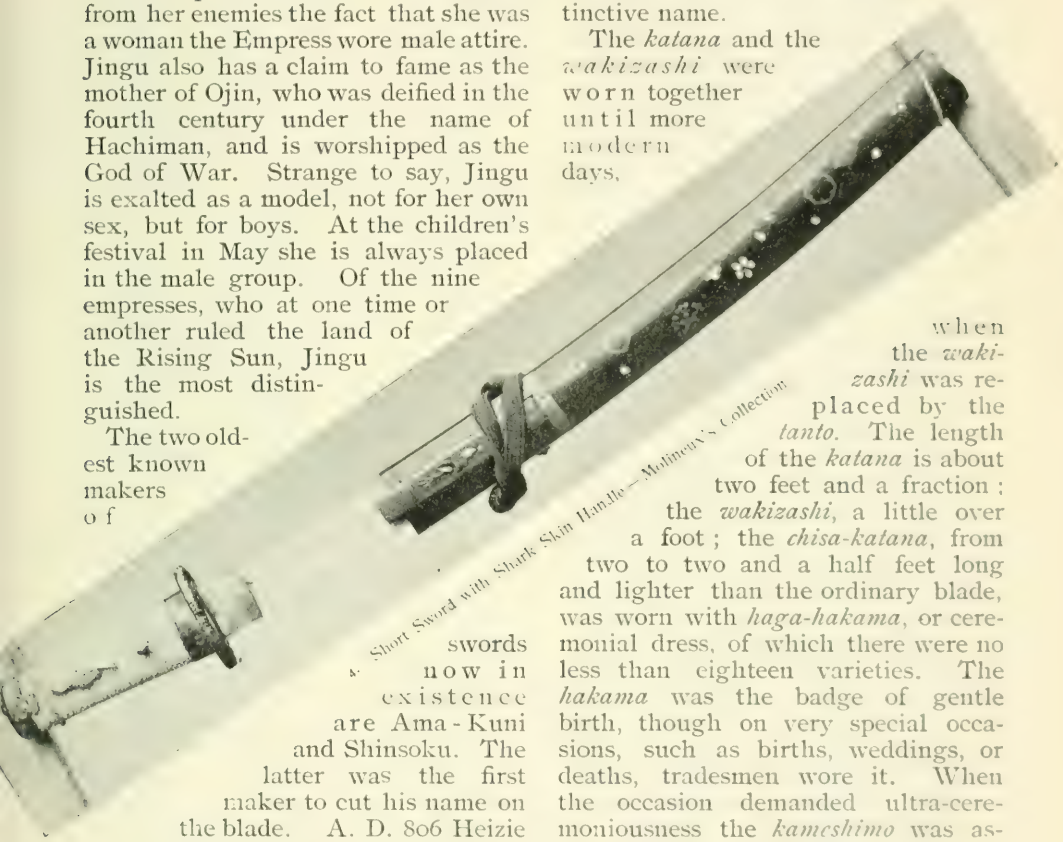
The first Japanese expedition to, and conquest of, foreign lands, which, to use the phrase of the native historians, caused "her arms to shine beyond the seas," was commanded by a woman. In the third century the pious warrior, Empress Jingu, being inspired by the gods, proceeded against and conquered Korea. To conceal from her enemies the fact that she was a woman the Empress wore male attire. Jingu also has a claim to fame as the mother of Ojin, who was deified in the fourth century under the name of Hachiman, and is worshipped as the God of War. Strange to say, Jingu is exalted as a model, not for her own sex, but for boys. At the children's festival in May she is always placed in the male group. Of the nine empresses, who at one time or another ruled the land of the Rising Sun, Jingu is the most distinguished.

The two oldest known makers of swords now in existence are Ama-Kuni and Shinsoku. The latter was the first maker to cut his name on the blade. A. D. 806 Heizie Ten O, the Mikado ordered Shinsoku to forge a sword for his son, the Imperial Prince. Rui Jin, the old man of the sea, who lives in the Dragon Shrine under the ocean, assisted in the making of this sword. Though Shinsoku made nearly a hundred blades he put his name to only eight, which are now in the different Hachiman Shrines, and though highly valued by their owners, are little more than masses of rust and decay. It has always been the custom in Japan to present the temples of the God of War with celebrated blades.

Soto Yugo was the father of a long line of makers whose descendants yet live. The work of this family is called *Iybori*. Soto himself was born in the fifteenth century.

Swords are of various lengths and styles and each has its distinctive name.

The *katana* and the *wakizashi* were worn together until more modern days, when the *wakizashi* was replaced by the *tanto*. The length of the *katana* is about two feet and a fraction; the *wakizashi*, a little over a foot; the *chisa-katana*, from two to two and a half feet long and lighter than the ordinary blade, was worn with *haga-hakama*, or ceremonial dress, of which there were no less than eighteen varieties. The *hakama* was the badge of gentle birth, though on very special occasions, such as births, weddings, or deaths, tradesmen wore it. When the occasion demanded ultra-ceremoniousness the *kameshimo* was assumed a wing-like, sleeveless jacket, usually of hempen cloth, stiffened so as to stand out beyond the shoulders. On the back and shoulders was stamped either the personal crest of the owner or that of his feudal lord. This dress was worn by officials until the introduction of European costume. Officials of the fourth and fifth rank wore with it the *aikuchi*, a dirk without a guard, which was also



Short Sword with Shark Skin Handle—Mollineux's Collection

used by doctors and artists. The hunting sword called the *nodatchi* was of medium length.

A *samurai* in full dress fairly bristled with swords, for beside the *tanto* and *Katano* he frequently wore the *metezashi* stuck in his girdle behind, to be used with the right hand and if the owner were thrown so that he could not draw the others.

The *yepu nodatchi* was a gaudy affair, with a lacquered and gilt scabbard called *sayamaki*, when a portion of the scabbard was bound with silk.

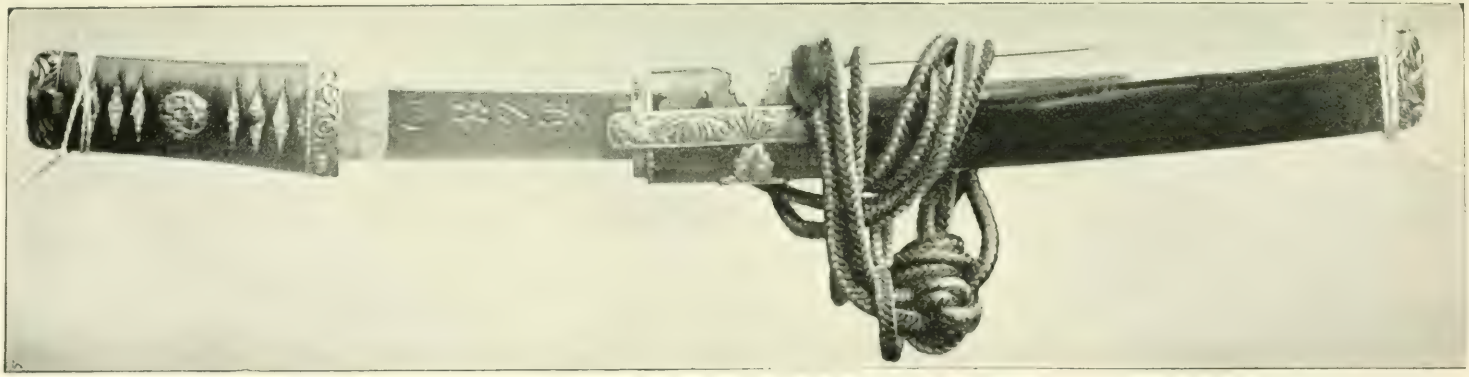
The mountings of a blade are arranged and spoken of in a certain technical order. First, the *kashira* or top of the hilt and the flat ring behind the guard that holds it in place; then the *menuki*, the little ornaments found into the sides of the hilt, which serve the double purpose of riding the rivets and giving a firmer grasp. Third, the *kodzuka* and *kogai*, the knife and hairpin; these are called the articles of three places. All these and the guard were generally made in sets to match. In the Marsh collection, there are so many fine pieces that it is difficult to know which to mention. Number seventeen is a *kashira* of *shibinch*, one of the strange Japanese alloys of silver and copper. It presents a beautiful silver-gray, satiny surface, and has worked upon it the favorite design of one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck—*Daikoku*, the god of plenty. Number eighteen is of iron inlaid with silver, and represents a hybrid, whose existence is solely in the ingenious brain of the artist. It is called a *Kappa*, and is the supposed offspring of the frog and the turtle. A wonderful bit of inlaying in silver shows the moon just emerging from behind a cloud. Number sixteen is the *fuchi*, or metal ring, made to match number seventeen. Daikoku appears upon it also, and Hotei, another of the seven, the God of Pleasure and the Lover of Children, who might very properly be called the Japanese Santa Claus. It is of *shibinchi*, too, and magnificently inlaid with gold, copper and bronzes. Number fifteen is another *fuchi*, and has a legendary animal worked upon it called a *kiruio*, a hybrid of the horse and the dragon.

After these pieces comes the *scia* or sheath, generally of *Ho-No-Ki* (magnolia wood), varnished a dark color. Bright colors were usually affected only by a class of roving adventurers, whose fortunes depended more upon their swords than upon a regular means of livelihood. Sometimes the scabbard and hilt are of exquisitely carved ivory. Number seven of Mr. Molineux's collection is an example of this sort. The carving represents one of the fête days devoted to children, and the whole sheath is a mass of close carving in sunk relief—*basso-relieves*.

Mr. G. T. Marsh has a most unique and beautiful ivory sword, with a blade forged by one of the greatest of all the famous smiths, Munechika, who flourished 986 A. D., so that it is nearly a thousand years old. The carving on the sheath is simply marvelous. The design on the hilt, which is also of ivory, represents a *Rakan*. The Jui roku rakan were the sixteen most learned and devout disciples of Shaka or Buddha. The Rakan are always depicted with immense bushy eyebrows, which in these little figures are so exquisitely carved that they stand out from the head as fine as a piece of white thread.

Below the guard on the scabbard is another Rakan, and under that again is the figure of Benten, the Goddess of Purity and of Love in its highest form. She is riding the Cloud dragon, and bears a salver in her hand with lotus flowers, the emblem of purity, for though they grow in stagnant water, yet no other plant has leaves and flowers so pure and unblemished.

Beneath Benten is carved a representation of one of the most pious *Rakans*, with an attendant called Diba. Diba was once a very evil, wicked man, whose heart, like those of all sinful people, became perfectly



1. Japanese Dagger — Molineux's Collection



Ancient Japanese Swords — Molineux's Collection

square, but through the teachings of Buddha, he became purified, and is now offering his changed, well-rounded heart to the *Rakan*. The end of the scabbard shows the lotus flower again, with the stems cut in relief.

On the reverse side is depicted Oto-himé, the Sea Goddess, riding with two of her attendants upon the Sea dragon. In her hand, she bears a tray with three dragon hearts. The dragon is reputed to have seven hearts, and Oto-himé is handing three evil ones taken from it to her Keeper of the Dragons' Hearts. The enormous amount of carving, as fine as lace work, and the delicacy and beauty of the workmanship of these two ivory swords, is beyond description.

The *ysuba* or guard is a very important piece, and is often very elaborately inlaid. The Japanese metal worker was an artist as the painter on canvas, so he in metal reproduced a scene in nature or an historical or mythological incident. Number nineteen, in the Marsh collection, is a *tsuba* or guard of wrought iron heavily inlaid with gold. The subject is an event in the early life of Yoritomo, the great Shogun. It shows his enemies searching for him after his defeat at the Battle of Ishi Bashi Yama (Stone Bridge Mountain), where he barely escaped with his life by hiding in a hollow tree. Number twenty is the mate, and shows Yorimoto's successful attack upon Haiké's Castle. Both these guards, which are for a pair of swords, are by Soten, a Buddhist monk and a celebrated maker, for many of these pious men employed their time in armor forging. Number twenty-one, of wrought iron, silver and gold, shows the seven wise men meeting in the bamboo grove for study and philosophical research. In number twenty-two, the subject of the design is Chinese. It is an incident in the life of a nobleman famous for his strategic skill. He is seated in his balcony listening to the excellent playing of his musicians, while a party of rebels approach to attack him. So undisturbed is his demeanor that they hope that they are unperceived, and so may surprise him, but when they reach a certain spot, a mine explodes, and they are blown into the air. Number twenty-three is a representation of Akechi, a Japanese hero, taking observations before attacking Hideyoshi. For this purpose, he climbed into an overhanging live-oak tree, carrying his horse under his arm. Carefully letting the animal down inside the wall, he followed himself and entered the very court of the Castle.

The *menuki*, the little ornaments used to cover the rivets, are generally very pretty little pieces of work; the word means literally eye-covering. The *menuki* at the top left corner of the page belongs to the same as the *kashira* and *fuchi* depicting the seven household gods; it is the mallet and rats, the emblem of Daikoku, the god of wealth.

The mate in the middle of the page shows Yebisu, the god of good living, who is always represented as a fisherman. He holds a rod and line with a fish on it and beside him is a creel. The *menuki* at the upper right corner is a mask of Okamé, sometimes called Uzumé, the goddess of laughter and pleasure, as indicated by her fat dimpled cheeks. Below her is a *menuki* shaped like the *daikon*, a huge native radish with an over-powering smell, of which the Japanese are inordinately fond — one family has adopted it for their crest. The next is a pine tree tied in a piece of paper, significant of longevity and presented in this form to a newly born male child as an expression of a kindly wish that it may live many years. On the left side of the page just below the mallet and rats is a *menuki* depicting Dharuma, a disciple of Buddha, who came to China about the sixth century. The *menuki* immediately under Dharuma was made either for or under the patronage of the imperial family as it bears their crest, the flower of the pawlonia.



5. Long Sword — Molineux's Collection



7. Japanese Sword with Carved Ivory Scabbard and Handle — Molineux's Collection

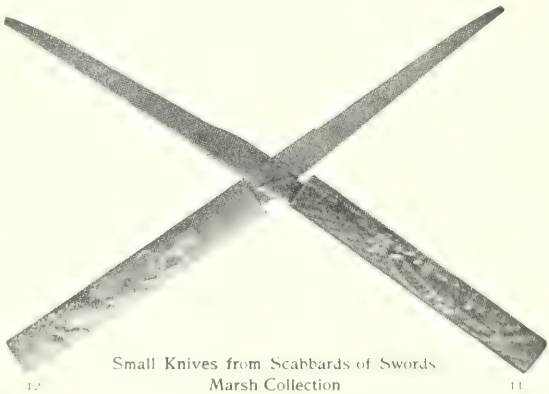


Kogai or Hairpin — Marsh's Collection

Of the two *menuki* at the bottom of the page one is a Chinese subject showing Chiy-rio, a student, walking with his teacher, Koseki.

The other *menuki* is simply a horse man and has no special interest except as a fine piece of work.

The base of a great deal of metal work is iron, the soft southern sort, called *nanban*. Japanese and western ideas of suitable material differ very widely. The former never used bright silver or gold except to produce some particular effect as the sun or moon or the teeth of animals. But iron apparently so hard and unyielding a metal, the native artist molded as though it were wax and his knowledge of patinas seemed unlimited. The most flourishing period of this sort of work was during the Ashikaga Shogunate in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then it was that it reached the highest state of perfection though ever since the sixth century the Japanese were well versed in the art. Undoubtedly the civil wars between the Taira and Minamota families gave armor forging a great impetus.



Small Knives from Scabbards of Swords
Marsh Collection

Among the relics of the prehistoric age are found bronze knives, arrowheads and bells.

One of the oldest pieces of lacquer in existence is a sword scabbard now in the Todaiji temple at Nara and said to have belonged to the Mikado Shomu who lived during the first half of the eighth century.

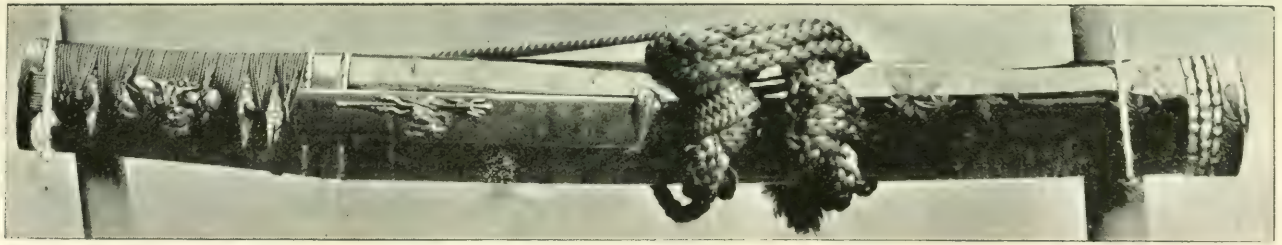
The hilt is usually of wood or iron covered with sharkskin and bound with silk cord in open geometrical pattern.

The *katana-kaji* or armorer undertook the forging a blade almost as though it were a religious ceremony. He began by reducing magnetic iron in the shape of ferruginous sand in a small smelting charcoal furnace. A slow process requiring at least three days which may yet be seen at Anegawa. The back of the blade is of this soft elastic metal and the edge of steel. In order to obtain such a result the sides and back were protected with fire clay and only the edge left exposed for placing in the furnace after which it is cooled in cold water. By this method the steel edge is always distinguishable by color and luster.

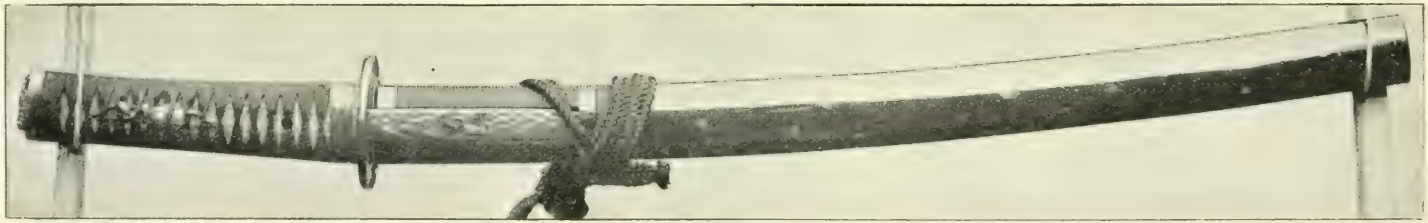
The peculiar marking is called *Yakiba* or burnt head. Every maker had his own form and method of welding and in deciding the age and maker of a weapon these are the tests applied. Each style has its distinctive name. A straight edge was called *Suguba*. Large irregular wavy *Oomidere*. The *Choja* is like cloves laid side by side and the *Jiuka* like overlaid flower petals. The Onotare is a wavy line common to all makers. *Hitatsura* is the Soshiu style and has cloudy spots. These are a few of varieties too numerous to mention.

All Japanese gentleman were supposed to understand and to be thoroughly versed in the *Yakiba*, and the Tokugawa government thought it of so much importance that they pensioned experts called *Hor Nami* to teach the youth of the country to distinguish between the true and counterfeit marks.

One of the most celebrated smiths is Muramasa, who lived in the fourteenth century; the common eulogy applied to his blades is that "they cut hard iron as though it were a melon." Yet



2. Short Sword with Rich Bronze Ornaments — Molineux's Collection

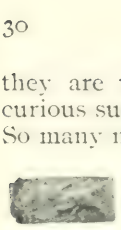


3. Old Japanese Sword — Molineux's Collection

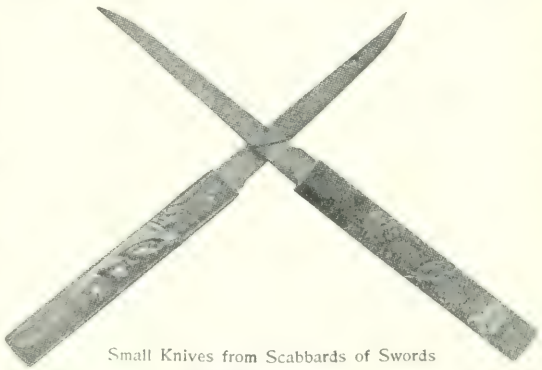


4. Old Japanese Sword Molineux's Collection

they are unpopular on account of a curious superstition concerning them. So many noblemen and *Samurai* committed *hara-kiri* with these particular blades that they are supposed to yearn for blood and to exercise some fatal fascination over their owners. The sole end and aim of a sword should be to protect the innocent and punish the guilty, but Muramasa's blades yielded so evil an influence that their possessors seem impelled as by a wicked spirit to slay wantonly and for the mere pleasure of killing. So soon as a man obtained one of these swords, he became so anxious to test its keenness and so filled with mad pride that he forgot all restraint. The Muramasa weapons are reputed to be particularly unlucky, for the Tokugawa family because Tyeyasusho owned a spear made by this famous smith, constantly cut himself accidently with it.



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Small Knives from Scabbards of Swords
Marsh Collection

13 14

The forging of the *Ko Kitsum* or Little Fox forms one of the subjects of the *Wo* dance. In the eleventh century Tehijo Mikado ordered Munechika to make him a sword. The smith felt overwhelmed at receiving such an august order, particularly as he knew no one sufficiently skillful to assist him, and in his perplexity called upon his patron god, Tuari-Sami, the god of the Foxes, who immediately appeared before Munechika in the form of a young man and comforted him by telling him that a blade should be made that would be worthy the "august son of Heaven." The smith taking heart of grace, began his preparations by placing images of the god at the four corners of the anvil and hanging up a sacred straw rope to keep out evil spirits. A fox assuming human shape, helped him until the weapon was finished, then assuming his natural shape, the emissary of the beneficent god disappeared in a cloud. On the obverse of the blade is cut Munechika and on the reverse *Ko Kit sune*, the little fox.

One of the most celebrated sword makers was Masamuna, who was born in 1326. His blades have an exquisite golden tinge and he folded and refolded the metal from four sides in a curious manner.

Muramasa's blades, though repeatedly unlucky, were of so keen a temper that if a sheet of paper were floated down a stream so as to come against the edge they cut it fairly in two.

Some swords have grooves called *kirimons* hollowed in the side near the back and filled in with crimson lacquer and embellished with dragons or some similar ornament, or inscribed with Chinese or Sanscrit characters setting forth a moral saying or boast of keenness, as, "with this good blade the honest man need fear nothing 'twixt Heaven and Earth." Very often the sentiment is poetical.

The curve of most blades is about one-quarter of an inch from the straight line.

Another important item of sword furniture is the *sage-wo*, the broad, plaited silk cord, five feet in length, for a long and two and a half for a short one, which served to tie back the flowing sleeves when preparing for combat. While traveling, the sword bearer carried his master's weapon in a



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leather case marked with the owner's crest.

The cities where sword-forging was most extensively carried on were Kyoto (the Mikado's capital), Kama-Kura and Osaka. Living in great castles, patronized by wealthy noblemen, who cared only for quality and to whom quantity seemed a drawback rather than an advantage, the *Katana-Kazi* worked out with the patience of genius these masterpieces which are the delight and wonder of all who see them.

The decree which forbade the wearing of the sword struck a death blow to this art and these weapons are now worn only by army officers and the police.

UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

BY PAULINE BRYANT

Forget thee, dear?
God knows how in the silence of the night,
Forgetful of how tired I am,
I think of thee, till, like a soothing balm,
Sleep, dropping on my lids, puts thought to flight.

Forget thee, dear?
God knows I have no longer any choice!
Love's seal is set upon me, nor can I,
With placid-beating heart again deny
The mastery and magic of thy voice.

Forget thee, dear?
God knows I would not if I could.
For sweeter far to me has been the pain
Of love unsatisfied than all the vain
And ill-spent years I lived before we met.

Forget thee, dear?
God knows, if I were lying dead to-day,
To ashes turned in a forgotten grave,
And to my dust He mercifully gave
The power to speak one word—thy name I'd say.

Bessborough Gardens, Vauxhall, London.



THORWALDSEN*

BY C. M. WAAGE

What the child admired
The youth endeavored and the man acquired.—*Dryden.*

ALMOST in the center of the Danish capital stands the building known as Thorwaldsen's Museum.

It reminds one of the houses, shown in the excavations of Pompeii, built in two stories, the lower one very lofty, the upper a mezzanine. The jambs of the openings taper towards the top and the lintel above lies straight across as in a Grecian temple. The lower floor is raised considerably above the level of the street, with granite steps the whole length of the front. The doors have large glass panels, which permit a view of the lofty halls within and of the colossal statuary. Surmounting the front is Victory, her robe flying in the wind, driving a *quadriga*.

The side and rear walls, in which there are no doors, form the most unique feature of the building. They are frescoed, in illustration of the triumphal return of Thorwaldsen. The Danish man-of-war, *Rota*, is coming to anchor, and all the greatest and distinguished ones of Denmark are come to bid him welcome.

The building is planned in a square, the four sides forming a courtyard, with the apartments arranged about it. Some of these apartments are large halls, others merely small rooms containing a solitary marble placed in the exact light or position to impress one with all its grace and beauty. In the larger halls are the larger casts, and in the front hall of all are found the colossal figures. In the basement of the buildings are numerous models, some of them broken, and seldom noticed save by some lover of the Master. The upper story contains a number of rooms, filled with curios and *bric-a-brac* that once belonged to the great artist. Then there are the rooms he occupied, furnished as he left them—his picture gallery and the last work, to which he gave his genius—a chalk outline of the Olympian Jove.

When the visitor has seen the many statues below, the bas-reliefs and the medallions and the rare collections above, there still remains one other shrine. It stands in the center of the little square courtyard.

Why do men uncover their heads when they approach that place? What does that raised plain stone corbel indicate? Why are there always fresh and beautiful flowers on that slab save when the snow wreaths cover it?

* The name of the great sculptor has been spelled throughout this article with a *w*, although it will be seen that he spelt it with a *v* himself. This has been done because it is generally so spelt in English. The reason why, in later years, he would spell it as he did need not here be explained. C. M. W.



Thorwaldsen's Museum

Because there in the center of it all sleeps the Master, dreams his true dream of immortality, while the gods



Thorwaldsen

of Parnassus, created by his own genius watch over him.

Thorwaldsen was born on the 18th of November, A. D. 1770. His parents people of humble station and small means. His father was a wood carver and found employment in the royal dockyards, carving figureheads and other naval ornaments, introduced in the old-fashioned men-of-war. He was far from an artist, and as he could

ill afford to give his son much schooling, he took the boy at an early age to work at his own trade.

Young Thorwaldsen displayed great skill in handling carving tools and was soon able to teach his father, whose lines were by no means always correct.

During the reign of King Frederick the fifth (A. D. 1746–66) the royal palace of Charlottenborg had been converted into a royal academy of fine arts, and from that time to the present, architecture, painting and sculpture have been studied there under competent masters not only by native Danes but by numerous students from neighboring countries.



Jason

To this school young Thorwaldsen

was sent at the early age of eleven years, and it appears that at that time a certain amount of book learning was also imparted there — the attendance being free of charge. But Thorwaldsen seems to have been a remarkably dull boy as he could not graduate from the lowest class of religious instruction and he seems to have been entirely averse to all kinds of book study, while he applied himself with great ardor to modelling and carving and after a short time received as a reward the small silver medal of the academy, which so much surprised his teacher of the Bible class, that this worthy man refused for long to believe that a boy so stupid could gain any such distinction.

This was the first success in the life of the Master.

The young student made great progress under the tuition of Abildgaard, an eminent painter and one of the professors of the Academy. From step to step, he passed onwards, gaining prize after prize, until in A. D. 1793 he received the great gold medal, to which was attached a traveling stipend granting him three years' study abroad, with an annual allowance. He had, however, to wait for another three years before the stipend became available, and it was not until the year A. D. 1796 that he ultimately received it and embarked for Naples on the Danish man-of-war *Thetis*.



Hebe

It is somewhat curious to consider that even at that time Thorwaldsen's literary education was entirely unequal to his calling. Influenced by his patrons he had turned his attention to Greek historical subjects; indeed, the subjects treated at the academy, nearly all belonged to the Greek school. But, beyond reading up what was absolutely necessary in order to produce such works as his Heliodorus, which procured for him the small gold medal, or the Legend of Achilles and Hector, when he produced his "Priam begging Achilles for the body of Hector," or any other creation of his, he absolutely refused to study. He seemed to be endowed with the faculty of conceiving the idea at once. When he competed for the medal, which he gained for his "Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple," the young competitors met on certain evenings to read up the subject and discuss it, but it is a curious fact that Thorwaldsen had modeled in clay his conception of the subject, while they were yet arguing the various points.

On the twentieth of May, 1790, Thorwaldsen began his voyage to Italy, and arrived at Malta on the sixteenth of January, 1791. His apparent indolence, whilst on board, so much surprised the captain of the frigate, that he made mention of it in several letters home.

It was nine months after leaving Copenhagen that Thorwaldsen reached Rome. Unsophisticated as he was, without pretentions, not even claiming to be anything or anybody in particular, he set foot in the Eternal City with a few letters of introduction and threw himself into that arena, where the immortal Canova was the champion.

Slowly the genius of Thorwaldsen developed. He knew his own shortcomings, and threw himself vigorously

into the study of the classics, where he found unlimited material for treatment, and, having copied for awhile, he began to model for himself. Although his works of that period are exceedingly few, yet they point to the progress he was making, and his Bacchus and Ariadne decidedly prove an advancement. He was obliged to send every six months a report to Copenhagen, giving an account of his progress, the same to be accompanied by samples of his work, and this he never neglected, for which reason he easily obtained an extension of time, giving him permission to remain six years in Italy in place of three, during the whole of which he led a somewhat precarious existence, oftentimes barely succeeding in making a living.



Amor and Psyche

As yet, Thorwaldsen had not succeeded in gaining any degree of prominence as an artist. It is true that he had done some work, which merited praise and secured him friends among the wealthy and noble, but his peculiarly affable personality had probably a good deal to do with this. He had formed an intimate friendship with a German landscape painter, named Joseph Kock. They lodged together, and Thorwaldsen seems to have entertained the greatest affection for this man. At the house of Zöega (a Danish scientist residing in Rome), he associated with a great many artists and men of science and letters, who almost nightly gathered there, and it is fair to assume that his extended acquaintance with so many men of intellect, genius and learning had a healthful influence on himself, and aided in expanding his mind and extending his knowledge.

It was during the latter portion of his six-years' term that he conceived the idea of his "Jason." This must have been a creation, which had greatly weighed upon his mind, for, having modeled it first in life size, he destroyed it, and gathering the full power of his genius, remodeled it in colossal size, and through the financial aid of Mrs. Frederikka Brun, had it cast in plaster. Rome was astir! Canova himself exclaimed: "Here is a work in a new and lofty style," and expressed his regret that age was creeping upon himself and checking his genius. Even the critical Zöega acknowledged the beauty of the work but all this time the end of his term was drawing near, when he would have to return home, and even with the masterpiece on his hands, he saw no way to continue his studies in Rome amid the surroundings and inspirations so accessory to his artistic development.

Already had he bade *adieu* to his friends, when something happened which delayed him for another day, and on that very day the rescue came.

Thomas Hope, a rich English banker, came to his studio, having heard of his "Jason," and, recogniz-

ing the value of the work, ordered it carved in marble.

"Six hundred *sequins*," said Thorwaldsen, who saw a gleam of light flooding a hidden future; but the generous Englishman told him that his price was too low, and agreed to pay him eight hundred *sequins*. It is somewhat remarkable that this figure, which was modeled in 1808, was not completed until 1832; but the advance of money he received for it enabled Thorwaldsen to remain in Rome as an artist, independent of the Danish Academy.



Mercury

And now, when nearly forty years old, Thorwaldsen entered upon a new era of his life. His fame had spread far and wide, and his whole soul seemed to have expanded, while work

followed upon work in quick succession, and his "Bacchus," "Apollo," "Ganymede," "The Abduction of Briseïs," "Amor and Psyche" were produced, while orders came in freely, was always called *Cavaliero Alberto*, which was far easier for the Italians to speak than his somewhat harsh Danish name.

There are two things to be regretted



Thorwaldsen's Venus

and rich and influential men and women vied with each other in doing him homage. At this period, the King of Denmark made him a Knight of the Dannebrog, and henceforth he in the life of Thorwaldsen after his sudden rise to honor and dignity. The one is the apparent neglect he showed towards the man who had enabled him to pursue fame, for his

"Jason" was put aside for other work and but rarely touched. The other circumstance is the unfortunate connection he formed with a woman who was in every way his inferior. She was known as Anna Maria Magnana and was at one time maid to Madame Zöega at whose house he first met her. Thorwaldsen fell in love with the beautiful girl and she to some extent reciprocated. Nevertheless she married another man called d'Uhden, a wealthy merchant, soon wearying of him, she induced her artist lover to receive her into his house and they lived together for years after in a manner which was anything but conducive to their mutual happiness. By her he had a daughter of whom he seems to have been very fond. But his relation to Madame d'Uhden did not prevent him from falling deeply in love with two other women of more congenial natures. It is noticeable that Madame d'Uhden seems to have played no part in his social relations, not even to have hindered him in any social undertaking in which, of course, she could not participate. She would undoubtedly have seriously checked his career had not his master mind raised him above the trivialities of an unhappy domestic relation, but he certainly suffered under a yoke which must often have appeared almost unbearable.

In 1811 Thorwaldsen received a letter from the Danish Crown Prince Christian Frederick, afterwards Christian VIII, inviting him to come home offering him a position at the academy of which the prince was president, and one thing with another more especially the pressure brought to bear by personal friends in the mother country, almost persuaded Thorwaldsen to return, when he was asked to assist in ornamenting the Quirinal Palace at Rome on the occasion of the approaching visit of the French Emperor and he was requested to compose a frieze, as a bas-relief in one of the largest halls. This put a stop to his plans for returning home and became the impetus which wrung from his genius one of the most wonderful productions of art in all the world's history. It is known as the "Triumph of Alexander" and represents the Persian conqueror entering the fallen city of Babylon.

From the plaster a copy was cast and sent to the King of Denmark, and Napoleon I agreed to pay the artist three hundred and twenty thousand francs for a marble copy which was intended for the Temple of Glory, to commemorate his victorious entrance into Rome, but only half of the money was paid as the French Emperor was shortly afterwards exiled to Elba and the marble work was never completed.

The years from 1812 to 1818 were of great consequence to Thorwaldsen. During them he executed some of his best works, such as his bas-reliefs, "The Workshop of Vulcan," "Achilles and Priam" and "Night and Morning." It was at this period also that he remodeled his "Love Victorious," The Dancing Girl," "Young Shepherd With His Dog," Byron's bust, and many other statues and bas-reliefs, among which are found some of his finest and most graceful productions, which appeared to prove a continued development of his genius and skill. Some of his figures were suggested by a casual attitude on the part of some person near by; others were the result of more thought, but they all exhibit a wonderful power of conception. To this period also belongs the restoration of the so-called Ægina marbles, which he undertook for the King of Bavaria, who had bought them after their discovery. These marbles, which now form one of the greatest features of the Glypto-theca of Munich, were unearthed by Baron Von Hallen and others on the island of Ægina, where they had been resting under the ruins of the temple of the Panhelenian Jove for unknown ages. The temple was in ruins at the time of Cicero, and the statuary referred to must belong to a far remote antiquity.

Thus we have in the nineteenth century two artist souls blending in the creation and re-creation of the same work — the one lost in oblivion, perconceived over two thousand years ago and, undoubtedly, at the time, the only man living who could have mastered the task as he did.



Interior of "Our Lady's Church

haps a contemporary of Pheidon or Myron, the other, a child of the present age grappling with an idea

Again, to this period belongs the marble statue of the Princess Baryatinska, one of his most exquisite

works. For some reason it remained in his possession and now adorns a small chamber in the museum. The Princess was a lady of exceeding beauty and grace, and it is questionable whether these properties are more forcibly expressed in any of Thorwaldsen's works than they are in her life-size statue.

But during those years other emotions greatly agitated Thorwaldsen. It was during this period that he happened to meet Miss Frances McKenzie. There is no doubt that this lady, who belonged to a prominent Scotch family impressed herself deeply upon the mind of the artist, so much so that had it not been for his unfortunate entanglement with Madame d'Uhden, Miss McKenzie would, no doubt, have become his wife. But later he began to neglect her for another Frances, a Viennese lady. This so grieved Miss McKenzie that she left Rome, after having sent Thorwaldsen a most touching letter, which so much affected him that he abandoned his Viennese, and even sometime after seems to have entirely broken off with Madame d'Uhden, who vanishes out of existence in connection with his own life, as he left Rome for a tour through Denmark in 1819.

This journey was one succession of triumphs. Monarchs and princes vied with each other in doing him honor. It was on this journey that he met the Emperor Alexander of Russia and modeled his bust, and, on parting with him, the Emperor drew from his hand a costly ring and placed it on Thorwaldsen's finger, at the same time embracing him affectionately. It was on this journey that he agreed to erect the statue of Copernicus in Poland and to execute the famous Swiss lion at Lucerne. Everything was done to exalt him, and at one German court he was ushered into a hall, where all the prominent artists of the State, costumed in imitation of white marble casts, welcomed him in exact representation of a number of his greatest conceptions. In his native city, as a matter of course, the display of festivities was almost unbounded, and here he received the orders for decorating Our Lady's Church (Frue Kirke) with the figures of Christ and the twelve apostles, and for the "Angel of Baptism." On that journey he became personally acquainted with most of the leading men of that day and received a number of orders for statues for various purposes and different places, and, when in December, 1820, he again returned to Rome, he was not only a famous man but well known throughout Europe, and, owing to his particularly attractive personality, much beloved by all who came in contact with him.

From 1820 to 1838 Thorwaldsen remained in Rome, with the exception of short excursions of no importance here. He had now accumulated considerable wealth and was continually adding to it, but he was a man whose generosity knew no bounds. He was ever ready to help the needy both with advice and with his purse. The poor wood carver's son had risen to the highest dignity. The Danish Crown Prince, while visiting Rome, asked permission to be present at one of his entertainments. King Louis of Bavaria was his firm friend and would call through the open studio window, to the artist, asking him to come home for lunch. The Pope himself did what no other Pope had ever done —Leo XII descended from the Vatican and visited Thorwaldsen in person. Work upon work left the artist's studio to add to his fame; titles and decorations were showered upon him; high places of honor were offered him, and all that the vain glory of the world can give, was held out to him.

But nothing ever unbalanced his mind. He had in his studio numerous pupils, some of them rising to become artists of high degree through the inspirations they received by executing his works, but he remained always the same amiable, unpretentious man. His conduct was the same to the rich as to the poor, to the high-

born as to the lowly born. Although years had crept upon him, he did not appear to be getting old, and the buoyancy of his mind seemed never to decrease. The days of passion had been left behind, and we hear no more of love affairs or *liasons*. In 1826 he once more met Miss McKenzie, who had returned to Rome, and between them existed ever after a true friendship but nothing more.

But if passions had left him, that grand intellect which he possessed seemed not to have diminished in the least degree. The flame of genius burned without a flicker, and brought to light a succession of wonderful works. Among the many whose friendship he gained during that period were Felix Mendelsohn, Bartholdy, and Sir Walter Scott, whereas Thorwaldsen held Byron in supreme contempt because of the extreme affectation which characterized the English bard.



The Dancing Girl

An amusing story is told of the two:

While Thorwaldsen was engaged in modeling Byron's bust, the latter allowed his features to assume an expression of profound melancholy. The poet had a peculiar fancy for appearing melancholy, which he thought made him look interesting.

"That is not your natural expression," said Thorwaldsen, but as Byron did not change it, the sculptor modeled his face without it, and everybody thought the likeness perfect, except Byron, who was disgusted.

A few more anecdotes of the great artist may not here appear out of place. Hiram Power, the American sculptor, had modeled his famous statue, The Greek Slave. He was a young man at the time, full of ambition, but possessed of a high degree of native modesty. He was an ardent admirer of Thorwaldsen, and would have given anything for his opinion of his work, but not knowing him personally, he felt diffident about asking him to come to his studio. Some of his friends, who knew the great master, came to his rescue and arranged for a visit to Power's studio. When Thorwaldsen had arrived, he stood long before the clay without speaking, then he turned to the artist who was trembling with suspense:

"You say this is your first statue?" interrogated Thorwaldsen.

Power silently nodded assent.

"Then let me tell you," said Thorwaldsen, "that I would be proud to call it my last."

One of the most charming stories told about Thorwaldsen refers to an episode which took place on the occasion of Horace Vernet, the great French painter, leaving Rome to go to Africa. There existed between the two a warm friendship of long standing and on the eve prior to his departure a number of prominent artists were banquetting, Vernet, the Danish artist being seated on his right. As part of the programme for the evening Vernet was to be crowned with a silver wreath. The moment arrived and on a given signal one of the company approached Vernet and prepared to place the crown of honor on his brow. But the Frenchman immediately took in the situation and seizing

the wreath from the hands of the astonished artist he placed it upon the head of Thorwaldsen saying: "None of us can wear a crown so long as he remains *un*crowned."

Probably the highest distinction conferred upon Thorwaldsen during his life was the call he received to the presidency of the Academy of St. Luke, an office held by Canova at his death in 1826, but he never seemed to appreciate the honor, which was all the greater, as he did not belong to the Church of Rome and was the only protestant who had ever occupied the presidential chair. Nevertheless he seemed pleased when his term was out.

As it may be of interest to learn how Thorwaldsen lived part of a letter from a contemporary is given below:

"Thorwaldsen lives at Palazzo Tomoti, Via Sistina. The first story is devoted to his private apartments, the atelier being on the floor above and you reach it by a narrow staircase. When you knock at the door, the great sculptor, like Poussin opens it himself.

"The furniture of the apartment is simple, almost primitive, but a multitude of fine paintings ornament the walls.

"There are bookcases, filled with books, rare vases, collections of medals and gems of all kinds. All around are fine engravings, sketches, portraits of princes and artists. In front of the house is a garden which can be reached from the atelier where aloes, wild roses and other flowers straggle over blocks of marble. Thorwaldsen is remarkable for his great activity and the close attention he gives to everything upon which he is engaged. You follow the idea in his work with exceeding ease. His conversation, when he is only executing, not planning or composing, is easy, pleasant and at the same time full of thought and shrewdness. Not one among the artists takes a keener interest in zealous young beginners. Of the men



Day

who have earned the right to the artist's citizenship in the world he is one of the greatest.

"Art has given him the highest rank and a rank which can nowhere be ignored not even in Germany — that country of hereditary titles. His is incontestably a mind of the first order. To a remarkable energy he adds that peculiar versatility which seem to belong only to graceful talent. He ends his life, commenced among peasants, in the first rank of society where he inspires as much interest as veneration."

During this period Thorwaldsen was the recipient of a great many letters and nothing troubled him more than to attend to his correspondence.

He would allow letters to accumulate unopened, until some friend would take the matter in hand and reply to the most important ones, to which Thorwaldsen would then merely affix his signature.

In 1837, the cholera was raging in Rome, and Thorwaldsen made his will, in which he bequeathed to his native city, Copenhagen, his works and his collections of objects of art, antiquity and curiosity, on condition that a suitable building, exclusively devoted to them, should be erected and provided by that city. But his time had not yet come, and the following year he embarked on board the Danish man-of-war *Rota*, and set sail for Denmark.

The closing chapter in this remarkable man's career naturally opens with his reception in Copenhagen. No description can do justice to the occasion when the *Rota* hove in sight. No warrior ever made a more glorious entrance into a conquered city than did Thorwaldsen into the home of his childhood. The laurels that have crowned the heads of Alexander, of Cæsar or Napoleon were no brighter than those which decked the brow of the Danish artist, who now, after many years, returned to his native



Night

land to end his days there, while the cannon boomed, while flags and streamers were flying from yards and masts and the placid waters of the Sound on that eighteenth day of September were white with sails; while thousands of voices greeted him welcome home, and processions received him at the landing place. For weeks and months he was subjected to one continuous ovation, which took him away into a whirl of entertainments but little in keeping with his quiet, unassuming taste.

His latter years need but brief mention. His great power of genius seemed to burn within with an unquenchable flame, and he was still capable of producing some very fine work, such as his genii of sculpture, painting, architecture, poetry and harmony, besides his statues of King Frederik VI and King Christian VIII, as well as his own statue, which he was persuaded to execute by the Baroness Stampe, of Nysöe. This lady was one of his most devoted friends, and at her elegant castle she had caused to be built a studio, in which Thorwaldsen did most of his later works. Among others of his intimate friends should be mentioned Professor Thiele, the historian, and Hans Christian Andersen, the poet, dramatist and fairy-tale writer who was much attached to the old man. One more of his closest friends must not be forgotten—his body servant Wilkins, who, with his wife, kept house for and looked after the artist. Wilkins had full control of Thorwaldsen's affairs, and the latter generally had his meals with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, when working in his Copenhagen Atelier. Thorwaldsen was particularly fond of the play, and it was often a sore disappointment to him, when some other engagement prevented him from spending the evening at the theater.



John, the Baptist, Preaching

In 1841, he made a brief tour through Europe with the Stampe family, during which he beheld many statues he had been instrumental in raising in various cities, and also once more saw Rome and his beloved friend, the King of Bavaria, and on his return home, he was much pleased to find his museum completed.

As the Greeks combined to raise the Temple of Pallas Athena, so had the Danish Nation raised this building, that it might carry the name of Thorwaldsen to remote ages.

"My tomb is ready!" said the old man, as he gazed upon the center of the courtyard and stood musing for a few moments. Then he roused himself and walked away with a quick gait. How could he help knowing that even if the tomb could close over him, he would live forever in the marbles holding watch around?

Andersen relates that during the month of March, 1843, Admiral Wulf died suddenly at the theater, while watching the play, and that Thorwaldsen on hearing of it, exclaimed: "Is not that a beautiful way to die—a death to be envied?"

On the 24th of March, 1844, he dined with Baron Stampe's family, and after dinner went to the theater. Outside the building he met Andersen, whom he asked to accompany him, but the poet excused himself, and they bade one another "Good evening." That was the last time Thorwaldsen spoke. He entered the theater. The play had already commenced, and, as he seated himself, it

was noticed that his body dropped forward.

"Thorwaldsen is dead!" was whispered close to him, as loving hands tried to raise his lifeless body.

"Thorwaldsen is dead!" was repeated through the vast theater, and the curtain, which had risen on one of Œhlenschlœger's tragedies, fell on a tragedy at which the world would weep, while the large concourse dispersed in tears.

One more scene before closing this. On the evening of the 18th of November, 1870, the centennial anniversary of Thorwaldsen's birthday, a long torchlight procession wended its way from the Royal Academy to Thorwaldsen's Museum. All Copenhagen was astir; the streets were thronged with people, and the city illuminated. The procession consisted of artists, literary men and students from the academy, where, as a child, Thorwaldsen received his first instructions, and the torch-bearers were chosen from among the younger pupils.

Outside the Museum the procession halted. The doors were opened, and the building lighted up with burning calcium, which threw its lustrous glare upon the white figures and on the rose-colored tomb. Then they sang a lullaby, composed for the occasion. The effect was superb! Within, the sleeping master, surrounded by his own creations; without — the fresh young blood, the fresh young voices, many among whom to-day occupy the highest rank in the art and literature of Denmark.



AROUND LAKE TAHOE

BY ANNA C. MURPHY



HAT Lake George is to New York and the East, Tahoe is to California, and year by year its beauties are being better appreciated, and its shores dotted by the homes of the city dwellers of the Pacific Slope.

In making the fourteen-mile stage ride to Lake Tahoe from Truckee, I am fortunate in securing the box seat. The sweet briar rollicks everywhere, dancing over bowlders, trailing "flushed with haste," to see itself blush from the river that crosses and recrosses the road. The golden rod and scarlet *castillea* flaunt their gaudy brushes, languid *lupines* loll, and *eschscholtzias* coquette with gold and tan butterflies. The *penstemon*, the gladdest flower that blows, pink at the base, blue at the recurved edges, swaying a brilliant purple, speak as blithely to our eyes as a bugle to our ear. Above the lower growths of *manzanita*, *ceanothus* and *losacea*, rise the pines and firs and spruces that give martial air to the woods.

Here are river galleries hung close with copies from nature. We cannot lose our child-like pleasure in watching the wonderful reduplication given back by the mocking stream. How can these shallow measures build these magnificent depths and distances? What tricks are our eyes playing us? Here is a Corot in softest greens and browns. There an old Dutch piece, perfect in every detail, to dank slime and fretted bark. Again a flower bit, fringing red things, tangled in ferns, while yonder is an etching of a dead grove, silvery white.

Fourteen miles of this beauty-bordered ride, and Tahoe, Indian Big Water, the Geneva of America, lies before us, as blue as though a fragment of the firmament had settled on the mountain top. Never a summer sky bore so intense a hue as does this shifting water. Only gray and brown and blue in the color scheme, from the log at your feet to the distant mountains, and yet there is infinite variety in tone and tint. There are new chromophases here we are sure, but our sense is too dull to grasp them. They evade our puzzled eyes as a far-away song the ear, or a receding dream the memory. We spend the afternoon watching the play of sapphires, and think that nothing could be fairer than the scene.

From the piazza of the rambling hotel, one views the Rubicon Mountains, twelve or fifteen miles away on the right, and the exquisite symmetry of Tallac and Ralston rising above the circling peaks. There are other hamlets and hostelries hereabout, but we shall come upon them as we circumnavigate the lake, in the steamer that makes the trip every day.

How we sleep here in these still, upper stretches! There is something in the air that would frustrate Kehama's curse, and yet with sunrise, some of us are up and doing.

"The Cliff House breeze suits me pretty well at home," remarks the business man from San Francisco, "but there is champagne here against soda there," and he walks off, his



Eagle Falls, Tahoe

hands aswing. "We are a mile higher up than they are down on Montgomery Street," speaks the statistician, "and it's about a quarter of a mile down to the bottom of the lake.

"How long and wide is Tahoe?" he repeats, as some one puts the question. "Oh! about twenty-five miles the longest way, and twelve or fourteen across."

There comes a balmy morning when we embark on the little steamer to make the grand tour of the lake. Near the shore, the bottom shows richest browns and greens, with iridescent borderings quivering about every outline, and we see the trout at home in sumptuous retreats through the clear, still waters. We have a glimpse of the far-famed "Idlewild" cottage, the ideal summer home of California; but McKinney's, eight miles across from Tahoe, is our first stopping place. A point clad in evergreens runs down to the water line. A hotel and group of cottages make summer homes for a permanent and a shifting colony of summer visitors. A curious peak, dubbed Napoleon's Hat, rises behind the cove.

Bearing on toward the southwest, we pass Rubicon and Eagle Pointer, and that gem of the world's bays—the Emerald.

Tallac, at the base of the mountain of that name, comes next. The summer boarder, as fine as at Santa Cruz, is here to meet us; to crowd down for mail. The hotel here is owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, of the San Francisco caravansary, and fashion drifts from that one to this when she flees the city for the mountains. We speed on and reach Glenbrook, half-way round, by dinner-time. This is a lumbering town, and a base of supplies for campers and wood-cutters. You can take the stage here for Placerville, along a road renowned for beauties, or you can go to Carson City with Hank Monk, who needs no introduction.



Tahoe City, Lake Tahoe

In the afternoon dark clouds met in scowling conclave overhead. "A summer storm is brooding," said the captain, and he made for land, to await the outcome. As we tarried there they told of the insane wrath of the beautiful lake, when the winds sweep from her many cañons and meet in



The Lake Shore

haste, and of men and boats lost for ever if mad enough to brave the short-lived fury. The threatening storm passed away and, after another spurt of sailing, we came to the Hot Springs, across the lake from Tallac.

To us forevermore the Hot Springs of Tahoe mean the place from which we saw the most glorious sunset we have ever known. Through a rift of beryl sky, cross-barred by amber, the retreating sun burst one moment to reconnoiter the world, then stooped behind the ambush of carmine and

into the upper depths, and stars above sent greeting to stars below that sailed on every dipping wavelet, and as we glided on we spoke of the Breton peasants' legend, that these flickering lights from the water are the restless souls of the unburied dead.

"Yanks" is the barbaric name of a landing place, the title coming from the owner's appellation, won since baptism. Here, in a low, picturesque room, we lunched on strawberries and cream, watching the Indians picking the berries.



Stage Route Along the Truckee River

salmon that protected him till he was lost behind the mountain rim, which for this moment of crisis lay sharp-edged and gleaming like Excalibur, again clearing the waters.

The sky burned goldly red from fire of victory and sacrifice, and there was flung across the waters a drawbridge of jacinth, topaz and all manner of precious stones, which made pathway for an unseen cavalcade, and we knew that yonder

> "There must be gods thrown down
> And trumpets blown of triumph."

Peace came when the moon rose

Next came a stage-ride, following a road built along the tracks of the old glacier, whose last moraine across the valley made Tahoe. Here another lake greets us. Fallen Leaf is its name. For three miles we skirt it, with Mt. Tallac rising above us. The same sheens of blue are about us here.

We are just in time to catch a gleam of the morning's own charm, when, before the wind rises from far retreats, the lake is a burnished, silvered glass that reflects all the world about upon its face.

We climb past this over bare ledges



Floating Island Lake at Tahoe

of rock, and slabs that pave the rude road, past a burst of shredded waters that spills forever on cruel rocks. All about us are the purple, scarlet and yellow of vivid blooms, the fragrant elders, the fringed, and tasseled evergreens.

Here in an older country would be the Thermopylæ, the Jura, the Ben Lomond of history or poesy, but now only a stray tourist knows and loves the peaks and gaps, rising beside the lakes and streams—the chain of medallions held together by the sparkling, twisting links of the mountain brook.



The Landing at Tahoe

Lily Lake lies next above Fallen Leaf on our route. Fishermen whose oars are lacquered in diamonds, are paddling among the limp leafage on its surface. Richly yellow are these chalices of gold rising from green and garnet salvers. The royal blaze of color is startling amidst the granite and snow. One mighty pull, one rush around a bulge of hill and we are at Glen Alpine, and the end of the world, too, for mountains and sky wall us in.

There is a subtle tonic in this high air, sifted through balsams cleansed by many waters, frozen by snows that linger yonder yet. The afternoon passes as we still lie prone, and plan the trips and exploits we shall have known before we turn from this alluring spot.

We shall know that dome above that shames St. Paul's — those splintering pinnacles of some cathedral's ruin — that gorge that wrenches the horizon — Tallac now above us shall later be our footstool.

We step to the mineral spring bubbling there beside the rill of snow-water. Those who know Nature's healing fountains from Carlsbad to Yellowstone say that never has she mixed a finer draught than here. Eleven of her simples, chemists count, cunningly wrought into the spouting jet that pulses from this seething, iron-rusted caldron. We drink of the brew. It bites; it puckers. It is sour; it is sweet. It changes like witch broth under the tongue. But we grow to think it delicious, and long for it, at fast and feast, long after we have left it to the wild animals that steal to it, too, from the common stream beside.

A great sanitarium awaits suffering



Lake Tahoe—Mrs. E. B. Crocker's Residence

mankind, here among the hills from whence cometh strength. Man has done little yet for the spot. Ancient builders would have upreared a castle of the granite which lies hewn and strewed about as though a Baalbec had fallen. Modern wealth will yet build an hostelry upon the spot and all too soon for us who love nature unbedizined. Even now there is talk of the coming of that advance courier of civilization — the railroad — from Sacramento to Carson, or from Truckee to Tallac. But let us have yet a little longer our dens and holes in the mountains, instead of our fashionable hotels, and hideous railroad stations.



The Hotel at Tahoe

Spring loves to put fair touches here and every blade and petal eager to do her honor, hastens to the brief, blooming time. The lawn has on one side a jungle of veratrum, the beautiful thing of which H. H. knowing no botany but of the eye and heart, speaks lovingly in the Tahoe sketch in "Bits of Travel." The white array of racemes, rich, lush greenery, brought us a remembrance of the calla stretches of the south. It seemed too tropical a growth for the home of snows.

No gardener could have beautified this natural lawn where the columbines nod to each other across old logs cushioned with fawnskin where the impudent brier-rose peers inquisitively under and over everything, shocking the bobbing brown-eyed Susies. Birch and spruce crowd up to the door of the rude house where we sleep. The rafters are yet covered with their bark, the walls yet rough. The floor is bare save for an Angora rug before each bed.

Across a granite ledge is a daytime house. The walls are whitewashed. The granite fireplace will hold the butt of a goodly log. Good prints are on the walls and old poets hobnob on the shelves. Folding doors such as were on old-time barns stretch between this and the dining-room. Rare meals there were in that low apartment where loaves and fishes were miraculously lessened and no other hall of feasting holds for us such memories. Mostly tired brain workers were the guests, all of one brotherhood, who gave each other the password



Mt. Tallac. Overlooking Tahoe—9,500 feet

year by year and came back to nature trying to forget that cerebrums were ever developed, that Cadmus or Guttenberg had ever done deadly work for mankind. Seldom they spoke of what books held but they were alert to the object lessons all about. There were thrilling encounters with trout that fought for freedom. There were walks outdoing those of Montezuma's couriers. There were searching explorations, skiffing on every lake of the chain. At night, a tired happy family had stories and songs by hearthfire or campfire, or perhaps



A Bit of the Lake

some laureate wrote up in foolish epics that made the laughter of an evening for a care-free throng—the day's adventures.

Quiet, even to desertion, one might have the woods, but there were those who grew to know a curious, stirring life all about. The common animals were few, but a shy constituency roamed there—woodrats, woodchucks, hare, grouse, quail and porcupine.

Sometimes lying on the granite ledges, we have been startled to hear a pack of coyotes yelping by, but they were seldom seen.

The grizzly roams these fastnesses and is often killed, but he hates this intrusion of man into his solitary home, and Glen Alpine sees him seldom.

There are not many birds in these higher places. Sometimes a jay's blue tail whisked round a corner; sometimes a robin chirped lonesomely, but it was left to the tireless cricket to wail his "eerie croon, like an elfin spinning wheel," to fill in all the sound that the ear wished to recognize.

Before the parting of the Glen Alpine clan that year, there came a day for a grand tour to the home of the old glacier, retracing its pathway up the cañon, and returning to camp by way of Tallac, which gave the view from that noble mountain crest. We rode horses trained to climb mountain trails, and passed on upward between polished granite piles, coming upon the smaller lakes one by one, each distinct in its own beauty of domed, or angled, mountain background. Lakes Susie, "84" and Heather we passed in their stillness, and they mirrored our cavalcade, as might have the glass of the Lady of Shalott.

Most impressive of all though, was



White Cloud Falls, Tahoe

the crescent curve of molten snow—the lake that marks the birthplace of the old glacier — the glacier that has grown as real a thing to us, living in the groove of its works and pomps, as the lakes that are its posterity.

We built our campfires here on the edge of the strange red snow which had its patches about us, as the buttercups and shooting stars do in our woods at home.

The trees were all stunted, but the heaths were conspicuous in two beautiful forms, allied quite closely to the heather of the Scotch lakes. One bore a file of purplish bloom, another reached up waxen cups set in scarlet saucers, and branches of the two made our beds that night.

In the morning we rode away toward the mountain top. One little lake, the Gilmore, we found half way up, but we rode under the largest trees we had seen in the region, cedars that might have grown hoary on Mt. Lebanon.

These trees and all others were bowed, and eloquently told their tale of the cruel strain of snow that winter girds upon them.

From the top of the mountain where stray drifts still tarried amongst piles of chipped and crumbling rock, wasted by the untiring play of the frost, we slowly made our own the most entrancing view yet granted us. Tahoe lay stretched at Tallac's feet. Fallen Leaf and a score of others we counted, mountain peaks beyond seventy times seven, up and down the Sierras. All the world seemed at our feet—a last view of Tahoe—from the peaks that gave it birth.



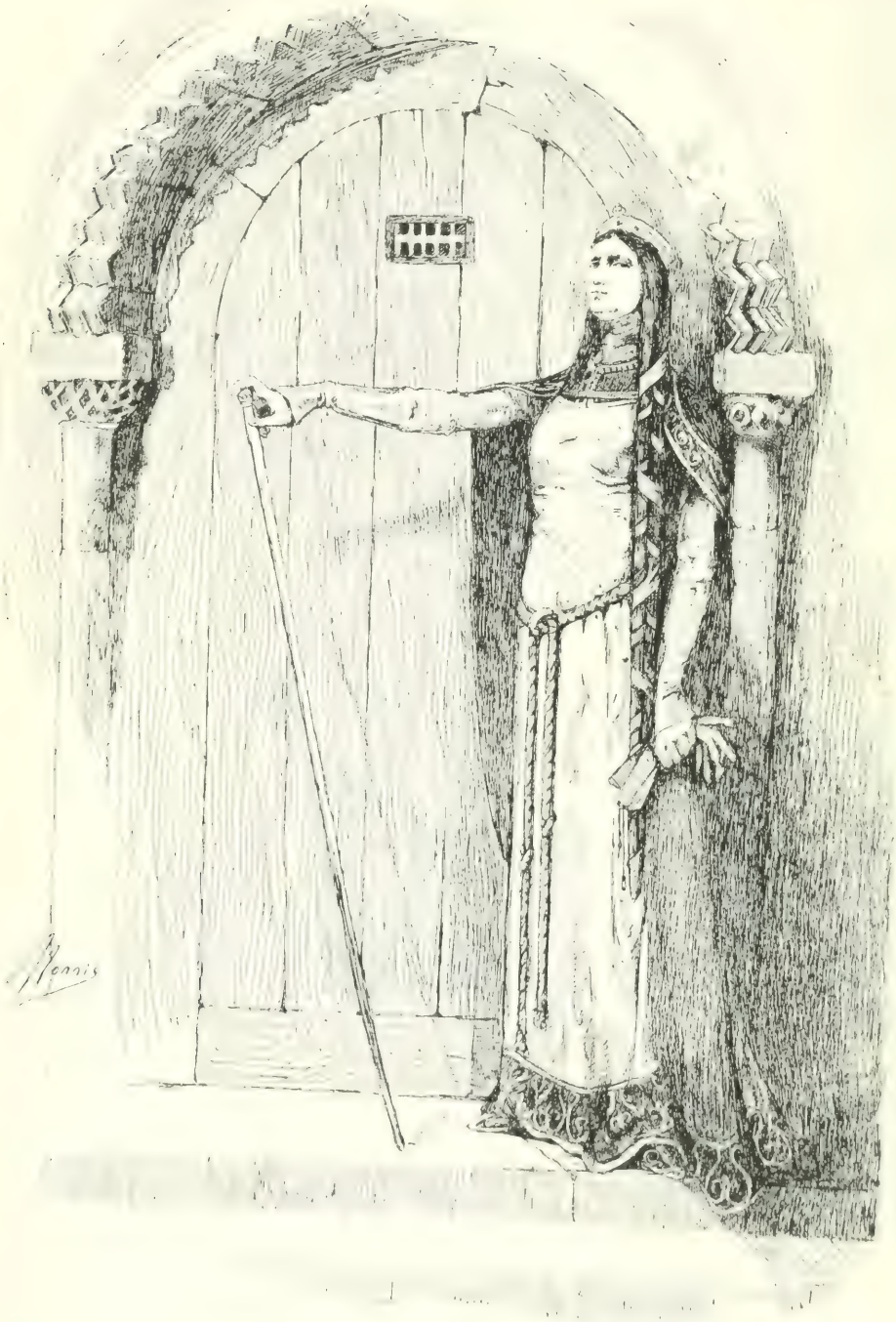
Head of a Lake Near Tahoe

BRUNHILDE

BY FRANK NORRIS

[" The horse in his mad flight broke his neck over a precipice, and during the rest of the day and far into the night, Brunhilde lay there dying. It might, perhaps, be a matter of interesting speculation to reflect upon what must have been the thoughts of the great Austrasian queen during that long night while awaiting death." – *Chron. Geofroi Rudel. Ch. XXXVI.*]

It was over—the long ordeal of shame.
The jibes and insults of her conquerors,
The taunts and blows of every hind and slave
Who, in her days of power, fed with her dogs,
Aye, and were glad to be so privileged ;
The hootings and the triumphs of the host,
An army banded 'gainst one woman weak ;
And, worse than all, the calm and pitying smile
That curled around the lips of *Fredegonde*.
Seeing her rival humbled to the dust,
The brutal exultation of Clotaire
Who spat upon her, while they bound her down
And gave the word to loose the plunging horse.
And then the hideous whirlwind that ensued,
When like a missile from a catapult
The fierce unbroken steed, with snortings wild,
And thundering hoofs, swept furiously on—
While in his track, bound to him by her hair,
Now seen by glimpses through thick clouds of dust
Beneath his flying feet, now whirled aloft
As he lashed out between two onward bounds,
Now in the forest caught by forking boughs,
That, with a fearful wrench of all her frame
Checked suddenly his impetus of flight
And for an instant held him till they brake—
Was dragged and mangled the Austrasian queen.
Such plight was hers, as when a fragile skiff
Is knotted to the stern of a swift ship,
And veers and plunges in its boiling wake,
Struck at and buffeted by cruel waves,
Until, its sides crushed in, it fills and sinks.
But it was over now. Heaped in a hollow way
The poor crazed steed, exhausted, had crashed down
And lay as he had fallen—steeped in sweat
That slowly cooling, matted stiff his coat :



But she could not forget that calm and pitying smile
That curled about the lips of Fredegonde

And the once royal queen, 'neath his dead bulk
Lay with him—quivering, but not yet dead.
And while she lay thus, while the night closed down,
And while the night wind sighed about the woods,
And, prowling from his lair, a single lynx
Scenting in air the death, wailed like a child,
While on the boles and shingled cliffs, the owls
With long, sonorous whistle, called aloud,
And while the silent bats with flickering wing
Danced thwart the rifted lines of after-glow,
Then the dull chill which heralded Death's march,
In mercy stilled at last her agony,
And lulled the throbbings of her limp, crushed frame,
And calmed the beating of her tortured heart.
Her mind was once more busy, and she *thought*,
Yet thought not of her manifold great crimes
Done in this life, nor of that life to come ;
She thought not that the blood of ten great Kings
Red on her hands, was to be answered for.
No sentiment of pity or remorse
Ran in the fevered movements of her brain.
She could forget her traitor army now—
Forget her ruin and Clotaire's vile jests,
But she could not forget the calm, cold smile
That curled upon the lips of Fredegonde,
And even while she dwelt upon it there,
And all her pride of woman and of Queen
Ramped at her rival's triumph and her fall—
There came a sudden rattling in her throat,
She strove to check it—stiffened—gasped— and died !





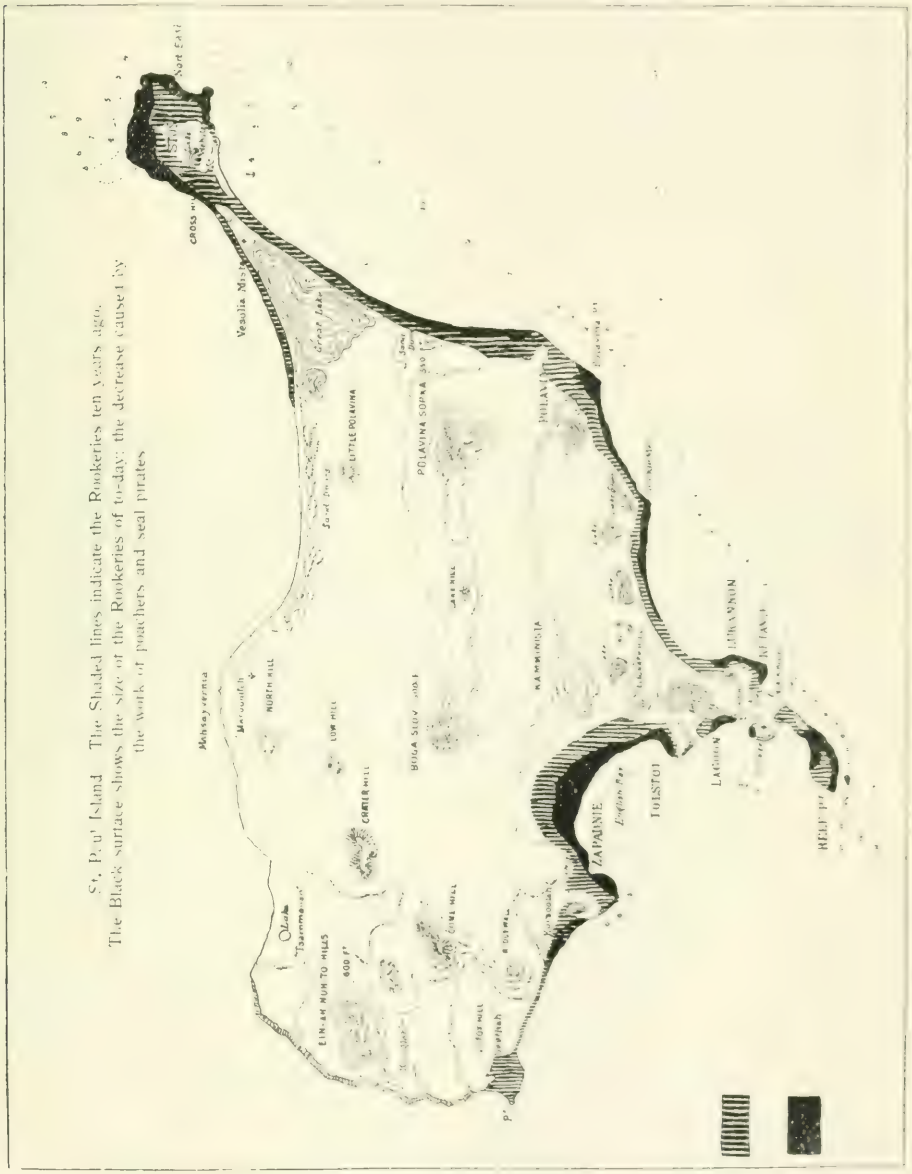
REVIEW OF THE FUR-SEAL CONTROVERSY

BY J. C. CANTWELL

ON March 30, 1867, all that portion of the North American continent hitherto occupied by Russia and known as Alaska, together with the Aleutian Islands and other islands in Bering Sea lying east of the boundary line as shown in the accompanying map passed into the possession of the United States on the payment to Russia of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. The Pribyloff Group consisting of St. Paul and St. George Islands and all interests in the fur-seal rookeries or breeding grounds situated thereon were included in this purchase. In 1870 the United States leased to a corporation of American citizens known as the Alaska Commercial Company, the Pribyloff Islands, and by the terms of a contract granted the company the exclusive right of taking seals on these two islands for the period of twenty years. The company on its part agreed to pay a certain sum for every skin taken, the number or quota being annually fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury and to furnish free of charge to the natives, food, fuel and schooling during certain portions of the year. For nearly seventeen years the Commercial Company carried on its business successfully; honorably discharging its obligations to the government and even exceeding the terms of the contract in the matter of benefits to be conferred upon the natives of the islands. Several times after the leasing of the islands rumors reached the government that small vessels were being fitted out avowedly for the purpose of entering Bering Sea and killing the seals near the rookeries. But the dispatch of a revenue cutter to patrol the waters usually deterred anyone from following out any such intentions. In the year 1886, however, several small vessels, mostly fitted out in Victoria and sailing under the British flag, entered Bering Sea and began the work of killing seals wherever found. Acting under instructions received from the Secretary of the Treasury, Captain Abbey, commanding the revenue cutter *Corwin* in that year overhauled and seized one American and three British schooners found sealing some sixty miles southeast of St. George Island. The vessels were taken into Unalaska harbor, laid up under charge of a Deputy United States Marshal and the masters and officers sent to Sitka for trial. The crews were released and furnished transportation back to the United States. The trial which followed resulted in the conviction of the prisoners on a charge of violation of Section 1956, Revised Statutes of United States which declares it illegal for anyone not a native of the territory to take any fur-bearing animals

"within the waters of Alaska territory."

The British government promptly protested against the seizure of its



citizens and vessels while outside of the usually accepted three-mile limit and asked for explanations and the release of the vessels. During the correspondence which followed, Secretary Bayard acceded to the request for the release of the vessels and men but upon the distinct understanding that it was done without regard to the final settlement of the questions of our authority or rights in Bering Sea. Encouraged by the apparent failure

of the United States to maintain the position which it had assumed a still larger fleet of vessels visited Bering Sea during the next year and several captures were made by the revenue cutter *Rush* under command of Captain Shepard. The usual protest from Great Britain followed, and on August 2d, 1887, Secretary Bayard through the ministers at foreign courts requested the governments of Great Britain, Germany, France and Norway and Sweden "to enter into such an agreement with the United States as will prevent the citizens of either country from killing seals in Bering Sea." England at first agreed to this proposition and the way for a speedy settlement of the question seemed clear, when negotiations were abruptly closed by the intervention of Canada who declared that by entering into such convention with the United States, England would ruin a valuable industry of her colony, British Columbia.

In 1888, the last year of President Cleveland's administration, nothing definite seems to have been accomplished, ; but during the summer of 1889 in pursuance of a vigorous policy inaugurated by President Harrison several Canadian vessels were seized in Bering Sea by the revenue cutters. This action brought forth a strong protest from the British Minister at Washington in which he claimed that he had received assurances from ex-Secretary Bayard that no further seizures would be made pending the settlement of the general questions at issue. An examination of the correspondence of the State Department shows that this was incorrect. In a letter from Mr. Bayard to Sir Lionel S. West dated August 13th, 1887, the former expressly denies that any such assurance had been given. In the discussion which followed the seizures of the year 1889, Secretary Blaine in a letter dated August 23d, 1889, and addressed to the British Minister, admits that the seizures had been made but that it was the "earnest desire of the President to arrive at such an adjustment of all existing differences of opinion as will remove all possible ground of misunderstanding with Her Majesty's Government concerning the troubles in Bering Sea."



Indians Skinning the Fur-seal

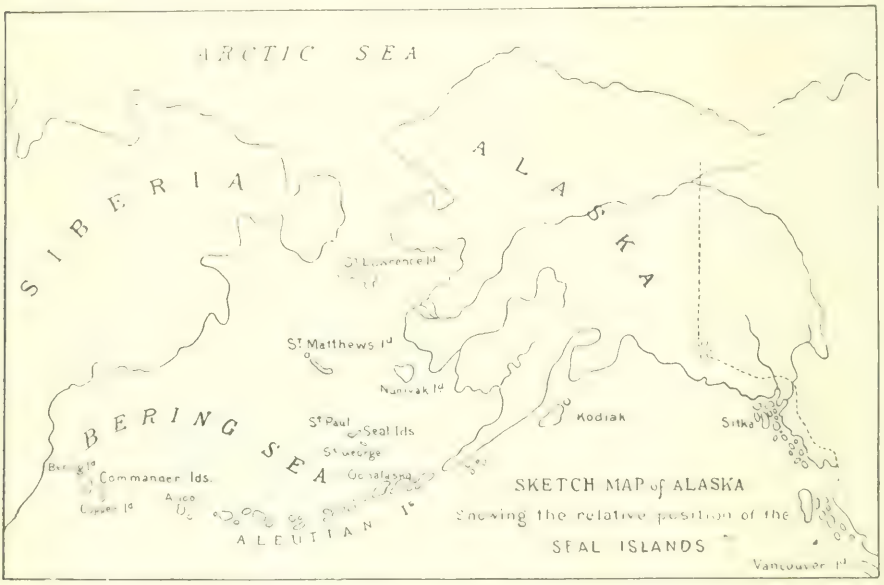
Early in the discussion which followed between Mr. Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington, the former outlined his position by claiming that vessels engaged in pelagic sealing in Bering Sea were engaged in a pursuit which



The Village on St. Paul Island

was *contra bonos mores* as involving a serious and permanent injury to an industry belonging to the United States. With reference to the assertion which has been so persistently made that Mr. Blaine in defending the claims of the United States had set up a claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of Bering Sea as *mare clausum*, the correspondence which has taken place between the two countries fails to reveal any such claim. The discussion of the questions necessarily involved one in which the title we had received from Russia was one of the most important features; but instead of claiming exclusive jurisdiction Mr. Blaine in a letter dated August 2d, 1890, says:

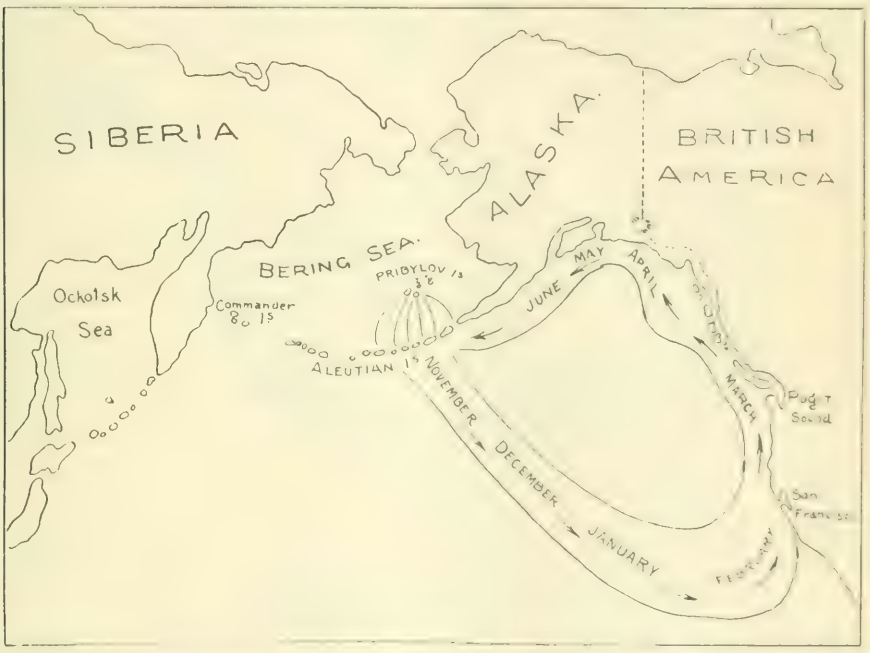
"The repeated assertions that the United States demands that Bering Sea be pronounced *mare clausum* are without foundation. The government has never claimed it and never desired it. It expressly disavows it." During the month of April, 1890, Sir Julian Pauncefote, after a long discussion, submitted to Mr. Blaine a plan for the appointment of a mixed commission to act as a board of arbitration, and further suggested that provisional regulations be adopted (1) prohibiting pelagic sealing in Bering Sea during the months when the seals were coming to and departing from the islands, and (2) prohibiting all vessels from approaching the seal islands nearer than ten miles. Mr. Blaine rejected this proposition as being insufficient for the protection of the fur-seals, as it permitted the killing of the animals in the water during the months of July, August and September, when the sea around the islands was most crowded with seals,



SKETCH MAP of ALASKA
Showing the relative position of the
SEAL ISLANDS

and especially female seals in search of food for their young. The zonal restrictive limit of ten miles, as proposed by England, was entirely inadequate, as it is a well-established fact that the breeding seals are found over one hundred miles from shore during the breeding season, being temporarily absent from the rookeries in search of food. The failure of these negotiations was followed, on the part of England, by a long argument in which the *contra bonos mores* theory advanced by Mr. Blaine was taken up by Lord Salis-

bury. In a dispatch to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated May 22d, 1890, Salisbury contended that pelagic sealing was not *contra bonos mores* when carried on outside of the marine-league limit, unless, and for special reasons it has been agreed by international arrangement to forbid it. "Fur seals," he continued, "are indisputably *feræ naturæ*, and these have been universally regarded by jurists as *res nullius* until they are caught. No person can, therefore, have property in them again issued to the commanders of revenue cutters to seize any and all vessels engaged in pelagic sealing in Bering Sea. Immediately upon receipt of the intelligence that such action was contemplated the British Minister at Washington entered a formal protest declaring that her Brittanic Majesty's Government would hold the Government of the United States responsible for the consequences that might ensue from acts "which are contrary to the principles of international law."



Map showing the migration of the Pribyloff Seal Herd, which leaves Pribyloff Island about November 10th and returns about July 10th. The United States protests against their destruction during this migration

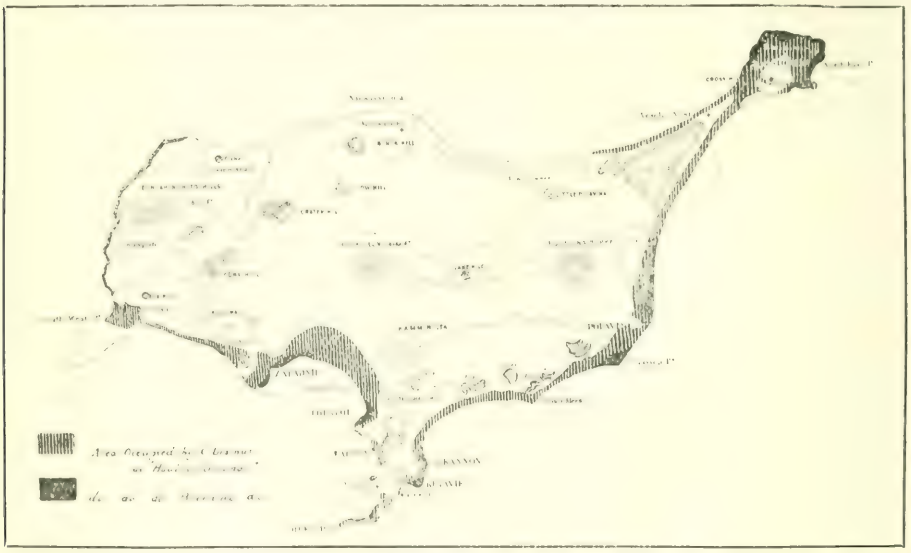
until he has actually reduced them into his possession by capture." While Lord Salisbury was deducing these fine-spun theories in regard to the proper ownership of the fur-seal, the time for the opening of the next season was drawing rapidly near. The Government evidently viewed with alarm the prospect of another season's open sealing with nothing accomplished in the way of settlement of even the first steps toward arbitration, and in May, 1890, orders were

It is impossible to say what would have been the result had not the President at this juncture acted in the prompt manner in which he did. Two years ago neither the general public of this country nor of England were as conversant with the details of this question as they are to-day. It was not as apparent at that time as later that pelagic sealing was so destructive to seal life, and so the President wisely withdrew his orders and issued modified instructions to

the revenue cruisers by which they were merely authorized to speak sealing vessels and to serve them with copies of the President's Proclamation, warning them against taking seals "in the waters of Bering Sea within the territorial limits of the United States."

An attempt was made by Mr. Blaine at this time to enter into an agreement with Great Britain, whereby her vessels should not be permitted "to enter Bering Sea for this season, in order that time may be secured for negotiation." Nearly a month later, under date of June 27th, 1890, the British Minister replying to this proposition, said that such action could only be taken under certain conditions, which were as follows: (1) That the two Governments agree forthwith to refer to arbitration the question of the legality of the seizures made in Bering Sea; (2) that pending the award, all interference with British sealing vessels cease; (3) that the United States, if the award be adverse to them, compensate British subjects for all losses which they may sustain by reason of compliance with the President's proclamation. Mr. Blaine, in declining to accept these conditions, stated in a letter dated July 2d, 1890: "The President cannot think that Lord Salisbury's proposition is responsive to his suggestion; besides, the answer comes so late that it would be impossible to proceed this season with the negotiations."

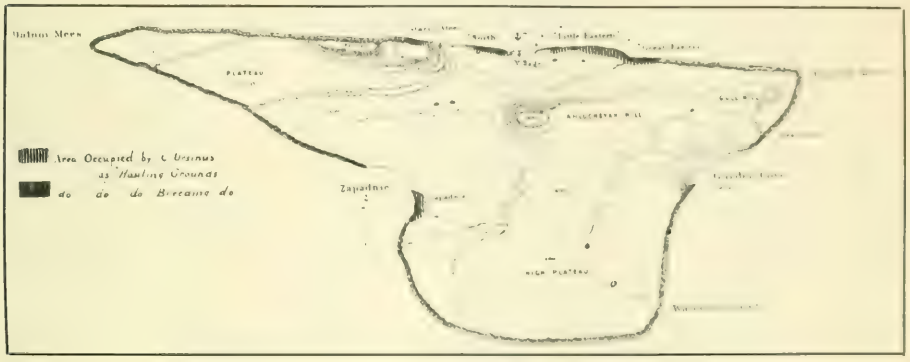
The summer of 1890 passed without incident, but the reports which reached the Government during the following autumn, from its agents in the seal islands, of the alarming diminution of seal life on the rookeries caused new life to be infused into the controversy. The Government renewed its demands for a speedy settlement of all questions in dispute. The usual dilatory and evasive tactics were pursued by Lord Salisbury, to avoid the issue; but at last, on June 15th, 1891, the agreement now generally known as the *modus vivendi* was signed by the representatives of the two countries at Washington, whereby it was agreed that both countries would prohibit sealing vessels from entering Bering Sea for the purpose of sealing from the date of signing the agreement



The Rookeries at St. Paul Island ten years ago

until May 1st, 1892. It was further understood that both nations would send special commissioners to Alaska to gather testimony, make observations on seal life, etc., for the purpose of laying the whole matter before a Board of Arbitration, to be thereafter appointed.

The Commissioners appointed for this purpose were Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. Dawson, representing England, and Professor T. C. Mendenhall and Dr. C. Hart Merriam representing the United States. These gentlemen reached Bering Sea soon after the signing of the *modus vivendi*, and immediately entered upon the labor of gathering the necessary testimony. Most of the summer was spent visiting the islands in Bering Sea and obtaining testimony. The Commissioners then returned to the United States. A joint meeting for discussion was held in Washington, beginning in October, 1891, and lasting until early of the present year. The proceedings of this meeting have not yet been made public, but for some reason the matter was not brought before a Board of Arbitrators as early as was expected, and it was seen that unless a renewal of the *modus vivendi* was agreed to in terms similar to those of last year, nothing but force on the part of the United States would prevent a large fleet of sealing vessels from entering Bering Sea, and very probably end the controversy by destroying the last remnants of the seal herds. Under these circumstances, Lord Salisbury was requested to again co-operate with the United States in the protection of seal life, pending the settlement of the preliminaries to appointment of the Board of Arbitrators, but declined to do so unless certain conditions were agreed to on the part of the United States, which were so onerous and unsatisfactory that it was impossible for this Government to accept them with honor to itself or without endangering every claim which it has steadily maintained throughout the long controversy. For the second time in the history of the Bering-Sea question, a crisis was at hand. The gravest fears were entertained that the two great nations might yet be drawn into war while discussing the best means of settling in a friendly manner the question at issue. But better counsels prevailed, and under the calm but determined pressure of President Harrison, who had personally assumed the conduct of affairs at this juncture, Lord Salisbury receded from a position in which he found himself unsupported even by public opinion in England, and during the latter part of March, 1892, agreed to the extension of the operations of the *modus vivendi* until certain questions could be brought before a court, con-



The Seal Rookeries at St. George Island ten years ago

sisting of seven well-known jurists, who were to be selected as follows:

The President of the United States and her Brittanic Majesty, Queen Victoria to name two each, and the President of France, the King of Italy and the King of Sweden and Norway to name one each. The treaty provides that the printed case of the two parties, accompanied by documents, official correspondence and other evidence, is to be delivered in duplicate to each arbitrator and to the agents of each high contracting party, as soon as possible after the appointment of the tribunal, but within a period not exceeding three months from the exchange of the ratification of the treaty. All questions considered by the tribunal, including the final decision are to be determined by a majority of the arbitrators. Five questions are to be submitted to the arbitrators. These are:

First—The exclusive jurisdiction in the sea known as the Bering Sea, and what exclusive rights in the seal fisheries therein did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

Second—How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal fisheries recognized and conceded by Great Britain?

Third—Was the body of water now known as the Bering Sea included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean," as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and what rights if any, in the Bering Sea were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

Fourth—Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and to the seal fisheries to Bering Sea east of the water boundary in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th of March, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

Fifth—Has the United States any right, and if so, what right of protection of property in the fur-seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Bering Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

Freed from the complications and technicalities of diplomatic controversy, the fur-seal question is a very simple one. In purchasing Alaska, the fur-seal rookeries on St. George and St. Paul Islands were justly regarded as the most valuable portion of our acquisition. The wisdom of that surmise is shown from the fact that for nearly twenty years, during which the industry was fostered and undisturbed, the United States received an annual income from the product of these two islands amounting to five per cent on the cost of the entire Territory. For more than seventeen years our rights to protect the seals in Bering Sea remained unquestioned, and it was not until the year 1886 that any systematic attempt was made by outsiders to interfere with those rights.

The argument that the fur-seal is *feræ naturæ* is not compatible with its well-known habits. For a hundred years it is known that the fur-seal has annually resorted to the Pribyloff Islands to breed and shed its pelage. From the time of its departure from the islands late in the autumn until its return in May of the following year, it lands nowhere else. According to Prof. H. W. Elliot, who has made the fur-seal a life-long study, the seals arrive at the numerous passes through the Aleutian Islands in the latter part of May of each year and entering Bering Sea, head directly for the Pribyloff Islands. A glance at the map which accompanies this article, will show how these watery paths, traversed by the seals, converge as they approach the islands, and in so doing, solidly mass together thousands and tens of thousands of widely scattered animals at points fifty and even one hundred miles distance from the rookeries. "Here, then, is the place where the pelagic sealer lies in wait and has a fine location from which to shoot, to spear, and to kill these fur-bearing amphibians, and where he can work the most complete ruin in the shortest possible time. His power for destruction is still further augmented by the fact that those seals which are most liable to meet his eye and aim



Driving the Seals Inland to the Killing Ground and "Pelting Off"

are female fur-seals, which, heavy with young, are here slowly nearing the land, reluctant to haul out of the cool water until the day and hour arrives that limits the period of their gestation."

The pelagic sealer spares neither age nor sex, nor from the manner in which his work is pursued is it possible for him to do so. It is impossible to exaggerate the danger of depletion of our rookeries and the extermination of the fur-seal species if such a criminal waste and inhuman method of capture is permitted to continue. If the facts, as above stated, are not enough to convince even the most skeptical that the danger is most imminent, we have only to review the history of the great fur-seal rookeries in the Southern Hemisphere, which at one time teemed with seal life, but which were destroyed by the wanton and senseless action of a fleet of seal hunters whose methods of capture were unrestrained by law, reason or even the dictates of common humanity.

From a report compiled on the fur-seal fisheries of the world in 1887 by A. Howard Clark, a member of the United States Fish Commission, the following extracts are made :

"At the beginning of the present century there were great rookeries of fur-seal at the South Shetlands, at Masafuera, at South Georgia and at many other places throughout the Antarctic region. These places were visited by sealing vessels, and indiscriminate slaughter of the animals resulted in the extermination of the species, or in such diminution in their numbers that the fishery became unprofitable. * * * * An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female, in a few years results in the breaking up of the largest rookeries, and, as in the case of Masafuera and the Falkland Islands, the injury seems to be a permanent one. As an instance, the South Shetlands were first visited in 1819, when fur-seals were very abundant, two vessels in a short time receiving full fares. In 1820 thirty vessels hastened to the islands, and in a few weeks obtained upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand, while thousands of seals were killed and lost. * * * * The system of extermination was practiced * * * for whenever a seal reached the beach, of whatever denomination, it was killed and its skin taken, and by this means at the end of the second year the animals became nearly extinct, the young having lost their mothers when only three or four days old, of course died, which at the lowest calculation, exceeded one hundred thousand."

The same story may be told of Masafuera, the Island of Juan de Fernandez and every other locality where the seals have been unprotected. The history of these great rookeries once inhabited by countless millions of seals, but now shunned and deserted by the gentle amphibians, will certainly be repeated in the case of the Pribyloff group, unless an international agreement is reached, whereby the animals are to be protected from such indiscriminate slaughter. In a lecture recently delivered by Mr. J. Stanley-Brown, before the National Geographical Society in Washington, he says :

"In 1879 the Canadian fishery reports began to take notice of the pelagic catch, and we find that the Canadian vessels took that year twelve thousand five hundred seals. Up to 1886, the Canadian Fishery reports show a mean annual catch of thirteen thousand, but in that year thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and seven skins were shipped to London. In the three following years there were taken thirty-three thousand eight hundred, twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-three, thirty-three thousand nine hundred and seven, and in 1890 the catch of the forty-two Canadian vessels that went out were forty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty-one, while last year the Canadian fleet, increased to forty-nine sail, made a catch of forty-nine thousand seven hundred and forty-two, of which number it took the fleet five months to catch twenty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven in the North Pacific, while in Bering Sea, despite the *modus vivendi* by which the schooners were ejected, twenty-eight thousand six hundred and five skins were taken in about six weeks. But that is not all, for the American schooners were not inactive. The London trade sales of last year show that sixty-two thousand five hundred skins were offered for sale, and doubtless



A Seal Rookery

there were some skins retained in this country or shipped to England to be cured and returned to the American owners. Leaving out of consideration the seal shot and not secured, this all means at the very least over a hundred thousand seals were killed at sea and that more than half of them were mothers.

"Are the seals diminishing? If they are not, why all this contention? I unhesitatingly say, after more than four months' opportunity for observation, that no man who has visited the Pribyloff Islands during the past two years and given even the most indifferent attention to the subject, can honestly state that the seals have not reached, if indeed they are not well within, the danger line of depletion. No one can stand on these rookeries, and compare the areas now and formerly occupied by the seals without realizing from the object lesson how great has been the destruction of seal life."

The illustrations which accompany this article are from photographs taken on St. Paul Island and show better than any written description could the method of taking seals as practiced on the Islands. By the terms of the agreement between the government and the lessees of the seal islands, no female seals or male breeding seals are allowed to be killed. The animals selected to be killed are the young "bachelor" seal or "holluschickie" which are never permitted to land by the older and stronger seals on the same breeding-ground with the females. Hence when they reach the islands the "*bachelor*" seals are obliged to live apart entirely, sometimes miles away from the breeding rookeries. "In this admirably perfect method of nature," to quote the words of Professor Elliot, "are those seals which can be properly killed without injury to the rookeries, selected and held aside by their own volition, so that the natives can visit and take them without disturbing in the least degree the entire quiet of the breeding-grounds where the stock is perpetuated." As an additional precaution the seals selected for slaughter are driven inland some distance before being killed and so perfect has the whole system been reduced that it is hard to imagine how any improvement could be made. It has been claimed that the diminution of seal life on the islands has been caused by an excessive number allowed by the government to be taken by the lessees. This is not true. From 1870, when the Alaska Commercial Company secured the lease until 1886 when pelagic sealing may be fairly stated as showing its effects, there were allowed and taken one hundred thousand seals annually. Under the wise government of the industry, the areas occupied by the seals steadily increased. But in 1886 the rookeries began to grow noticeably smaller, and in 1890 many of the smaller ones had disappeared entirely. During this year the government restricted the catch to sixty thousand, but the Company succeeded in taking only twenty-one thousand skins, and last year this number was still further reduced to fourteen thousand, of which number seven thousand five hundred seals were allowed to be killed to furnish food to the natives.

It would be manifestly improper to discuss the questions at issue in this controversy at the present time. All the matter of our rights to exclusive jurisdiction in Bering Sea, and the protection of our vested property in those waters will, in due time be considered by the Board of Arbitration and its decision will be right. But in closing this article, we can, without violation of the proprieties, indicate what will be the probable line of defense which the United States will adopt in the coming discussion. This can be done in no better way than by using the words of one of the distinguished jurists, who have been selected to argue this case before the Board of Arbitration. In an article on this subject by Hon. E. J. Phelps, he asks:

"In what does the freedom of the sea consist? What is the use of it that individual enterprise is authorized, under that international law which is only the common consent of civilization? Is it the legitimate pursuit of its own business or the wanton



Killing the Seals by Clubbing

destruction of the valuable interests of nations? If the Government of the United States is restrained by any principle of law from protecting itself and its citizens against this great loss it must be because the Canadian ship-owners have a right to inflict it; that is to say that these acts prohibited by American law, unlawful to Canadians wherever territorial jurisdiction exists which would be speedily made unlawful within their own territory if any seals existed there and which are wanton and destructive everywhere, become lawful and right if done in the open sea, and are, therefore, a proper incident to the freedom of the sea."

The clear statement of this proposition refutes it in the minds of all who are capable of a sense of justice, and able to discriminate between right and wrong.



HOPE

BY NESTOR A. YOUNG

Ah! Hope divine, sweet pilot of our destiny —
Thou art the inspiration that doth lead
Mankind to thoughts and deeds sublime;
Or standing on the sentried heights of time,
Above all storms, beyond all doubts and fears,
Thy face aglow with heavenly fire,
Doth sweetly chant in grand harmonic flow,
Attuned to Arch Angelic symphony,
Soul-stirring themes — seraphic dreams —
Leading where Heaven's eternal splendors glow.

San Diego

SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR POLITICIANS?

I

BY C. T. HOPKINS

TO draw attention to the failure of the Legislative departments of our Government, whether Federal, State or Municipal, as compared with the efficiency of the Executive and Judicial and with the requirements of the people; to show that this failure is entirely due to the mental and moral inferiority of the majority of the men elected to Legislative office; and to suggest a practical means whereby politics may be converted into a learned profession, and thus in the future the higher offices of the Government may be largely filled by educated brains and character instead of by ignorance and vice: these are the objects of these articles.

In the early days when population was sparse, wealth scarce, and public business simple, when no great aggregations of capital existed or were even dreamed of as political factors, it was deemed sufficient for the protection of liberty that the only qualifications for any office should be the right to vote in the district. So said all the older Constitutions; so say they all now, with very few exceptions as to Judicial office, but none at all as to Legislative aspirants. The fathers feared above all things a governing class, which might possibly make itself permanent and become oppressive; so they provided short terms and frequent elections, in the belief that any one who knew enough to cast a vote would be competent for any office. They guarded in every possible manner against the recurrence of the evils from which they had suffered as colonists, but which are dead forever on our soil; and in so doing they unconsciously opened wide the door to other evils, consequent upon conditions which in their time it was impossible to foresee.

So it was not long till experience showed that something besides short terms and frequent changes were necessary to the proper discharge of several of the functions of Government. Hardly had the Federal Constitution attained working order ere Congress adopted Washington's recommendation to establish the Military Academy at West Point. What this grand institution has done for the nation is familiar to all. To say nothing of its brilliant success in war, Professor E. S. Holden, one of its graduates, in an article in the *Overland Monthly* for July, 1891, explaining its methods, bears the highest testimony to the results of its training in the formation of honorable character. He quotes the late General Alvord's comparison between the losses to our Government through the defalcation of army officers and losses to the Bank of England through the intromissions of its employés. Though in both cases the loss was a very small fraction of one per cent of the money handled, that occurring through our officers was only a small fraction of the loss through the employés of the bank; though these are all picked men, all under guarantee bonds, and checked at every point under the most scientific system of accounting. He says: "The total disbursements by army officers during our Civil War were over eleven hundred millions of dollars. The defalcations and money losses of all kinds (including captures by the enemy) were less than one million dollars, or less than one-tenth of

one per cent on the money handled. No organization for the disbursement of public money from the time the pyramids were built until now has a record approaching that of the officers of the United States Army, and this bright record is the direct result of the training of the Military Academy at West Point." The effect of that training upon patriotism was shown in the fact that four-fifths of the graduates, including one-half of those from seceding States, remained true to the flag throughout the Civil War, while almost all of the Southern United States Judges, all the Southern Senators but one, all the Representatives in Congress, but three, and the entire body of Federal Executive officers, sided with their States. The army is removed from political influences, through the education and life tenure of its officers. The confidence of the people in West Point education, especially as manifested in that splendid body, the United States Engineers, has never been clouded even by a suspicion of bribery, jobbery or other dereliction, or by any incapacity.

Education was likewise found indispensable in the Navy, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis was founded on principles similar to those at West Point, and with like results. Can we not claim without boasting that there is no finer body of skilled scientific seamen, patriotic officers, and honorable gentlemen in the service of any nation than are the line officers of the American Navy.

From the very first it was found impossible to administer the laws unless the Judges of Courts of Record were educated to the bar. Though Federal and State Constitutions were originally silent on the subject, and so remain in all but twelve States; and though for many years in the majority of the States the Judiciary has been elective, the necessity of the case has for the most part compelled the nomination only of educated or experienced lawyers to the bench. It follows therefore that our Judicial service has been and is fairly good. A few Cardozos, Barnards and Turners have here and there dragged the ermine through the mud, but the hue and cry raised against these proves the rarity of their offense. Perjury, embracery and similar corruptions of justice do unfortunately occur too often, but these are beyond the control of the judges. Professor Bryce, the fairest of our foreign critics, says in his great work on the American Commonwealth, "The Federal Judges are above suspicion; the State Judges have been and are deemed honest and impartial in nearly all the Northern and most of the Southern and Western States. In a few of those States the bench has included men who would do credit to any court in any country." (Vol. 11, page 500). This remark is true, notwithstanding that the tacit rule above mentioned has not always been observed in country districts, or on all occasions in the frontier States.

A fourth instance of compulsory educational qualification for public service is to be noted in the profession of the law. The lawyer is an officer of the court and a minister (at least theoretically) of justice. In the Federal and nearly all the State courts he is allowed to practice only after satisfactory examination into his knowledge of law, or on proof of such examination elsewhere. Only one Constitution, that of Indiana, provides that "every person of good moral character, being a voter, shall be entitled to practice law in all Courts of Justice." This exception proves the rule. So degraded is the character of the Bar in Indiana that in a recent public address by a prominent educator at Indianapolis he remarked, "That it required less brains and training to be admitted to the Indiana Bar than to the saw-buck."

Another and a most important class of public servants, the teachers in the public schools, once hired on the score of cheapness without regard to qualification, are now employed in the majority of the States solely upon merit, as ascertained by examinations.

Not only so, but Normal schools are maintained in many of the States for their free education. It is entirely due to the wide encouragement of superior education in the teachers that the public school system has become the most important and most jealously guarded of all our institutions, notwithstanding former and local apathy, and vigorous opposition everywhere from a powerful ecclesiastical antagonism. The only scandals connected with it grow out of the occasional betrayal of their trust by the elective Boards of Education in the exercise of the appointing power and the management of the funds.

So the laws in many States confine medical practice to regularly educated physicians; pharmacy and dentistry to trained specialists. Not only so, but State Universities are maintained at public expense for the free education of lawyers, engineers, chemists, doctors, dentists, scientists, in fact, of anybody who chooses to avail himself, or herself, of the benefits of the higher education.

Lastly after a long, well-fought battle, the Congress of the United States has been induced to enact the Civil Service Act; whereby, for the first time in our history, education and character have been made the sole conditions for appointment to the subordinate offices in the Executive departments of the General Government, and the term of office is limited only by good behavior. Massachusetts and New York have followed suit. Let us hope that other States will soon imitate the bright example.

Thus, step by step, the original idea that every voter has by nature equal capacity for filling any office, and equal right to enjoy it, has yielded to the teachings of experience. Successive classes of public service have been withdrawn from political nomination, and from general competition, and conferred exclusively upon persons specially educated to perform the duties. This is now the recognized theory both in England and the United States, in all Executive service. The nation must have the best. Its vast business cannot be properly conducted except by the best, and the best it is bound to have. It is on the theory that underlies all business, viz., that employment and emolument must follow ability and integrity. Neither the Government nor the commercial world have any use for ignorance except to send it to school; nor for incompetence except to teach it a trade; nor for vice except to send it to jail.

Let it now be prominently noted:

1. That of the three great divisions of power the Legislative stands preeminent; for it makes the laws which the Executive enforces, and the Judiciary administers.

2. That more knowledge, wisdom and moral force are required in the successful and patriotic discharge of Legislative duty, perhaps in the face of opposition, party passion, a corrupt lobby, a licentious press, or popular erroneous excitement, than are needed in following the beaten paths of law and precedent to which the Executive and Judiciary are confined.

3. That all the educational and moral qualifications for office thus far adopted in either Federal or State governments have been applied in the Executive and Judiciary departments, while the most powerful of the three is yet wholly under the control of the worst class of politicians. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*"

Let it also be borne in mind that no nation ever existed which has excelled, or even equaled, ours in its efforts for popular education. The report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education for 1887–88 shows an annual expenditure on common schools only, in all the States and Territories, of the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-two millions four hundred and fifty-five thousand two hundred and fifty-two dollars; besides the unknown expenditure upon private and parochial schools, which teach one-tenth as many pupils as attend the public schools. It also enumerates three hundred and fifty-seven

colleges and universities, in which four thousand eight hundred professors give instruction in the higher education to seventy-five thousand three hundred and seventy-three students. And this vast expenditure upon education goes on increasing from year to year. Besides the public taxes devoted to it, it has become the fashion for the wealthy to pour their surplus millions into the educational mill. Each year old institutions are more richly endowed, or new ones founded on a still larger scale, like the Stanford University of California, with its promised endowment of twenty million dollars. Not satisfied with our immense provision for rudimentary instruction among the masses, we are now ambitious to overtake England and Germany in the highest culture and scholarship. Not only have Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and other old foundations used their growing means in augmenting their libraries, museums and apparatus, in increasing their faculties, in raising their standards of admission and multiplying their special trainings, but Johns Hopkins University has been organized especially for the training of professors and scientists, beginning its curriculum where our other colleges leave off. Moreover, the whole number of students in the three hundred and fifty-seven institutions has increased thirty per cent in ten years, or seven per cent more than the growth of population. Yet this grand educational movement has only fairly begun. It is like the commencement of a vast system of irrigation, as yet only past the experimental stage, but which is bound to cover the land till the desert everywhere shall blossom like a garden.

Now, is it not a striking anomaly, that, carried away as we are by such a national enthusiasm for education, there should be as yet so little popular appreciation of its results, that the question of the education of a Legislative candidate is seldom or never raised? Is it not strange that in view of the immense field for brain-work and honest principle in handling the public interests of our sixty-three millions of people, who are growing decennially twenty-five per cent, whose enormous productions have yielded realized wealth exceeding that of wealthy Britain by more than ten thousand millions of dollars, there is so little demand for brain or character in our Legislative department? Says Prof. Bryce: "New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and San Francisco have done their best to poison the Legislatures of the States in which they respectively lie by filling these bodies with members of a low type, as well as by being themselves the centers of emormous accumulations of capital. They have brought the strongest corrupting force into contact with the weakest and most corruptible material, and there has followed in Pennsylvania, New York and California such a witches' Sabbath of jobbery, bribery, thievery and prostitution of Legislative power to private interest as the world has seldom seen. Of course, even in these States, the majority of the members are not bad men, for the majority come from the rural districts or smaller towns, where honesty and order reign, as they do generally in America outside of a few large cities. Many of them are farmers or small lawyers, who go up meaning to do right, but fall into the hands of schemers, who abuse their inexperience and practice on their ignorance." ("American Commonwealth," I, p. 516.)

Says Theodore Roosevelt: "Where a number of men, many of them poor, some of them unscrupulous, and others elected by constituents too ignorant to hold them to a proper accountability for their actions, are put into a position of great temporary power, where they are called on to take action upon questions affecting the welfare of large corporations and wealthy private individuals, the chances for corruption are always great. And that there is much viciousness and political dishonesty, much moral cowardice and a good deal of actual bribe-taking

at Albany no one who has had any practical experience of Legislation can doubt. The worst Legislators come from the great cities. They are usually foreigners of little or no education, with exceedingly misty ideas as to morality, and possessed of an ignorance so profound that it could only be called comic were it not for the fact that it has at times such serious effect on our laws. It is their ignorance quite as much as actual viciousness which makes it so difficult to procure the passage of good laws, or to prevent the passage of bad ones; and it is the most irritating of the many elements with which we have to contend in the fight for good government." (*Century*, April, 1885.)

In the report of the New York Commissioners appointed in 1876, to devise a plan for the government of cities in that State, occurs the following graphic description of the powers of darkness who rule the politics of that State and city:

"A large number of important offices have come to be filled by men possessing little, if any, fitness for the important duties they are called upon to discharge. These unworthy holders of public trusts gain their places by their own exertions. The voluntary support of the citizens would never have lifted them into office. Animated by the expectations of unlawful emoluments, they spend large sums to secure their places, and make promises beforehand to supporters and retainers to furnish patronage or place. The corrupt promises must be redeemed, anticipated gain must be realized; hence old and educated subordinates must be dismissed and new places created to satisfy the crowd of friends and retainers. Profitable contracts must be awarded, and needless public works undertaken. * * * It is speedily found that these unlawful demands, together with the necessities of the public, call for a sum which, if taken at once by taxation, would produce dissatisfaction and alarm in the community and bring public indignation upon the authors of such burdens, and any failure thus to raise a sufficient sum is supplied by an issue of bonds. * * * It would clearly be within bounds to say that more than one-half of all the present city debts are the direct results of the species of intentional and corrupt misrule above described."

In regard to the attempt made in New York to escape the evils inflicted by the city government through Legislative control, this report goes on to say: "The representatives elected to the State Legislature have not the requisite time to direct the local affairs of the municipalities. They have not the requisite knowledge of details. When a local bill is under consideration in the Legislature its care and explanation are left exclusively to the representative of the locality to which it is applicable; and sometimes by express, more often by tacit understanding, local bills are 'log-rolled' through the houses. * * * The notion that Legislative control was the proper remedy was a serious mistake. The corrupt cliques and rings thus sought to be baffled were quick to perceive that in the business of procuring special laws concerning local affairs they could easily outmatch the fitful and clumsy labors of disinterested citizens. The transfer of the control of municipal resources from the cities to the State Capitol had no other effect than to cause a like transfer of the methods and arts of corruption, and to make the fortunes of our principal cities the traffic of the lobbies. Municipal corruption thenceforth escaped all bounds and spread to every quarter of the State."

This description of the political horrors in New York is equally true, *mutatis mutandis*, of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and California; and the same infernal system has long ago spread into nearly all the States. In many of them it has become so much a matter of course, in spite of seve but never enforced laws against L lative bribery, that by many vot

earnest protest in behalf of ancestral purity will be treated merely as a joke! As a specimen of a very common job, hardly a Legislature meets in which ten or twenty bills threatening injury to insurance companies are not introduced. The writer has been apprised of two hundred and twenty such bills pending in twenty-four Legislatures that were sitting cotemporaneously. These bills seldom pass; never, if the ever-present committee from the underwriters does the handsome thing. It is common to form rings in Legislative bodies, which unblushingly sell all the votes they can find a market for. In fact, it is now about impossible to procure the passage of any law at all affecting capital, except by bargain and sale. The United States Senatorship has become a high-priced commodity within reach only of millionaires; hence the recent wonderful increase of wealthy inefficiency in that once august body.

The writer was informed by a once prominent banker in San Francisco that during the Legislative session of California in 1868, not less than eight hundred thousand dollars had passed through his hands alone for the purchase or defeat of Legislation! This bonanza has been worked ever since for all there was in it. While I write a suit is on trial in San Francisco in which one Faylor, an outside lobbyist, sues the late "boodle ring" in the State Senate for six thousand dollars, being, as he claims, his share of the profits during the last session, which the Senators refuse to divide with him! At every session from twenty thousand to forty thousand dollars is regularly paid by the pilot monopoly of San Francisco, as the price for denying the perennial demand of the shipping interests for the reduction of the exorbitant rates of pilotage, which greatly injure the commerce of the port. In the city of San Francisco politics have been controlled by "Bosses" ever since the war, whose excitement put an end to the ten years of clean government inaugurated by the Vigilance Committee of 1856. Three times have the reformatory charters been prepared since the adoption of the Constitution of 1879, and three times have they been voted down, through the failure of their lukewarm friends to overcome at the polls the vigilant hostility of the politicians. But enough as to the failure of the Legislative department in States and cities.

What good citizen of property does not dread the meeting of the Legislature, tremble while it lasts, and rejoice when it is over? What expedients have not been resorted to to curb its power for mischief, though at the cost of curtailing its ability for good? At first, annual sessions were the rule, without legal limit as to their duration, now they are made biennial in all but six of the older States, and restricted to four, three, or even two months. At first, the Representatives were intrusted with all the Legislative powers of their principals, the people, except that of altering the Constitution (see Vermont Constitution of 1793). But the Constitution of California (of 1879) not only limits the per diem of the Legislature to sixty days, in a biennial session, but specifies no less than thirty-three particulars in which it is forbidden to act. It is strange that in the presence of any quantity of experiments between these two extremes, each seeking to prevent some time-honored abuse of Legislative power, it seems never to have occurred to Constitution makers to confine eligibility for the Representative function to men of ascertained education in statecraft and of established reputation for integrity and patriotism.

"O'er forms of Government let fools contest,
That which is best administered is best."

But how is it with Congress, where for many years the business of this great nation has been completely overshadowed by party spirit, or forgotten in the excitement of dividing the public money among the thousands of

private claimants whose attorneys the majority of the members seem to be?

Entirely owing to the lack of patriotic education and of enlightened conscience on the part of said majority, Congress has become the most cumbrous of all inventions intended "how not to do it." In spite of the constant efforts of a few statesmen, who have been repeatedly re-elected by the exceptional good sense of their constituencies, its history has for years been a dreary narrative of inefficiency, procrastination, stupidity, and often of national disgrace. Congress took more than sixty years to frame and pass a bill for the distribution of the money received for the French spoliation claims, by which time all the original claimants were dead. It has allowed twenty-five years to pass without taking (until last session) any efficient means to prevent the gradual extirpation of our shipping in the foreign trade, due to our effete navigation laws and high tariff, in the presence of English competition under more favorable Legislation. Yet at every session bills have been introduced, memorials, petitions, and reports filed, which, if acted upon would long since have restored our flag to its former position upon the high seas. But so profound has been the ignorance of Western and Southern members on the subject (one of whom once innocently asked the writer) "what ships do at night?") or so powerful have been the golden arguments administered by the agents of the British Ship-Owners' Association, that until the last session it has been impossible to procure any effective relief and the work of last session was only half done. Congress has so neglected the Navy that for several years, until the recent movement in the direction of rebuilding in 1883, we had not a single fighting ship afloat. And for twenty years it so neglected the fortifications of our immensely wealthy seaport cities as not to have at any of them a single gun capable of injuring an ironclad ship! Yet during all the time the Treasury has been overflowing, and public opinion everywhere crying aloud for the re-establishment of our National defenses afloat and ashore. But Congress appears insensible to public opinion unless it finds a place in party platforms; and the hope that some party advantage may be reaped from every want that attracts public attention (a hope often disappointed) is the great motive of the chronic hesitation and exasperating delays with which it avoids action, be the subject never so important to the National welfare.

Again, Congress stole the Geneva award fund from those direct claimants in whose names and for whose use it was obtained, and gave it all to those indirect claimants who had been expressly excluded by the arbitrators; and by this act it impeached the good faith of the nation in the eyes of the civilized world, thus probably forestalling some future arbitration; and doubled or trebled future war premiums on American vessels, whose underwriters are now deprived of all hope of salvage, heretofore their undeniable legal right all over the world. It took Congress twenty years to act on the continual petitions of the people of the Pacific Coast for the exclusion of the Chinese, and then it repeatedly bungled the business. Always holding the power of regulating commerce between the States, it took ten years to evolve the Interstate Commerce Act, whose principal effect is to build up the business of the Canadian Pacific, at the expense of American overland railroads. It refuses to take any action on the constant increase of pauper immigration from the heterogeneous nations of Europe, though our institutions are everywhere threatened by it, and public opinion has for many years been crying aloud for its restriction. It cannot now make up its mind about the silver question, which for years has been left unsettled, to the great injury of the business of the country.

The Lower House has long maintained a system of rules (which, after a bitter fight was modified during the last session) intended to enable the minority to prevent the transaction of business by the majority. It persists in devoting three-fourths of its time to the passage of private claims, which are a perennial fountain of corruption, and which can never be properly investigated in such a body, instead of relegating all claims against Government to the courts where they properly belong.

But why prolong the list of Congressional transgressions, omissions, delays, neglects and inefficiencies?

They are so familiar that the nation has long since become accustomed to them, and expects nothing else. But can this condition of things last forever? If that body, the only expression of the sovereign power of the nation in Legislation, is so terribly behind the business of sixty-three millions of people, what will be our condition when one or two hundred millions depend upon it? Does any one ever speculate upon the wonderful improvement that would result to the business of Legislation, if every Senator and Representative were educated to statecraft, inspired by a broad spirit of honest devotion to the whole country, instead of by mere party or local spirit, utterly unapproachable by corrupt motives, and looking only to the appreciative confidence of his constituents and the country for his reward of loyal service? Surely if any means can be devised for filling our Legislative bodies with the same trained talent and fidelity that govern the Army and Navy, our railroads, our great manufactories and business enterprises, the administration of our admirable institutions, like that of our private affairs, would challenge the envy of the world.

Yet what is our situation to-day? We are a powerful nation, constantly growing, already the equal if not the superior of any other, and likely soon to be confessedly the foremost in all respects; with accumulated wealth far exceeding any other. A nation spending annually one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars in common schools alone, besides untold millions in other and higher forms of education; possessing the most omniscient and enterprising press; the most stupendous system of internal improvements; the largest area of fertile soil; engaging in the greatest variety of productive industries, and holding the second place in the foreign commerce of the world. A nation whose free and prosperous conditions attract so many aliens as to destroy the homogeneity of its people; whose many inventions keep manufactures and trade in a state of continual change; whose freedom of thought, speech, press and association stimulates mental activity to a degree that threatens the stability of its institutions, through the influence of cranks and demagogues, who, with their foreign-born audiences, are too ignorant to appreciate the perils of half knowledge; a nation with a most complicated government, founded upon a system of ideas, largely peculiar to itself; in fact, "an intellectual system of government," which can be maintained in its purity only by the intelligent and honest administration of very able and highly educated men.

Yet all this seething mass of progressive humanity is ruled by a congress, by forty-two State Legislatures, by hundreds of city councils, and thousands of boards of county supervisors (some twenty thousand men more or less), not one of whom, however honest and well-meaning, was educated to statecraft; the large majority of whom are not sufficiently educated to have any conception of the true principles of government, especially of their own, or of the nature of the problems with which they have to deal. Not only ignorant, but many of them dishonest, and nominated only for that reason by the machinations of the worst elements in

the community; their idea of office being not the service of the public, but private gain for themselves and their nefarious associates in crime. And yet no one dreams of applying an educational or character qualification to legislative candidacy; nor would the mass of the citizens vote to establish an aristocracy of education in that branch of the government, though the only alternative be an aristocracy of villainy!

Of the one hundred and fifty millions of dollars doubtless spent annually on all kinds of education, only a trifle is as yet devoted in a few states to instruction in "Civics" in the public schools.

Out of three hundred and fifty-seven colleges and universities, not one, nor any distinct department of one, is organized for the special training of statesmen, or for the issuance of degrees in statecraft.

An educated army, corps of engineers, navy, judiciary, bar and staff of school teachers, and thirty-two thousand subordinate executive offices filled by educational and character tests, and all continually subordinated to legislative ignorance, incompetence, corruption, partizanship and rascality!

Under these conditions, if unchanged for the better, how can it be possible that the United States can attain their bicentenary in uninterrupted peace and progress?

HAUNTED

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN

Sometimes, when I attune my ear to hear
A classic symphony, I do, at most,
But catch a bar or two, and then a ghost,
Unseen, unheard, but not unfelt, draws near,
And gentlest finger-tips do close my ear
To present sounds; while from old days long lost
A strain comes back and holds my soul engrossed;
A song once loved, a voice low, sweet and clear.
O haunting voice! as thy notes rise and fall,
The present fades; the proud face at my side
Gives place to one I cannot but recall;
Her hot-house flowers, that fling their fragrance wide,
Field daisies are; and thou, who wert my all
In life's sweet spring, art once again my bride.

JOHN MUIR

BY JEANNE C. CARR

I FIRST met John Muir a quarter of a century ago in Madison, the beautiful capital of Wisconsin, where Dr. Carr was for many years Professor of the Natural Sciences and of Chemistry in the State University.

As one of the Geological Commissioners, he also had much to do in gathering and arranging the extensive collections which illustrate the natural history and resources of the region bordering the great lakes and the Mississippi. Professor James Hall, the eminent geologist, was at the head of the commission, and students employed as assistants have since become eminent in the fields of scientific research and of education.

During a fair of the state agricultural society, held at the Capital, the secretary wishing to secure a special premium for the meritorious inventions of a young Scotch friend from Portage, asked me to report them to the proper committee. They were not easy to classify under the society's specifications.

I accompanied him to a part of the grounds where we found John Muir engaged in showing the relation between brains and bedsteads.

The bedstead exhibited was a rude affair over which some blankets were thrown, but was mysteriously connected with a rustic clock, which if set for any desired time of waking, gently raised the occupant of the bed to an upright position with his feet upon the footboard.

He was assisted in this demonstration by two small boys; one a truant belonging to me and the other to the Professor of Greek. The lads soon became perfect in their rôle, sleeping tranquilly without moving an eyelash, until surprised by the cheers of the spectators. The little side-show attracted many visitors who were entertained by the naïve explanations and enthusiasm of the inventor. But these incidents would probably have been forgotten had not Dr. Carr soon after reported Muir's attendance upon his lectures at the University.

A friend happened to be present, a physician from Portage, where the Muir family lived; whose story of piety and patience as exemplified in the lives of John's parents, David and Annie Muir, seemed like a reading from the pages of George McDonald.

And of genius also; for as bidden by the Psalmist, David praised the Lord upon stringed instruments, even upon a violin of his own making; he also practiced the prayer and faith cures as a free gift, and like the Master he strove to imitate, deprecated notoriety. He was reputed to be a severe disciplinarian; not from passion or even justice but because the consequences of sparing the rod were so explicitly stated in the Holy Word. When he was called by the Spirit into the wilderness of towns and cities on religious errands, the brave mother and her loyal sons took up the family burdens uncomplainingly, and waited for his return.

And so this pioneer family took root; became useful and greatly respected by their neighbors in spite of somewhat hard conditions.

They had few books, but these were of the best and tales of grandfather, their very own, to fall back upon. David and his Annie were doubtless as happy in their simple belief that the world was made in six literal "days," as if these had been called *æons* or crores; but the spirit of inquiry developing in one of their bairns was



John Muir

already leading him to the "Great Stone Book" for a fuller explanation.

In winter the inglenook was not destitute of cheer and thus this budding genius was accounted for in the orderly processes of nature.

When the "twa laddies" who had tested the bedstead heard that Muir was a student of the University, they gave me no peace until we visited him, having planned a course of jack knife studies under this most competent professor. We found his room furnished with several ingenious and useful articles besides the now famous clock and bed.

One of these was a desk, which if *en rapport* with the clock, moved the text books required in each study to the front, and opened them at the proper place.

But to me the most captivating piece of mechanism was an apparatus for registering the growth of an ascending plant stem during each of the twenty-four hours. The plant he had selected for the purpose was the common Madeira Vine; (*Boussingaultia* of botanists) which was growing luxuriantly in his sunniest window.

A fine needle, threaded with the long hair of a fellow studentess, when attached to the plant, made the record faithfully upon a paper disk marked to indicate minute spaces with great exactness, while the rustic clock ticked the minutes and hours away.

During the following winter Muir taught a district school in a log building without other apparatus than the water pail and dipper.

But with the help of these he contrived a clock, and by applying his knowledge of chemistry and mechanical powers still farther found a fire and warm schoolroom awaiting him after his long walks through snow drifts in an almost Arctic temperature. A water color painting of that log schoolhouse was long treasured by one of his friends as a proof that the artist's eye and touch were not wanting among his many gifts.

At the beginning of the next University year he was missed, and knowing how eagerly he wished to finish the course, Professor Sterling in behalf of the faculty, invited his return as a free student. The University had not then come into possession of its large endowments.

Dr. Carr had plans for him also in the geological service which we were holding back for a surprise; but

> "The best laid plans of mice and men
> Gang aft agley,—"

and these letters were never received. After many fruitless attempts to recover him a characteristic missive reached us from Tronts Mills near Meaford, in West Canada, where there was a manufactory of wooden rakes.

"I am sorry over the loss of Professor Sterling's letter, for I waited and wearied for it a long time, keeping up an irregular course of study but since undertaking, a month ago, to invent new machinery for this mill my mind seems to busy itself in this work to the exclusion of everything else." He had been disappointed and we were grieved as we read. "Oh how frequently, when lonely and wearied, have I wished that like some hungry worm I could creep into that delightful kernel of your house, your library, with its portraits of scientific men upon its walls and such bountiful store of their sheaves into the blossoms and verdure of your little kingdom of plants," (our winter garden,) "luxuriant and happy as if opening their leaves under the open sky of the most flower-loving zone in the world."

He seemed uncertain into which of many alluring ways he might turn his steps, and again he wrote: "A voice seemed to mock my aspirations towards the study of medicine, that I might do something to alleviate human misery." At another time: "I felt called toward the study of nature among the dells and dingles of SCOTLAND, and all the other, less important parts of our world."

I would like to invent useful machinery, but the voice answers:

"You do not like to spend your life among machines."

In spite of the warning of his demon Muir committed himself to rake making, supplying new contrivances for setting the teeth and handles, and by the subtlety of his intuitions and suggestions, impressed his employer with his ability to substitute mind for muscle in a great variety of ways.

His services were substantially rewarded, and on becoming a capitalist, he had decided to invest in a grand walking tour; when the factory was burned, and his money, clothes, books and papers vanished in flames.

Then began the *wanderjahre* of this *meister* in nature's greater workshops, whose record for the next ten years was as strange as any recorded in the literature of her lovers.

His first important stopping place was at Indianapolis, where visiting some of the great machine shops, he fell into conversation with a skilfull and intelligent operator. Some suggestion of Muir created a discussion of mechanical powers and their applications, which led to an engagement, promising still greater advantages than those he had lost.

In this new work he wrought as faithfully as before, making many friends, but during the following April there came a letter to us, traced by his fingers, with no help from his eyes, which read: "The sunshine and winds are working in all the gardens of God, but I, I am lost! I am shut in darkness. My hard toil-tempered muscles have disappeared; and I am feeble and tremulous as an ever sick woman.

"My friends here are kind beyond what I can tell, and do much to shorten the immense, black days."

The explanation, written by an attendant, told us that while adjusting some delicate machinery, a small file had pierced his right eye on the outer edge of the cornea. Afterwards he wrote: "I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone; that I should never look at a flower again."

Later, during his slow recovery, he wrote: "On some cloudy day, I am promised a walk in the woods, where the spring's sweet first-born are waiting." After many weeks I received his token of recovery in a little package of *Climacium*, that miniature palm among the mosses.

We were still more encouraged when he concluded a letter by saying: "I have nearly an eye and a half left, and can read a letter with the poorest. I feel if possible more anxious to travel than ever. I read a description of the Yosemite Valley last year, and have thought of it almost every day since."

That he was using both his eyes was proven by a rhapsody upon the mosses.

"The dear little conservative green mosses have elevated their smooth, shining shafts and stand side by side, every cowl properly plaited, and drawn down just far enough, every hood with its dainty slant, their fashions unchanging because perfect."

One may trust a nature-lover to be his own doctor, and soon this one prescribed a walk from Indianapolis to Portage, Wisconsin, accompanied by a lad eleven years old. They were weeks on the way, and appeared at Madison, laden like donkeys, with their burdens of pressed plants. He spoke only once of his trial, saying that "he was very thankful that his affliction had driven him to the sweet fields rather than away from them." This was in June, 1867, when he spent some happy weeks with "the loved of home."

The shock to his nervous system, resulting from his injury, was greater and his recovery slower than had been expected. September found him in Kentucky, among the hills of Bear Creek, after walking from Louisville, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles.

Of his plans and purposes he wrote: "It was a few miles south of Louis-

ville when I planned my journey. I spread out my map under a tree, and made up my mind to go through Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia to Florida; thence to Cuba, and from there to some part of South America. It will be only a hasty walk. I am thankful, however, for so much. I will be glad to receive any advice from you; I am very ignorant of all things pertaining to this journey.

"The lordly trees and scenery of Kentucky are cut into my memory, to go with me forever."

In pursuance of this plan, he reached Georgia, where, from a camping place near Savannah—the famous Buenaventura—his letter was an exquisite prose poem on the "natural beauty of death."

"I gazed at this peerless avenue as one newly arrived from another planet, without a past or a future, alive only to the presence of the most adorned and living of the tree companies I have ever beheld. Buenaventura is called a graveyard, but its accidental graves are powerless to influence the imagination in such a depth of life. The rippling of living waters, the song of birds, the cordial rejoicing of busy insects, the calm grandeur of the forest, make it rather one of the Lord's elect and favored fields of clearest light and life. Few people have considered the natural beauty of death. Let a child grow up in nature, beholding her beautiful and harmonious blendings of death and life; their joyous, inseparable unity, and Death will be stingless indeed to him."

Having no doubt that Muir's persistence would lead him to the Andes and the Amazon, we addressed to friends in Buenos Ayres and to President Sarmiento letters which we hoped would ensure his comfort and safety. Meanwhile he lay sick with a fever in Florida, and a lady friend and admirer informed us of the perils he had incurred, and the interest felt in his behalf by all who had listened to his glowing descriptions of the scenes still fresh in his mind. On the eighth of November, he wrote from Cedar Keys that he was getting plants and strength, and about to go to New Orleans for a passage to South America; not quite sure as to what point.

Then occurred a break in a correspondence, so fully shared with others that the letters are far more travel-worn than the writer of them, next heard from—"Near Snelling, Merced County, *California*," July 26th, 1868:

"I have had the pleasure of but one letter from any source since leaving Florida, and of course am very lonesome and hunger terribly for the communion of friends. Fate and flowers have carried me to California, where I have reveled nearly four months. I am well again, and were it not for loneliness and isolation, the joy of my existence would be complete. I saw little of the beauty during the journey across the Isthmus of Panama, for my body was still a wreck, and was borne with cruel speed through the gorgeous Eden of vines and palms. I could only gaze from the car platform and weep and pray that the Lord would sometime give me strength to see it better."

The prayer seems to have been answered at once and strength given to improve his opportunities in California, for he says: "Florida is indeed a land of flowers, but for every flower creature dwelling in its most delightsome places, more than a hundred are living here. *Here is Florida.* Not scattered, with grass between as on our prairies; but the panicled grasses are sprinkled among the flowers; not as in Cuba, piled and heaped into glowing masses; but side by side, flower to flower, petal to petal, touching but never entwined, each free and separate, yet making one smooth earth garment, mosses next the ground, grasses above, petaled flowers between.

"Before studying the flowers of this valley, their sky and all of the furniture sounds and adornments of their

homes, one can scarcely believe that their vast assemblies are permanent, but rather that actuated by some great plant purpose, they had convened from every plain, mountain and meadow of their kingdom; and that the different coloring of the patches, acres and miles marked the bounds of the various tribe and family encampments."

He reached San Francisco in April, and at once struck out into the country, following the foothills along the San Jose Valley to Gilroy; thence into the San Joaquin Valley by the Pacheco Pass, and down to the mouth of the Merced. This walking (?) trip included the Mariposa forest of Sequoias, and the Yosemite Valley, then in primeval freshness; Lemon's Log Cabin; Hutching's original hotel and the smaller one at Blacks being the only houses, did not mar the impression of "a sacred solitude."

"One week from the burning plains of the San Joaquin, and I was lost in the blinding snows of the Arctic winter. The winter scales are shut fast upon the buds of the oaks and alders; the grand Nevada pines wave solemnly; my horse is plunging in snow ten feet in depth. Wonderful indeed is the meeting and blending of the seasons of the mountains and plains, beautiful as the joinings of lake and land, or the bands of color in the rainbow."

A letter dated February 24th, 1869, written from Snellings, showed how much he had felt the human hunger for friends and fellowship.

"Your two California notes from San Francisco and San Mateo reached me last evening, and I rejoice at the glad tidings they bring of your arrival in this magnificent land. Of all my friends, you are the only one who understands my motives and enjoyments.

"Only a few weeks ago a true and liberal-minded friend sent me a sheetfull of the most terrible blue-steel orthodoxy, calling me from clouds and flowers to the walks of politics and philanthropy. I thought that you had never lectured me thus, and were coming to see and read for yourself these glorious lessons of sky, plain and mountain, of which no mortal lips can adequately speak.

"I thought, when in the Yosemite Valley last Spring, that the Lord had written things there for you to read some time. I have not made a single friend in California, and you may be sure I strode home last evening from the postoffice feeling rich, indeed.

"I am engaged at present in the very important and patriarchal business of keeping sheep. I am a gentle shepherd. The gray box in which I reside is distant about seven miles northeast from Hopeton. The Merced pours past me on the south, from the Yosemite. Smooth, downy hills and the tree fringes of the Tuolumne bound me on the north; the lordly Sierras join sky and plain on the east, and the far coast mountains on the west. My mutton family of eighteen hundred range over about ten square miles, and I have abundant opportunities for reading and botanizing. In about two weeks I shall be engaged in sheep-shearing between the Tuolumne and Stanislaus, from the San Joaquin to the Sierra foothills, for about two months. I will be in California until next November, when I mean to start for South America.

"You must prepare for your Yosemite baptism in June."

This I did with the utmost zeal and earnestness. Just before starting another letter came from Muir, telling me that he "would be 'at Black's' until the end of June." In my own or others' ignorance that there were two localities of the same name, one near Coulterville and one in the valley, a blunder was made which prevented my meeting Mr. Muir that summer. I inquired of every dusty herder that we passed on our horseback ride from Mariposa to the Yosemite until the curiosity of a fellow traveler, not of our party, was aroused. Riding alongside of me she asked, "Is the

feller you're huntin' herdin' sheep!" "That is his present calling," I replied. "Wall, you're darned lucky to miss him; that's my experience with sech as them;" and she rode complacently away. What had befallen John Muir, especially in the regards of this female, or what there could be in a calling of which so many poetic things have been said since shepherds watched their flocks by night, to offend the most fastidious, I could not imagine.

Many of his letters about this time were dateless, thrown off as if to relieve the tension of his unshared enjoyment.

"My studies have increasing rewards of truth, and I will seek to be true to them, although all the rest of the world of beauty besides these mountains burn and nebulize back to star smoke." He becomes more and more in love with ice.

"I know how you love this purple and yellow and green—these warm sun songs of color, but I must edge in a kind word for ice. Glaciers are paper manufacturers, and they pulped these mountains and made the meadowy sheets on which this leaf music is written."

"Are you pluming for our mountain better land? I was on Cloud's Rest yesterday, and enjoyed a very vigorous snowstorm. Did you not hear a shout? Three avalanches of ice and snow started from the summit of Cloud's Rest ridge, one after the other in glorious gestures and boomings; I was within a few yards of them.

"It will probably be late in June before we can get on to the summits, snow is very abundant. Nevada and Vernal and the strip of glory between were in full gush of spirit life as I passed them yesterday.

"I will be glad to know your friend Stoddard. He wrote about the Lord's making Yosemite, and I want him to write an entirely different version of the affair.

"Sunday night I was up in the moon among the lumined spray of the upper falls. The lunar bows were glorious, and the music Godful as ever. You will yet mingle amid the forms and voices of this peerless fall.

"I wanted to have you spend two or three nights up there in full moon, and planned a small hut for you, but since the boisterous waving of the rocks (slight earthquake tremor on the coast) the danger seems forbidding, at least for you. We can go up there in the afternoon, spend an hour or two and return.

"I had a grand ramble in the deep snow outside the valley, and discovered one beautiful truth concerning snow structure, and three concerning the forms of forest trees.

"These earthquakes have made me immensely rich. I had long been aware of the life and gentle tenderness of the rocks, and instead of walking upon them as unfeeling surfaces, begin to regard them as a transparent sky. Now they have spoken with audible voice, pulsed with wave-like motion—this very instant, just as my pen reached the spot indicated on the third line above, my cabin creaked with a sharp shock and the oil waved in my lamp. We had several shocks last night. I would like to go somewhere on the west coast to study earthquakes. I think I could invent some experimental apparatus whereby their complicated phenomena could be separated and read, but I have some years of ice on hand.

"'Tis most ennobling to find and feel that we are constructed with reference to these noble storms so as to draw unspeakable enjoyment from them. Are we not rich when our six-foot column of substance sponges up heaven above and earth beneath into its pores. Aye, we have chambers in us the right shape for earthquakes!

John Muir of to-day everyone knows—one of the most delightful writers in the West, a word colorist in every sense, who, it is hoped, will not lay down the pen for many a day to come.

THE LAST DEFEAT

BY ADELE A. GLEASON

WHO seeks the strange desertion of the seaside summer resort in winter? Even the tourist from "the East," who is told by the native Californian that it is even more delightful in winter than in summer. Delightful? yes; yet even on the warm Southern California coast, where the hotel is open all winter, the stray guest is discouraged by so many white-draped empty tables, standing unattended by waiters, that he feels himself under the ban of the unpopular, however sunny the shining sea, with summer in every wave.

Wandering along the one street of the town, I see twenty or more closed cottages, and half as many stores, also closed, and, as the French say, I know not "where to conduct myself." I wandered, not finding the deserted village as full of poetry as of philosophy, till I came facing an abnormally big sign situated just on a level with the eye, being fixed on the top of a low whitewashed fence: "Delmonico's." The association with cut glass and fine damask was strange, and I looked up, smiling involuntarily at the entrance. Ambition stood before me! The door was not closed, but filled! The largest negress I ever saw—take her hip and thigh, foot and hand—filled the doorway of a large restaurant. She stood at home, evidently; yet she had not the air of a "free nigger." The heavy white linen apron, the three-cornered shoulder shawl, the red and gold turban were all worn as a costume, not as a "make-shift." I passed her with this idle mental comment, then turned, half from curiosity, half from a subtle attraction for the big creature.

"Mornin', mammy," I ventured with the careless tone a rank impostor generally uses.

She weighed me a moment in her majestic consciousness before she replied. I felt on judgment. Was I "'nough somebody" for her or not? I trembled.

The reply came slowly in beautifully modulated tones. "Mornin' lady. I see you're out by you'sef dis mornin'."

Oh, the delicately implied reproach! I knew her ole missus had never strayed about alone; never.

"Yes," I said falsely, "I want some one to take care of me." Her eye lighted with real enthusiasm. "Sure you does, honey. I'se jes' wondrin' to see ye by yousef. What mammy 'gwine do fer ye?"

I had to invent. "Come to the hotel every afternoon and give me a sea bath."

"Yes, honey, sure. I'se comin' right on de clock, (a darky phrase for being on time). What's I fer, lesson to wait on yer?"

I felt some doubt as to my existence being sufficient reason for the being of the splendid woman, but I did not voice anything contradictory to her creed.

"Yes'm, us'ter be a lady's maid mysef 'fore I got so monstres." (I rather took this for a white lie.)

"I thought you were a cook by the sign you have here."

"A cook! so I was, honey, 'fore de wa'. Won't I stood up on de block in Ma'land' an' sole for a cook, an' did'nt I fotch three thousan' dollars for dat very 'complishment? I jes' was, ev'ry cent of dat money! I hear 'em now. 'Who'se gwine get dis nigger? 'Tain't no cheap nigger you're lookin' at, gemmen. 'Tain no fiel' han'; 'tain no breedin' nigger; 'tain no 'unaway nigger. Look at dat han'.' Dat's de way dey us'ter say, lady, when dey want ter mount de price up. 'Dat-a-han' don't pick

no cotton ; dat-a-han' don't hoe no co'n ; dat han' make de bes' pigeon pie an' pick de mos' patridge on de place. Gemmen, dat nigger fit ter ambrosier de food for any guest in any great house in de Souf!' Didn't I hate ter be sole? What I kar, so I keep my place in de ranks? I's sole *up*, I was ; I wan never sole *down*. I cum up outen So' Calliny ter Ma'lan' ; wa' din' do no good to de ole folks 'cept jis 'long de aige like. Us firs' chalk niggers was ready for it like. I jes' 'bout buyed up my freedom, anyway, 'bout de time de wa' strike in. Eight years I was earnin' an' learnin', den de wa' broke out, an', my good Lord! ye cudn't find nuthin'. Massa ner Missus ner nuthin'. Ef I'd had dat money I'd been earnin' my freedom for, I tell ye, honey, I'd jes' start an' clear de fence! But lan', 'course I din' have nothin', an' dey ain' no use talkin', white folks is white folks an' niggers is niggers, wa' er no wa'."

"But, surely, Auntie, you despise poor white people just as much as you do poor black folks?"

"'Spise 'em? Course I does! Want I fotched up 'long o' quality fer? Don't I know quality when I sees 'em?" This with an indescribable glance at me, that as an enforcer of a delicate compliment could not have been excelled. Irish flattery makes one laugh; negro flattery brings a sigh! The negro lived only for others. To please is the luxury of the free, the necessity of the slave!

We had been sitting on the porch in the shade of the flowering Mexican bean ; I in the carpet-covered rocking chair, Mammy on the steps, her elephantine knees forming a rampart before her chest and a support for her arms ; the sun sunk low over the ocean, the click of a gate attracted my attention from the amythystine pile of the Catalina Islands glorified in the purple light. From the gate at the side of the house an old negro came leading two lambs ; a quacking of geese, a bleating and barking, and above all, the shrill cry of a tame magpie, were set alive by the old man's progress through the yard. To get the lambs out and keep the other too-willing creatures in was more than any one man could accomplish. Mammy rose with an apology to me and lumbered toward the scene of action. All insurgents fled before one mighty flap of her thick apron. Her husband advanced to be presented to me. Ah, welcome, shades of Thomas Jefferson! What dignity! Not the money-fed politeness of the ordinary serving man, but something thorough, so quiet, so sustained in manner and voice! Whom had he imitated long ago? Some gentleman of old Virginia's best, long dead, and perhaps forgotten by his sons; yet the style survived in this negro. From the moment this man bowed to me, without letting his eyes rest on me yet seeming to protect me with a respectful watchfulness, with eyes trained to serve, I ceased to smile at the big sign on the whitewashed fence. Delmonico! certainly. Here was a Del Monico! He led his lambs away. The hair on his well-shaped head was as white as the wool of the lambs. Fred Douglass was never more impressive. I could have greeted him with, "Farewell, O, slave! Triumph of a bondage better than freedom!"

His wife's voice startled me. "A nigger dat's fell in position ain' never hold he haide up," quoth she.

"I should not be able to think of your husband in that light, he appears most superior."

"Yis, honey," in a softened voice, "dat's jes' it, ye speak it you'sef ; only you call it superior, an' I call it trainin'. I'se de hen an' he's de mockin' bird. I lays de eggs an' he counts de chickens. He kin read an' he kin write an' he kin figger 'counts an' he knows where we got money an' where we aint. Course *I* don't know." This with a wonderful sly look to see if I took in the joke.

"He master poor an' be 'bliged fer ter rent him out fer a barber right young. He jes' take hole de newspaper, an', 'fore de Lord, he read dat paper an' books, too, 'for he ten year da! I dunno huccum he marry me. He aint de fust nigger I 'bliged to take up with, but (with a sigh) he boun' to be de las', I reckon! If my lady like ter pic a bit o fish I set de pan on de ashes."

I replied as formally as possible that I should be very grateful to get a supper in her splendid restaurant.

"Sho, dar, lady, 'taine no restaurant fer sure; we jes put up dat sign fer ter 'tract de populace," she resumed with contempt.

I sat long under the shade of the flowering bean listening to the incoming tide. Somehow the mournful splendor of the social life of the South, now past forever, appealed to me in the tones of its forgotten slaves. I remembered the old days in Virginia when a guest was fortunate. At last the double doors were thrown open and a voice full of deference and as low as if it intended to escape the criticism of a drawing-room of guests, announced "De suppah!" The big, low, cheap-looking room, decorated with fancifully cut tissue and glazed paper and advertising pictures, was illuminated in all its dingy coarseness by a flood of dusty sunlight from the setting sun, which did not spare the poor linen and tiny napkins; but there, just two and a half feet behind my chair, stood the perfect servitor, dressed in the most ancient possible of dress coats, a white necktie, a napkin on his left arm and a water bottle in his hand. I know he enjoyed "de suppah more than I did." If he could have served me Tokay with fish and champagne with salad and Roquefort cheese, and coffee with just a touch of Burgundy, how happy he would have been. He was not inclined to talk "during service," as one might say. He had none of his wife's readiness to be free with a "lady" as by right.

"Have you waited at Delmonico's, in New York City?"

"Fifteen years, madam."

"So? I suppose, then, you could easily build this place with your savings?"

"No, madam; my wife built it."

His way of taking my plate was fine art, indeed. He did not lift it, but slid it from the cloth, quickly, but not too quickly. He wiped the tablecloth with a velvet touch—no flourish, just perfect ease. A French waiter is dexterous, but only the shadow-race can be graceful in service. He did not, of course, ask me if I would taste this or that dish; he placed it before me, hovered anxiously a moment, and if I tasted it he retired to just his distance; if I did not, he slid it away, holding his breath meanwhile. Surely he was "the man who knew." The sadness of his face was from being too near success; a bank failure had taken the good thousands saved from twenty-five years' patient work. He was politely incredulous of any real sympathy or interest in his great misfortune. * * *

The following summer when I went to the same restaurant, to my surprise it was alive! Seventy or eighty noisy, common and unclean people, the riff-raff of a camp meeting and revival, filled the dining-room with clattering plates and loud voices. Hired waiters ran to and fro. My black prince was not to be seen. I looked on for a few minutes at this beggarly service, and then made my way through the duck yard, greeted by the magpie, which shrilly invited me to "take a shake," and peered into the big shed kitchen. A long range filled with steaming pots and frying-pans stretched the length of the place; a hundred tins, pails, pans and spoons, hanging from nails in the two beams overhead, plates and dishes, filled and empty, stood on the floor and on tables and chairs. Mammy, as sole cook and dispenser, made the place hum! She bounced from pot to pan like a Swiss bell-

ringer. She trod regardless of plate or pan or stray cat. She boiled and fried and stewed like a very demon of cooking; giving her husband ten orders to one he could execute, and calling him, I am sorry to say, "a fool nigger" for all his pains. At last she spied me where I stood in the doorway.

"O! great Lordy, Massa! ef dar ain' my lady standin' musin' hersef with dis yer ole nigger pranks, mought ter got drounded in 'f de dish pan, or pelted wid the con' cob; you're terrible venturesome jes like my Mis' Emma. She uster cum roun' fer de hoe cake, said hit wanted light'nd red an' ash ter make it tase good. Ha, ha?"

In spite of this happy reception I saw that I was stopping the supply train, so I accepted her husband's invitation, given in a shocked whisper, to "step into der parlor t'well de trouble was over."

"Tain no use settin' out a coarse dinner for such folks, 'fore de Lord, dey dunno how to eat it if dey get it," said he of Delmonico.

Once in the parlor, I pondered on the easy chairs, the fine matting and rugs, the great mirrors, the rosewood *etagere*, to say nothing of Dore's illustrations of Don Quixote and Milton's Paradise Lost on the center table. It all showed individual taste in the selected articles. Yet I knew this colored woman, this giant of human toil, could not read a word. How much her hands had earned, how much she had wished, and how much she had won!

Mammy and her "fallen nigger" came in in half an hour, bearing each a large tray, and followed by two underlings (weak white folks) also carrying small tables, cloths and napkins. The table being spread, Mammy declared she would "serve my lady hersef," and much to her husband's displeasure, ordered him "to go an' look after de trash an' keep de door shet." She then confided to me sadly that with all his figgers an' writin' in books, she did not know how matters stood, and that it might be well enough for white folks to count money in books, but nigger money count bes' in de han.' Alas! though she "was makin' money han' over han'" she was still afraid of 'gittin' sold up' cause she had to keep payin' back what dey owed on de place."

"How'd I git dis place anyway, an' pay two thousand dollars for de lan' 'sides de home buildin'?"

"Well, honey, ye might say, I git it little by little, an' it ain't got yet! When I cum yeah my nigger counted to lay he pile ter hit, an' he don lost it all, and so we 'gwine ter work it anyhow. He's a city nigger, an' I knowed he couldn't content hisself in a chicken coop. So I set a tent near by de hotel, dat was way back four years ago when de boom was on, an' dar' I wash an' wash an' wash! Times I seed every consternation of the sky over my head, an' I hain' done washin' yet. Miss Judge Toune an' Miss Major Fish, dey was ladies, dey uster cum an' bring me snac' in ther own hans, an' dey often cum an' urge me fer ter cease; dey say I work like a slave! Jehu! dey dunno what dey say, dey ain't no slave dat works like dat, an' der ain't no massa ner missus in de whole Souf got de gumption ter make 'em, needer. Slaves don't work, ner dey don't res' neither, don't never know what 'gwine ter be 'spected. But I jes' toil an' toil an' when I gits 'nuff, I gits de beams fer de house an' de timbers an' I tote 'em on de back' an' I take de singles, an' I git carpenters, an' I jes watch 'em, an' I take de workin' days an' bossin' de men. Dem was proud times, I tell ye an' I keep washin' nights. An' I keep pilin' up an' fixin' fer glory jus' like I din' know I'se a worm ob de dus.'"

The exultation of a great triumph shone in her eyes.

"Yes'em," lowering her voice, "I'se had white ministers to boad yeah, an' I'se entertained de conference."

"What more honorable! This is a great center for religious meetings, is it not?"

"It am, my lady. Pears like dey think they 'gwine ter kill de debbil, if dey have camp meetins' enough. But he ain't dead yet! I see his tracks, honey, right yeah in dis very place. I see 'em plain. I'se tracked him up, too, an' I regret fer ter be 'bliged ter state dat dem very tracks jes as likely ter end at de church door as anywhere else, so! But now I looks at ye close, honey, yer ain't lookin' right. Mammy don't like ye looks. She's jes 'gwine ter lay yer in yer baid, en' put yer to res' an' charm ye feet, so she is."

There was the grand bedroom off from the little parlor, opened for me to admire, a room not for common boarders, but for wedding parties and "quality." Her way of putting me to bed justified her boast of having once been a lady's maid. She laid aside each garment with so deft a hand, and caressed and smoothed each bit of lace or frills with a really restoring touch, and when her clumsy looking fingers traveled gently over my head and the length of my hair, my very soul pulsated with content. Then she "laid me straight in de baid," and the incantations began, with bits of bright ribbon and three long horse hairs from the tail of a piebald stallion. She braided these among my astonished toes gently, and crooning strange words, she tapped my feet and ankles with her puffy finger tips. A sleep of the body with a strange wakefulness of mind resulted from her mystic proceedings. She, too seemed to be half asleep; she swayed where she sat, but suddenly the original overlaid African nature of the old woman waked within her; she clapped her hands, her eyes turned, and she laughed wildly, "Somethin' tells me in my soul dat you know de Lord! Yah!"

"Yes, Aunty," I answered, knowing that I must adapt my words to her religious vernacular, "I know the Lord." More wild shouts. "How you come to know him?"

"I was very ill and He came to me," I said, still adopting her style of expression. She shouted for gladness, she had the "power."

"And how did you come to know the Lord, Aunty?"

"How I cum to know de Lord, my strength and my salvation? Why, dat's de tellin' ob my whole life, honey. 'Long when I'se young I, uster see de other niggers git de power, an' I jes' set and laff. What I keer? I ain had no trouble den. I uster see 'em throw deysef an' talk 'bout de Lord, but I hear de white folks up to de great house makin' fun de poor ignerant darkey, an' I jes dat proud I boun to be 'bove 'em; I wan goin' to have no nigger heaven. Dat ain't no good sign when you see a nigger like dat. Den first I know I jest struck with love for one de yaller boys on de place, an' dey dun part us 'cause dey's too ristercratic ter have light-colored niggers raised on de place. I tell you I feel dat. You're willin' ter work fer folks, but nobody don't want to be interfered with like dat. But I jes hole my haide up an' I wouldn't look at de Lord. Mighty hard to look at de Lord when dare's a man round courtin' ye. I'se jest 'bellious. Next off my massa marry me to a big run'way nigger fer ter keep him on de place, I s'spose. You wouldn't call it no marryin', jes' sen' de man down to de quarters, an' hog an' whiskey nuff to feed de weddin' party. After while I got ter lovin' my man, 'cause we's both fond ob de chillun', an' by livin' in de cabin stive ob de great house, I didn't git so sassey. Well, honey, I got ter tell you 'bout de time my man was sole off Souf. Course de fambly begun ter sink, an' den I begun ter look fer de Lord, but sho, honey, I'se so proud an' pinenated I couldn't find nothin'. Dey all tellin' He give grace to de humble, but I 'spected to git Him de odder way. So I live long an' I live long, an' my oldest son, he giss pride

ter me, an' I kinder look up ter him, an' I think he mine, an' he 'gwine ter take keer ob me; well, an' he run away when he got de firs' whippin' an' I never seen him. Den I set down an' I called on de Lord. Well, I kep de Lord waitin' thirty years an' He kep' me waitin', but he very merciful an' didn't keep me waitin' long, an' I tell ye, honey, dey ain't been any pit o' darkness in my soul ever since I was accepted. I'se seen toil an' I'se seen trial, an' I'se been lost an' lonesum an' sick; I'se been 'spised an' rejected, but my soul ain't never been dark since I found de Lord."

The radiant face! The radiant voice!

* * * * *

I went again a year later to the seaside place to find my friend. In the parlor sat a shrewd-faced lawyer making out legal papers; a shrewder faced white woman was ranting of foreclosure of mortgages and interest at twenty per cent due and over due. Aunty sat there; her face was as mysterious as Napoleon's after a defeat.

"What's all this?" I said, cold with fear.

"I'se bound to be sold up, at last, honey," said Aunty in a patient voice.

"How can that be," I said, "after eight years' work and the land paid for? Sold up! It can't be. Why you both know Aunty has earned this house three times over and that the land is paid for."

The lawyer coughed. "She has no deed for the land, it seems, and her liabilities are greater than her assets since the recent fall in real estate. Still, I think if things had been managed sometime ago more in the interest of the original owner——"

"Have you got Aunty into debt to you?" I said, looking at the sharp faced woman.

She laughed a queer laugh; "I am sure, ma'am, I've been tryin' to help her out this long time."

Aunty plucked me by the sleeve and whispered: "Help me de way de fox help de goose."

It was, indeed. Aunty was victimized.

The lawyer and the sharp-faced woman went out together sharing the fruits of many years of almost incredible toil.

Aunty's head dropped. "Yes, honey, I'se made a big fight since 'fore de wah, an now I can't work no more, an' I'se sold up. Niggers is jes' bound to be sold up at lass; I can't hole up dis poor ole head no mo'."

"Aunty," I said, hardly able to speak, "Who shall lift up the head that is bowed down?"

There was a long silence. Slowly the old negro rallied, her great turban-crowned head was reared once in rare dignity.

"Ye spoke de word, my lady," she said, "De Lord lif' up de haid."



CARMENITA, THE DANCING GIRL

BY ELLA HIGGINSON

THE carnival was at its height. There was a glow warmer than moonlight and paler than the palest sun-rays of Indian summer over the city — the glow of shaded lamps and flaring torchlights. High, high above in the violet sky and beating against it, three red stars, like passionate human hearts. There was music everywhere. It throbbed through the air, fragrant with the breath of dying flowers and it beat along one's veins in little rills of ecstasy; it shone in the splendor of dark eyes and it twinkled in dainty feet that could not be still. The prisoners facing death in horrible dungeons heard it and were young and innocent again dancing to the carnival notes and flinging roses for lighter feet to trample down.

One figure I kept always in sight. A young girl, beautiful as a dream, with long hair, dark and soft, and about her brow a chain of cream azaleas. Her bare throat and shoulders whiter and softer than rose petals were linked round with chains of the same flowers; and her short skirt of black lace reaching just to the knee was starred with them. The pure and delicate curves of her limbs, the contour of her body and the rhythmic grace of her dancing would have driven an artist mad. Not an instant was she still. Her feet sparkled and her body swayed to every note of the ravishing music, and with each curve of her bare arm and wrist she tossed blood-red roses high into the golden air.

I was surprised that no one else seemed to follow her or even look at her as she twinkled by. No swart admirers pelted her matchless throat with soft flowers or flung kisses from pointed fingers into her tempting scarlet mouth, no man sent a longing look into those marvelous eyes that had set even my cool blood to leaping like wine along my veins.

Suddenly the music burst into a very passion of rapture — swift, riotous and wild — and the girl before me, poising upon the tips of her slender toes, whirled round and round a dozen times, her arms curved like linked lilies above her head and her hands showering crimson roses about her.

In that instant a black form darted from a shadow and ran a poniard to the dancer's heart. I shrieked and fell senseless. * * * * "Where is she?" I stammered after, to the curious crowd, trying to rise—"The girl who was stabbed?"

"What was she like?" cried a woman, kneeling beside me.

"She was like a fire-opal," I uttered passionately. "She was all warmth and color and she danced." — I shut my eyes and shivered with the remembrance of delight. — "And she wore black lace — and her limbs were bare and lovely — her eyes were like stars with red hearts in them — and there were cream azaleas about her throat, her arms —"

The woman leaped to her feet, white as death.

"Mother of Christ!" she cried crossing herself —

"It is Carmenita, the dancing girl who was killed by her rival only last year! Ay, run to the heart with a poniard while she poised to whirl to the music on carnival night! — Hear, Mother of Jesus!"

The music throbbed on again, flowers pelted soft throats and gay dancers flashed by with coquettish glances. But I — I shuddered and went away from them all! What is any other jewel under heaven to one who has looked on an opal with its heart of chastity and its soul of fire?

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR

A LADY'S JOURNAL

(Commenced in January number)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described; yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

ON January 1st, 1863, the steamer *Magnolia* visited Fort Jefferson and we exchanged hospitalities. One of the officers who dined with us said it was the first time in nine months that he had sat at a home table, having been all that time on the blockade.

Mr. Leavitt, an officer from the *Magnolia*, told us that on the blockade of St. Andrews, where they had been stationed, they were ordered ashore to destroy the salt works, and that people, who were far from being poor, were living on cornmeal cake without salt. They could not get it even to "put down" their pork, which was their chief dependence. Salt was fifty dollars a bag, and men came from a long distance in Georgia, offering treble that sum; but there was none to be had. Later in the season we saw steamers from Havana every few days taking small craft loaded with salt around by us, going into the inlets and bays, where there was no blockade.

Colonel Alexander, our new Commander, said that in Jacksonville, where they paid visits to the people, the young ladies would ask to be excused from not rising; they were ashamed to expose their uncovered feet, and their dresses were calico pieced from a variety of kinds.

We received a paper on the 10th of January, which was read in turns by the residents, containing rumors of the emancipation which was to take place on the first, but we had to wait another mail for the official announcement.

I asked a slave who was in my service if he thought he should like freedom. He replied, of course he should, and he hoped it would prove true; but the disappointment would not be as great as though it was going to take away something they had already possessed. I thought him a philosopher.

In Key West, many of the slaves had already anticipated the proclamation, and as there was no authority to prevent it, many people were without servants. The colored people seemed to think "Uncle Sam" was going to support them, taking the proclamation in its literal sense. They refused to work, and as they could not be allowed to starve, they were fed, though there were hundreds of people who were offering exorbitant prices for help of any kind—a strange state of affairs, yet in their ignorance one could not wholly blame them. Colonel Tinelle would not allow them to leave Fort Jefferson, and many were still at work on the fort.

John, a most faithful boy, had not

heard the news when he came up to the house one evening, so I told him, then asked if he should leave us immediately if he had his freedom.

His face shone, and his eyes sparkled as he asked me to tell him all about it. He did not know what he would do. The next morning Henry, another of our good boys, who had always wished to be my cook, but had to work on the fort, came to see me, waiting until I broached the subject, for I knew what he came for. He hoped the report would not prove a delusion. He and John had laid by money, working after hours, and if it was true, they would like to go to one of the English islands and be "real free."

I asked him how the boys took the news as it had been kept from them until now, or if they had heard a rumor whether they thought it one of the soldier's stories.

"Mighty excited, Missis," he replied. "We dun sleep berry little las' night," shaking his head in a very solemn way.

Henry had been raised in Washington by a Scotch lady, who promised him his freedom when he became of age; but she died before that time arrived, and Henry had been sold with the other household goods.

The former slaves behaved very well when the news was fully established, and as they could not get away, continued to work for themselves on the fort, as they could earn more that way than any other.

The free men would not come down from Key West, although Captain Ellis had orders every trip he made to bring back somebody who would work, he offered exorbitant prices, but the negroes were having a beautiful time doing nothing, and we had to wait and do without.

A lady in Key West who owned a number of slaves had little cabins for them in the rear of her house, separarated by a fence. When they were declared free, they all left the house and retired to their cabins, and Government provided them with rations. They would look over the fence and see their mistress, who had never performed such duties, cooking and doing her own work, and ask her how she liked it. She replied with a spirit I wondered at, knowing how she felt on the subject, that "she was learning and getting along very well."

After a few months matters adjusted themselves and they came back to her. She hired as many as she wanted for the house and said she was better off than when she had them all to take care of.

One day, early in the spring, Colonel Alexander, who was very watchful and always on the alert, was quite alarmed by seeing some twenty vessels hovering just in sight. Extra guard was mounted, the big guns were loaded and the men slept by them all night; but the vessels passed by without coming nearer.

The Inspector-General, after returning to Beaufort, made rather an overturning in Key West which was under the command of Colonel Morgan of the Ninetieth New York, who had been rather playing the tyrant.

He had perverted a very good order of General Hunter into one that ordered every person who had friends in the rebel service to leave Key West allowing them only fifty pounds of baggage apiece. The people protested, plead with him, even threatened, for it would almost depopulate the town, but in vain.

Justice, however, was nearer than he suspected, for just as the vessel was to start with these people who were being sent adrift, a steamer came in bringing Colonel Goode of the Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania to relieve Colonel Morgan.

The people were almost crazy in their excitement. They took the soldiers' knapsacks as they marched up the street and would have carried the men on their shoulders in their joy over Morgan's defeat.

Colonel Goode came to Tortugas a few days afterwards, and while there

said that he might send the remainder of the Regiment down to us — something very reassuring for the summer as they were acclimated and would be more likely to withstand any epidemic that might occur.

The dreaded month of June came again and found us in Key West — to break the terrible monotony of island life.

The feeling in Key West between the various political factions became more and more intensified as time went on. The sectional spirit had been so strong that it had almost resulted in the residents keeping entirely aloof from each other, although the greater part of them professed to be Unionists.

Those who owned the greatest number of slaves were at times defiant, although they made no attempt to join the other side. Society was anything but pleasant, and we felt that the efforts of General Woodbury, who was now Military Governor, to bring people into more friendly relations were most commendable, and were seemingly successful.

Just as we were about ready to go down to the boat before starting for Key West, some one came for us to go on the ramparts as there was a fight at sea; one of our gun-boats was firing at a big steamer.

Taking the glass we were soon with the others on top of the Fort, and, surely enough, about five miles out was an immense steamer emitting a dense black smoke which announced its character as only the Confederates used soft coal, and when they were running away, as that one evidently was, they put in pine wood or anything they had.

She was running from a little boat that in comparison was like a pigmy. Two larger steamers were trying to head her off, and they passed out of sight in that position. There were between twenty and thirty guns fired, and all in all it was quite an exciting affair.

We saw nothing of them on our way to Key West, but the day after our arrival a steamer brought into port a large Mississippi River boat, a side wheeler, loaded high upon deck with cotton — a prize valued at half a million dollars.

Colonel Alexander met one of the owners of the steamer who said that the people in the south were hopeless; but, he added, "we have nothing now to lose and we are going to fight as long as we can."

I met at the hotel a lady from Mobile who ran the blockade with her husband on a vessel loaded with cotton. She said she stood on deck all the time they were being fired at, and would avow herself a Secessionist at the cannon's mouth.

Her husband lost a large amount of property in the steamer. He was going to Europe while she returned to Mobile with her three children.

The straits to which we often became reduced on these days, in out-of-the-way Florida, was more amusing than serious.

My sister informed me before I left Tortugas that we were reduced to one needle between us and to be sure and remember to bring some back with me. I found some needles but there was not a piece of cotton cloth or muslin in the stores of Key West.

Upon our return to Tortugas, we heard that brave Colonel Putnam, who marched out of Fort Jefferson only a few months before, so proud of his regiment and so hopeful, had been shot at Morris Island.

It cast a gloom over our little circle that had known him so well, bringing home to us the horrors that were so familiar to the people of the North.

The latter part of August, 1863, Mr. Hall, who with his wife, had been long with us, was ordered away. He was a very efficient officer and we heard long afterwards that his bravery under fire was remarkable. Their departure was most tantalizing to them and to us somewhat amusing. It showed more clearly than anything else would our isolated condition, for

our only legitimate means of getting away was by sail ; whenever we had steam conveyance it was by special favor.

We had given some farewell entertainments to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and Saturday afternoon saw them on board the boat that was to carry them directly to Pensacola. When ready to sail the wind suddenly failed, and the vessel could not get away from the wharf.

The doctor went down and brought them back with him to tea after which they returned to the boat, hoping that during the night a breeze would spring up, but in the morning there the boat lay, and they breakfasted with the colonel. Later all went down again to see them off, as a breeze gently flapped the flag, but it was dead ahead, making it impossible to get out of the narrow channel, which in some places was not wide enough for two vessels to pass each other, and beating out was impossible, so they came up to tea again and spent the evening.

The next morning the doctor looked out of the window and exclaimed: "There they go!" when suddenly as we were watching, the masts became perfectly motionless. We knew only too well what that meant. They had run on to the edge of the reef, within hailing distance of the Fort, and the doctor with others, went out and spent the morning with them, as they refused to come on shore again. Mr. Hall said he was going to "stand by the ship."

In the course of the day, by kedging as the sailors call it, putting out the anchor and pulling the boat up to it, then throwing it out again further on, they managed to crawl to the first buoy, and there lay in the broiling sun.

Mr. Hall remarked that at that rate of speed the war would be over before he reached Charleston, where he was ordered, for it was then Tuesday and they had only made a half a mile since Saturday night, and had been aground once.

Some one replied that it was fortunate that the *Wishawken* had captured the *Atlanta* and that the *Florida* after running the blockade from Mobile under the British colors, rarely came near our coast, for they certainly would have been captured had there been a privateer in those waters.

The next morning when we went on top of the Fort, the sails of the schooner were just a white speck on the northern horizon, and we could hear the music from the steamer, which was bringing Colonel Goode for his monthly inspection of the troops.

Our rains continued occasionally later than usual, one in the middle of September almost ending in a hurricane ; so rough was it that the *Clyde*, a long, graceful, English-built steamer, that came in for coal with the *Sunflower*, had to remain several days. The *Clyde* had quite a serious time in reaching the harbor. We watched it through a porthole with great anxiety. It was too strong a wind for us to venture on the ramparts, but we could walk all about inside seeing everything that came in from our safe lookout.

Colonel Goode on his last trip had left the regiment band for us awhile, so that guard mount and dress parade were important features, while the naval officers went about visiting the various houses, keeping us bright and gay while they were weather bound.

The high winds ended in a severe norther—an almost unheard of thing so early in the season. Later we saw by a paper that they had snow in New York the latter part of August ; it might have been the same cold wave that swept down over the Gulf, for it housed us shivering.

While the band was with us the ramparts were the favorite places for viewing dress parade, and the colonel gave the ladies all the pleasure he could, having the band play on parade during the evening.

My old cook, Aunt Eliza, visited us occasionally, as she said she felt that she "blonged" to me.

I asked how she was getting on with the new husband.

"Oh," she said, "he's cross as the berry debbil hisself."

"Why did you not get a good one this time?" I asked, "Jack was so cross you could not get along with him?"

"Why, missus, Jack was a bery angel in hebben by de side ob dis yer one," was her reply, laughing as though it were more a cause for joking than a serious matter of complaint. "But I hear, missis," she added, "you hab John de fouf to do yo' washin' an' John de fust to do yo' errands. Dey's good boys, dey is, but dey'll soon be 'gwine away w'en Mars Linkum dun send 'em free papers down yere; heaps dem niggers gwine to 'stuction in dem days.

"I'se gwine ter stay wid Mis' Fogarty; she's boun' to tek cyare ob me. I don't want none o' dem papers; I'se too old; dey'll do fur Classy and Sophy and sich gals, but I'se too ole, too ole, marm."

She did not take her freedom upon hearsay; hers was to be a document "right from Mars Linkum."

A remittant fever broke out and we were ill for three weeks. It was very much like the break-bone fever; extreme suffering in the limbs and back seemed to be the prevailing feature of the attacks. At the same time they were digging a ditch around close to the wall of the Fort, which made it pass between the house and kitchen as the latter was in the casemates.

The rains, of course, swelled the size of the brook so that the bridge over it, when the wind blew, as it seemed to most of the time, was rather an insecure passage, as it was five feet wide and from three to four deep, and to cross that every time one went into the kitchen was no small annoyance, and the contrivances to get the meals into the dining-room hot required no little ingenuity.

Some very funny things happened during the high winds in the transportation of the dishes, as a sudden gust of wind coming round the corner of the house with the force of a steam engine, taking the contents of the dish the boy grasped, while with the other hand he clutched the one railing, and, under the shelter of the piazza, which he had reached with an empty plate, watched his dry toast floating off, bread literally "cast upon the waters."

At another time when it really seemed a doubtful chance of getting over safely, the head of the house offered to convey the platter, on which was a fine roast of beef, it being one of the feast days, and we stood in the doorway to watch the passage.

He was just over when a whiz came and a thud, and we saw an empty platter and a man watching a roast of beef sliding across the piazza. His look of disgust and mortification overpowered all other feelings, and we rushed to the rescue of the beef, with peals of laughter.

On the 8th of November, 1863, a steamer came in with one hundred and twenty-five prisoners from the prisons at the North, which were running over with bounty jumpers, deserters, and men who had committed a variety of misdemeanors. We had heard that Tortugas was going to be made a military prison for our soldiers and were rather dreading it.

Captain McFarland had been unable to secure workmen enough to expend the appropriation, and it was still considered necessary to push the work on the fort as rapidly as possible, so that the prisoners were turned over to the engineers' department as laborers.

The morning after their arrival they were drawn up in a line and the overseer of the works took the name of each man, their occupation and trade, then they were turned over to the department they could work in, and as all trades nearly were represented, things began to look brisk again, yet when I saw the men at work I did not think that lot of prisoners would complete the work, nor many more

like them. I could not help a feeling of pity, so many of them ought not to have been sent there. I presume there was little time at the North for discrimination after a man had been found guilty, perhaps for drunkenness, or disrespect to his commanding officer, who might have been a comrade at home, that was exercising an authority over the man who had not yet learned to obey in true military spirit. Many cases as trivial as these might have resulted in a season at Tortugas, whilst others were deserving all and more of a punishment than a few years of life at work on the fort, for they fared almost, if not quite as well as the paid workmen, only they could not get away or go outside the fort after dark.

With all the precaution, however, two prisoners took a boat one dark night, rowed to Loggerhead and there found a sailboat, and sailed away ; no one ever knew whether they reached the mainland or went to the bottom of the Gulf—the latter, probably.

We were delighted to welcome Captain Van Syce, the U. S. gunboats *Sunflower* and the *Clyde* again, and at the same time Captain McFarland paid us a flying visit.

While they were all there, we had the most severe norther of the winter, the mercury falling to fifty-seven degrees. The fish floated ashore they were so chilled, and we had fires for nearly a fortnight. The wind filled the air with sand, cutting the skin like sleet, and people went about with overcoats on, looking as though they were buffeting a northeast snowstorm.

Captain Bowers was detained a week, and the *Tortugas* was delayed in Havana harbor for twelve days by the gale.

A large steamer was seen off Loggerhead, and the *Clyde* went out to it. She proved to be from Baltimore with a cavalry regiment for New Orleans and a lot of cattle. They had been out in all the gale, and the poor creatures had not eaten or drank since starting, and they were stopping to let them rest.

The *Catawba* came with cattle for us, making seven vessels in the harbor —two steamers. A vessel had arrived with one hundred and twenty-five workmen, another with brick, and the work was rapidly progressing.

The prisoners in the main were growing better contented, as most of them realized that they might be in a much worse place, for as yet there was plenty of room and their work not hard.

The new year of 1864 was ushered in with cold winds and rain, so that a fire on the hearth gave us both comfort and company, and during the night more rain fell than in any one day during the year, accompanied by severe thunder and lightning. On the second day, a steamer came bringing the veteran troops who had been North for thirty days, looking like another set of men, so benefited were they by that short change.

On the nineteenth the *Tortugas* came in, bringing Mr. Holgate and Captain McFarland, without a northern mail, but with the news, which seemed to fly sometimes so mysterious was its coming. The regiment was to be moved to Louisiana and the New York One Hundred and Tenth Regiment would replace the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania with us, and a colored regiment would be stationed in Key West. Captain McFarland was ordered to Mobile, and Mr. Frost was going to New York for a two months' leave. It was enough news, without a mail. The troops had been so long with us, we hoped they would not be changed until the following autumn, we so much dreaded having unacclimated people sent to us before the summer. Some of the officers had sent for their families, and they had already arrived in Key West.

We had at that time over two hundred prisoners, sent there for all kinds of crimes, from murderers to the pettiest offenders—some for life with hard

labor, others for five, ten, fifteen years, down to as many months, and our little island had become known to the world as the Dry Tortugas.

Colonel Alexander had quite an alarm during this month. After it was over, they said it was needless, yet such a thing could not be passed by without taking action thoroughly and investigating matters. Three of the prisoners went to the colonel and told him that the prisoners were making dirks and knives out of everything they could get that could be turned into such weapons, and some night when the *Matchless* and *Tortugas* were both in, they were to spike the guns, kill people if they resisted, and sail away—something very difficult to carry out, yet the attempt might have been exceedingly unpleasant and disastrous to somebody. It was impossible to prevent them from prowling about the casemates, as the place was not made for a prison, except the small one by the guard-room at the Sallyport. The casemates were simply boarded in, as the necessity for more sleeping rooms arose. It was hardly a pleasant thought that we were inside of a prison, not knowing who were desperadoes and who were not, without any means of protecting ourselves against them, for before all that I hardly think any one ever locked a door. Whether there was any truth in the matter or not, the colonel saw fit to prepare a room in the casemates, where about thirty of the prisoners were locked up every night and a guard stationed at the entrance.

The guns were always examined night and morning, and we, of course, felt easier when we saw all that extra caution.

It was an imposition to send prisoners there who ought to have been put in the penitentiary, yet every one felt that, but there was no remedy for it.

One of them became angry at another prisoner who was sent to convey a message from one of the officers, some words passed between them, when he drew a knife stabbing the messenger twice just missing the heart, he was put in irons and drew a ball and chain for occupation after that.

On the twenty-third we saw a steamer over the ramparts and concluded that the exchange had come, but to our great disgust it proved to be one hundred and seventy more prisoners, really there seemed a prospect of the fort being turned into a penitentiary.

It was followed during the day by another steamer, bringing Captain Hook with marching orders for the Forty-Seventh, that steamer taking the Key West troops to New Orleans and in two weeks the One Hundred and Tenth was to take its place.

We saw by the papers that the weather had been very cold in New Orleans accounting for the low mercury with us, for some three weeks we had fires and wore our thickest clothing that had not been needed since leaving the north.

A theatrical performance gotten up by the soldiers one evening was a very creditable entertainment and the audience an appreciative one. We were sorry they had not started it before, but of course they did not expect to be ordered away.

We were very much startled one night by heavy firing outside and seeing danger signal rockets, which was soon followed by six guns inside the fort, sounding in the still night as if everything was coming down about our ears.

The *Matchless* was at the wharf and went out to find the transport *McLellan* on the reef. The excitement could hardly have been greater had we been attacked.

Three of the prisoners gave us quite an excitement by taking a boat and rowing away. There was nothing in but the little sail-boats, and Colonel Alexander with a crew started off in pursuit, as soon as they were found to be running away, but the wind failed and finally became a dead calm.

We watched them from the ramparts until they disappeared, and the dis-

appointed Colonel had to spend the better part of the day becalmed in the scorching sun, while the prisoners rowed away toward Cuba, they were never heard from and most likely escaped it was so calm.

On the 28th of February the One Hundred and Tenth New York arrived to relieve the Forty-Seventh, bringing a mail with the news of General Grant being made Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The excitement incident to the changing of troops in garrison was always great, for so much had to be done in a short time, and as we were always left behind it was a sad time, giving us a feeling of unrest that clung to us until we became interested in the new people.

The coming ashore of the new troops who stacked their arms waiting for the quarters that were being vacated by the departing Regiment: The officers going about to say good-bye, and some always taking their last meal with us, and finally the columns marching out always to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Then the watching of the steamer from the ramparts could never be divested of a certain sorrow as if it were a final leave-taking of friends with whom the association could scarcely be understood except by people who have lived a garrison life.

Then came the choosing of quarters by the new people, which we fortunately did not borrow trouble about, as we occupied those belonging to the Engineering Department and were never disturbed.

In a week everything was back into the accustomed routine — guard mount in the morning and dress parade at night, the only change being all new faces.

(*To be Continued*)

LOVE'S REGRET

BY ALICE TANSON

O love I am so tempted to defy
 The Power that ordain'd thy sudden flight,
 The Power that withholds thee from my sight,
Yet keeps me thoughtful of the days gone by.
There was a time—I speak it with a sigh—
 The very stars seem'd friends of our delight ;
 The placid moon look'd on from night to night
Directed earthward like a guardian eye.
O love once more the circling frost retires,
 And all is widespread bloom from hill to lea ;
But my ambition and the old desires
 That soon had blossom'd in behalf of thee,
Now serve to kindle sacrificial fires
 Upon the altar of my memory.

PADRE FELIPE AND THE BURIED TREASURE*

BY GEORGE F. WEEKS

"OH, *Padre* Felipe, *los Chimehuevas! Los Chimehuevas! Oh, Madre de Dios*, we shall all be killed by the gentiles!"

So shouted Pedro Bandini as he reined back on its haunches the stout little mustang, whose heaving flanks, lather-covered body and sides bleeding from the deep gashes made by a pair of immense-roweled spurs on its rider's heels, attested the speed with which he had been ridden across the wide *mesa*, red-hot in the midday sun.

Padre Felipe, to whom the panic-stricken rider had addressed his alarming ejaculations, stood in the broad-arched corridor that formed the front of the principal building of the outpost of the San Gabriel Mission that had been established far to the eastward of that place and named after good Saint Bernard, San Bernardino. The low-roofed adobe structure with its tremendously thick walls, red-tiled roof and heavily-shuttered windows stood on a commanding slope of the range of hills which separated the valley of the Santa Ana River from that of the San Timoteo Creek.

A short distance below the building the waters of a rudely excavated *zanja* rippled over the roots and beneath the shade of the alders and sycamores that lined its banks. The handiwork of the first Indians who had been "converted" *i. e.*, lassoed, corraled and broken to work like so many unruly mustangs, this *zanja* had been constructed with the rudest tools and engineering appliances and advantage had been taken of the many natural depressions in the surface, so that in time the stream came to be regarded as a natural water course. At the foot of the slope a couple of hundred yards from the building the *mesa* ended in the level plain, and here were the orchards, vineyards and grain fields that had been planted when the outpost was first established, and whose thrifty growth in this genial soil had been a marvel even to those who were best acquainted with what had been accomplished in the same direction at the older missions. Close at hand were the adobe buildings and brush *wickiups* that gave shelter to the hundreds of Indians who had been gathered together by the secular arm of the church and were being taught the rudiments of a civilization which they were only too willing to shake off at the first opportunity.

The parent Mission at San Gabriel had been established for several years. The herds of cattle, horses and sheep had increased in such numbers that it became necessary either to slaughter them by thousands or to seek other grazing grounds. Exploring parties were sent out in various directions and in a few days one of them returned and reported that at a distance of some two days' ride to the eastward and almost at the base of the lofty mountain which had already been named San Bernardino, they had discovered a marvelously lovely valley with beautiful streams of water running through it, many living springs bursting from the hillsides, and best of all with a dense growth of fine grass promising an abundance of food for all the superfluous cattle that the Mission possessed.

There were, it is true, rumors of hostile Indians having been seen in the Valley. Indeed just across the mountains on the borders of the desert was the country of the fierce

*Founded on a tradition concerning the branch Mission at Old San Bernardino. Several years ago *La Plaza Verde* or the Green Spot was honeycombed by searchers for the buried treasure, who claimed to be acting under the lore of the spirits.

and warlike *Chimehuevas*, hereditary enemies of the more peaceable *Serranos* and *Coahuillas*, and already had roving parties of these savages crossed the range through a low gap to the westward of the peak of the San Bernardino and boldly penetrated almost to the walls of the San Gabriel Mission itself, killing several of the herders and driving away large bands of cattle and horses to their desert fastnesses.

It was decided, notwithstanding these rumors, to establish a settlement in the valley of which such glowing reports were made, but because of the danger of trouble with the Indians a man was chosen to command the enterprise who was equally at home as a representative either of the secular or the spiritual arm of the church.

Padre Felipe was a stalwart broad-shouldered man, who, had he been clothed in other garments than the frock of a priest, would never have been taken for anything except what he in fact was — a soldier. True, he had abandoned the sword and spear for the crucifix and rosary, but his mind and his habits were of martial mold, and he was in every way fitted to fill the position to which he was appointed.

So the mission at San Bernardino was established, and under the energetic administration of *Padre* Felipe, it grew and prospered in marvelous fashion. Extensive buildings were erected, orchards and gardens planted, grain fields sewed, and in the lush pastures of the valley the flocks and herds waxed fat and increased in number rapidly. *Padre* Felipe never lost an opportunity for making converts in the method peculiar to the times. On occasion armed parties were sent to the east and the south, and invariably returned driving before them bands of the Gentiles who were to be Christianized. Sometimes the more adventurous of these proselyting parties penetrated even to the borders of the desert of the Colorado, and on one memorable occasion reached a large Indian *rancheria* at *Agua Caliente*, where they met Chief Cabazon, head of all the tribes in that region. Him they persuaded to accompany them to the mission, using argument rather than force. He was received by *Padre* Felipe with such kindness and so well treated that forever after he remained a warm friend of the whites. As was the custom, the Spaniards questioned the Indians as to their possible knowledge of the existence of gold in their country, but were always met with professions of profound ignorance. Sometime after the friendship of Cabazon was obtained, that individual, who quickly learned of the all-pervading desire for gold, came to the mission after a protracted absence desertward, and sought *Padre* Felipe. After pledging him to secrecy, the Indian produced a pouch made from the skin of a rabbit, and to the immeasurable surprise of the *Padre*, poured out a quantity of nuggets of pure gold upon the table before him. He resolutely refused to tell where he had obtained the precious metal, further than by a vague sweep of the arm, covering all the region to the east and southeast, but in the most matter-of-fact way told the *Padre* that he knew where there was plenty more of it, and as he and his people had been well treated by the Spaniards, he was willing to bring them more of the nuggets upon occasion. Only, he insisted that *Padre* Felipe should tell no one of the source whence the gold came, and he peremptorily refused to allow any of the Spaniards to accompany him on his treasure-procuring journeys.

Now, *Padre* Felipe had one great ambition, and that was to have the altar in the chapel of his mission decorated in the same gorgeous manner that was customary in his native land. Hitherto everything had been of the cheapest and crudest description. The sacred utensils were of base metal, the censers were of common earthenware swung by stripes of

rawhide, the crucifixes were of wood roughly fashioned. All this grated on the pious sensibilities of *Padre* Felipe, and while zealous in saving the souls of the gentiles, his heart burned within him to obtain the means for more appropriately furnishing forth the sacred precincts.

The disclosure of chief Cabazon was his opportunity, and he urged upon his Indian friend to gather all the gold that he could and bring it in. Among the soldiers stationed at the mission was one Jose Carillo, who had been a goldsmith in his native Barcelona, but who had abandoned his peaceful pursuit to seek a fortune in the new world. To him, with many cautions of secrecy, *Padre* Felipe told the wonderful tale, and to him was intrusted the task of converting the precious golden nuggets into vessels for service at the altar. He labored diligently, and periodically Cabazon made trips to the eastward and returned with further store of nuggets. Finally, however, he announced to *Padre* Felipe that the gold was all gone, but not before he had brought in enough of the precious metal to provide the most valuable set of ecclesiastical furnishings possessed by any of the missions on the coast.

Padre Felipe and his military goldsmith kept their own counsels. When the Father Superior made his next annual visit, the ambitious *Padre* had decided to proudly marshal before him, all unannounced, the golden vessels with which he had honored the memory of St. Bernard. But until that time the precious objects were kept carefully stored away in the recesses of the fortress-like adobe building.

* * * * *

It was while waiting the arrival of Father Crispi, which was to be made the occasion of the display of this sacred wealth, that Pedro Bandini brought his alarming intelligence of the approach of the *Chimehuevas*.

With a gesture, *Padre* Felipe bade him alight, and as he did so it became apparent that he had been sorely wounded. He limped with every step, and hobbled painfully to the corridor, where he sank exhausted on a bench. The *Padre* himself hastened for wine, which he gave the suffering man and revived him so that he could tell his story.

Bandini was one of the men stationed at *Jurupa*, still another outpost of the San Gabriel mission, some thirty miles farther down the valley. According to his account, all the people at that place had been murdered by a large party of *Chimehuevas*, who had descended upon the place during the previous night, and there not having been the slightest premonition of their coming, the Spaniards and their Indian allies had been taken entirely unawares. The Indians had spared none, and Bandini himself had been wounded—knocked in the head and left for dead. When he came to, it was broad daylight. Fortunately he had fallen in an obscure spot, and he was able to see what was going on without being observed. The *Chimehuevas* had broken open the storehouse, and were now gorging themselves on the unaccustomed provisions and drinking copiously of the wine they had found in the cellars. Pedro gathered from the little that he understood of the *Chimehueva* dialect that they intended next to attack the San Bernardino Mission, and knowing that they would use the same treachery that had cost the lives of his companions at *Jurupa*, he determined to make an effort to escape and warn *Padre* Felipe of the danger. The Indians were so busy with their feasting and drinking that Pedro was able to make his way into the brush unobserved. There he bandaged up his wounds, and keeping out of sight of the *Chimehuevas*, who were clustered in front of the buildings, he went to the spot where his horse was staked out, saddled it, and making for the timber in the river bottom close at hand, was soon safe from any fear of

discovery on the part of the murderous gentiles. Although suffering terribly from his wounds, which were aggravated by the severe heat of the June sun, he urged his horse onward, sparing not the spur, until he reached the mission and gave his warning.

Padre Felipe was a man quick to see the necessities of the situation and to act accordingly. He questioned Pedro closely, and allowing for unconscious exaggeration, he saw that the hostile band must number several hundreds. They were between him and San Gabriel, and it was useless to look for succor from that far-distant spot. His own little force only numbered half a dozen soldiers, while the Indian converts were not to be depended upon to strike a blow in defense against the feared *Chimehuevas*. Then there was the treasure! While not knowing its intrinsic value, the hostile Indians were certain to be attracted by its beauty and novelty, and would either carry it away or destroy it. Should he allow the sacred vessels to fall into the blood-stained hands of the heathen? Rather let every drop of blood in every Spanish heart at the mission be shed.

For a few minutes after Pedro had told his story, *Padre* Felipe pondered silently. Then he summoned Jose Carillo, the soldier who had played so well the part of goldsmith, and told him to get three *burros*, put pack-saddles on them, and bring to him the great *aparejos* in which it was customary to pack goods for transportation in the primitive fashion then prevalent. He was also directed to summon two Indian servants, and tell them to put up provisions and other necessaries for two days' journey. As soon as the *aparejos* were brought, *Padre* Felipe, with the help of Jose, wrapped all the golden vessels—the candlesticks, the censors, the basins, the goblets, the crucifixes, all of solid gold—in cloths, and carefully packed them in the leather sacks. These were fastened to the saddles on the backs of the *burros*, there being ample to load two of the animals heavily. With the treasure was also put a large pouch containing nuggets which goldsmith Jose had not had time to work up. *Padre* Felipe announced that it was his intention to guide Jose and his companions across the valley, whence he thought they would be able to make their way to San Gabriel, keeping on the opposite side of the valley, from where the marauding Indians were.

The *Padre* himself made few preparations, but a singular one consisted of the selection of a large sharp knife which he carefully concealed in its sheath inside the folds of his frock. He warned the soldiers to keep a close watch for the Indians and promising to return either that afternoon or during the night, he left the mission with Jose and the two servants.

Padre Felipe led the little party, the soldier by his side, with the two Indians following and driving the *burros*. A straight line was made to the north for the *chaparral* which covered the plain up to a short distance from the mission and in which the party were lost to sight within five minutes after starting.

Then the course of the travelers was changed to the northeast. While standing in the open corridor after hearing Pedro Bandini's story and formulating his plan of action, *Padre* Felipe had glanced quickly over the valley and finally his eyes had rested on a grove of trees which showed clearly on the *mesa* several miles away across the plain to the northeast and well up under the mountains. These trees and the verdure with which they were surrounded stood out sharp and clear against the uniform dull brown of the major portion of the landscape, betokening the presence of some springs and which had led to the place being called *La plaza verde* or the green spot. He glanced again, nodded, said to himself "That will do," and then proceeded with his preparations.

The *chaparral* was dense, the sun was hot and the little party made slow

progress. Indeed, close observation would have led one to almost suppose that *Padre* Felipe was in no great haste, or that he was singularly undecided as to what route he desired to follow. He twisted in and out, crossed gulches, climbed hills, sometimes retraced his steps, now went north and now west, now south and now east. Accustomed to unquestioning obedience his companions said nothing. It was sunset as they finally, after stumbling for miles over the bowlder strewn wash of the Santa Ana River, clambered up the bank and approached *La plaza verde.*

They halted close to the edge of one of the *cienegas* whose waters kept the grass green for some distance around about. Near at hand was a grove of noble sycamores and the *Padre* bent his steps thither.

He examined the trees closely and at last seemed to be attracted especially by three which appeared to form a triangle. He paced the distance between the two which formed the long arm of the triangle, then paced bark again and halted exactly midway between them and on a direct line with the tree at the apex. Thrusting a twig in the ground, he walked to a distance and getting the two trees in line saw that the twig also was in a direct line from one to the other. Having carefully located the spot, he called sharply to his companions and they approached, driving the *burros* before them. Pointing to the spot marked by the twig, he commanded "dig." The necessary tools had been packed at his command on the third *burro* with the provisions, and the two servants went to work with vigor, as the twilight warned them that darkness was at hand. Having excavated a hole of considerable depth the *aparejos*, which had been laced tightly shut with buckskin thongs were, much to the apparent amazement of the two Indians, put carefully in the bottom and the earth then refilled, care being taken to trample it down closely so that no depression might be left by subsequent settling. When the task was finished it was night. At the *Padre's* command camp was then made and branches were brought from a fallen tree near by with which a great fire was built over the buried treasure so as to obliterate all traces of the soil having been disturbed. The surplus earth left after filling the pit was carefully thrown into a *barranca* near by the bottom of which was covered with mud and thus all signs of the excavation were removed.

Padre Felipe had been very silent all through the afternoon and evening. He only spoke to give the necessary directions and used the fewest words possible even then. After eating supper Jose offered to stand guard during the night, but the *Padre* said it was not necessary. There were no hostile Indians in that remote spot and as the moon would rise later all would sleep for awhile, and then take an early start and get well on their journey by daylight. Well content, Jose and the Indians wrapped themselves up and stretching on the ground near the camp-fire were soon fast asleep. Not so *Padre* Felipe — as his companions succumbed to their weariness, he drew his hood over his head and apparently slept likewise. But it was only in appearance. A hard stern look crept over his face. Finally making sure that all three were sound asleep, he arose silently, drew the keen-edged knife that he had hidden in his gown and approached the prostrate forms.

* * * * *

Hardly had the sun peeped over the mountain crest next morning when *Padre* Felipe reached the mission. Its occupants were on the lookout for the Indians, but they had not come. *Padre* Felipe expressed his pleasure at this, and said that he had accompanied Jose and the two Indians until well advanced on their journey, and that they might reasonably look for assistance from San Gabriel, were they able to hold out against the *Chimehuevas* for a short time. That the Indians had not come that night he took as an

indication that they had indulged too deeply in the wines at *Jurupa*—a supposition that was correct. All that day *Padre* Felipe was feverishly energetic, giving directions for the preparation of the defenses, and seemed laboring under even greater excitement than the actual condition of things called for.

That night the *Chimehuevas* came in overwhelming force. Still maddened by wine, they attacked the Mission with insane fury, and, though dozens lost their lives, they stormed the building after a contest that lasted till daylight.

A week later a party from San Gabriel rode up to the Mission, which they found a scene of desolation. In the chapel, not far from the altar, lay the body of *Padre* Felipe, surrounded by the corpses of a dozen *Chimehuevas*, a blood-stained sword showing that the *Padre's* hand had lost none of the strength which it had possessed when it belonged to a soldier.

On the whitewashed wall near the altar and just above the *Padre's* body, were traced apparently by a finger dipped in blood and in tremulous characters: *La plaza verde* — the golden altar vessels—buried by the three sycamores that——"

But the people from San Gabriel did not know of any such place as *La plaza verde*. They did know, however, that the furnishings of the San Bernardino mission were of the cheapest description, and the golden vessels could have had no existence save in the fevered imagination of a man wounded to death, so with many a sigh they buried the *Padre* beneath the altar where he had perished, and with him was buried the secret of the green spot.

But not all of the secret. On the night that the mission was sacked, the wild beasts that prowled about *La plaza verde* seemed to have found an unexpected feast. They snarled and growled and fought, just as did the human beasts at the mission, and when morning came, the cleanly picked, polished bones of what had been three human beings glistened in the rays of the sun, and the gorged beasts slunk back to their lairs in the mountains.

Of a truth the secret of the green spot was well hidden, and though many have sought the solution of the *Padre's* lost message, none have yet found it. It is said that three ghastly figures, with gaping wounds in their throats, streaming blood, guard the treasure, which cost them their lives, and woe to the unfortunate mortal who tempts their wrath.



THE PEARL DIVERS OF THE CALIFORNIA GULF

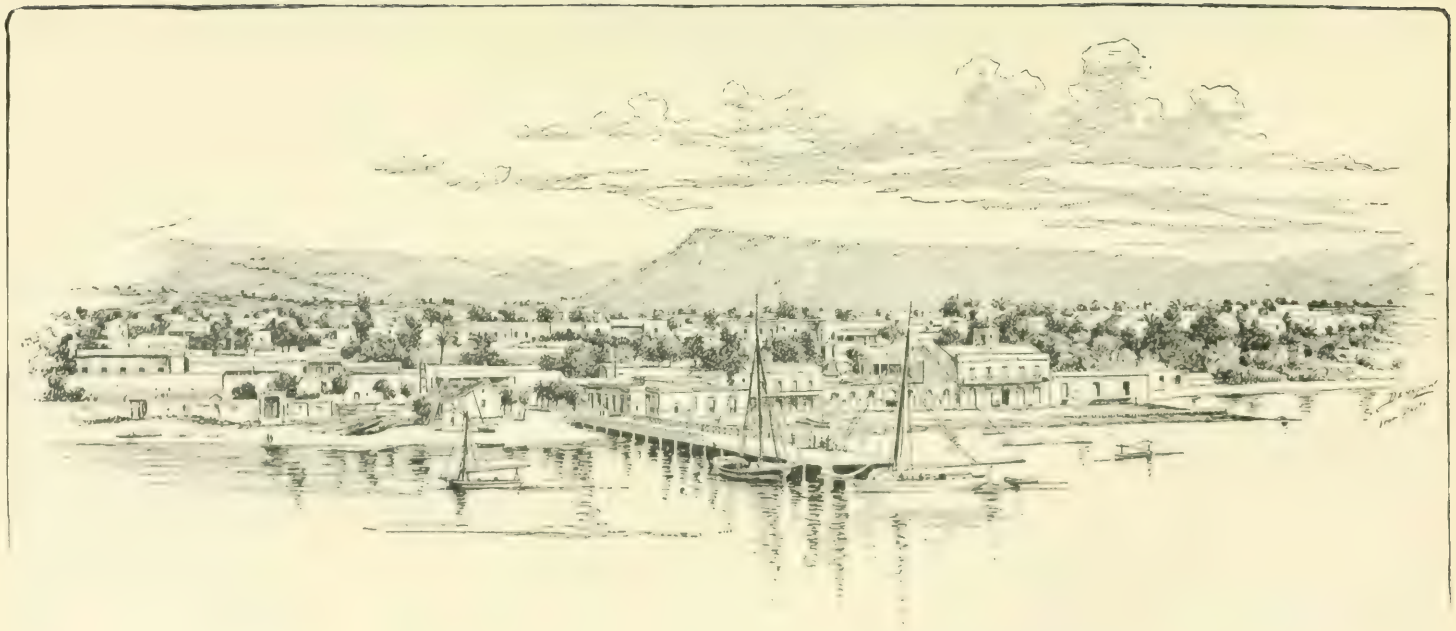
BY C. H. TOWNSEND

BETWEEN the western shores of Mexico and the mountainous land that extends for seven hundred miles beyond California's southern border lies the great Gulf of California. Its width is not so great but that on a clear day one may, from one side, see the mountains at the other, yet from north to south, its waves roll uninterruptedly for more than two hundred leagues. For all that is ordinarily heard of its products, it might be as devoid of life as the Dead Sea, yet its waters teem with riches. Few of the inhabitants of California proper imagine that pearls, the rarest of the gems of the sea, are found so close to their own border. Yet in this Gulf of Cortez, as the Spaniards called it, more than six hundred men, living almost next door to us, earn their daily bread diving for pearls. Perhaps the most interesting thing I could say about the comparatively unknown fisheries of the Gulf of California is, that the pearl fishery is not merely the most important of them, but that pearl divers have been plying their trade there for more than three centuries. Cortez found pearls in possession of the natives when he discovered Lower California early in the sixteenth century, and his followers carried many pearls back to Spain. Later, when the Spaniards began to occupy the country, one of them, named Osio, sent six hundred pounds of pearls to Spain at one time. The Jesuit missionaries saw its beginnings as an industry, but if the naked divers that plunged into the shining waters of the Gulf in those days, could see their descendants, arrayed in the diving clothes of the present day, go down to remain for hours at a time, and watch the workings of a machine that sends down air for them to breathe at the bottom, they would feel as out of tune with the times as the seven sleepers themselves.

Other advantages enjoyed by their successors, especially the immunity from sharks, granted by the diving armor, would doubtless appeal to them strongly. The big "tintorera" shark that goes about seeking what he may devour, is terrified by the appearance of the submarine engineer, with his waving ropes, sharp-pointed spear, and, more than all, the upward leaping bubbles of air from his helmet.

The days of the naked pearl diver are, indeed, past. No longer plunging for sixty seconds into the sun-lit green water that covers a coral bank, the diver for pearls has become a mere submarine laborer who uses all the modern diving paraphernalia available. Whatever romance formerly enshrouded him has disappeared. He now puts on a rubber suit, with a glass-fronted headpiece, and, suitably weighted with lead, deliberately walks upon the bottom, gathering pearl oysters in a basket made of wire which is methodically hoisted to the boat that floats over his head.

In conducting the pearl fishery the divers are located in camps at favorable places along the shores. Each camp is supplied with a diving suit, and an air machine which is mounted in a heavy, barge-like boat. This boat is rowed daily from camp to each place of operation: Arrived there one man becomes the diver, one tends the signal rope with which communication is kept up with him, one hoists and empties his basket of shells, two turn the cranks of the air-pump that supplies him with the breath of life, and two are at the oars, to keep the boat well over him and carefully follow his



City of La Paz

wandering course upon the bottom in search of shells.

A small fleet of schooners moves about the Gulf supplying the camps of the divers with provisions, and transporting their ever-accumulating heaps of shells to La Paz, a town of some two or three thousand people, lying on a small bay of the same name on the west shore of the Gulf of California. It has some little importance as the capital of the Mexican Territory of Lower California and its commercial importance is derived entirely from its being the headquarters of the pearl-fishing industry of the Gulf. Of course when the fisheries were more productive La Paz was more prosperous, but it has declined in proportion with these and is now a sleepy old Spanish-American town, the monotony of whose existence is only broken by the arrival of some coastwise trader.

It is a pretty place enough, with its picturesque buildings and plaza and gardens filled with semi-tropical plants and flowers, the blue waters of the Gulf in front. Behind are the purple mountains, and over all the sky of the tropics.

Here I visited some large warehouses filled with diving machinery and the supplies and stores used in the pearl fishery. In one of them were stored in sacks eighty tons of shells of the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina margaritifera*). The shells are shipped to Europe for manufacture into ornaments, knife handles, buttons, and all those articles for which mother-of-pearl is employed.

The revenue derived from the annual catch of shells of the pearl oyster is not greatly inferior to that of the "pearls," which they only occasionally contain. Pearl, or mother-of-pearl, as it is usually called, is but the nacreous interior of the shell of the pearl oyster, laid down in successive layers by the mantle of the animal, while "pearls" are purely accidental growths, "being caused by the deposition of nacre around some foreign object. This nucleus may be a bit of sand, a parasite, or some similar object." The pearl *oyster*, it should be stated, does not resemble in appearance the edible oyster.

The products of the pearl fishery increased in value from year to year, the systematic gathering of pearl shells, made possible by modern machinery having greatly reduced the numbers of the species. During recent years, the combined pearl fisheries of the world have failed to supply the fifteen thousand tons of shells required to meet the universal demand. Only about eleven thousand tons can now be procured annually. Of this amount, the fishery of the Gulf of California supplies nearly five thousand tons, which, valued at ten or eleven cents a pound, amount to more than a hundred thousand dollars a year. Pearl shells from the fisheries of Ceylon and Tahiti are larger and bring better prices, being worth twenty and twenty-seven cents a pound respectively. The pearls obtained annually from the shells gathered in the Gulf of California are worth nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The best pearl taken from our neighboring fishery during recent years, and shown in the accompanying cut, was discovered last season and sold in Paris for ten thousand dollars. This pearl, named the Cleopatra, weighed thirty-six carats. The largest pearl known is two inches long and weighs three ounces.

The manager of the pearl fishery at La Paz kindly opened his safe and showed me the pearls representing the gatherings of the three preceding months, the value of which was roughly estimated at fifteen thousand dollars. They were separated into eight or nine grades, the lower grades constituting by far the greater number of those exhibited. Most of them were small and imperfect and of little value. The large, symmetrical and consequently valuable pearls of the lot, worth, perhaps, from five hundred to one thousand dollars each, were



The Plaza at La Paz

only a dozen or so in number. One or two of these were black, and most of them were of metallic black hues. I was informed that they were more valuable than white pearls of similar proportions. It is on this account that the pearls of the Gulf of California are deemed the most desirable. The pearls of the Ceylon fishery are, as a rule, white.

The territory over which the operations of the fishery extend embraces the coast of Lower California, from Cape St. Lucas to the mouth of the Rio Colorado, at the head of the Gulf, and much of the west coast of Mexico. The season for pearl diving commences in May, in the vicinity of Cape St. Lucas, whence the work is carried into the Gulf, which is usually entered by the fifteenth of the month. During the summer the entire western shore of the Gulf is worked, and in October the base of operations is moved from La Paz to Acapulca, where the fishery is continued a little longer. Pearls are also found along the Pacific Coast of the peninsula for nearly two hundred miles north of Cape St. Lucas, but the shells of that region are too thin and brittle to be marketable as mother-of-pearl, and are not gathered, although the pearls found in them are valuable.

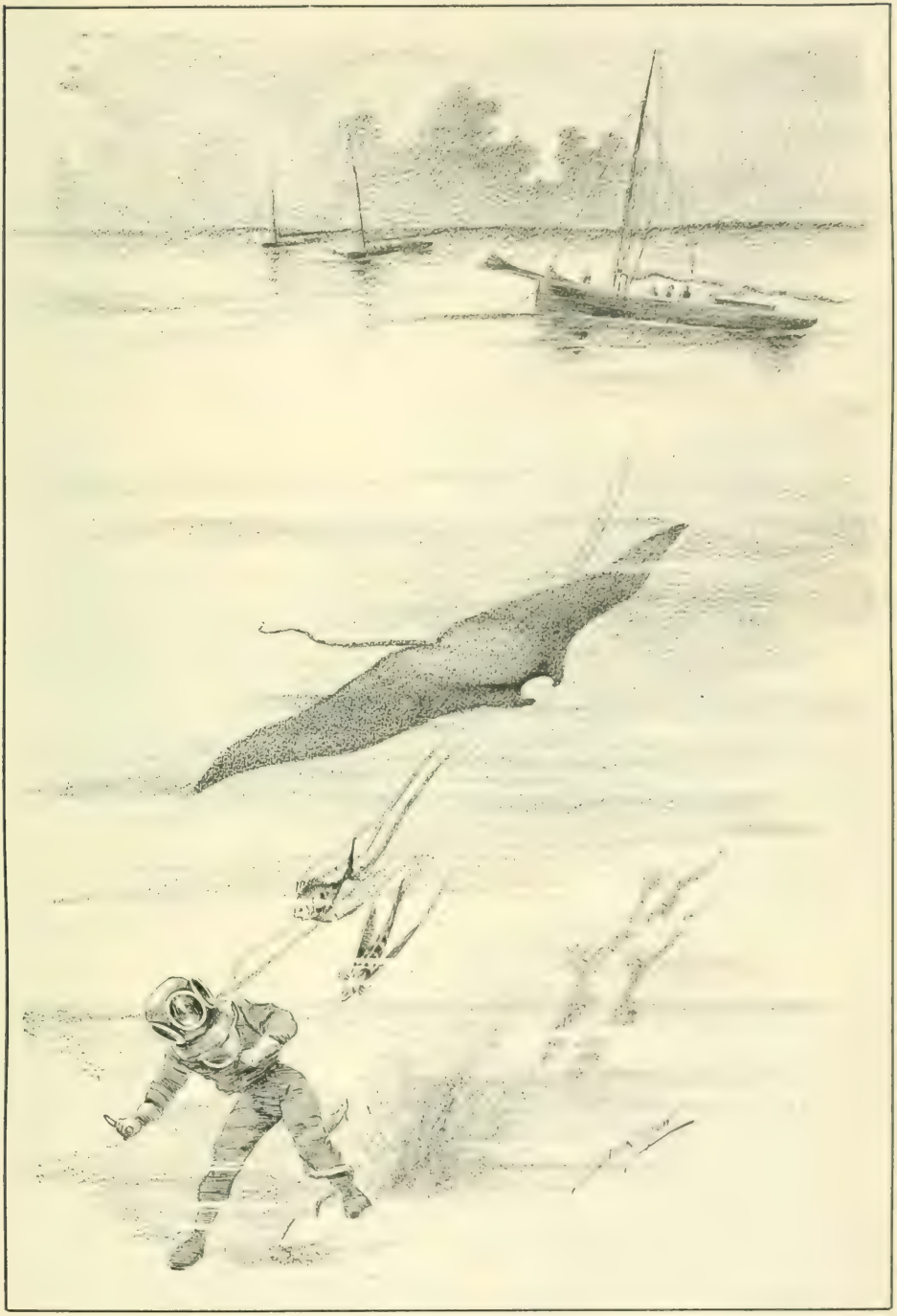


The $10,000 Cleopatra Pearl

The pearl fishery had been declining for many years, when the adoption of the submarine engineers' suit, by the divers of La Paz fifteen years ago, led to the continuance of the industry. The search for shells can now be carried on in deeper waters than in the days of the naked divers, the best of whom could not descend a dozen fathoms. Half that was rather more than their practical working depth. During the investigations of the United States Fish Commission's ship *Albatross*, in the Gulf of California, shells of the pearl oysters were brought up by the "dredge" of the vessel from depths of twenty and thirty fathoms. In slightly greater depths, the number of hauls made with the dredge were, perhaps, not sufficient to test their existence, but none were obtained.

It must have been difficult to teach these people the use of the diving suit, as during the first year or so after its introduction, a man was lost from the La Paz force almost every month. This was usually ascribed to the giving way of the rubber tubing, and it is said that no accidents have occurred since the introduction of a better grade of tubing. An accessory to the diving suit as used at La Paz is a small sheet-iron reservoir of compressed air, which can instantly be made to supply the diver with five minutes' breathing material, in case of accident to the air machine or the connecting rubber tube. It goes down with the diver, and its connection with his helmet is effected by the simple turning of a cock within his reach.

The devil-fish, the huge *Manta raja*, largest of all rays, measuring sometimes twenty feet across, is perhaps the only marine animal dreaded by the armored diver. Fearful tales are told of this great creature, which the divers say can settle down over a man, enveloping him, as with a blanket, in its wing-like fins; but notwithstanding its formidable appearance, it is perhaps more terrifying than dangerous, for its teeth are small, and only in the largest specimens is its mouth wide enough to take in the head of a man. Whether rightly or not, it is placed in the category of the diver's perils, for have not vessels been suddenly moved from their anchorages by its getting afoul of the cables, and has it not more than once struck the diver's ropes, dragging boat as well as diver before getting free? "*Carramba!* a big one will weigh a thousand pounds."



The Pearl Diver and the Giant Ray

In company with two associates in the work of studying the Gulf fisheries under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, one of them a Professor of natural history and the other usually referred to as "The Fisherman," I went out with a party of divers and made a descent in a diving suit. The sensations accompanying this experience were by no means comfortable, at least not in the excitement and perhaps nervousness of a first trial, but one can readily understand how a diver accustomed to breathing under such conditions could very thoroughly search the bottom for shells. The light is gray and dim, notwithstanding the intense light at the surface, but within a radius of a few yards, everything is distinctly seen. Owing to the pressure of the water and the weights necessary to overcome it, a novice has the same difficulty in maintaining the perpendicular as a child learning to stand alone.

Loitering about the sunny wharf at La Paz, we heard interesting stories of the experiences of the divers, and eventually arranged to make a trip with some of them, without fully realizing the seriousness of the task we were undertaking. The next day found us on board their boat outward bound, one of us at least with some misgivings.

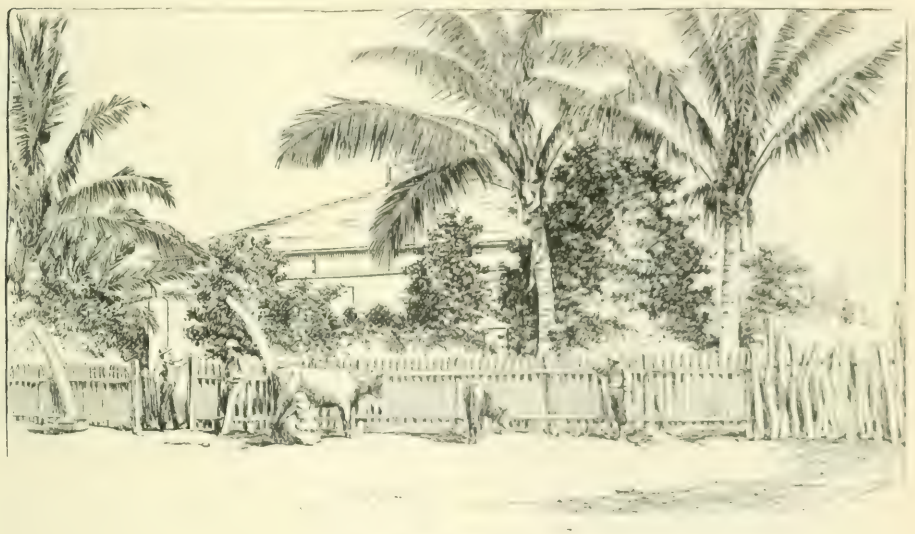
Several miles from the harbor we stopped over a coral bank where the water was four or five fathoms deep, and seemed a pale green in contrast with the blueness of the deep water a few hundred yards beyond. One of the Mexicans soon got into his cumbersome paraphernalia and was lowered down, remaining on the bottom about half an hour, and gathered many shells and corals which were hoisted at his signal in a wire basket made for the purpose. His position was being indicated constantly by the escaping bubbles of air from his helmet. We could see them rising shaped like large medusæ, without sound, until they broke at the surface with loud gurglings. The basket was hauled up frequently with only a



The Old Mission at La Paz

few pearl oysters, however, among its contents. There were shells, corals, starfishes and other marine objects for our delectation.

When the diver came up the professor, the fisherman and I exchanged glances. I at once suggested the tossing up of a coin to determine which of us should make the experiment for our party. The professor bravely said he meant to go first, but looked my way so reproachfully that I felt I had been guilty of levity on a solemn occasion. So with much outward show of self-sacrifice and a feeling of relief inwardly, I made room for him.



Home of a Pearl Diver

After the helmet was secured and the air started to see how he stood it, he signaled to be lowered, for not a word could be heard from out the air-tight and water-tight contrivance.

A diver ready to go down looks somewhat diabolical. Not to make the story too long, he came up alive.

The "Fisherman" and I listened to his account with keen interest. Not the minutest detail of his experiences but was circumspectly noted. We had not that control of the Spanish tongue that would enable us to cross-question the Mexican, but here was one with whom we might converse without difficulty or reserve. By this time the diving suit was once more vacant and I covering my nervousness with great carelessness of manner, motioned the visibly diffident "Fisherman" aside. I tossed hat, coat and shoes among the junk of the barge and took my place beside the armor, feeling that I was a lamb led to the slaughter.

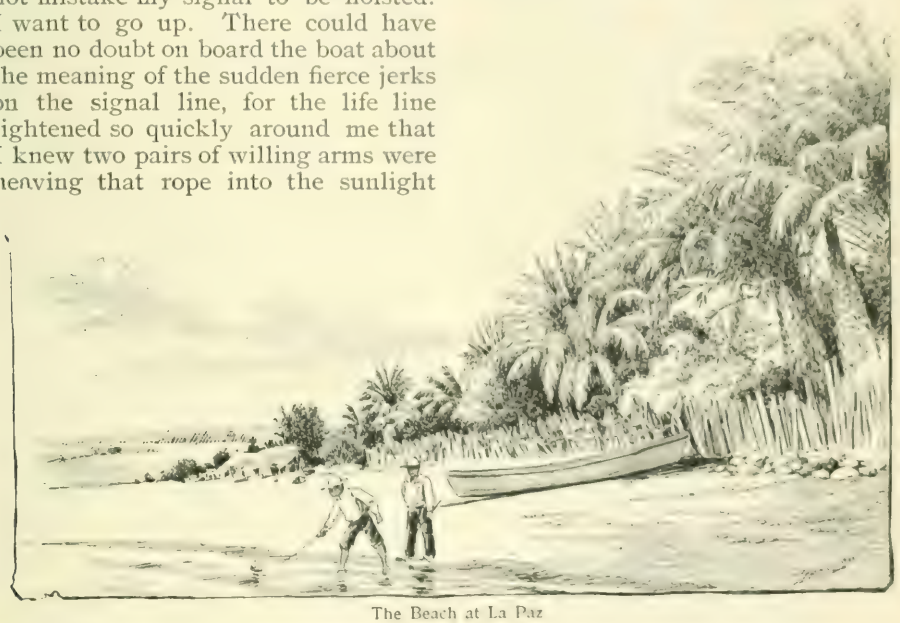
The rubber suit, large, and baggy, is entered at the neck. The Mexicans took me in hand and I was inserted without ceremony, my hands, which alone were to be exposed to the watery element, having first been liberally soaped for easy slipping through the snug-fitting wristbands. Then the glass-fronted helmet was put over my head. There are about a dozen brass thumb-screws, used in making the connection between the helmet and the suit water-tight. Judging by my feelings, they might have been dressing me for the grave.

Each screw that shut me in seemed a nail in my coffin. The tedious, soul-harrowing preparations being

completed with the adjustment of the necessary leaden weights for proper gravitation in the submarine world I was to enter, they began to lower me down. The air crowded down upon me. I seemed to take it in principally at the ears, although I have some recollection of a gasping sensation. A valve inside the roomy head piece allows the continually accumulating air to escape when touched by a sidewise motion of the head. Under water I looked through my window but saw nothing—only a blank grayness. I was thinking on the way down, thinking whether I remembered the signals, whether the rope, which looked slightly worn, was really strong enough to hoist me again; whether they would be *careful* up on the barge—those Mexicans did not know any more about the business doubtless than the law allowed; whether there was any danger in my helpless condition, of my rig snarling up in the coral—strange that I should ever have been interested in such useless stuff as coral. I thought of one or two hundred things besides which I have since forgotten, but among them doubtless, whether my life had been what it might have been. The sensations would put an atheist in a condition to be reasoned with. To say that I was frightened would scarcely be just to myself. I had never once thought of evading the trial. Excitement, intense excitement would be the words best suited to express my condition. Then my feet touched bottom. I pressed the valve a few times to let off the air that threatened to inflate my suit, and seemed lifting me from my footing despite the eighty pounds of lead on my person and found my breathing freer. There were masses of coral everywhere about and of several varieties. I walked in this direction and that, wherever the way seemed clear of coral. Too much diving must have frightened away the fishes, but there was enough at my feet to look at, what with my uncertain equilibrium and the care of my ropes and air valve uppermost in my mind. The solicitous Mexican was twitching the signal line constantly and I must constantly be making answer of safety or be hauled up, which added to my cares. The water pressed the rubber suit very closely to my legs and body, but the pressure was not specially uncomfortable.

A half-upward glance convinced me that there was one direction in which I dare not look. Indeed I came near going over backward and the possibility of cutting my rubber pipe among the coral was too horrible to think of. There were some beautiful starfishes and shells, but I feared to stoop for them, tottering, swaying, big-headed child that I was. I wished something to take back with me from Neptune's realm, but felt that my mission had not the same urgency as that of Orpheus in the under world. Ah, sweet allurement of the forbidden. Eurydice was not here, but a glance in the direction I most desired might bring disaster upon me. How I longed to see the boat swimming over my head. Could its sides, white in the dazzling sunlight, look white from here? Would it be possible to distinguish the faces of my companions leaning over the side? A pearly cloud arose like dust where my uncertain footsteps stirred the light sediment and obscured my surroundings like a fog if I did not move on. The ringing in my ears from the air forced down to me did not give me quite the silence I expected, but if ever I was *alone* surely it was during that trip under the California Gulf. The valve inside the helmet was making my head sore, so viciously did I keep bumping it. The signal man gave me no peace. Must I have no time for anything but twitching the rope, thumping the valve and moving on out of the fog? The thin whitish ooze was stirred up by the lightest step. How the demon pursued me, move on, move on. Why should I senselessly recall jangling rhymes in this place which of all places I wish to observe calmly — "demons down under the

sea can ever dissever my soul —" that starfish is surely brighter colored than any of the others. I know its name too — *oreaster occidentalis*. I will bend my knees and try to reach it without leaning forward. Ah, I have it. The professor also got one but lost it in the ascent. I will not lose mine. It is a pearl of great price — not even the demons down under the sea can ever dissever, dissever, dissev — There, there, this multiplicity of cares is tiring me, my thoughts become tumultuous, I had better go up while I can do it in good shape. I hope they will not mistake my signal to be hoisted. I want to go up. There could have been no doubt on board the boat about the meaning of the sudden fierce jerks on the signal line, for the life line tightened so quickly around me that I knew two pairs of willing arms were heaving that rope into the sunlight with an energy that betokened apprehension of trouble below.



The Beach at La Paz

What an unconscionable time they were getting me up. How I yearned to rise faster; my leaden feet were dragging me back. All the troublesome fancies that addled my brain at the bottom were now merged into one, that they would not get me up before disaster in some form should overtake me. In fancy the demons down under the sea were already plucking at my helpless dangling legs. Then my helmet bumped against the boat, I was seized from above and my own hands were grasping the gunwale. Do drowning men grasp at straws? If my last moment had come and my hands had been laying hold upon eternal life, I could not have laid hold more firmly.

"I thought you went after pearls," said the Professor in derision, holding up my starfish when I emerged from the diving suit. How it had been saved I know not.

The fisherman's turn came next, but with a splitting throbbing headache, I took but a passive interest in his descent, compassionately lending a hand however to get him on board quickly when he came up.

When the boat was headed for home the fisherman said, "I suppose you would not have missed this afternoon's experience for a good deal?"

"No," I answered, "not for a hundred dollars."

His sensation must have borne a resemblance to my own, for he presently queried, "I suppose you wouldn't care to repeat it?"

"No," I said, "not for two hundred —"

A FELLOW FEELING

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE

JACK Jerningham and I had lunched together one day about a year ago, and as we passed out of the restaurant we met Dick Devlin. Devlin, Jerningham and myself had been school and college class chums, but since we had been out in the world, he had drifted apart from us, having married very shortly after finishing his University course, and as he was devoted to his wife and she to him, he naturally had little time for his men friends, and so it had come about that of late years we had seen little or nothing of him ; but a few weeks since his wife had died in giving birth to a child, and poor Devlin was a wreck.

As we met he looked at us, nodded, averted his eyes and passed by. He was but the the ghost of his former self, poor chap, instead of the erect, alert figure, with head up, clear-eyed, ruddy-skinned, always greeting one with a frank disingenuousness of manner that charmed. He was now a shambling, sallow, hollow-eyed creature that glanced at a friend furtively and passed by with a nod almost churlish in its brevity. Jerningham and I looked back at him and passed into the street. Presently Jack said : "I have no patience with a man with no more backbone than Devlin has. God knows I pity his grief. He has all my sympathy, and he knows it, but he is a man of the world. He knows that death must come to all of us, no matter how dear we are to others. Why can he not call his philosophy and his moral pluck into play and conquer his inclination to parade his grief in public? One would think his very pride, if nothing else, would prevent him from making an exhibition of what should be sacred. Thank heaven I have too much philosophy to ever allow anything, no matter how great a sorrow it might be to me, to crush me as his sorrow has him." I made no direct answer, but turned the conversation into another channel, and at a near corner we parted.

A few months later, I was shocked one morning on picking up a paper to find among the death notices that of Jerningham's only child, a beautiful boy of about four years. I hastened to the house and sent in my card to Jack. The servant told me he would see no one, but I insisted on his taking my card to him. I was shown into a reception-room, and presently Mrs. Jerningham came in. She was a slight, big-eyed, white-faced little creature, with apparently no more vitality or pluck than a bird, but her manner and voice were perfectly composed, and she gave me the details of the poor little man's death as clearly and concisely as though she were not suffering a particle. Only now and then the big eyes would grow bigger and the voice would sink almost to a whisper. It was membranous croup that had killed him. The day before he had been as well as ever, "and you know," the poor mother said, "what a great, strong, active creature he was, romping and shouting all over the house. He never seemed to feel fatigue. He always threw off the other diseases that are common to children so easily that I came to think that his splendid strength and vitality were proof against anything, but now—" Here her voice trembled for the first time, and I hastened to assure her of sympathy, and asked to be commanded if I could be of service. "You must not pity me," she said, "at least not in words nor in looks, if you can help it, for if you do I might break down, and I must keep up for

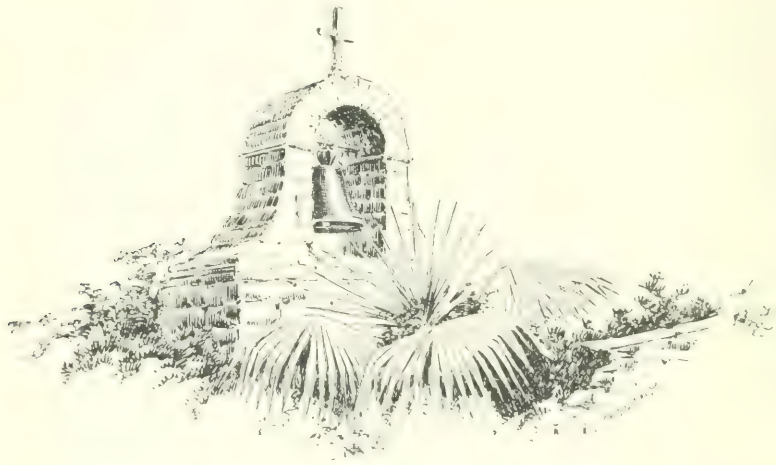
poor Jack's sake. He is completely prostrated, poor fellow, and I really do not know what to do with him. You might go in and see him, and do try and get him to let the undertaker arrange the poor little man's last resting place, for he swears he will not allow any one to touch him." She had risen as she spoke, and motioning me to follow, she led the way upstairs and into a sleeping chamber on the floor above. She stood by my side with her finger at her lips for a moment, on the threshold, then softly turned away. I went quietly on into the room. The blinds were down and the half light showed me a disordered bed, beside which knelt a man. His body, with arms thrown out above his head, rested prone upon the bed, and on the pillow lay the waxen face of the dead child.

I laid my hand on his shoulder and no sooner had he felt the contact than he leaped to his feet, and with a savage oath, took me by the throat. "You'll not touch him, do you hear?" he hissed, "save over my dead body." Then I spoke and he recognized my voice and dropping his hand from my throat, said, "its you, is it? What do you think, there's a ghoul of an undertaker in this house somewhere and he says little Jack's dead, and he wants to lay him out, but he shan't; the little lad is only in a sleep, a deep sleep, he'll wake up soon and———" here he seemed to read something in my face, (he had been looking me straight in the eyes all the time he was talking) for he gripped me by the shoulders with either hand and shook me roughly to and fro as I stood, "Oh, Tom, Tom," he said, and I never want to hear again the heartbreak in a strong man's voice as I heard it then, "he is dead. I know it. He *is* dead, but oh, God, how can I give him up, look" and he threw back the bedclothing, and displayed the little body, stripped just as it had been taken from the bath, "did any one ever see a more perfect child, physically? Look at those limbs. Look at that torso. See how the grand little chest swells. See how firmly the muscles are developed, and last night, only last night he was as well as you or I are now, and now—Oh God! Now!" and he threw himself on the little body again, as I found him. I was a doctor myself, although I did not practice, and I knew that the more he unburdened himself to me, the sooner the reaction would set in, and the sooner he would recover his mental balance again. I roused him to talk by asking him some question as to the child's illness. "Yes," he said, "it was croup, that cursed, membranous kind that one can't do anything for except let it do its deadly work. We had a doctor—a drivelling fool like all doctors, what good are they, if they can't save the ones we love?—of course, and when the membrane would form and the little man would choke and gasp and cough—that awful rending, tearing cough—and the cursed thing would come away, the dear little lad would motion me he wanted to speak in my ear and I would stoop to him and he'd gasp, 'Papa, why don't you take that thing out of Jacko's—you know we called him Jacko to distinguish him from me—'froat, you can do it, papa. You can do anything you want to if you only try hard enough.' I had taught him that in my absurd conceit of my own powers, thought it a good lesson for him to learn young, and here he was throwing it in my teeth at such a time as this, in all seriousness, too. He believed I *could* do it if I would—then the poor little face would begin to grow dark again, and another of those awful scenes would ensue, and there I was, a *man*, strong and powerful, with money by thousands, ready to give every cent of it and my own life into the bargain, and when my poor little laddie would gasp, 'help Jacko, papa, you know you told me always to come to you for anything I wanted, and I want to be well, papa,' all I could do was to stand there and watch him be done to

death before mine and his mother's eyes."

As I went down the steps an hour or so later, I met another man coming up. It was Devlin. He stopped, and with a rare pale smile, only a ghost of his former brilliant welcome, shook hands with me. "I am going to see poor, dear, old Jack. I see little Jacko is gone. We can sympathize with each other *now*," and he passed on.

Jerningham and Devlin are inseparable. I am a rank outsider. They are always glad to see me and upbraid me for not coming to them oftener, but I am outside the finer, truer sympathy that exists between them.



IN MEMORIAM—EMELIE TRACY Y. PARKHURST

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL

"My name is Life," a radiant angel said;
"I bring the sacred bliss of motherhood;"
Then turned to go his Heavenward way, when, lo!
Another angel on the threshold stood.

Before the awful glory of that face,
The bright first comer bowed his shining head.
"The smiles that welcomed me must melt in tears,
Since thou art here, O, Brother Death!" he said.

'Mid twilight's gathering gloom Death entered there;
Whispered, "The Master calls thee 'Come up higher.'"
Closed to all earthly things, the earnest eyes;
And set his seal upon the lips of fire.

"She is not dead, but sleeping," saith the Lord,
But tears are falling like the summer rain
For her, who, wearing woman's crown of love,
Sank 'neath the weight of woman's cross of pain.

THE HAUNTS OF THE PACIFIC JEW FISH

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

IT was not the promise of good fishing, but bones that drew us to Santa Catalina, the long range of mountain peaks that rise abruptly thirty miles off the shore of Los Angeles County—bones galore, the refuse of the ancients, huge stone mortars and pestles, mighty swords fashioned of stone and from whales' ribs, polished steatite sinkers, hooks of pearly abalone, precious bits of fiber, and other objects dear to the heart of the lover of true ancient history. These were the magnets which drew us on and explained our presence one day on the little steamer that during the summer months plies between the port of San Pedro and the off-shore possessions of St. Catherine. In the long ago, before Cabrillo and the rest had sailed among the channel islands, they were inhabited by a race superior in many respects to the inland tribes—a race of hardy men and women, who had temples, such as they were, and graven images; who were the delvers in stone of the Pacific Coast, and who in passing away left these legacies buried in the island sands with their bones.

No wonder the island was well populated in the old days — everything about it is attractive. The water through which we surge is of the most intense blue, and deep in its heart, we see pulsing, moving medusoid shapes, telling of its wondrous purity. The island rises grandly from the sea, as if the waves had parted but yesterday, leaving its cliffs beetling and menacing, presenting a bold front to the sea—a ridge of mountain peaks from four hundred to nearly five hundred feet in height, eighteen or twenty miles long, often four miles to a fifth of a mile in width. On the west side of the island, which extends parallel with the coast, the wind blows and the waves beat furiously, while the fog steals up the deep cañons and gathers about the peaks, but to the east all is fair, and many of the little bays are scarcely disturbed from one day's end to the other. Harbors are few and rare. The mouths of the cañons are the only points of vantage, and into one between rocky sentinels we pass, finding a half-moon-shaped bay, a little town, with picturesque cottages, white tents, with the mountains reaching away to seeming illimitable distance. This is Avalon, and its hotel rests on a townsite of unknown antiquity. From the piazza, the visitor sees the sparkle of pearl among the fallen petals of the rose, telling of the old sword-maker, who broke up the shell in days gone by, to set the gleaming bits in a rude mosaic, a bit of polished stone, an oval pendant, a sinker of steatite, a needle of bone, suggestive of the old days. The ground here has a dark and rusty appearance, a tell-tale of the days of yore, when the kitchen-midden process was in operation. We had dug in the graves of the upper island, found yards upon yards of beads, taken mortars from the lowest level of the old graveyards, and segregated beads from bones, and ashes from human dust, and were surfeited with archæology, when one day we espied a fisherman, wending his way to his boat, with a hook and line of extraordinary size.

In reply to my interrogations he informed me that he was on the trail of the black sea bass. "A bass line as big as a rope?" I queried. "Yes," said the half Mexican, a half Indian. "You ever catch bass—black bass?" Memories of summers on the St. Lawrence River, where I had often way-

laid gamey bass, and of certain four and five pounders taken on sundry occasions, passed through my mind as I assented.

"Wall," said the fisherman, "You never cot black sea bass, that's certain. Go with me, I show you." I was soon on the pebbly beach, and a moment later the little boat was gliding around the grim, rocky sentinel that guarded the island. My oarsman was an old settler, a picturesque, big-chested half-breed who had lived on the little island for thirty years; who knew and, I could see, loved it well. We passed by the grim precipices, against which the surf had formed a half-moon shaped beach, with white sands and pebbles, and then the Mexican stood up, looked around out to sea, then up at the gray slopes, then took the oars again, and in a few strokes put the boat over what he assured me was a big rock fifty feet down, and a favorite haunt of the black sea bass. The anchor was tossed over, the rope ran merrily out, and the hook, baited with a six-pound grouper, went hissing down to the big submerged rock. "Sometimes he bite, sometimes he don't," quoth the fisherman, "but whether he do or not, we have the fishin' all the same;" and he looked at me inquiringly to see if I was that kind of a fisherman or of the variety who are never satisfied unless the fish are always on the line. It so happened that I was not of the latter kind. I found pleasure in the mere anticipation, and so we sat silent for half an hour on the sea of glass, I holding the throbbing line that the ebbing tide played upon as the string of a musical instrument. The broad channel between us and the mainland was smooth and as blue as steel. Here and there a flying fish rose and soared away, like some fantastic insect. Away inland rose the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madres, telling of Pasadena, the San Gabriel Valley and the fertile garden spots that reach up to the mother mountains. Far to the south I traced them, until they were lost in the blue haze. There was Santa Ana, with a capping of golden cloud, and far away, rising grandly, rich, masses of cloud that told of the great California desert and the burning sands in such marked contrast to the verdure of the coast country. I glanced at my companion and his dark eyes rested on the great rocks that rose above us, and the gray slopes that reached away, making up the fair mountain island. I wondered if he was thinking of his ancestors, the Indians, whom Cabrillo and others found here centuries ago; of the time when Santa Catalina was an empire in itself, and owned by them; of the time when the temples of their god capped the hills and villages, crowned every cañon's mouth. This I wondered, and more, when suddenly I became aware that the tension of the line I held had increased, by a steady pull; then came a jerk that took my hand into the water.

"Jew fish, sure," whispered the Mexican, awakened from his reverie by my exclamation. "Slack!" I paid out the line while he seized the anchor line and made ready to haul up. "Give him five feet and then hook," were my orders. I was an old shark fisherman having caught many of those monsters in the South, and I saw that work of a similiar kind was laid out for me in this black sea-bass fishing. The line jerked heavily in my hand, then began to run out steadily, I paid out; and then when about six feet had gone over the gunwale I stopped, gave a glance at the coil to see that all was clear, and when the line came taut I jerked the hook into my first black sea bass.

I have every reason to believe that the latter was astonished, as for a single second there was no response; then came a jerk that almost lifted me from the boat, and the line went hissing over the rail like a living thing, playing a merry hornpipe of its own composition. Nothing could stop such a rush



Shortnosed Shark. Jew Fish, or Black Sea Bass. Hammerhead Shark.

A Successful Catch in a Small Boat at Santa Catalina

From a photograph

and I simply waited while the Mexican pulled up the anchor, and when the latter was in I grasped the line and braced back for the fight. The light boat whirled around like a top and away we went like a tug, surging through the water, an ominous wave of foam rising high around the bow. A ten-foot shark never pulled harder than this gamey fish, and for five minutes I was undecided who was master. I took it in with the greatest difficulty, gaining ten feet only to have the gamey creature rush toward me and then dash away with an impetus that was more than irresistible. Then I would stop him again, slowly making foot by foot, hand over hand, taking a turn on the cleat, slacking and pulling, in attempts to tire the monster—tactics that for a while were of no avail. One of the tricks of this fish was to stop and jerk its head from side to side violently—a proceeding that produced an effect equivalent to striking blows at the holder of the line; tremendous jerks which came, one, two, three, then one, two, three; then the line would slack as the monster rushed up, and if I took the line in quickly enough to prevent a turn well and good; if I did not the bass would turn and dash at the bottom, making everything hum and sing. Giving and taking, hauling and easing off for twenty minutes, and I was almost satisfied that I had done my duty in the premises when suddenly the fish rushed up, and recovering I took in the slack and with a final effort brought the black giant to the surface. For a moment I saw a pair of eyes as big as those of an ox, a rich chestnut back, and then with a tremendous heave the fish threw itself over, deluging me with water, tipping and half capsizing the dinghy. It was the last struggle. I kept my hold and with another haul had the king of Pacific Coast fishes at hands' length where it rolled and tossed, its huge tail bathing us with spray, protesting against its capture. What a capture it was! How we breathed hard and looked at each other. The experience of the moment, the sensations, could not have been purchased. It was worth going a long way to accomplish. Imagine, you casters of the black bass fly, a small-mouthed black bass lengthened out to six feet, bulky in proportion, a giant black bass—one that you would dream about in a nightmare, after a good day's fishing—almost a facsimile of the five-pounder you have taken pride in, but increased to a size that tips the scales at *four hundred* pounds. Imagine this and you have the black sea bass, the Jew fish, or, as the naturalists have it, the *Stereolepsis gigas* of the Pacific Coast, a noble fish, a gamey fellow, especially adapted to the man who desires animated dumbbells, or who, sedentary in his habits requires violent exercise, coupled with much excitement. The black sea bass is to the Pacific Coast what the tarpon is to the East, though it is thoroughly a hand-line catch. If any Eastern angler desires to try it with a rod, I will not say that it is impossible, but when it comes to the reel I would recommend a donkey engine attachment of two or three horse-power, as our quarry sometimes reaches seven hundred pounds. I give this as a fair sample of a California fish story, one to be chronicled among the big things as the trees of Calaveras, the Yosemite and others, and quite as real, as the accompanying photographs from real life will testify, one showing the catch of Jew fish of three fishermen on the same spot in the course of a few hours in an August day.

During the catching process, the big bass had towed our boat several hundred feet out from shore, where the ground swell was coming in, and with the huge black form struggling alongside, the situation was not an agreeable one. The question of landing was now to be considered, which my companion solved by attempting to kill the game with an axe—almost upsetting the boat in the struggle; but finally it was quieted and firmly made fast at the stern, and we pulled



A Three Hundred and Fifty Pound Jew Fish

From a photograph

slowly into the little bay—a tedious process. Once more we experienced that feeling of conscious triumph as we rowed into the beach, and the population came down in a body; some to tender their congratulations, some to compare the fish to much larger ones they had caught. We had triumph enough for one day as the crowd took the line and ran the big fellow up the sands with a shout. It was a proud moment, indeed, which the fisherman who reads these lines well understands. Then came the telling and retelling the story at night on the veranda, each incident of the battle being gone over again and again, while my trusty colleague, the Mexican, he of the ancestors, stood by, willing to do hard swearing if necessary should I wander from the field of actual fact, as fishermen have been known to in the exuberance of the moment; but the facts were all sufficient, and there, in the moonlight, on the white sands, was the gamey fish. On the morrow it was taken in hand by the *chef*, hoisted on the children's swing that stood on the little plaza, and later was served up for the benefit of the entire village. The weight of this specimen was between three hundred and fifty and four hundred pounds, about the average, but specimens have been taken that weighed seven hundred and even more, if we are to believe traditions; but the three hundred and fifty or four hundred pound fish is a match for the best man, and I have duly surrendered to a larger one. I had the honor of hooking it and my five companions in the boat watched my struggles until I gave out, then took the line one by one, and this monster gave each man all the work he required, and when finally brought alongside, nearly filled the boat by an unexpected lunge. Such sport may be considered hard work and not æsthetic fishing, yet it requires skill, and to take a big black sea bass, single-handed, in a very light boat and bring it in, may be considered a matter for self congratulation. The Jew fish is very common along the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, Santa Catalina, San Clemente and others with their steep shores and vast schools of fish being the favorite haunts of the big fish; and in July and August it can be taken by the patient and muscular fisherman, upon almost any of the bright, sunlit days that make these isles of summer among the most delightful summer camping grounds of the Pacific Coast.





SOME AMERICAN GLACIERS

II

BY CHARLES R. AMES

TAKU Inlet is a mountain-locked fjord walled in by lofty cliffs of black forbidding granite, scored, seamed and polished by countless ages of friction with the slow flowing ice river that centuries ago found here its outlet to the parent sea, the ship steamed slowly in between the sentinel cliffs that guard this Dantean entrance but that portal bears no forbiddings. God's fair blue sky is over all and hope in every glint of it.

Here are wonderful pictures, incomparable colors of ice, and sea, and sky, rocks and ice piled in massive architecture, all combined to disarm the pen or brush of any colorist.

The Taku Glacier, a great river of ice, rears its awful front at the head of the inlet, nearly three hundred feet high and amid much subglacial grinding and rattling peals of glacial artillery produces bergs that float out into the great unknown a terror to all those who go down in ships to the north seas.

There are several other glaciers to be seen from Taku Inlet, one of which the Norris comes down almost to the sea, but for a narrow moraine which separates it from the water.

A most lovely stretch of all Alaskan wealth of weird and wonderful beauty is that few hours' steaming through Lynn Canal, as it is called. Shortly after leaving Juneau, passing Douglas and Admiralty Islands, we enter the canal; here the walling cliffs are loftier, wider apart than in any other of the many like arms of the sea we have yet seen. Here to our right as we enter the fjord are the Auk and Eagle Glaciers, a glimpse of the former being shown in the accompanying cut, these, together with several other smaller glaciers on the canal, do not come down to the sea but end at what is known as a terminal moraine which means simply the strip of sand and gravel lying between them and the water's edge—a strip which the glacier has deposited.

At the head of Lynn Canal lies the Davidson Glacier. It is of the same class as the Eagle and Auk but much greater in extent, it comes winding down from its mountains debouching on to the stretch of levler country that lies along shore through a narrow pass in the foothills and then spreads itself in a great facade of solid ice three or four miles wide.

Muir writes of it:

"But it is on the west side of the canal near the head that the most striking feature of the landscape is seen —the Davidson Glacier. It first appears as an immense ridge of ice thrust forward into the channel, but when you have gained a position directly in front it is shown as a broad flood issuing from a noble granite gateway, and spreading out to right and left in a

beautiful fan-shaped mass, three or four miles in width, the front of which is separated from the water by its terminal moraine. This is one of the most notable of the large glaciers that are in the first stage of decadence, reaching nearly to tide water, but failing to enter it and send off icebergs. Immediately in front of the Davidson is the deposit or moraine, the accumulation of hundreds of years, upon which is growing a fine forest that at certain positions stands out in strong relief against the ice." *



A Glimpse of Auk Glacier

Those cliffs of blue were made to front where summer seas ripple and splash, or the giant rollers break and foaming and hissing, fling their spray high up even to the glaciers very top.

The glaciers of Alaska are of two different kinds, generally speaking, the Alpine and the Piedmont.

The former are those glaciers like the Muir and the Taku, which have their sources in the mountain cañons, and come sweeping down to the sea, rivers of ice swollen to great volume by the tributary ice streams that flow into them.

The latter are the plateaus of ice formed along the leveler strip of country lying at the foot of the mountain ranges between them and the sea and hence the term Piedmont. The

* In the first article on glaciers in the May issue two views of Davidson Glacier were shown representing it as entering the sea. It should have been explained that they were intended as *restorations* of this magnificent glacier showing it as it appeared perhaps a thousand years ago when its icebergs broke off and floated away as do those of Muir to-day. To-day Davidson is a magnificent glacier but between it and the sea rises a forest growing on the *debris* which the ice has brought down from the upper range]



Muir Glacier from the Moraine

Piedmont Glaciers are formed of course by the ice streams as lakes are fed by water courses.

On Yakutat Bay, are the largest glaciers of both formations yet discovered in Alaska. Of the Alpine class, the Hubbard Glacier is the mightiest, and of the Piedmont



Malaspina Glacier

class the Malaspina is the greatest. The Malaspina takes its name from an Italian explorer who in the service of Spain, A. D. 1792, sailed to the North Seas in search of the Northwest passage. He explored the eastern shore of Yakutat Bay, and gave its name to Disenchantment Bay. He called it Desengano Bay for the reason that here his hope that he was to immortalize himself as the discoverer of the long-sought short cut to the Indies was frustrated by the ice coming down from the North and driving his ships back southward again. Only one hundred years ago all of the inlets north of Haenkes Island were filled with ice. By consulting the map published herewith of Malaspina Glacier, one can see at a glance the recession of the glacier during the past hundred years.

In addition to the Hubbard Glacier there is also one other very large



Hubbard Glacier

glacier of the Alpine variety on Yakutat Bay called the Dalton, which enters tide water several miles from where the Hubbard makes its entry, when Malaspina explored Yakutat Bay only one hundred years since these two monsters, the Dalton and Hubbard were one. Can the imagination of man conceive the grandeur of eight hundred feet above sea level. The sides and top show, from their polished striated condition and the terraces cut into the sides of solid granite, prove that the glacier which formerly filled Disenchantment Bay must have been two thousand feet deep. At least as late as one hundred years ago the glacier



Patterson Glacier

that scene, the ice foot of these two combined pushing out into the bay could not have been less than twelve or fifteen miles in width, and the front of proportional altitude. The scene is sublime beyond conception even now. What must it have been then? There is an island called Haenke's Island in Yakutat Bay, the top of which is surrounded this island on three sides, and by computing the recession at the same rate as it has progressed since Malaspina's map was made the glaciers must have filled Disenchantment Bay two hundred years ago, and between five hundred and one thousand years ago were at their very flood.

Standing on the summit of Haenke's



Glacier Bay from the Top of Muir Glacier

Island one has the grandest panoramic view imaginable. From the North comes the Dalton Glacier, slowly, but as irresistibly as death itself, down a cañon walled by beetling cliffs, the stream of ice shattered and fissured, with great crevasses yawning every now and then, making one final plunge down a steep descent before expanding into its grand sea cliff of miles of glittering, shimmering ice.

And then across the berg-strewn waters of the bay are the three or four miles of front of the Hubbard



Sitka, showing the Church

Glacier, which keeps up continually an answering cannonade of thunder of rending ice to that of the Dalton.

Standing there on the bleak wind-swept island, with all that grandeur about one, the thunders of the two great glaciers booming across the desolate waters of the bay, watching the great bergs split off from the fronts of ice totter for a second and then sink noiselessly down into the waters of the bay (for so far-distant is the glacier's front that one sees all this take place ere the accompanying roar has time to reach him), sending clouds of smoke like spray flying over the glacier's front, one is reminded of an artillery battle between giant batteries. During the fine, warm days of the Alaskan summer, the glaciers are never silent, the cannonade is incessant, and the waters of the bay are covered with masses of floating ice.

There are immense bergs broken from these large glaciers through the sea, cutting the ice away above the water-line, but leaving an immense terrace of ice, as it were, beneath the water. When this becomes too heavy to bear its own weight any longer, it naturally separates from the main body, and with a roll and a plunge comes seething and rushing from the sea, a new Atlanta. Blue as turquoise, beautiful as the sky, born but for a little hour to drift about that northern sea, but awful in its majesty and capacity for destruction, these leviathans come rushing from the sea without a warning of any kind, and woe to any unfortunate caught in canoe, small boat or steamship, even in the maelstrom of

rushing, surging waters left in the berg's wake, for anything less stable than an island to come in actual contact with such an enormous body of solid ice would mean annihilation.

The Malaspina Glacier is the largest of all Piedmont glaciers yet explored in Alaska. It lies between Icy and Yakutat bays, on the mainland. It is between five hundred and six hundred square miles in extent, and between one thousand five hundred and one thousand six hundred feet thick at its maximum. The central portion of this plateau of ice is clear and clean, but for a distance of five miles from its edge all around it, it is covered with *debris* and moraines, save at the points at which the Seward and Agassiz Glaciers come in. At some points this fringing circle of sand, gravel, rocks and silt is covered with vegetation, and in places flowers are blooming, strange contradictions of nature, ice, that death in life beneath and on all sides, miles and miles of it, and here in the midst of all this desolation bloom flowers.

The Malaspina is a lake of ice fed by tributary streams, the principal ones of which are the Agassiz, Seward, Marvine and Hayden glaciers, which flow into it from the mountains above. A strange fact is to be noticed in the structure of the Malaspina, which is that the courses of the tributary glaciers are plainly defined in the main body by the difference in the ice tints, just as rivers entering a bay or lake leave a clearly defined course, marked by the varying shades in the water. The surface of the great glacier is one network of crevasses, many of them filled with deep water, of a clear blue. These crevasses are not very wide, one can easily leap across them. The highest point is near where the Seward Glacier debouches into the Malaspina, and from there the plateau undulates in a gradual descent to its borders. It is simply a prairie of ice, the clear part of which is of much greater extent than the debris-covered margin. The intense silence of the ice plateau impresses one as in contradistinction to the constant sharp, cracking rifle-like reports, and the roaring and grinding of the ice rivers. The water caused from the summer melting of the ice drains down through the crevasses to the bottom of the ice field, and there joins the waters that run under the tributary glaciers, but what becomes of this vast quantity of water eventually, no one can say.

Yakutat and Disenchantment Bays are usually covered with bergs of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, and it is at most times almost impossible to make way into them in a steamer, but small boats or canoes can usually find a path through the ice pack. There is danger in getting very near either the Hubbard or Dalton Glacier for the reason that the sudden breaking and rising of the submerged ice foot or the vertical splitting off of the cliff occurs every now and then during the summer, and a very small berg carries an immense force with it quite sufficient to wreck anything that floats in these waters. The bergs can be distinguished from one another in most cases, that is, those that come from the submerged ice foot, from those that have broken from the face of the cliff, by their colors, the ones that are from the submerged part of the glacier, are usually of a dark blue, and those from the exposed face white, some of them are covered with deposits of gravel, and sand with which the portion of the glacier from which they have been broken has been covered and which has been ground and worked into the ice until it has almost become a part of it.

There is still another type of glacier among the Alaskan ice rivers, which is very often overlooked altogether by explorers and that is an Alpine Glacier, so completely covered with sand, gravel and soil that it is usually passed over entirely and not recognized as a glacier at all, such as the so-called Black Glacier.

This covering of *debris* is simply the natural accumulation from sand and earth slides from the sides of the cañon or valley in which the glacier flows, and as it recedes naturally undermining the sides of the valley, bringing them down upon it until it is completely covered and only recognizable at all in spots where the covering is not thick enough to hide the ice entirely. Some of these glaciers show evidences of extremely rapid recession, so much so as to leave the plain inference that either the Alaskan snowfall is infinitely less than formerly or the summer heat greater, or both. On the moraines where vegetation has begun, it has spread rapidly. The growth attained by plants, shrubs, and even trees during the short summer is wonderful, and it is only a question of time when these ice-clad shores will blossom with all the luxuriance of the North Temperate Zone.

The glaciers are growing less ; every year sees greater and greater recessions, the fact that only a hundred years ago the Hubbard and Dalton Glaciers formed one immense river of ice completely filling Disenchantment Bay northeast of Haenke Island is a small illustration of the rapidity with which the ice is disappearing.

There is a nameless charm in this land of rivers, lakes and mountains of ice with its endless days of northern sunshine, its deep dark fjords in which always there resounds the thunder of the ice artillery, a charm as undefinable as it is subtle but which when one has once tasted of it draws him back as surely as the song of the Lorelei drew the ill-fated mortal who heard her voice.



Juneau, Alaska

The formation of ice known as Piedmont Glaciers has at no such very distant day covered the whole coast country of Alaska where the comparatively level land between the sea and the mountain ranges was wide enough to admit of the accumulation in the wide valleys of the interior country there must yet be immense seas of ice covering what will at some epoch of the world's history be fruitful soil.

There exists a very decided idea among people generally that the Alaska climate is an Arctic one and in the interior of course it is, but on

the coast the mercury seldom registers as low as zero and then remains at that degree of frost only for a very short time, the winter storms are severe but are usually of rain and although snow sometimes falls to a great depth it does not lie very long being quickly melted by the heavy rains or a decided rise in temperature.

At the time the United States acquired Alaska from Russia and indeed more or less ever since, there has been no lack of detraction in congress and the press directed at the country. Any one who knows anything of the facts must admit that we acquired an enormously valuable territory for a comparatively small consideration.

The rainfall is excessive and that is the greatest discomfort of the climate the summer temperature (June, July and August) will average about fifty-five degrees seldom rising above seventy-five degrees and the winter about thirty-five degrees. Very seldom does the mercury reach the freezing point, inland however beyond the mountain ranges the winters are excessively cold. The cause of the mild coast climate is of course due to the Japan current as it is called. It is a stream of warm water analagous to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic.

Summer in Alaska is delightful when bright, but the sunshine is never to be depended on. Showers are frequent and sometimes very heavy. During the winter months, the rainfall is almost continuous. And to this excessive moisture and bright, warm days of summer are to be attributed the marvelously rapid growth of the Alaskan mosses and wild flowers. The very glaciers themselves are sometimes turned into veritable flower gardens, so wonderfully quick does Nature work in this far north land.

There is wealth of forest, principally cypress and spruce. The yellow cedar is the most valuable timber of the country. It is common to all the islands, and along the mainland of southeastern Alaska grows wherever there is room for a tree to grow. It averages between a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet in height, and from three to five feet in diameter, and is one of the most valuable timber products of the whole coast. Every one knows of the salmon and seal fisheries and of the mineral wealth of the country. Only the merest idea can be had now, but the little that is known proves beyond a doubt that were it only for its mines alone, Alaska would be a "good buy" at the price the United States gave for it. Mr. Seward claimed for Alaska the future shipyards of the world, but the days of wooden ships are past; still there are many other uses, although more ignoble ones, perhaps, to which the Alaskan cedar can be put, rendering it even more valuable than for shipbuilding.

An Alaskan forest is indeed one of the most beautiful scenes that can be imagined. The trees rise straight for a hundred feet or more before they branch out their round, smooth trunks, set close and true, as though grown in a nursery. Underfoot is a perfect carpet of moss, piled like velvet and as soft to the step. Ferns and mosses abound, and the underbrush is almost impassable, the sylvan beauty is unparalleled, and all this in a land of glaciers, rivers, mountains, seas of everlasting ice.

POLITICAL STRATEGY

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON

THE theory of popular government is that all public questions shall be considered on their merits, and that every citizen will express himself upon them as his conviction of duty to the country shall dictate. It is supposed that questions will be presented without ambiguity or other disguise that the people may act understandingly. In the early period of the government under the Constitution, this theory was followed with a large degree of fidelity, and patriotism and statesmanship possessed a dominating power. Under the administration of Washington there were differences in construction of the Constitution and on questions of general policy, but there were no partisan contests as really there was but one political party. Opposition did not crystalize into organization, but dissatisfaction increased during the term of the elder Adams to such an extent that in the fourth presidential campaign two parties were formed, and since that time our political contests have been fought between two or more parties with more or less zeal and bitterness. Organization is essential to success in propagating a sentiment, in securing the adoption of particular measures; and for considerable time parties were conducted for these purposes. Even in those days of virtue and patriotism a man now and then appeared who subordinated the public welfare to an ambition for personal preferment, but the demagogue and the manipulator were not as successful as they have since become. While party organization and discipline are essential to the advancement of a cause they are no less potential agencies in securing preferment to those who are governed by personal ambition, and hence the patriot and the demagogue for opposite reasons have joined their efforts in giving to parties the most effective organization and enforcing the most rigid discipline.

Contemporaneously with party organization, the political strategist appeared, and his power at all times has been measured by the organization and discipline which he has been able to create and enforce, and that party which possesses these elements in the greatest degree is most subject to the domination of the political tactician. Statesmanship and political strategy may be regarded as antagonisms, and in our contests the latter has quite as often as the former secured victory in elections. Statesmanship seeks to promote the public welfare through candid argumentation of real and essential issues, and the adoption of measures in legislation and administration resting upon sound principles. The interests of the country being widely diversified and often conflicting, the strategist finds it important to the accomplishment of his object to disguise issues, to make ambiguous platforms, to appeal to local or partizan prejudices, and thus to prevent an intelligent and fair expression of the popular judgment.

The success of the strategist has been so abundant that the effect has been to divert the powers and direct the efforts of many young men who have aspired to public positions, from the study of great principles and the advocacy of wise measures, to the invention and execution of plans for securing desired election results. If there is decay and degeneration in statesmanship, as is generally believed, it is because the people have become so inattentive to their public duties or so demoralized that the strategist has been able to give character to our

political methods. It is undeniable that at times, at least, party attachment and prejudice have been so abnormally developed that it is almost truthful to say that judgment and conscience have been given up to caucuses and conventions, and the doctrine inculcated and believed that their action absolves from moral responsibility. Individuality has often been crushed out by organized action. Gerrymandering to defeat, a fair popular expression, is the work of the strategist, and every election crime is his invention, all of which is not unfrequently defended or palliated on the ground of party exigency, and dignified by calling it strategy instead of crime. Wise legislation and the better policy have often been defeated or postponed and the wheels of progress arrested or turned back to advance the interests of locality, party or individuals. The celebrated Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and those of Virginia of 1799, though intended merely to be declaratory of the true principles of constitutional interpretation, were distorted into justification of States' rights, nullification and even secession and rebellion. Though it was a great political and moral question, the strategists induced the Whig party to declare that it would discountenance and the Democratic party that it would resist the agitation of slavery in and out of congress. By strategy for more than a half century freedom was subordinated to slavery.

The session of congress immediately preceding a presidential election is more or less devoted to making capital for party, to framing issues that will avoid antagonism, with little regard for principle or consistency, and during such session the most adroit and experienced strategists are called into service. The present session is no exception to the rule, and the manœuvering is more than usually interesting to observe because each party has a majority in one of the branches. The Republican party has possession of the executive branch of the government and the object of the opposition is to manœuver it out. The party out of power is forced to be the aggressor, and the other holds a defensive position. Unless the former can point out misconduct in administration or errors in policy, coupled with a suggestion of something better, it is to be presumed that the people will sustain the *statu quo*. As there is no charge of dishonesty or inefficiency against the incumbent administration, the attack must be upon the general policy. The session has proceeded far enough to have disclosed the lines of the attack to be made by the Democratic House of Representatives.

The last congress is charged with extravagance; "the billion dollar congress" is a designation repeated as flippantly as the cry "turn out the rascals" in the campaign of 1884. A strategy of the present house is to appropriate less than its predecessor that it may go to the country on the plea of economy. The aggregate of the appropriations of the last congress is put in the foreground, while the items that make up that aggregate are studiously kept out of view. Wisdom and economy are not proved by amounts merely. Whatever is necessary should be granted.

This country will not be developed, and made prosperous through parsimony, but as a rule all should be appropriated, for which an equivalent will be received by the people. It has several times occurred within the last fifteen years that appropriations, far short of what were absolutely necessary for the public service, were made for the purpose of affecting the elections and when it was well known that the deficiency must be supplied at the next session and by the same congress. The strategy of the present house is to withhold money, and the senate is able to thwart it by granting all that is reasonably required and leave it to the house to assent or take the responsibility of crippling the government. The tactics of refusing money, which have in

past campaigns deceived the people, will be of doubtful value under the conditions which now exist. It may please the miser to refuse appropriations for carrying our mails upon the sea under our own flag, but it will displease those who believe in developing our commerce, and that America should be relieved from dependence upon other nations. It will be bad tactics to refuse money for rapid increase of the navy, or to build adequate coast defences, or to improve rivers and harbors that transportation may be facilitated and cheapened. The attempt to repeal the sugar bounty law under the demagognical plea that the growers of wheat, corn, and cotton get no such favor will not be successful. The people know that until sugar was put on the free list we were paying $60,000,000 in duties; and we are also expending in foreign nations for this article $70,000,000 annually, while we do not buy wheat, corn and cotton. By producing our own sugar we avoid an enormous depletion of our resources, and what is still more important we will give employment to a large number of people. The time has come when, how shall we employ our people? is the most important question before the country, it is the greatest problem to solve in in all populous nations. By putting sugar on the free list and granting a bounty, the consumers were saved during the last year fully $50,000,000. It is incontrovertible that, in order to succeed in sugar production with our better paid labor, there must be protection either by duty or bounty, and until one-half of what we consume is produced at home, the bounty will be the cheapest way to encourage the industry. Surely no congress dare refuse the money to pay pensions to soldiers. If appropriations are less, it will be for the reason that some of the expenditures described will be cut off, or the government in business branches will be put on short allowances.

The money question is troublesome to both parties, and more especially the silver coinage feature. It is not a party question, but there are friends and opponents of free coinage in both parties. As represented in the popular branch of congress a large majority of the Democrats are for the measure, and a minority of the Republicans. The strategists of both parties are laboring to devise a plan by which a direct issue can be avoided. It is a question that should be settled, but apparently the people are to be denied the opportunity to vote directly upon it so far as the two great parties are concerned. The effort is to shuffle it off through a proposition for an international conference in order to postpone the question beyond the election, and in the hope that the country will be satisfied with this political husk. The time was when an international conference with a view of agreeing upon a common basis was a reasonable proposition, but conferences have been tried and have failed to produce any good result; and an assent to bi-metallism in international transactions need not be expected so long as the leading commercial nation of Europe continues to be the clearing house of the world, and all balances of trade are paid in gold in her chief city. Bi-metallism will never prevail through diplomatic efforts; a policy in the nature of coercion is necessary. Some great nation must lead off, whether others follow or not, and the United States is the one to take the initiative, because we produce one-third of the silver of the world, and if our policy is American in all its features we will be too independent to be injured by the action of any or all other nations. The Napoleonic policy was to fight first and negotiate afterwards. It would do us no harm to adopt it on this question. There can be no doubt that a large majority of the American people favor free silver coinage, and they ought to have an opportunity to disclose their will. The strategists of both parties are laboring to subordinate the money question and to make

the tariff the leading issue of the campaign.

It must in truth be said that the republican position on this question is undisguised, and that the democratic strategists are taxing their wits to devise some way to make a successful attack upon it. During the first fifty-five years of our existence under the constitution there was substantially one opinion on this question and it was in favor of the principle of protection to American labor and encouragement to manufacturing industries.

In 1844 a new theory was promulgated in the national democratic platform and it was to impose duties upon foreign commodities for the sole purpose of raising revenue, ignoring the development of American industries and protection to American labor. This has been the issue ever since that time. The real issue of 1844 was obscured by the interposition of Texas annexation, and until the war of the rebellion, by the slavery question. The necessities of the government during the war, and for many years thereafter, required such duties as would give ample protection. As the debt and expenses of the government were reduced, conditions became such as to cause a revival of the free trade issue. It is an issue that the democrats avoided for a considerable time, and never but once have they made it the paramount question and that was in 1884. Their favorite strategy has been to make an ambiguous platform. That of 1884 was so ambiguous that Mr. Randall supported it on the ground that it recognized the protective principle and Messrs. Carlisle, Morrison and others because it did not. They must have been sincere because their votes were different on the Morrison Tariff Bill in the Forty-Ninth Congress. In his message to the Fiftieth Congress the democratic president construed for the first time the platform on which he was elected. He gave utterance to the free trade views which originated with John C. Calhoun and which under his dictation were put into the platform of 1844. The democratic House of Representatives passed a bill reflecting the views of the President. The convention of 1888 reaffirmed the platform of 1884 in phraseology equally ambiguous, except that it indorsed the President's message and the free trade Mills' bill. This effectually removed the ambiguity in the minds of the people and the verdict of the country was in favor of the protective principle.

The Fifty-First Congress proceeded to carry out the instructions of the people. The measure known as the McKinley law was resisted by the democrats both on principle and in detail. It was made the prominent issue in 1890 and the democrats carried the House of Representatives by an unprecedented majority. As in the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Congresses they had attempted a thorough revision of the tariff on free trade lines in the face of a republican senate; it was presumed that they would proceed in the same way in the present congress. The result of the election in 1890 caused many republicans to fear that the issue upon the McKinley law in 1892 might prove disastrous. The Hon. Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts, in an article in one of our magazines, predicted that the issue of this year would not be upon the McKinley law but upon a bill of revision similar to the Mills bill, which would be framed and passed by the present house. This may have suggested to the democratic strategists the policy that has been adopted in dealing with the tariff. The great body of the democrats in congress agree with the principle embodied in the Mills bill, and if they followed their convictions would resort to a complete revision rather than to the plan of "punching holes" in the law. This plan is intended to leave as much of the law open for attack as possible and to avoid the issue of protection in the impending election. They hesitate to repeat what proved to be a blunder in 1888. It is

curious tactics, for it is fair to presume that what they do not attack in the McKinley law is deemed by them to be unobjectionable. If they leave the protective principle in the law untouched to a great extent it is hoped that the protection democrat will be satisfied, and as all the proposed changes are in the direction of free trade, it is supposed that the free trade element will be appeased. There is a further feature worthy of notice and it is, that raw materials which are produced at home are placed upon the free list. The New England States produce but little raw material while they manufacture largely. This generosity is an appeal to the venality of the New England manufactures and is designed to have a specific political effect. Late elections show that it is not impossible for the democrats to carry several of those states which may be necessary to their winning the presidency ; and this concession to the New England manufactures will also break the objectionable effect to an extent of the free silver coinage sentiment of the southern and western democrats, in New England where mono-metallism is dominant.

Whether so disposed or not the republicans are not in a position to successfully mislead the people. They have possession of the executive branch of the government and have made a record. Upon the tariff their views are unmistakably in favor of the protective principle of the McKinley law as an entirety, but admitting that in some of its details there may be errors which should be corrected. On the silver question they stand committed to the Windom law and in matters of appropriations they favor a liberal increase of the navy, coast defenses, improvement of rivers and harbors, encouragement to the building of a merchant marine, adequate buildings for the transaction of the public business, a bounty for the encouragement of sugar production, and the existing pension laws. Their strategy is to defend these measures before the country, and to force the democrats to show their hands upon all these subjects.

The country would be better governed and elections would be pure if there was an utter absence of strategy to secure mere party ascendency or personal aggrandizement. It is comforting to know that partisan feeling and party discipline have been growing weaker within the last few years, and that the power of the strategist and boss is waning. A stronger individualism is being developed as intelligence increases. Appeals to local or class prejudices are less effective and the tendency is to get back to primeval principles and restore the government to popular control under the theory on which it was constructed. There are many hopeful signs that the manipulator will ere long be shorn of his strength, and that mere political strategy will become a lost art.



BALLAD OF THE SUMMER SUN

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

It is said that human nature needeth hardship to be strong,
That highest growth has come to man in countries white with snow,
And they tell of truth and wisdom that to northern folk belong,
And claim the brain is feeble where the south winds always blow.
They forget to read the story of the ages long ago!
The lore that built the pyramids where still the simoon veers,
The knowledge framing Tyrian ships, the greater skill that steers,
The learning of the Hindu in his volumes never done—
All the wisdom of Egyptians and the old Chaldean seers
Came to man in summer lands beneath a summer sun.

It is said that human nature needeth hardship to be strong.
That courage bred of meeting cold makes martial bosoms glow;
And they point to mighty generals the northern folk among,
And call mankind emasculate where southern waters flow.
They forget to look at history and see the nations grow!
The cohorts of Assyrian Kings, the Pharaoh's charioteers,
The march of Alexander, the Persian's conquering spears,
The legions of the Roman, from Ethiop to Hun—
The power that mastered all the world and held it years on years
Came to man in summer lands, beneath a summer sun.

It is said that human nature needeth hardship to be strong,
That only pain and suffering the power to feel bestow,
And they show us noble artists made great by loss and wrong,
And claim the soul is lowered that has pleasure without woe.
They forget the perfect monuments that pleasure's blessing show!
The statue and the temple no modern artist nears,
Song and verse and music forever in our ears.
The glory that remaineth while the sands of time shall run—
The beauty of immortal art that never disappears
Came to man in summer lands beneath a summer sun.

The faith of Thor and Odin, the creed of force and fears,
Cruel gods that deal in death the icebound soul reveres,
But the Lord of Peace and Blessing was not one!
Truth and Power and Beauty, Love that endeth tears,
Came to man in summer lands beneath a summer sun.

A MYSTIC JOURNEY

BY I. L. G.

DREAMS are very unsubstantial food for thought, and yet, how often do we awake to the inexorable morning light dumbly feeling that our journeyings, during the mysterious unconscious state, have in them more of actuality than the prosaic happenings of everyday life.

We are, more or less, capable of distinguishing between the illusions following physical disturbances and those resulting from an excited mental condition. But, when the tired body and restless brain are alike in repose, we may permit ourselves to feel that our dreams are a phase of life, and not a fancied vision. Sometimes these dreams are vague. Familiar, yet unknown, faces rise in space, intangible, transparent and altogether wanting in solidity which we vainly endeavor to separate from the surrounding haze. Then again they are accurately, clearly and delicately defined as by a silver point in the hand of a master, and compact as a picture in a frame; a picture, whose mysterious legend we cannot unfold though we may interpret it as we please.

It is now some months since I had the dream which I am about to relate, rather to look at it by the light of other eyes than to hope to amuse or interest. It was more of a real occurrence to me than many an incident in the past. I shall not attempt to fill in by explanation, but relate simply as though I described a picture.

I seemed, with many others, to be living in a stately home of great architectural beauty. All that could satisfy the human in us was there, exquisite furnishings, light and space. The mistress of the mansion was a lovely, soft-voiced, majestic woman, who was at once hostess and guardian of our lives and, while not a harsh taskmistress, gently admonished us for neglected work—work that was suited to our strength and capability—and, in many cases, adapted to individual fancy. She was not niggardly in rewarding for good work, and constantly pressed on us the hospitalities of her magnificent domain.

Our perception of the beautiful was quickened. Each day the curtain was swept from before a noble gallery of art, and we reveled in pictures that never grew old. The dreamy beauty of the soft landscapes, rugged rocks and dashing streams gave a sense of freshness and added variety. Perfection in form and feature and decided, yet delicate coloring, characterized all the pictures there.

Delightful gardens were thrown open for our gratification. There, amid sweet-smelling flowers, shrubs and umbrageous trees was a heaven-inspired orchestra and sweetest music, subtle and calming, filled its hearers with an ecstasy not to be described.

And yet, I was discontented. My spirit craved for something higher and nobler. It pleaded for freedom, beat against the confining walls, and longed for time to be no more. But the soft voice said: "Peace, it is not yet time."

The days passed on; months, years flew over me and still I was an unfettered prisoner. From time to time our party was augmented by others, some of whom were joyous and pleasant guests taking no thought for aught but the present, the rest were silent and morose; no effort made to please satisfied them, and they in time departed from our circle as mysteriously as they had come. There were many, like myself, who chafed against the apparent restrictions, yet they could not withstand the pleadings of

the grand and lovable mistress of our lives, and passively submitted to their fate. But over me the old unsatisfied longing gained power day by day. My existence seemed utterly useless, the occupations of every-day life so petty that I tired of them almost before well begun. Once I voiced my rebellious feelings to one whom I had chosen as a companion, a maiden in whom was embodied all that was delicate and pure. I said:

"Oh, to be free from these confining walls; to rise above all that holds me down; to breathe the pure air in which dwell those beings who are above and beyond the materiality of our present state; to soar untrammeled in the space above, is my absorbing desire!"

"Indeed, I like it here," said she, "It is so delightful discovering strange new places every day. Our pleasant associates, too; yes, they are charming. Besides, I am looking and waiting for that which I feel puzzled to name and which I fear I shall never find, but I keep hoping that the next day may reveal it to me. Strange, is it not?" And a gleam came into her sunny orbs as she continued: "The certainty I have that it is something I had once in my possession and have lost but I cannot imagine what it is. Oh! I am content, believe me." And brightly smiling she bounded away.

Had I ever felt as she? Was there ever a time when I could say, I like it here? Restlessly I wandered up and down. I met an old man, bent and gray, leaning heavily on his staff. I spoke to him.

"Do you remain long here, or are you, too, eager to go home?" I said.

He regarded me intently for a short space, and at last in a tremulous voice, replied:

"I do not know when I go; truly I cannot say. My children are here, many of my old friends tarry on, and I find it very pleasant. I do not think I shall be in a hurry to depart."

I turned from him, and presently met a young man, athletic and handsome he swung along. A sad, harassed look on his face made me believe he could not be satisfied. "Find it tiresome?" was his answer to my enquiry, "anxious to go back home? Oh, no! the best of it is to come. I am just beginning to feel interested. No, no! this is too delightful to give up."

I reproached myself for my discontent, but could not sympathize with those who clung so tenaciously to the present existence.

Can you, then, conceive of my joy when a day came that the cry went ringing through the halls, "Time to depart! Time to depart! Time to depart!" I noticed that none of those in the room with me had seemed to hear as I did, but with careless indifference, each pursued his occupation. There were some who laughed gaily, chatted and danced merrily and others worked diligently; the student quietly read his book and made notes on the margin, as usual. I was astonished at the apathy with which they regarded the clarion summons, but lost not an instant, hastily I gathered around me my wrappings, for, as I approached the open door, the chill air struck me. Passing into the outer chamber, which was filled with effulgent light, I was joined by my comrade, who, with sober face and a sad drooping of the dainty mouth, said:

"I do not wish to go, but I may not remain here longer."

We hastened on, down broad marble stairs, through spacious corridors, each succeeding one more and more dimly lighted, until at last obscurity prevailed. By groping, we reached the open doorway that led to the free air. I felt a delicious sense of satisfaction as I drew in the draughts of pure ether that appeared to pass through and through me, until at last my whole being seemed purified. All that I now desired was light, that my eyes might gaze on the great and unknown world outside the confines of

my late home, passing through the open door, we found a darkness deeper than the mind can picture. The space was void of moon and stars, and gave back no soft gleam of floating cloud, no promise that the sun would rise on the morrow. The air was chill and motionless. Strange, quiet sounds fell on the ear.

With clasped hands we stood, fearless and unquestioning, and in perfect faith advanced at the command of our friend, whose vibrating voice called to us from out the gloom. Guided by an unseen power, for our eyes saw nothing, we approached until we stood by the side of a long, low chariot or car, then a mystic luminosity, which seemed to exude from her revealed our friend seated in the far corner holding in her arms a fretful infant, whom in her loving way she gently soothed. She said a few kind words of regret that we were to part. I eagerly enquired, "May I come again, to tell you of my happiness?"

With a look of ineffable love she smiled into my eyes, vouchsafing no reply. At this instant my attention was caught by a movement, noiseless as the sweeping clouds, and I discerned the faint outline of an upright, silent form. A sensation of dread now took possession of me and I clung to the hand of our hostess. Gaining courage therefrom, I looked at the unknown and asked:

"Who are you?"

Shuddering I closed my eyes for it was a sight to freeze my blood and numb my tongue. Gaining courage I leaned forward and endeavored to pierce the darkness. Nearer still, I pressed, and found that the spectral light had distorted to demoniacal features, a face, pale and delicate as a snow-drop, with sad, soft, dark eyes. The lower part of the face expressed decision and resolution while the broad waxen brow told of æons of thought.

With a sigh of relief I turned to look on the home that had sheltered me for so long a time. A fine mist almost enveloped it leaving but a shadowy outline to indicate its place, while a faint light showed to me a host of slaves moving hither and thither before it. Some of them were black and hideously repulsive and they leaped and frantically gesticulated. They carried sharp, glittering knives, cruel looking instruments. Others again, were beautiful in feature and almost white, their movements slow and languorous and in their hands were curiously shaped vessels. Many of those forms were clearly visible, the rest, merely spectral.

Astonished, I said, "Strange, I did not know you had these servants. Long as I lived with you I never saw them in attendance."

"They are not my servants. I need but one," said she. "They are—" and her voice was low and sorrowful — "they are the hand-maids of Death; her train of attendants who lie in wait for unsuspecting mortals and at last bring them to the portals of the world on whose border we are now waiting. This, my child, is the Chariot of Death which conveys those who are done with life to the Great Beyond."

"If this be Death, this glorious being, and those her slaves, this her chariot, then, who are you? And who am I? What am I? Now that I see Death, am I a spirit? Tell me, I pray you! I have waited so long."

"I am the spirit of life," she said, I come, I go. It is my work to foster the life of each mortal, to make all things reasonably just and perfect, to provide occupation and relaxation, above all to combat Death in every possible way, to supply antidotes to the poisons administered by her slaves; poisons that afflict the body and exhaust the spirit. This frail child in my arms may not encounter the journey of life beyond a short space. We wait but to see shall Life or Death prevail."

"Why is Death so cruel?" I cried, "why the slow poison? The quick

knife? And why all the agony of living, encompassed as we are by lurking, demoniacal savages?"

"That, you could not understand. It is beyond you. Not even Death herself may know and I dare not seek the knowledge. Life to many—to all—is a constant struggle. The strongest find it wearisome. To the weak it is mere existence. True, life has many attractions. The earth is beautiful, and there are indomitable spirits, who make a success of that which is misery to another, and who nobly fulfil the duties imposed on them. Life must terminate. Mortals dread their inevitable fate. Who is there, then, in perfect health that would willingly encounter the unknown future?" "Strange" she mused, "that Death should be so feared! Life is but the childhood of the perfection that comes from death."

Missing my companion from my side I started toward the house, hoping to find her there, ignoring the warning voice that called to me, "You may not return! You may not return!"

I hastened on, but, to my consternation, found that a stream of water flowed between me and the home of other days. Dark, deep and sullen, it majestically rolled. The slaves were no longer on the other side. Instead were many whom I had known and loved in the past, that now seemed so far away. They wept and wrung their hands, uttering the while, woeful and piteous cries. My heart ached for their sorrow, and had it been possible I should have gone back to share their grief.

Returning, chilled and wearied, I encountered dark shapes, moving restlessly hither and thither; while the trailing garments of ethereal forms noiselessly swept the earth and mysterious sounds, like the soft sighing of pine leaves, were breathed on the air.

"May I enter now?" I cried, "a cold wind blows, and I have tarried long."

"Come," was the response, in a strange, sweet voice, "the horses are growing impatient." Even as I looked there appeared to me numberless horses attached to the chariot. Those near by were distinct, and away in the distance I could make out through the deepening mist a moving haunch, an arching neck, while the muffled thud of their hoofs and their subdued snorting fell dully on my ears. I found myself seated in the car and felt a warm kiss on my brow. A dreamy sensation of perfect rest and contentment came over me, and then Life and Death and all else faded away. The voices of mourning became hushed to a faint wail, and I, and the little child, alone in the car, seemed moving with wonderfully easy swiftness through space. No fear, no terror of the unknown, disturbed the pure, steadfast faith I had in the future.

We advanced through thick darkness and an unmoving atmosphere. At last the morning star, calm and bright, shone out. We left the chariot, and hovered as birds in the illimitable, silent empyrean. Star after star revolved about us, sending forth scintillating gleams of light. Broken strains of sweet music added joy to my senses. A glorious iridescent light gleamed from afar. Cloud-like forms approached, and with an exultant feeling, I dared to say, "This is heaven."

A sense of sinking, a horrible weight. I loosed my hand from that of my companion, that I might not drag her down, and with a convulsive effort, I unclosed my eyes to another pitiless day.

Questions of the Day.

LOWER CALIFORNIA

THE question of the value of Lower California is one which will continually rise to the surface and is of more or less interest to the Pacific Coast in general. THE CALIFORNIAN begins with the present issue a series of articles which will appear from time to time on this little known region, in which will be pointed out its productions and possibilities of all kinds. The present article refers to the valuable pearl fisheries of the Gulf of California, of which the city of La Paz is the centre of interest. The author, Mr. Townsend, is a special agent of the Department of the Interior, authorized to investigate the subject in the interests of this government. The value of these fisheries, which are rarely heard of, is not generally appreciated, and so far as it relates to pearls themselves, the illustration of the ten-thousand dollar pearl, a life-sized cut of which is given in the paper, is suggestive of the value of the fisheries. THE CALIFORNIAN is indebted to Mr. George F. King, gem expert of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., New York, for several fine cuts of pearls from this vicinity, but, unfortunately they were not received in time for use.

THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE NATION

THERE is no question regarding the importance or the value of the Pacific Coast States to the Nation at large. This is conceded everywhere, yet, so far, it has been impossible for this section to obtain the recognition it deserves and should have. California should be represented in the Cabinet at Washington, and it is to be hoped that the next President, be he a Republican or Democrat, will bear in mind that the Pacific Coast is a factor in the development of the country at large and should receive suitable recognition. The Pacific Coast is an empire in itself. Oregon, Washington, California and Alaska represent untold riches awaiting development, but until the region in question can catch the public ear it will remain in the background. The coast line of California has two harbors of the first class—San Francisco and San Diego. On every hand it is conceded that the coast adjacent to Los Angeles should have a harbor that will be an improvement on the present one, yet representatives in congress are unable to secure an adequate appropriation simply because the majority of members are possessed with a dense ignorance of the actual requirements in the case.

THE PACIFIC COAST WONDER LAND

IN the present issue is given a second paper on the glaciers of the Pacific Coast, a description of wonders that have not been dreamed of by the masses of the people. Thousands of tourists go yearly to Switzerland to visit the famous glaciers of the Alps, in many instances not knowing that in their own country, reaching down from their own mountains there are rivers of frozen snow that when compared to the glaciers of Europe, completely overshadow them. The Hubbard Glacier shown in the accompanying article is one of the most magnificent spectacles ever looked upon by the eye of man, while a little farther to the north is the famous Malaspina, brought before the public lately by Russel, that is one of the wonders of the world, a gigantic field of ice representing six hundred square miles, formed by a score or more of glaciers that reach down to it, and may be traced, winding their way into it to become lost. An interesting point in all this is the fact

that all these glaciers are receding, the testimony of observers two hundred years ago showing that the ice does not reach down so far at present as it did then, suggestive that the climate of the North is milder. This article and others to follow is published with the hope that it will spur Americans on to fully investigate these wonders at our doors, and open the way for the tourists of the world. We have a Mount Blanc in St. Elias with its (nineteen thousand five hundred feet) that has defied some of the best Alpine climbers of the country, while as for glaciers, those of the Alps sink into insignificance beside these American giants, that take their place beside the big trees, the Yosemite, Niagara, and other American wonders.

THE CHINESE QUESTION

THE articles on the Chinese, especially their customs and ways, have aroused great interest throughout the country, if we may judge by the letters and communications on the subject. The famous contract and its translation, a literal bill of sale of a Chinese woman, has been placed in the hands of thousands of workers throughout the country, and will undoubtedly do much good in tending to break up these infamous practices in this country. It should not be understood, as it has been in some instances, that the best element of the Chinese in this country is in favor of opium dens and woman slavery. They are not, and in this connection we publish the following from the Hon. Thos. D. Riordan, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Masters:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 7th, 1892.

Doctor F. J. Masters:

DEAR SIR—In response to yours of April 2d, will say that the Chinese merchants of San Francisco held a public meeting about ten years ago, at which they passed resolutions to the effect that a petition be sent to the United States Congress requesting the passage of a law absolutely prohibiting the importation of any opium except for medicinal purposes. Whether the petition was sent or not, I am unable to say, but the action of the merchants was extensively published in nearly all the papers. The merchants to-day would be very glad to have such a law passed, and for various reasons: First, they recognize the fact that it is injurious to their people; secondly, they derive no profit from its sale; the only profit that is derived from handling the drug consists in either smuggling it into the country, or in the surreptitious manufacture of the domestic article; thirdly, the opium traffic is a source of constant annoyance, expense and blackmail to the Chinese people. Any other information that I can give you on the subject will be most cheerfully given.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. D. RIORDAN.

THE POSITION OF DR. MASTERS

The papers on the Chinese by the Rev. Dr. Masters have been misunderstood by some, and an editorial in THE CALIFORNIAN appears to some of his friends to place him in an erroneous position, and we gladly give place to the following letter, in which his position and that of THE CALIFORNIAN is fully explained:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 3d, 1892.

Professor C. F. Holder, Editor Californian Illustrated Magazine:

DEAR SIR—In your last number of THE CALIFORNIAN, an editorial note referring to my paper on "Opium Smoking" says: "The paper is presented as one of a series to illustrate that the Chinese are not a desirable addition to our population." As you did not intend to convey the impression that I had written with any such object in view, I shall feel obliged if you will allow me to offer a word of explanation to my friends, many of whom have understood the clause to mean that I am writing a series of articles in favor of the exclusion of the Chinese from this country. That highbinders, procurers of female slaves, and opium smokers are an undesirable element of our population I have no doubt. The same may be said of our anarchists, rustlers, prize-fighters, drunkards and keepers of saloons, dives and bagnios. If a whole race is to be condemned and excluded because crime and vice are found among its people, what will become of us?

My papers on "Highbinders and Opium Smoking" were written not to urge exclusion, but to expose evils and vices that are condemned by the better classes of Chinese in our midst, and to suggest where the remedy can be found and applied. With wiser laws, purer courts and stronger government, the Chinese might become the most law-abiding element of our population. I am Yours Truly,
FREDERIC J. MASTERS.

The object of THE CALIFORNIAN is to point out in these articles some of the great ulcer spots among the Chinese in America, fully expose their methods and so enable Ameri-

cans to co-operate with law-abiding Chinese of the better class in stamping out the evil. The papers are but the first in a series, and will be followed by others upon social evils among American communities, showing the evils that exist, what philanthropy is doing, and what can still further be done by all classes co-operating to crush out these evils.

SELECTION IN EMIGRANTS

IT is a fact that there is a vast amount of unoccupied land in California. It is also conceded that this State is a poor man's paradise—that he can live here in greater comfort than in any land under the sun. This is not surmise but a demonstratable fact. The question of greatest importance to California, then, is to see these broad acres dotted with homes, induce tillers of the soil to come here, bring their wives and families and develop the riches which the soil contains. Many and varied attempts are made to accomplish this. Local papers contain descriptions of the charms of the locality which they represent. The people organize Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, and pamphlets are published, and sent broadcast over the world—all attracting the attention of vast numbers of people, and it has become a byword that this State is better advertised than any region in America, and one that cannot be controverted. It is a question whether we should stop here, whether this method alone is sufficient. California of all States does not desire a pauper population, and it is known that many foreign governments find it the most economical method to ship their poor here or to some other State, trusting by hook or crook to get rid of them. Thus it is that every State in the Union has paupers and professional incompetents that sooner or later become a burden upon the people and State. California is an empire in itself; within its borders it has all climates and productions from every zone. It would seem then that there should be some method, some system and limitation to the invitation we send out. In short we should make our own selection instead of inviting the world. The counties of Southern, Central and Northern California, with their great and diverse possibilities could well afford to send responsible agents to Europe to carry the story of the possibilities of the regions they represent to the better class of people in Europe, the well-to-do farmers and agriculturists, and thus by dealing directly with them, show them exactly what to expect. The raisin and wine men of Spain and France would be at home in California while they would be lost in Nebraska, and so on; the selection might be made from the people most desirable and the best equipped for the country and the work to do. Agents well provided with California literature in the French and Spanish language, could be sent to these countries with profit. They should lecture in the well-to-do towns and follow the suggestions of Walter Raymond, the excursionist, who sends a stereoptican lecturer through the Eastern resorts in the summer, picturing the delights of a winter in California. This could be done in Europe and emigrants obtained who would be not only adapted to the work here, but who would possess means sufficient to establish them in the land of their choice.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

ONE of the interesting features of the World's Fair is to be the Psychical Science Congress, which will be held in connection with the World's Fair. Dr. Elliott Coues, Vice-Chairman of the Congress, has been especially active in the matter, and the result will be one of especial value to science.

The committee of this congress believes that the time is propitious for a public discussion, by leading thinkers of all countries, of certain phenomena which may be classified under the general head of Psychical Science.

It is proposed to treat these phenomena both historically, analytically and experimentally. The following synopsis of work is indicated for the congress, subject to such modification as occasion may seem to require, and especially to such changes as may result from the expression of the views of those addressed in this preliminary announcement:

1. *a.* General History of Psychical phenomena.
 b. The value of human testimony concerning these phenomena.

c. Results of individual effort in the collection of Psychical data and in the solution of the problems arising therefrom.

d. The origin and growth of Societies for Psychical Research, and the results which they have thus far achieved.

2. Detailed consideration of the various classes of Psychical phenomena, of the theories offered for their elucidation, and of the further problems that demand investigation. The questions to be discussed may be grouped provisionally under the following heads:

a. Thought-Transferance or Telepathy—the action of one mind upon another independently of the recognized channels of sense. The nature and extent of this action. Spontaneous cases and experimental investigation.

b. Hypnotism or Mesmerism. Nature and characteristics of the hypnotic trance in its various phases, including Auto-Hypnotism, Clairvoyance, Hypnotism at a distance, and Multiplex Personality. Hypnotism in its application to Therapeutics.

c. Hallucinations, fallacious and veridical. Premonitions. Apparitions of the living and of the dead.

d. Independent Clairvoyance and Clairaudience. Psychometry. Automatic Speech, Writing, etc. The Mediumistic Trance and its relations to ordinary hypnotic states.

e. Psychophysical phenomena, such as Raps, Table-Tippings, Independent Writing, and other spirituistic manifestations.

f. The relations of the above groups of phenomena to one another; the connection between Psychics and Physics; the bearing of Psychical Science upon Human Personality, and especially upon the question of a Future Life.

THE CALIFORNIAN wishes to call the attention of its readers to the fact that this congress desires to have an advisory council that will be international in its make-up, and the Society will gladly receive suggestions from all interested in the matter.

Communications may be addressed to Dr. Elliott Coues or John C. Bundy, World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago, Ill.

PRESIDENTIAL CURIOSITIES

AT one time there was almost a superstition that a man whose name began with "C" could not become President, because so many had been aspirants and had failed. Among them were the two Clintons of New York, Crawford of Georgia, Calhoun of South Carolina, Clay of Kentucky, Clayton of Delaware, Cass of Michigan, Collomer of Vermont, Chase of Ohio and Cameron of Pennsylvania. Cleveland's success opened a ray of hope to those whose names begin with that unfortunate letter.

On the other hand it was deemed great good fortune to possess a name with the "on" in it, because so many had been successful. All the Presidents, except one, who were re-elected had such a name. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Lincoln. In the latter the "l" in the last syllable is silent, and hence the pronunciation is the same as in the other cases. If the present incumbent of the presidential office is re-elected, an addition will be made to the list.

It was also believed that a nomination of one who had been a Senator or more especially one who was a present Senator would turn out unfortunately in the election. De Witt Clinton, Clay, Crawford, Cass, and Blaine who were or had been Senators, were all defeated; on the other hand, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, W. H. Harrison, Pierce, Buchanan and Benjamin Harrison, had all been, but were not Senators at the time of their election. Garfield was Senator elect. It is true that there have been a large number of Senators who have aspired to the presidency and have not succeeded. The reason is that if they have served long and more especially if they have been conspicuous, they have by speech or vote been compelled to act upon a great variety of questions, and have displeased elements or interests which have antagonized them. It is this which ordinarily renders the nomination of a Senator unadvisable notwithstanding the bad luck that has attended senatorial aspirants, there have been and

are many men who seek the Senate as a stepping-stone to the Presidency.

The nomination of a soldier is deemed an augury of success. The soldiers elected were Washington, Monroe, Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Benjamin Harrison. Burr in 1800, Jackson in 1824, W. H. Harrison in 1836, Fremont in 1856 and McClellan in 1864 were defeated by civilians. Two soldiers were defeated by soldiers, Scott by Pierce and Hancock by Garfield. Soldier candidates have defeated civilians in twelve elections, and civilians have defeated soldiers in five. It is quite natural that soldiers should be preferred because they have given the highest proof of self-abnegation and patriotism.

At the beginning of the government an election to the Vice-Presidency was regarded as a designation to the succession, and the theory was carried out as to John Adams and Jefferson. The idea was never followed thereafter except in the case of Van Buren, who succeeded Jackson. It has become the practice to nominate a man who has become a proper subject to be shelved.

Before the War of the Rebellion, the South actually had the Presidency fifty-two years, and the North twenty years. If W. H. Harrison and Taylor had time to serve out their terms, the South would have had the Presidency just twice as long as the North.

The aggregate of the terms of the Presidents elected east of the Appalachian Mountains is fifty-six years, and that of those elected west, when the present term shall expire, is forty-eight years.

Since 1848 neither of the great parties has nominated a candidate south of Mason and Dixon's line, though one wing of the Democratic party and the American party in 1860 chose their candidates south of that line. For twelve years more than two-thirds of the Democratic electoral votes have been cast in the South, yet the party has not the generosity to nominate a presidential candidate from that section.

Four Presidents have died in office and were succeeded by Vice-Presidents, three of whom betrayed their party and one, Chester A. Arthur, remained true.

One ex-President served in the House of Representatives and another in the Senate, The oldest man elected to the Presidency was W. H. Harrison and the youngest was U. S. Grant. The Adams and Harrison families have each given two Presidents to the country.

THE MISSIONS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE Missions and Mission Indians should be well represented at the World's Fair, and in this connection we are reminded of the excellent display made by the Pasadena Art Loan Association a year or so ago, at which all the attractive and artistic features of these people were presented—their art work, lace, baskets and stone work. If the idea of the art loan could be carried out in Chicago, and the same exhibition given there that thousands saw at Pasadena, the display would be a valuable addition to the fair. At an early day THE CALIFORNIAN will publish an article on the subject, showing what California could do in this connection, and doubtless the question will be taken up and pushed through to a successful issue. The Missions, the Indians and their early history are among the most attractive features of California of to-day. In them we find our State history and the astonishing spectacle of a race of hardy people that were almost wiped out of existence in a few hundred years, and who are now not much more than a memory in the land which they formerly held by sovereign right and power.



NEW BOOKS

THE Pacific Coast world of letters has suffered a loss in the past month in the death of Emily Tracy Y. Parkhurst. Mrs. Parkhurst was connected with THE CALIFORNIAN as an assistant editor, was a contributor to its columns, and wrote its literary reviews. She was a woman of rare promise, possessed of great talent, which, combined with executive ability, made her a prominent figure in many assemblies. Her especial work was the formation of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. A few years ago she traveled through the State and made the personal acquaintance of all the Pacific Coast writers, her object being to advance the interests of women writers—bring them out and aid them in obtaining a field for their work. In this she was extremely successful. She gathered about her hundreds of contributors to the literary press of the day, and finally organized the Press Association, of which she became Secretary. The work thus accomplished did much in encouraging women to make a fight for themselves, and by her means many are now self-supporting who, previous to the movement, realized little or nothing from their literary work. Mrs. Parkhurst combined rare executive ability with literary discernment and taste, and was a brilliant organizer. At the time of her death, she had plans laid out for work that would have appalled many. One was a thorough investigation of the possibility of woman's work in horticulture and agriculture in this State. This was not theory, as the plan included a system by which women could enter the lists with men in farming and market their products. Few women had so large an acquaintance; few will be missed by so great a number, and so a well-spent bright life is ended—apparently cut short, yet leaving a rich heritage, a rare example to those who are left behind.

THE history and experience of THE CALIFORNIAN is interesting in connection with new publications in showing that there is always a field for a new periodical, if the latter is suited to the time and place. The success of THE CALIFORNIAN at the beginning of its first volume is far beyond what its projectors anticipated at the end of the first year, and demonstrates the fact that there is room for an illustrated magazine of the very first class on this coast—one that shall take a stand with the great Eastern publications.

WE find on the table "Verses" by Rachel Bassett Holder, a well-known Minister of the Society of Friends of Lynn, Mass. The poems which make up the little volume nearly all bear the imprint of the intense religious thought that held among the followers of George Fox, thirty or more years ago. The author wrote them from time to time during a long lifetime of good works and deeds, but would never consent to their publication, believing that it was not consistent with complete humility to hold up such productions to the public gaze. Many were so notable, showing so many evidences of the bright genius that smouldered under this restraint, that they have been collected from various sources and published by her granddaughter, Rachel Aldrich, of Bloomington, Ill., for private distribution. The author died nearly thirty years ago in Lynn, and it is interesting to note, inherited her taste from her grandmother, and left a son, Joseph Bassett Holder, and grandson, Chas. Frederick Holder, both of whom produced books.

ONE of the most delightful books for children for the year is "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," by Margaret Sidney. Published by G. E. Lathrop & Co. 12mo., fully illustrated. $1.50.

The first "Peppers" book, "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," was a revelation, in its way, of the happiness that may be enjoyed in the humblest home, if only there be genuine, unselfish family love to smooth over the rough places and brighten the dark hours. It was simply a record of plain, matter-of-fact happenings, vivified with the inspiration which comes of looking above and beyond them, and so getting out of the dead level of every-day care and fret. Its effect was magnetic. Not children only,

but all who love children, were charmed with the bright, tender, touching story, and the fame of the book spread like wild-fire. It was inevitable that there should be a sequel, and "Five Little Peppers Midway" was written to satisfy the demand for "more," which came in letters from all over the country. This told the story of the "Peppers" in the new home where they had gone to live with their friend and patron, old Mr. King, in a big city mansion. But even this did not satisfy the legion of enthusiastic readers, and so a third volume has appeared, and in "Five Little Peppers Grown Up" we have the story of the boys' young manhood and Polly's sweet maidenhood, while Phronsie, the pet of the household, is fast growing into a big girl. It is almost a pity they should grow up, especially winsome Phronsie, but they are all delightfully attractive in their new spheres, and brave, earnest and cheery in whatever they undertake. Polly insists upon starting out as a music teacher, and not only succeeds in the technique of her work, but also in stimulating her young pupils to higher efforts. Of course she has hosts of admirers, and it is a matter of intense interest which one of her eager lovers the little maiden will accept.

Ben and Jasper begin their business careers, and Joel and Dave are college students with the usual experiences of young collegians. There are some graphic descriptions of the book publishing business in which Jasper engages. Various new characters are introduced, and the story winds in and out among them all with that bright sparkle of animated life which marks all of Margaret Sidney's writings.

Throughout the story one has a delightful consciousness of the growth in noble character and the stimulus that comes from a fine ideal skillfully wrought into practical living. And yet there is no preaching, save indirectly by example; and the young people are bright and rollicking, healthy and hearty, and enjoy life without stint. It is books like these of the "Peppers" series which inspire and encourage young people to be brave and true, manly and womanly in all the duties and relations which encompass them. Their healthful spirit is contagious, and they prove a power for good in every community where they are introduced.

"FORGING HIS CHAINS"

THIS work is of dramatic interest—one which proves that "Truth is stranger than fiction." It is the history of a human life. In its pages are depicted in a simple, but graphic and forcible style, all the events, circumstances and surroundings which changed George Bidwell from as honest a young man as ever left a Puritan home to engage in business in New York, into one who, at the age of forty landed in old Newgate, London.

After what the London *Times* calls "The most memorable trial within living memory," he, with three others, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

After fifteen years of incarceration he regained his liberty.

Encouraged by Charles Dudley Warner, he wrote this book which has already won the approval of eminent people on both sides of the Atlantic.

While it is not a religious work it is one which parents may safely place in the hands of their children. After reading this book any young business man who may be tempted to get himself out of a financial corner by doubtful methods will recall this story, and if he is wise pursue the straightforward course.

The author's adventures in France, Germany, South America, the collapse of the one million-pound scheme against the Bank of England, his being hunted through Ireland by the famous Bow-street police, rivals fiction. The thirty-seventh chapter begins one of the most graphic accounts ever written of English prison life.

An unique chapter is that which contains the complete series of English Tickets-of-Leave, in fac-simile, the originals of which were issued to the author and to Sir Roger Tichborne, the famous "Claimant," whose life George Bidwell saved while both were fellow-prisoners at the great penal establishment of Dartmoor, England.

624 pages, 100 illustrations. The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., Hartford, Conn. Sold by subscription.

FEW people understand head or tail to the "Silver Question," and there is a grave doubt in the minds of many whether the American statesman who talks so glibly about free coinage always understands exactly what he preaches. Messrs. G. P. Putman & Sons of New York have issued a little volume entitled "The Question of Silver," by Louis R. Ehrich of Colorado, which answers many questions, and puts the subject in a plain manner before the reader. We commend the little volume without reserve to any one who desires to obtain the pith of the subject without wading through a large amount of dry matter.

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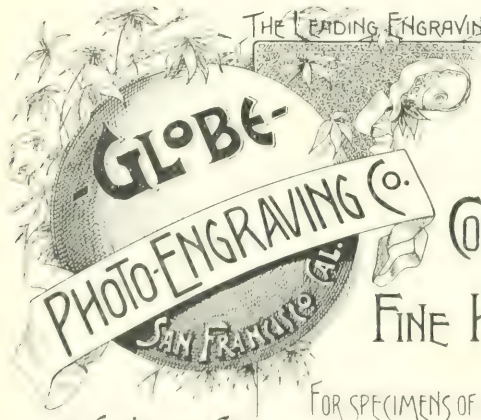
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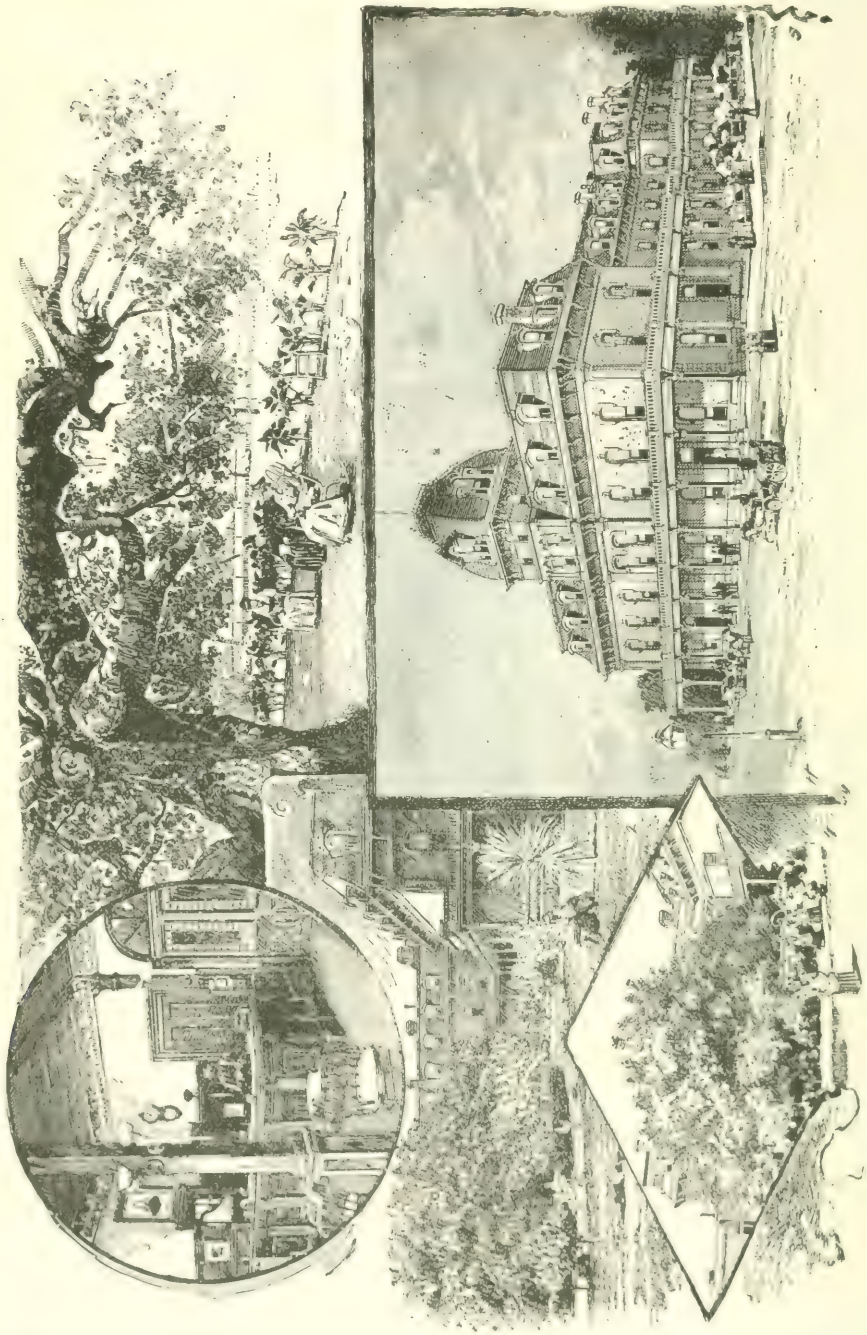
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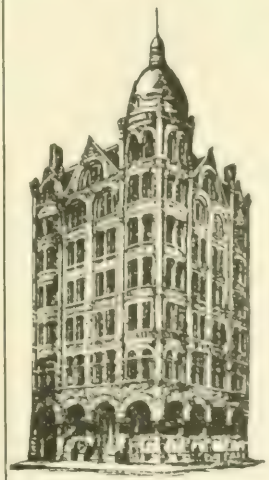
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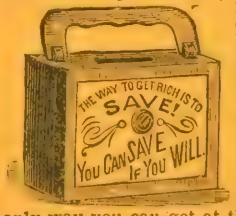
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The reception which has been accorded the CALIFORNIAN all over the country, and the daily increasing patronage from every State in the Union justifies the publishers in increasing the size of the magazine and the number of illustrated articles. The issues of Volume II contain one hundred and sixty pages, making more reading matter and more illustrations than any illustrated magazine published. It is especially gratifying to the publishers that while the people of the Coast have responded to their efforts in so liberal a way, the demand for the CALIFORNIAN is increasing over the entire country—suggestive of the interest taken in the West by the East. The object of the CALIFORNIAN is to do good: to afford good reading on the subjects of the world to its thousands of readers, to point out to the people of the East and Europe the advantages of life in the Western Country, its beauties, its marvelous climate, and to spread before the people east and west the good things wherever found. The CALIFORNIAN is an "organ," controlled entirely and exclusively by the great party that is for the right, for honest government, good morals and general elevation all along the line. Previous to this all the large illustrated magazines have been published in New York, it being believed that the conditions were such that a magazine that entailed large expense could not exist outside of the great metropolis of the East. The CALIFORNIAN has demonstrated that this is a fallacy. It has been in the field but seven months and already has the largest issue of any illustrated magazine of the first class published west of New York. It owns its own plant, prints its own editions from presses ordered for the purpose, and has grown so rapidly that every month has demanded an increase in room, and the magazine now gives employment to four or five hundred people.

ENGLISH EDITION

The publishers are arranging for an English Edition that will appear in London simultaneously with the issue in San Francisco, thus avoiding the delay, which at present exists owing to the distance between San Francisco and New York. A separate office will be maintained in London, and the Magazine distributed from there over all Europe.

THE FIELD OF THE CALIFORNIAN

In answer to many inquiries, it may be said that the CALIFORNIAN, while it devotes the majority of its space to the west, is cosmopolitan, and will provide its readers with as great if not greater variety of illustrated reading matter than any other magazine. Its field is the world.

TO WRITERS

It should be said that the CALIFORNIAN desires the best of everything. Articles of all kinds, upon all subjects, and from all parts of the world. The same rules apply here as in other magazines.

AUGUST

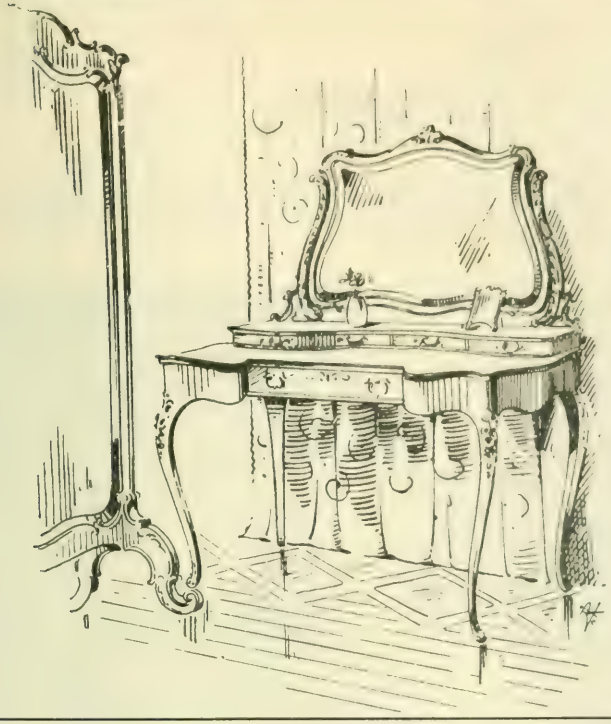
The August CALIFORNIAN will contain a number of striking and interesting papers; the city of San Francisco will be described and thoroughly illustrated by a resident who has made a thorough study of the conditions that hold here; a timely article will be on the Yellowstone Park; a California Art Loan; a Suggestion for Chicago and the World's Fair, will be beautifully illustrated; The History of Yachting in California; a valuable paper in the series on the Chinese, by the Rev. Dr. Masters; a seasonable paper on the nomination and election of Garfield, by Ex-Governor Sheldon, giving some hitherto unknown facts; a paper on Presidents, by Dr. W. H. Channing, one of the inventors of the Fire Alarm Telegraph; "Black Fellows of Australia;" Meran; "Some Heads of Napoleon," and others are a few suggestions of the richness of this issue.

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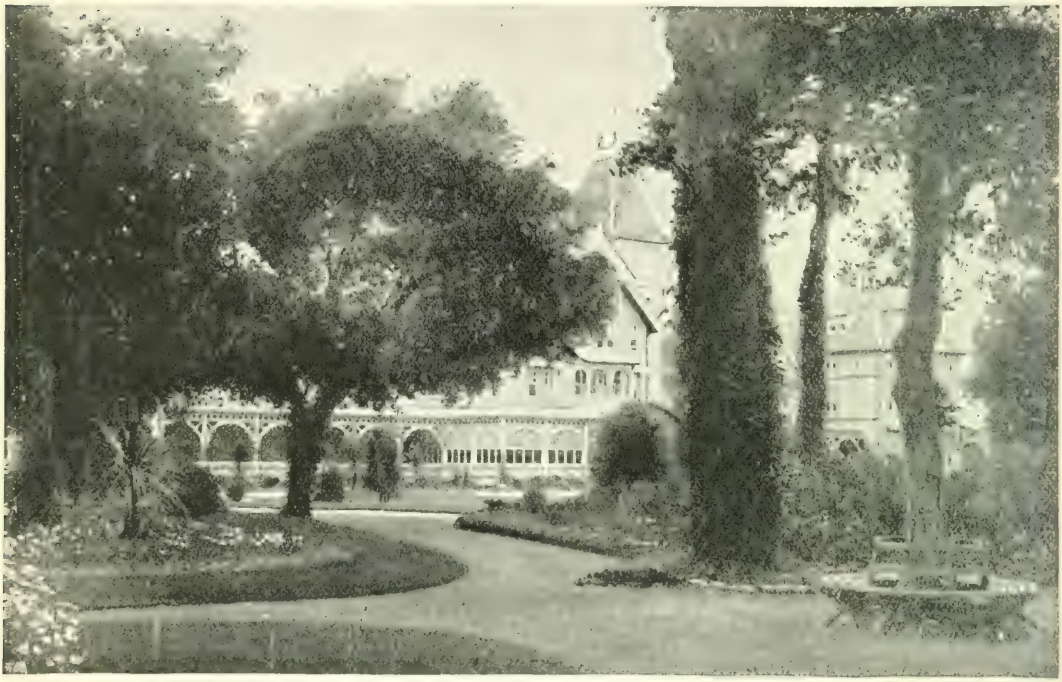
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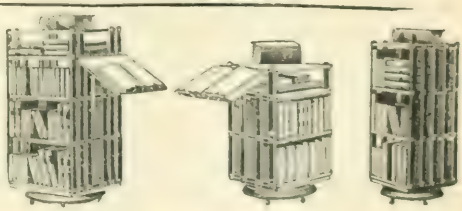
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THE CALIFORNIAN

VOL. II JULY, 1892 NO. 2

THE FLORENCE OF THE ENGLISH POETS

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THERE are two Italies—Italy of the Italians, and that "paradise of exiles," the stranger's Italy. Side by side with the history, the tradition and the poetry of the one, touching, intermingling with it a foreign charm, is the history, the tradition and the poetry of the other. Nowhere is this dual individuality more visibly present than in the Flower City. English singers have chanted her,

"Her grave, gray palace-fronts, her lily-towers,
And curves of Arno bright,

have glorified her suns and skies, her valleys and hills, her groves and gardens. When the voice of Italy was hushed, they were singers of English race who took up the silence and made it vocal with the wrongs, the woes, and finally, with the risen hope of Italy. They have made her story and her life their own; in return their lives and stories have become a portion of herself, and in the most Italian of cities, the music of the English poets echoes harmoniously with the Tuscan. The longer you live in Florence the more you become conscious of this double life, beating hard and fast, the one half upon the other. Wander where you will, on every hand there will arise scenes and objects with which you have so long been familiar through the phantom existence of a poet's verse, that now you are tempted to take the real for the phantom and say, not "here is a bit of Florence I have known in Browning," but, "here is a bit of Browning in Florence."

The very stones which say to you, "Dante, Angelo, Savonarola," say also "Browning, Byron, Shelley."

Every walk in Florence is, of necessity, somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage to the poets, but there are certain spots which constitute themselves Meccas most naturally. One such lies in Oltrano; you may visit it some morning when you are following Arno with lingering feet while your eager eyes run all the way up to the Vallombrosan mountains, or to where

"Fiesole's embracing arms enclose
The immeasurable rose."

Very likely it will be such a day as Mrs. Browning sings of:

"Such a day
As Florence owes the sun. The sky above
Its weight upon the mountains seemed to lay
And palpitate in glory, like a dove
Who has flown too fast, full-hearted."

There are such days in Florence. Cross the loveliest bridge of all, the *Ponte Trinita*, stopping a moment, as you are sure to do, to look at

"Golden Arno as it shoots away
Through Florence's heart, beneath her bridges four—
Bent bridges, seeming to strain off like bows
And tremble while the arrowy undertide
Shoots on and cleaves the marble as it goes
And strikes up palace walls on either side."

There are five bridges now. Leave them all and follow the narrow street to its terminating square beyond. A shabby little square it is; one you would pass fifty times, otherwhere, unnoting, but which here you will not pass. Like the antique tomb it says to every traveiler: "*Siste Viator!*" for this is the Piazza San Felice. Yonder is the tiny "Church Felice."



The Golden Arno

"Whence came the clear voice of the cloistered ones
Chanting a chant made for midsummer nights?
I know not what particular praise of God,
It always came and went with June,"

to the ears of the poet Browning, where on the little terrace built above the street, he

"Breathed the beauty and the fearfulness of night,"

and fashioned Pompilia's seven fold tale.

This is Casa Guidi, still sacred to the memory and the love of the two poets. A marble tablet in the wall records that "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in the heart of a woman united the learning of a scholar and the genius of a poet, and made with her verse a golden link between England and Italy. Grateful Florence placed the memorial." Here the woman-poet

"Wrote a meditation and a dream
Hearing a little child sing in the street."

From these windows she beheld

"Ten thousand eyes of Florentines
Strike back the triumph of the Lombard north,"

and witnessed

"The armaments of Austria flow
Into the drowning heart of Tuscany."

Yonder is the Pitti Palace, where the Grand Duke Leopold took that oath which, henceforth stood "among the oaths of perjurers eminent," and

up that narrow stretch to the bridge, Mrs. Browning a little later "saw and witnessed how Grand Dukes come back."

From the quiet depths of Casa Guidi issued such strains of poetry as one would think must still leave an echo; and if, as Hawthorne held, inanimate surroundings may become vitalized by association, these walls—if any—must thrill with the magnetism of a living love and a deathless music.

Not far from Casa Guidi, nearer Arno, is the Convent of the Carmine, that cage whence the slender Lippo Lippi, madcap monk and marvelous painter, escaped, as often as beneath his window

"There came a hurry of feet and little feet."

Or the moonlight on Santa Margherita took the shape of the gentle novice, Lucrezia, and lured him thither. "The Carmine's my cloister," say we, remembering, and listen involuntarily to catch some stray echo from that flower song:

"Flower o' the broom,
Take away love and our life is a tomb!"
Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry what matter who knows?"

What matter, indeed, now that the dust of centuries is on the laughing lips and wondrous fingers. Does it even matter that to us he is almost more Browning's Lippo Lippi than Italy's?

A stone's throw from the Carmine lives to-day a poet, a poet of whose books it might often be said as it was of Hugo's "Shakespeare," that their gravest fault is the omission of the words, "A Poem" from the title page. Among a hundred tender passages of the kind, this poet has written of the city she loves so well.

"Where lies the secret of the spell of Florence? a spell that strengthens and does not fade with time. Perhaps it is because her story is so old and her beauty is so young. Behind her lie such abysses of mighty memories. Upon her is shed such a radiance of sunlight and life. The stones of her are dark with the blood of so many generations, but her air is bright with the blossoms of so many flowers, even as the eyes of her people have in them more sadness than lies in tears, while their lips have the gayest laughter that ever made music in the weariness of the world.

"Rome is terrible in her old age. But Florence, where she sits throned amidst her meadows white with lilies, Florence is never terrible. Florence is never old. In her infancy they fed her with the manna of freedom, and that fairest food gave her eternal youth.

"Who having known her can forsake for lesser loves? Who having once abode with her, can turn their faces from the rising sun and set the darkness of the hills betwixt herself and them?"

Elsewhere, with the same passionate beauty of expression, she names her—"the fairest city of all the empires of the world," the Heloise of cities, as Paris is the Aspasia,—"the daughter of flowers, the mistress of art, the nursing mother of liberty and aspiration."

It is in one of the most sombre of Florentine palaces that Ouida dwells—so much a name and a shadow to the outside world that she seems to live there only as the Brownings still live in Casa Guidi, the Hawthornes at Bellosguardo, and poor old Landor in his Fiesolan Eden.

Westward from Ouida's palace and the Carmine, high above Arno, stands Bellosguardo itself—Tuscan Bellosguardo, where Mrs. Browning

"Standing on the actual, blessed sward
Where Galileo stood at nights to take
The vision of the stars * * * found it hard
Gazing upon the earth and heaven to make
A choice of beauty."

Galileo's villa is here; here, too, the Hawthornes dwelt and drew all the poets about them. Here the heart-stricken Browning passed his "Apocalyptic month" after Death passing through Casa Guidi had sealed the

loveliest chapter in the life of any poet. Just as then : —

" From the outer wall
Of the garden drops the mystic, floating spray
Of olive trees.

And as then : —

" Beautiful
The city lies along the ample vale,
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and square,
The river trailing like a silver cord
Through all."

Ruskin's Francesca — herself both poet and painter—had once her home here also. And it may have been from this villa, though I fancy it was from the loftier, lovelier height of Fiesole, that Robert Browning mused on

" The valley beneath where, white and wide
And washed by the morning's water-gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain-side ;
River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call
Through the live, translucent bath of air,
As the sights in a magic crystal ball."

Others since Browning have had that vision, even to the noting—

" By a gift God grants me now and then * *
Who walked in Florence beside her men."

Across the Arno from Bellosguardo is the Cascine—pleasure park of the pleasure-loving Florentines, but memorable to us as the spot where was written that loveliest of poems—Shelley's " Ode to the West Wind." Who has walked in the depths of those ilex avenues and seen the scurrying of autumn leaves before the wind, but has walked there with Shelley? All Florence, in carriage and on foot, takes its pleasure here daily, but to those who know the place is haunted by an " unseen presence " beside which the gay Florentines flit by, the most unreal ghosts of all. Shelley has passed here ; for us that is the history and the poem of the place.



Statue of Grand Duke Ferdinand

There is little else in Florence which speaks of him. We all know how he launched his cockle-shell boat on Arno to the horror of the Florentines and his own delight and we all know his fragment of " Ginevra ; " but Shelley never greatly loved Florence and the

Cascine remains the one place in it closely linked with his name.

There are a hundred memories we have not time to gather in the brief space of a morning. We will not stop "to eat an ice at Donay's tenderly," nor to look at the "bold, bright Perseus" in the Loggia; scarcely even to note the violet-laden stone.

"Where Savonarola's soul went out in fire."

If we pause a moment it shall be to listen while

"The Duomo bell
Strikes ten as if it struck ten fathoms down,
So deep, and twenty churches answer it."

But at the Piazza of the *Santissima Annunziata* we may pause altogether with a clear conscience and putting aside Andrea's frescoes think first of Browning. For here in the open square just as he was placed by "John of Douay" rides the Grand Duke Ferdinand. "Empty and fine as a swordless sheath,"—just so he rides as he rode on that day, centuries ago, when glancing up at the palace window he caught the vision of the Riccardi's bride. Palace and window still are there, but the "passionate, pale lady's face" no longer leans from Robbia's cornice; even the "empty shrine" is gone. Six steps away in the Chapel the lovers sleep, or should, had not a subtler craft than Robbia's constrained their "frustrate ghosts" to haunt the square in broad, Italian daylight. Who looks shall see them.



In Santa Croce's Holy Precincts

Another square in Florence belongs to Browning, by association—a memorable square framed by the venerable church of San Lorenzo and the Riccardi Palace; adorned by the statue of "Gian of the Black Bands;" with Angelo's dread marbles but a step away in the New Sacristy and felt even here. But it is memorable for something else too, for here on a certain morning—

("June was the month—Lorenzo named the square.")

and precisely on that palace step

"Which meant for lounging knaves of the Medici,
Now serves re-venders to display their wares."

Robert Browning picked up a book

"Small-quarto size, part print, part manuscript,
A book in shape, but really pure, crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard
And brains, high-blooded ticked two centuries since"

Just such dingy volumes lie on just such multi-furnished stalls to-day, but the magician with his ring has vanished.



How like Byron it is that the one place in Florence he has made his own should be Santa Croce—the mournful and the mighty. I suppose, indeed, it would be impossible to enter that jewel-case, the Tribuna of the Ufizzi, where

"The Goddess loves in stone and fills
The air around with beauty,"

without a thought of Byron, as to salute the greater Venus of the Louvre in any other words than Heine's:

"Ever blessed Goddess of beauty and our beloved Lady of Milo."

But, though Byron may have glanced at the Ufizzi, it is only at Santa Croce that he lingered. Enter its dusk, stand before its tombs and mighty cenotaphs, one by one, and about the weight of oppressive silence you will be lifted into audible syllables.

"Dust which is
Even in itself immortality,"

is gathered here.

"Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Macchiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

What ungrateful Florence failed to do the English poet has done for Florence; he has brought back the scattered ashes of the "all-Etruscan three," and, re-united in his verse, for the first time Italy's great dead sleep together. His reward is this: Borne away from Greece, rejected from Westminster Abbey, exiled from that sweet spot in Rome where his brother poets, Keats and Shelley, lie, he has made for himself a monument of song in this Pantheon of the "Etrurian Athens," Santa Croce, more than marble memorial.

"Still graves when Italy is talked upon!" wrote Mrs. Browning, and it is near the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning herself, in a lovely, forsaken place, the very home of solitude and silence, where even the dark cedars have put on a garment of roses, that we must seek the memorial of another English poet, Walter Savage Landor. Not far are the graves of Arthur Hugh Clough, of the sculptor Greenough and of our own soldier-preacher, Theodore Parker.

Landor's home was not in Florence, but in "Milton's Fiesole," or as he himself called it, "Immemorial Fiesole." A charming walk still leads to the stately and sombre Villa Landor where are his "citron groves," where still "a thousand cedars raise their heads," and in the distance Valdarno and Vallombrosa, now as then, double their beauty by one another's. Driven from his home in his old age, Landor



A Favorite Stroll in Florence

found a refuge in the tenderness of Robert Browning, but steadfastly mourned for his lost paradise to the day of his death. A mournful old man, a very Lear of poets, who wrote his biography in four lines on his seventy-fifth birthday.

"I strove with none, for none was worth the strife,
Nature I loved and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

It is to the grave of Landor that Swinburne came,

"As one whose steps half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore."

And above it he uttered the lament so lovely one cannot forbear to recall it.

"Back to the Flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and Spring.

"The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full with sun;
All things return to her, being free,
All things but one.

"In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive, but not
That holier head.

* * * *

"But thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep—
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep;

"So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning star with evening star
His faultless fame."

With that "youngest singer" himself, there is no spot in Florence—if it be not this—which is expressly associated, as Santa Croce with Byron, the Cascine with Shelley, and so many places with the Brownings; but there is no poet whose music will rise more quickly to the heart and lips at certain hours and aspects of Florence. No one has sung so truly "the lily of lands;" none has so well understood the charm

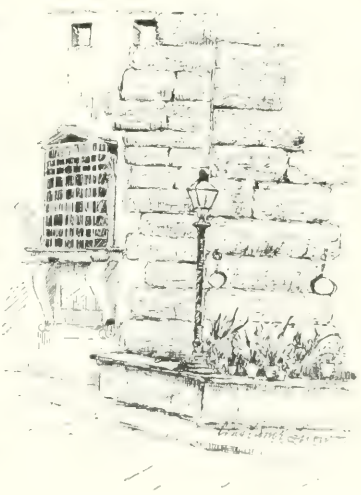
"That binds with words and holds with eyes and hands
All hearts in all men's lands;"

none has so grieved for her

"Bays unplucked, her laurels unentwined
That no men break or bind,
And myrtles long forgetful of the sword,
And olives unadored;"

nor has any triumphed so in her resurrection.

When spring comes upon Valdarno with a rush of light and flush of blossom, he greets her:



"Oh, heavenliest Florence!—from the mouths of flowers
Fed by melodious hours,
From each sweet mouth that kisses light and air,
Thou whom thy Fate made fair
As a bound vine or any flowering tree,
Praise him who made them free!"

And he has listened

"Where spring hears loud through her long-lit vales
Triumphant nightingales,
In many a fold of fiery foliage hidden,
Withheld as things forbidden,
But clamorous with innumerable delight
In spring's red, green and white."

With the red, green and white comes another memory of Swinburne. We who were in Florence last September were the startled witnesses of a solemn and beautiful sight. The chance insult to Italy's most sacred tomb, flung from a wanton heart which, seeking to dishonor Italy, ran the grave risk of twice dishonoring France—wrapped Italy in flags from Turin to Naples. We beheld the fortress-palaces of Florence blossom into the tri-color. Very beautiful she was—our Flower City become a City of Flags; and above all that stir of silken banners,

"Green as summer, and red as dawn, and white
As the live heart of light,"

and above the clamor of Florentine voices chanting Garibaldi's hymn, there seemed to thrill the words of freedom through the lips of the English poet :

"I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,
Nor thou wert Italy."

Since Italian air will hold a strain of English music at such a time, one cannot but believe some ripple of song from these many alien lips will mingle with the flowing of Arno while there remains a stone in Florence to echo either.



ALOHA

BY LOUIS CARL EHLE

Though other lands have liquid words
To voice in melting tones their love,
Among them all, none seem to move
The love-mood of enamored souls
As three sweet syllables that rise
From out an earthly Paradise,
Aloha.

They bring the sweetness of the breeze
That steals perfume from rarest flowers,
Among the fairy island bowers
Of southern seas, the lyric note
Love warbles there, the sweetest word
That mortal ear has ever heard,
Aloha.

This swan-note of a loving race
I cradle in the flowers of love
I send my faith to thee to prove,
And when upon thy lips it lives,
I would that I were there to hear
Thee speak the word I hold so dear,
Aloha.

IN THE YOSEMITE

BY CHARLES T. GORDON

IN that small portion of the Pacific Coast now known as Mariposa County, Nature, a long, long æon ago, designed and executed a work of planetary decoration that exhibits her wonderful handicraft on a scale of marvelous splendor. It took her thousands of years to complete the task, and for other thousands her composition of grandeur and beauty remained unknown and unvisited save by the fauna and avifauna of its environs. Later on the aboriginal forest man found his way to this masterpiece of physical effort and skill and made it his hunting-park, calling it *Ah-wah-nee*. After that for untold generations it was still unapproached by civilized man.

Cradled in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and walled in with a framework of stupendous cliffs and Titanic rocks that are crowned with pinnacles, towers and mighty domes and silver streaked with cascades and waterfalls, no other valley in the world can rival that of *Ah-wah-nee* in sublimity and combinations of the beautiful and grand. As you move from point to point, panorama after panorama of ever-changing views succeed each other. Here the magnitude and solemnity of granite forms, rising thousands of feet above you inspire an emotion akin to awe; there the picture of a slumbering lake, set into the scene like a mirror framed in sculptured adornments and draped with green garlands, lulls the mind to the sweet contemplation of nature's loveliness; anon structures of architectural design, massively magnificent, excite wonder and astonishment; here the rainbow of the cascade's iridescent spray fascinates the delighted eye; there the turmoil of rushing waters mesmerises it; now the stateliness of arboreal royalty evokes reverential admiration, and now floral beauties charm you with the joyousness of their rich colors.

Nor is the mind less appealed to through the medium of the ear. The thunder of the cataract, the sweet music of the singing brook, the whispers of a smoothly gliding stream, pensive in anticipation of its leap into the air; the din and uproar of the eager rapid in its haste to display the glories of a waterfall; and the silence that reigns in the still alcoves of the dimly lighted forest, each and all offer their didactic salutations to the soul. 'Tis a terrestrial uranus, this valley of Yosemite, fit for the abode of Jove himself.

From San Francisco it is not very far away. The wild duck might rise from the water of the bay anywhere between this city and Oakland and after an aerial trip of not more than a couple of hours take his rest on the glassy bosom of Mirror Lake; for in an air-line the Yosemite is not more than one hundred and fifty miles distant from San Francisco. To reach it by rail and stage, however, we wingless bipeds must travel two hundred and sixty miles, and crawl on the journey many times the number of hours that our two-legged table dainty would require. But there are those who come two thousand six hundred miles and farther than that to see this wonder spot, and we invite our readers in all parts of the United States and Europe to pay a mental visit to it.

As an introduction to this former paradise of the Indian—the mysterious deep valley—let us look back on the course of time and witness the legendary fight that changed alike the name of a tribe and that of the valley. It was an exploit which in a Roman



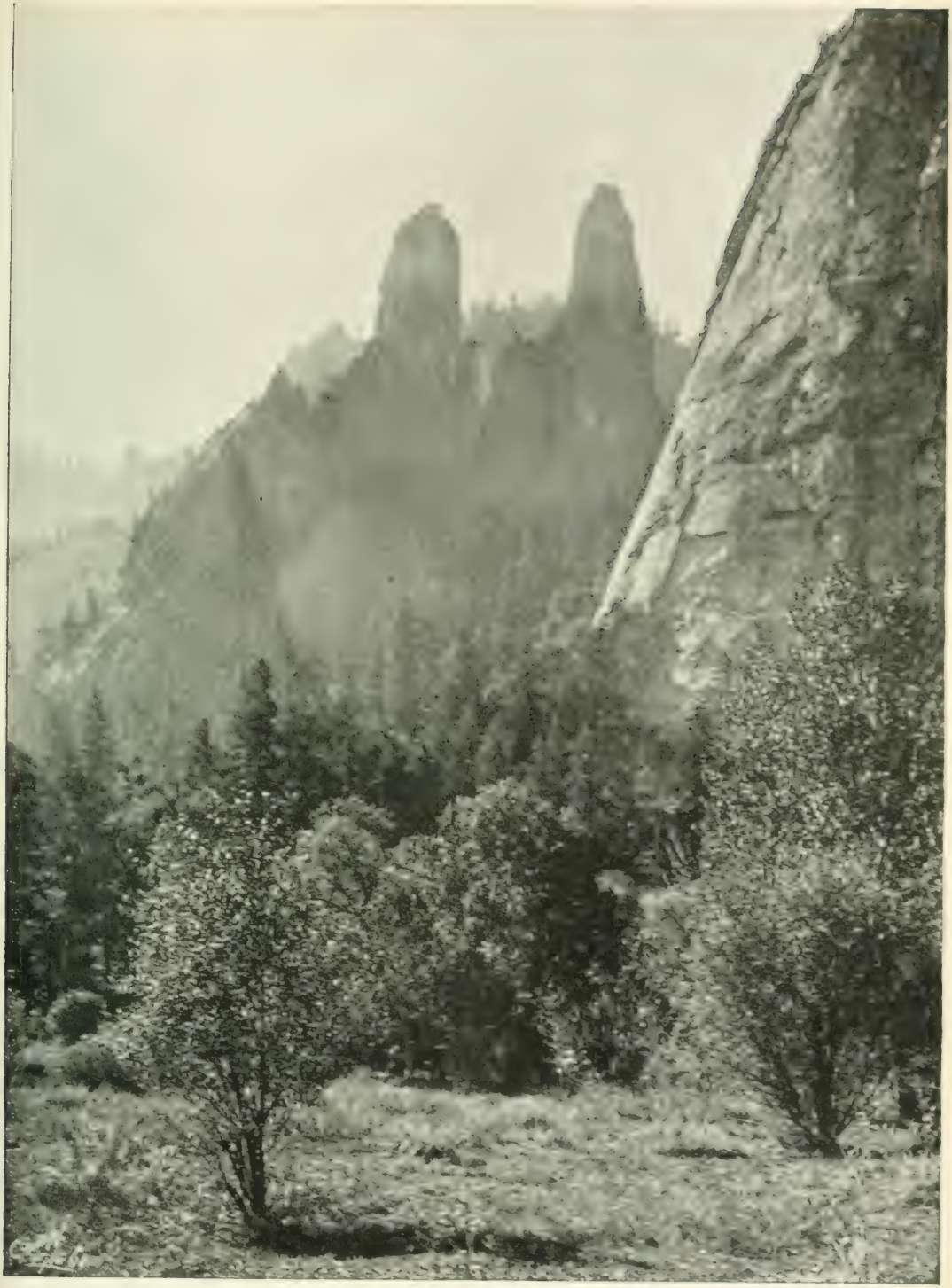
General View of Yosemite Valley from Artist Point

amphitheater would have wrung applause from *morituri* gladiators. In this retrospection we see a young chief of the powerful tribe of the *Ah-wah-nee-chees* winding his way with stately tread among the rocks and boulders to Mirror Lake. He is unarmed, having no other predatory design than the capture of a few trout. Suddenly he is confronted by a full-grown grizzly bear. But the descendant of *Ah-wah-nee* scorns to yield to the monster's imperious claim to right of road, and seizing the dried limb of a tree, storm-torn from its parent stem, does fierce battle with the beast. Little recking of wounds received from the flesh-tearing claws with blow after blow he batters out the grizzly's eyes, and the victory is his. We hear his tribe greet him for his dauntless courage with the proud title of *Yo Sem-i-tee*, the great or full-grown grizzly bear. On our pathway back from the misty land of tradition we find musty records of his children and his children's children bearing the same name until the whole tribe assumes it as a mark of superiority over all other Indian clans.

California is indebted for the preservation of this euphonious and commemorative name to Dr. L. A. Bunnell who has supplied the *Clio* of the Pacific Coast with a truthful account of the discovery of the valley by white men. He accompanied the expedition that first entered it and without giving minute details suffice it to say that the Indians of the Sierra, determined to repel the gold diggers whose encroachments alarmed them, committed numerous murders and robberies during the latter part of 1850. These outrages caused the formation of what was called the Mariposa Battalion, composed of volunteers and assigned by Governor McDougall to keep in subjection the Indian tribes on the east of the San Joaquin Valley. About March 21st, 1851, this command under Major Savage entered what was known as the "Mysterious Deep Valley" the vaunted stronghold of the *Yosemites* who boasted that if their white foes ever entered it they would be coralled like a band of mules or horses.

Ten-ie-ya was their aged chief, and long did he and his people guard against the discovery of the entrance to their valley home. The chief himself declared, when the discovery was accomplished, that he had "made war upon the white gold-diggers to drive them from the mountains and prevent their entrance into *Ah-wah-nee.*" But these same gold-diggers determined to bring the Indians into reservations, marched under the guidance of a friendly Indian in search of the mountain fastnesses of the turbulent bands. As the command approached the cañon, the aged Ten-ie-ya tried by concilation to save his valley from intrusion and his tribe from annihilation. A great "medicine man," an old friend of his father, had warned him that when the horsemen of the lowlands entered *Ah-wah-nee*, his tribe would be destroyed. So war having failed, he approached the invader and promised that his people would come forth from their mysterious abode. But he could not avert the doom pronounced by the old "medicine man." The invaders continued their march. White men rode into the deep valley. The doom pronounced by the old "medicine man" was quickly fulfilled, and in the summer of 1853, Ten-ie-ya and his tribe were no more.

But it was not the white man's doing; their extinction was accomplished by a retaliatory act of vengeance. Ten-ie-ya, after having remained for some time on the reservation to which he and his tribe were removed, was allowed under a solemn promise of good behavior, to return with his family to his old home. Other Yosemites soon stole away and followed them. Then they resumed their predatory and murderous propensities, and late in May, 1852, killed two men, members of a party of five prospectors who had entered the valley. A detachment of regular



The Cathedral Spires, Yosemite

troops was sent against them, but Ten-ie-ya and all but five of his band escaped and sought refuge among the Monos who extended to them hospitality and shelter. No fear of punishment, however, no dread of the white man's vengeance could keep them long from their loved home in the Deep Valley. Thither they returned and shortly afterward, with base ingratitude, made a raid into the country of the Monos, capturing and driving off a band of horses. Erinys soon followed them. Like sleuth hounds the wronged Monos tracked the thieves and fell upon them while torpid with gluttony and feasting on horseflesh. Only eight of Ten-ie-ya's band escaped, the women and children being carried away captives.

When the command came suddenly into full view of the valley from the plateau now called Mount Beatitude, the gaze of every trooper in it was riveted on the stupendous cliff El Capitan, and his mind was staggered at the immensity of rock that reared its summit thirty-three hundred feet above its base. Dr. Bunnell was so impressed with the inexpressible grandeur of the whole scene that his eyes filled with tears under the influence of exalted emotion. And so it is with all those who behold for the first time this wonderful prodigy of nature; the intensity of feeling is overpowering.

That evening round the campfire, at the suggestion of Dr. Bunnell, the question of naming the valley was discussed, and many names, foreign, romantic and scriptural were proposed. The doctor, however, with better taste, pleaded well in favor of retaining the Indian word *Yosemite*, which was adopted when the question was put to the vote.

Such is a brief account of the first entrance by white men into the Valley of Yosemite. For several years, however, little was thought and little was said of its marvelous grandeur, and it was not until the visit to it, made in the summer of 1855, by J. M. Hutchins, the editor and publisher of *Hutchin's California Magazine*, that the attention of the public was directed to it. On the return of Mr. Hutchins his enthusiastic description of the sublimity and beauty which he found "materialized in granite," and "crystallized in object forms," aroused curiosity. During the year 1856 two brothers, Milton and Houston Mann completed a trail from the South Fork of the Merced River to the Yosemite, and opened it as a toll trail for the accommodation of visitors, who henceforth kept flocking to this panorama of majestic views.

In the fall of the same year, a pioneer house of primitive construction was commenced by Anderson, Ramsdele, Coward and Walsworth, and finished during the following year by Cunningham and Beardsley, who bought out the interests of the above-named partners. In 1888 a more substantial hotel was erected for S. M. Cunningham, and opened and kept for him by Mr. and Mrs. John S. H. Neal, the first hotel keepers in Yosemite Valley. The first white woman to visit it was Madame Gautier, the landlady of Franklin House, Mariposa. Following in the wake of the above-mentioned early structures was the old Hutchins House, a more commodious building and better supplied with conveniences for the comfort of visitors. These were the unpretentious pioneer erections that marked the advent of the white man at *Ah-wah-nee*, and his introduction of the luxuries of civilized life into the former habitation of the savage grizzly bear, and no less savage aboriginal man. In contrast with these primitive buildings, which have disappeared long ago, are the fine edifices that now-a-days supply visitors with most of the luxuries which modern improvements and refinement have added to the comforts of mankind.

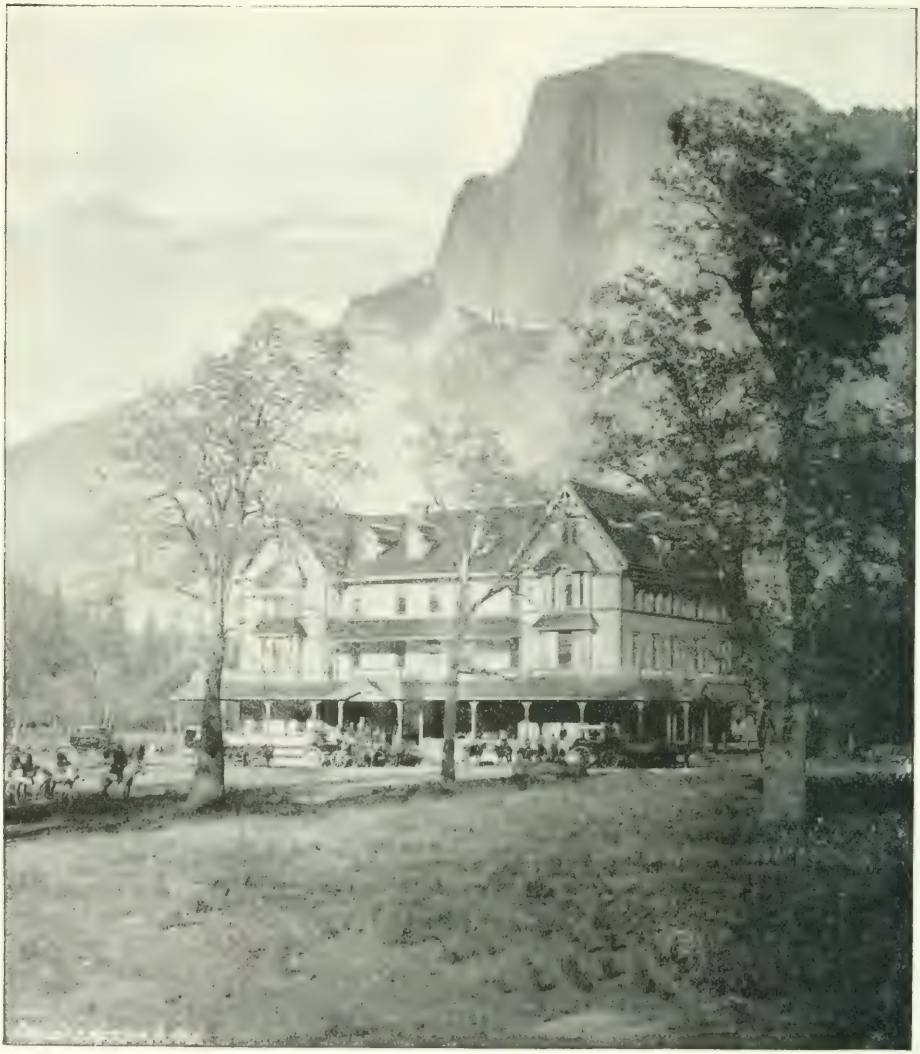
Could we transport ourselves to a seat on the fleecy clouds as they float slowly down the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and linger fondly



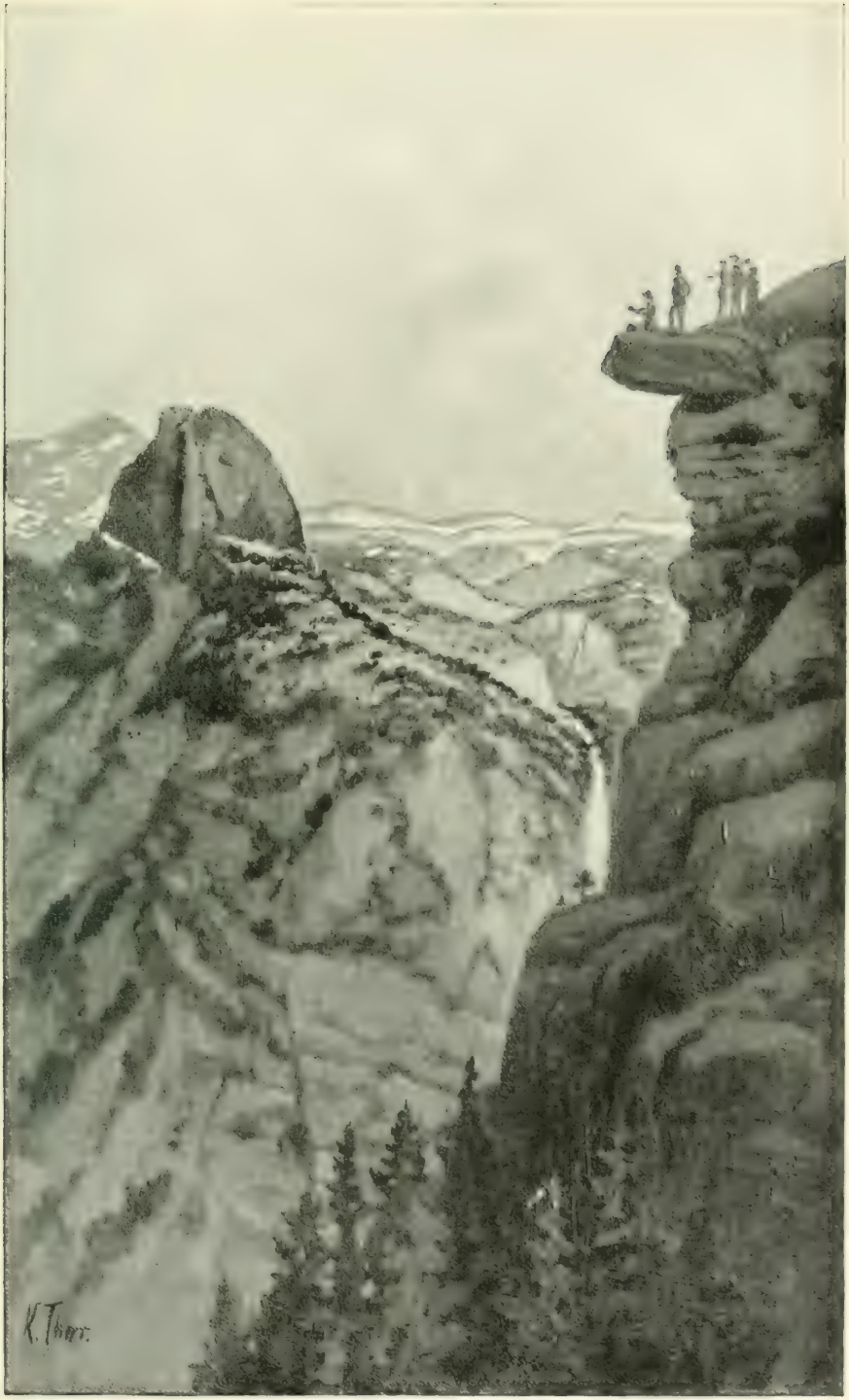
Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite

over the Valley of the Yosemite, from that lofty place of observation we should regard it as a deep and somewhat gloomy looking chasm cut into the Cordilleras and having a mosaic flooring of picturesque but irregular designs and variegated coloring. At the bottom of this abyss, drawn from one end to the other, we should see a glittering, erratic line of silver, fringed with somber green and here and there a glassy mirror set into the level flooring.

But this bird's-eye view reveals nothing of the extraordinary magnificence that greets us when we descend to Earth and enter the valley as ordinary mortals. Following the footsteps of the pioneers of 1851, we are astounded at the heights of the



Stoneman House, Yosemite



Half Dome and Glacier Point Rock, Yosemite Valley

perpendicular walls of pearl gray granite that rise from their bases to elevations varying from three thousand three hundred feet to six thousand feet; at the massiveness and stern individuality of colossal forms, and at the bewildering variety and gracefulness of rocky minarets and spires, domes, gables and battlements that crown the walls, and down these almost vertical cliffs leap numerous waterfalls, making sheer descents of three hundred and fifty feet or two thousand feet; then the bounding waters hurry in cascades onward to another plunge.

The valley is as lovely and beautiful as its setting is grand and awe-inspiring. Solemnity and exaltation of mind are produced by contemplation of the primeval rocks; the views of the fairy valley which they inclose delight the senses and instill joy into the heart. It is a glorious composition of park-like grounds and natural lawns, groves of trees and flowering shrubberies, rich meadow lands and garden patches aglow with bright-colored petals, and through it winds the beautiful Merced, a crystally transparent stream flowing tranquilly along between banks now decked with azaleas and syringas, now over-arched with cedars, silver pines or oaks.

This idyllic spot is about seven miles in length, and varies in width from half to three-quarters of a mile. At one place the measurement greatly exceeds the average width, the distance between Yosemite Fall and The Sentinel being two and a half miles. According to the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., the total area comprises eight thousand four hundred and eighty acres, three thousand one hundred and sixty-nine of which are meadow land. The general trend of the valley is northeast and southwest. There are three entrances to it —two at the lower end and one at the upper, along a tributary of the Merced. Leading to the former, there are seven different routes by rail and stage, all of them branching off from the main trunk line, the Central Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Lathrop.

On entering the Yosemite by the southeast side—the road above proposed—the main grand object that arrests attention is the mighty granite projection, El Capitan, which towers in front of us, a veritable Titanic salient to a Titanic *mural* elevation, and as we ride along we feel our insignificance with those perpendicular cliffs, rugged in face and capped with battlements, looking down upon us. On our right, in contrast with the severity of this imposing embodiment of grandeur and bulk—the type of eternal solidity—is the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall, in whose wavy sheets of spray and gauzy drapery the water sprite would love to sport, decking herself with its rainbow jewelry and folding around her diaphanous form robes of opalescent hues resplendent with the sunbeam's painting touch.

Our road lies principally through woods of lofty pines and firs, and park lands grooved with groups of cedar or of oak. Crystal streams, whose waters have dashed themselves down precipices thousands of feet deep, in order to join the Merced on its course to the parent ocean, occasionally cross our path, gurgling softly in gentle contrast with the uproar of their fall, and scarcely rippling, as though exhausted with the turmoil and struggles of their descent.

Fit crowning to the temple beneath them, almost opposite El Capitan, rise the Cathedral spires from amid a profusion of pinnacles and minarets that adorn the roof; and beyond, to left and right of us, the Three Brothers repose and the Sentinel stands, eternal watchman over the valley and the impregnable castle, in front of which has been, and will be, his post for countless years. And now we catch a glimpse of the upper portion of Yosemite Fall, and a little farther on of North Dome, Royal Arches and



The Sentinel, from the Valley

Washington Tower. The glory of the scenery increases as we advance to the head of the valley. On our right, Glacier Point rock, overlooking an abyss three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet deep, and before us is the mist-robed Cloud's Rest, far away beyond that wonderful mountain rock Half Dome, the loftiest and most sublime pile in the Yosemite.

This last stronghold of Nature, sometimes called South Dome, long defied man's efforts to scale its almost precipitous wall, nor was it until 1875 that its storm-swept summit was trodden by human foot. In the summer of 1869 Mr. Hutchings, with two companions, made a desperate and dangerous effort to climb it, and succeeded in ascending to within four hundred and sixty feet of the top, when their further progress was brought to a standstill by rock presenting an almost vertical face to them, "its surface overlaid and overlapped, so to speak, with vast circular granite shingles about eighteen inches in thickness." Other attempts were made with similar want of success; but on October 12th, 1875, George G. Anderson, a young Scotchman, stood on the defiant Dome's summit, the first human being to tread upon its granite crown.

The accomplishment of this daring feat was the result of patient courage, unflinching nerve and untiring perseverance. Having tried in vain to scale the height with boots and without them, in stocking feet and barefooted, Anderson adopted the plan of drilling holes in the rock and therein fixing iron eye-bolts to which he fastened a stout rope. As he drilled each hole the pins below him were his only foothold during the greater part of his perilous ascent. After the intrepid Scotchman had shown the way and provided comparative safety by attaching a strong rope to the eye-bolts all the way to the summit, others followed and a few days after his achievement Miss S. L. Dutcher of San Francisco had the courage to make the ascent and win the distinction of being the first of her sex to look down upon the Valley of the Yosemite from the top of the half dome. Other ladies have since followed her example. The summit of this magnificent child of the Sierra contains an area of over ten acres, raised nearly five thousand feet above its base, and the view from this commanding position is the climax of scenic grandeur in the Yosemite.

Having arrived at the head of the valley we find three smaller ones converging into it; these are called respectively Tenaya, Merced and Illillouette Cañons, the first entering the main valley from the northeast and the last from the southeast, the Merced Cañon, or Little Yosemite Valley as it is indifferently designated, opening intermediately between them. The Illillouette Cañon, also, is known by other names, to wit: the South Cañon and the Tu-lu-la-wi-ak Cañon. These upper branches, so to speak, of the Yosemite are especially beautiful for their entrancing variety of scenery. Here are to be seen many of the unrivaled waterfalls that add so much to the fame of *Ah-wah-nee*. Here, too, lies Mirror Lake, that marvelous exhibitor of aqueous reflection of the rays of light; and here reclines that independent, isolated mass, bold in its outlines and strong in its individuality, the Cap of Liberty. But we must visit each vale singly, in order to rightly judge of their respective merits as scene contributors.

Following the stony path once trodden by the *Ah-wah-nee-chee* chief, who gained for himself and tribe the name of *Yosemite*, we arrive at Mirror Lake, the exquisite beauty of which and the majestic grandeur of its surroundings raise admiration to the highest pitch. Fringed with graceful arborage and flowering shrubs reflecting on its ruffled surface the mighty forms that close it in, blending its loveliness with their austere sublimity, this enchanting spot would entice the Naiads and Dryads of ancient lore to



El Capitan, Yosemite

make it their favorite haunt. Looking up the deep gorge, down which, leaping from rock to rock, gliding by crags, seething and heaving and humming, the waters of Tenaya Creek skurry onward to find peace in the bosom of the lake, we behold Mt. Watkins with his summit four thousand feet above us. To the right of him towers Cloud's Rest, two thousand feet still higher, while directly east of us the Half Dome, a moiety of his huge mass split off and scattered below in cyclopean fragments by some convulsive throe of nature, defiantly raises his proud head.

Rapt into ecstasy by the glories of the place, sing some pleasing strain, some poet's song, and the echoes will repeat it over and over again to you, now in soft, musical whispers, now in tones of louder harmony, until the rocks are vocal with melody, and you could fancy that fairy choristers have taken up your song in symphony.

Leaving this romantic spot, we will follow the trail leading up the north side of the Merced River, and enter the Little Yosemite Valley. Having skirted the base of Grizzly Peak, we presently arrive at the Vernal Fall, a perpendicular sheet of water about eighty feet wide at the top with a vertical length of four hundred feet at an average stage of the water. As the stream that forms it strikes the granite basin at the foot of the fall, clouds and waves of spray roll up and forth, glorious with evanescent rainbows that come and go with the surging mist billows.

Our progress now is upward by a sinuous trail, leading over a steep hill some eight hundred feet high, on arriving on the top of which we are rewarded by a scene of imposing attractiveness. It is the picture presented by the Cap of Liberty and the Nevada Fall in combination. The Cap of Liberty, which in boldness of outline and dignity of repose is considered by many as second only to El Capitan, rises, an isolated mass of rock, eighteen hundred feet above its elevated base; and from its summit, by those who care to struggle up its almost inaccessible side, a magnificent and extensive view is obtained. Prominent features of the Yosemite are visible on all sides; the tops of El Capitan and The Sentinel, Glacier Point, Yosemite Fall and Grizzly Peak, Half Dome and Cloud's Rest, with many another production of Nature's handiwork.

And grand among these grand objects is the Nevada Fall. Here the whole body of the Merced River plunges down through the air six hundred feet, with a roaring and a rolling up of volumes of snowy spray and surging billows of white foam as it strikes the pool below. Says Prof. J. D. Whitney: "The Nevada Fall is, in every respect, one of the grandest waterfalls in the world; whether we consider its vertical height, the purity and volume of the river which forms it, or the stupendous scenery by which it is environed." The Merced, after taking this tremendous leap, rushes impetuously, madly on down the Diamond Cascades, tossing up glittering jewels in its wild career, thence with reckless speed it hurries along the Silver Apron into the Emerald Pool. And so down cataracts and rapids, along sloping chutes, swashing through deep narrow channels, past opposing rocks and bowlders, the irresistible river hastes onward to the smooth, peaceful valley below, where it slackens its headlong speed and restingly flows on with gentle current. Its noisy clamor is hushed into low murmuring cadences; its seething broken waves subside into smiling ripples, and it reverentially moves slowly on its way as if subdued and over-awed by the frowning forms and mighty crests which look down on its sinuous course.

At the mouth of the South Cañon is the Tu-tu-la-eri-ak Fall, four hundred feet high. Of this gorge, we gain a splendid view from Glacier Point; we have, too, from this lofty standpoint, a view which none but those of



Nevada Falls, Yosemite

the steadiest nerve can indulge in without shuddering and experiencing a dizziness of brain. On the edge of an abyss three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet deep, we look down upon the upper portion of the Yosemite Valley. Seen from that great height, immense trees shrink into insignificance, large dwellings are dwindled to the size of match-boxes, and Mirror Lake seems but a bright fountain-basin in the deep Tenaya Cañon. Speaking of his own experience on Glacier Point, Derrick Dodd, the humorist, remarks: "It is something to stop the beatings of a chamois' heart to * * * glance down into the bottomless, awful gulf below. It causes spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine."

The loftiness, picturesqueness, number and variety of the waterfalls constitute a principal feature in this wonderful physical combination of the vast and immovable with beauty and motion, of sublime dignity and awful severity with smiling loveliness and charms of winning grace. During the period of the rains and as long as the melting snow continues to contribute a liberal supply of water, the number of the Yosemite waterfalls is considerable. As the summer advances and the aqueous supply becomes exhausted, many of them disappear entirely, and others, which made a pretentious show during the rainy months, are reduced to mere fluvial threads, which the winds make laughing-stocks of and dissipate in fleecy mists before they can reach the valley.

Fed mainly by the melting snows of the Sierras around Mt. Hoffman, the Yosemite Fall is well supplied with water during the whole summer, although the volume diminishes as the season advances. The stream which forms this glorious ornament of the valley leaps into it from on high more than two thousand five hundred feet; not in a single bound, but in three successive dashes, designated as the Upper, Middle and Lower Falls. The Upper Fall has a sheer descent of about one thousand five hundred feet; the Middle, six hundred and twenty-six feet, including the Cascades, and the Lower, four hundred feet. As we approach Yosemite Fall, we realize to a full extent its magnitude and grandness; its resistless force and merciless strength; its overwhelming splendor and beauty; and its imperviousness and indifference to opposition. To appreciate this avalanche of water, spray and mist, and the awfulness of the dark, overhanging walls of granite, between which it charges, we must stand at the foot of the Lower Fall.

Though waterfalls still thunder as they dash themselves into the cauldrons below, or gently sing while trickling down the granite walls, though the eternal rocks still tower above the recumbent valley as they did when Ten-ei-ya had his retreat there; yet could that chief revisit his former home, so anxiously kept from the knowledge of the white man, his savage heart would crack with grief when he beheld the changes wrought after the occupancy of Yosemite by his civilized foes. Where his band was wont to steal noiselessly along trails, skirting dizzy heights, level and safe roads have been cut in the solid rock, where his wigwams were pitched, scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding woods or talus. Spacious edifices have been reared capable of accommodating hundreds of guests; meadows whereon he pastured his stolen horses have been cultivated and are dotted with orchards and gardens; carriage highways seam the valley, and pleasure boats float on Mirror Lake and the waters of the Merced; and lovers can wander without fear where white prospectors were murdered by the Yosemites.

Yosemite is no longer the inhospitable mountain-fastness that it was of yore. Hotels invite guests with the proffer of comfort and good cheer; livery stables provide carriages for

the indolent and riding horses for the more energetic sight-seer; art studios and photographic galleries afford visitors the opportunity of taking home with them faithful paintings and sun-painted pictures of their favorite scenes, as reminiscences of the feelings they experienced while gazing on the unparalleled grandeurs of Yosemite.

All the other accompaniments of a growing community are found in the revolutionized order of things in *Ah-wah-nee*. There is a general merchandise store and a butcher shop, a pie and pastry shop, a cabinet shop and a blacksmith's shop; children frequent a public school, and the devout attend their chapel; Wells, Fargo & Co. have their agent there, and post and telegraph offices supply ready means of communication with the outside world. The valley of the Great Grizzly Bear has cast off the mantle of seclusion, which for thousands of years concealed its wonders from civilized eye, and has become a world-widely known resort of lovers of Nature from all parts of the earth.



The Domes, from the Merced River

POMPEII

BY J. J. PEATFIELD

EIGHTEEN centuries and a quarter ago on the shore of the most beautiful bay of the Mediterranean stood, busy with life, an ancient town whose origin is lost in the mists and myths of antiquity. Built on an eminence favorable as a vantage-ground against hostile attack, and lying on the verge of the sea with the river Sarnus, then navigable, flowing at no great distance from its south-eastern gate, it was admirably situated both as a commercial town and military station. But, apart from these advantages Pompeii possessed attractions in the beauty of its surrounding scenery and in its delightful neighborhood that drew towards it the luxurious and refined Roman and made it and its vicinity a resort of the wealthy. In its benign and pleasant retreats senators and statesmen and wearied advocates sought repose. There Cicero had a villa ; so also had the emperor Claudius, whose little son, Suetonius tells us, was badly choked there by throwing up a pear and catching it in his mouth. Indeed so glorious was this Italian paradise, so genial its climate, so fertile its soil that the slopes of the treacherously slumbering Vesuvius, five or six miles away, were decked with beautiful villas and the shore line of the bay was fringed with lovely gardens and bright villages all the way to Naples.

But it is the city proper that we propose to see, not its suburban decorations and delights, and we will steal back along "the corridors of time" and visit the ancient city a few years before the date of the catastrophe which destroyed it. Ascending a flight of steps leading from the city at the gate of Herculaneum we find ourselves on the ramparts which consist of an earthen terrace fourteen feet wide sustained by thick walls, the outer one including the parapet, being twenty-five feet high and the inner one still higher by several feet. Both walls are capped with battlements and square towers are erected on them at irregular intervals. Strong stone buttresses, built at suitable distances apart, support the walls against the lateral pressure of the earthen rampart. As we make the circuit of these defenses we observe that sharp angles are avoided, the base line for the greater part being curvilinear and in its general figure similar to the longitudinal section of an egg, one sharp angle only occurring and that at the apex. They are pierced by seven gateways, the most important of which is the one just mentioned. It is guarded by two sets of gates so that assailants, if they gained the first doors could be attacked from an opening in the arched roof above them and be destroyed before they could force the second set. This gateway in its arrangements is not unlike some of the gateways of old London wall with its large central arched entrance and two small side entrances for the accommodation of foot passengers. The main entrance is fourteen feet seven inches wide and eighteen or twenty feet in height, the smaller ones are four feet six inches wide and ten feet high and unlike the central one are arched along their entire length.

Starting in an easterly direction and making the circuit of the whole line of the ramparts we successively pass over the gateways opening on to the roads leading to Vesuvius, Capua, Nola, Sarnus, Nuceria and Stabiæ, and designated by those names, those of Nola and Stabiæ being of greater antiquity than the rest which are of

more recent Roman construction. As we gradually turn northward along the southwestern portion of the wall we come to an eighth entrance into the city which we will call the Sea Gate. It consists of a long vaulted passage which leads up a steep ascent towards the forum. These mural defenses are not all of the same age, the towers and some portions of the wall being of much later date than the original parts of the structure. The unrestored parts are built of large well hewn pieces of stone fitted together without mortar and exhibiting their antiquity by presenting few vertical lines. The battlements and upper portions of the walls display a more advanced knowledge of architecture, the regular masonry of the Greeks having been adopted in their construction.

Having arrived again at the Herculaneum gate we have made a circuit of nearly two miles, the walls inclosing an area of about one hundred and sixty-one acres, the greatest length of which is little over three-quarters of a mile and its greatest breadth less than half a mile—not an extensive site for a populous town, but variously estimated at having domiciled from twenty thousand to forty thousand inhabitants.

Descending the flight of ten steps, which we find most inconveniently high, we enter one of the principal thoroughfares, a narrow, crooked and irregular street, in places not exceeding twelve and fourteen feet including a raised causeway on each side for foot passengers. On the right we pass the house of a musician and imagine we can hear him giving instructions to his pupils and catch the sound of their flutes; to the left is a thermopolium or shop where hot drinks are sold. The raised causeways are thronged with people passing to and fro, for this is one of the principal ways leading to the forum, the business centre of Pompeii, the resort of pleasure-seekers and idlers, of traders and professional men. Passing on our way a public fountain distant about three hundred



General View, Showing Vesuvius

yards from the gate, we find that the street which we are following divides into two branches, and turning to the left we reach the forum which is situated four hundred yards from the Herculaneum gate.

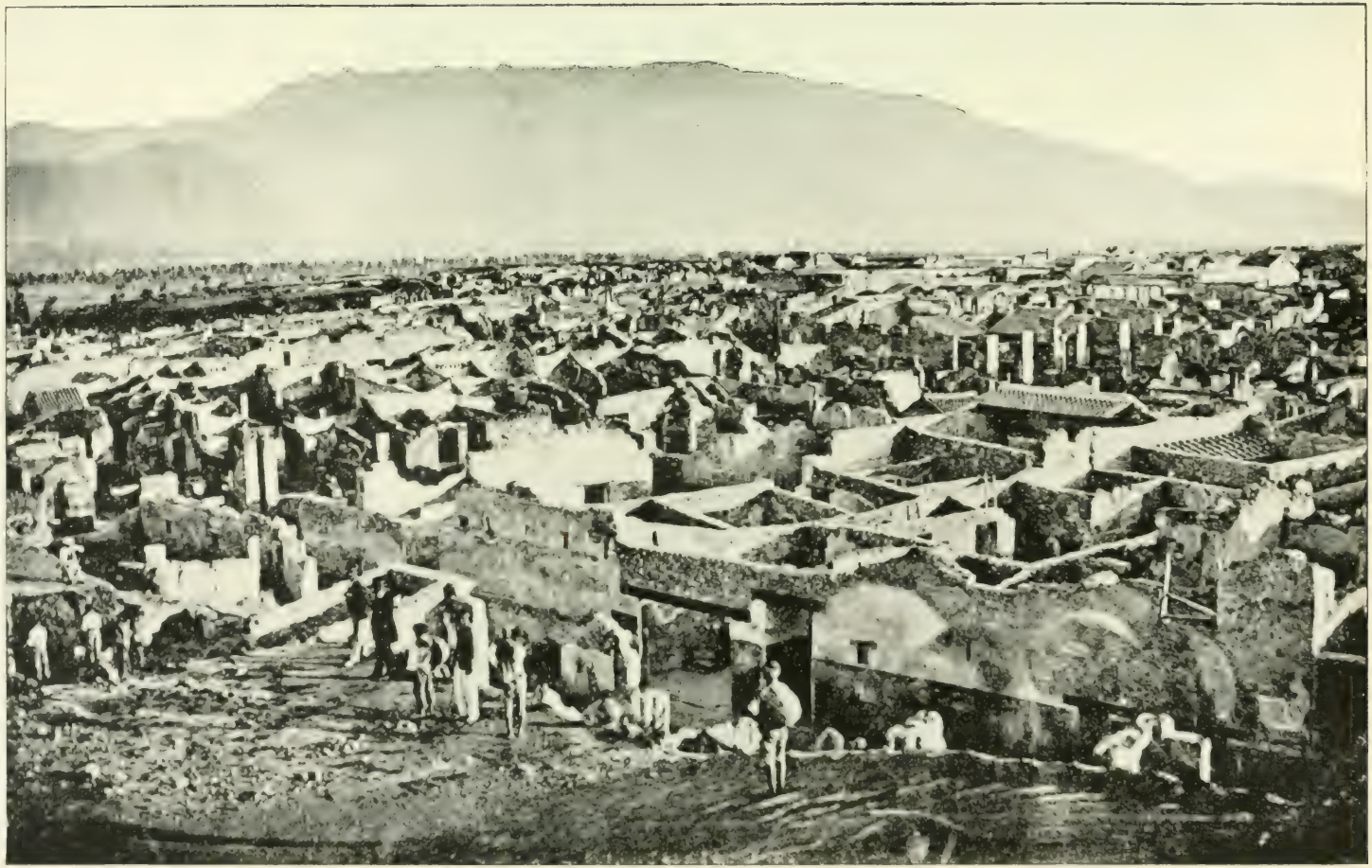
It is a spacious inclosure one hundred and sixty yards in length and thirty-five yards in breadth, and with its porticos which flank it on three sides, occupies an area five hundred and twenty-four feet long and one hundred and forty feet wide. Its porticos are surmounted by a gallery and it is surrounded by splendid public buildings. On its east side stands the Pantheon or temple of the twelve principal gods; the Curia, or senate-house, where the town council holds its meetings; the temple of Mercury; and the public building erected by Eumachia, the priestess. On the west side is the Basilica, or court of justice, the largest structure in Pompeii, two hundred and twenty feet long by eighty feet wide, and next to it the temple of Venus, the finest edifice of its class in size and beauty to be found in the city. At the north end of the forum stands the magnificent temple of Jupiter and at the northeast corner are the public granaries and the prisons. On the northwestern corner spacious baths are situated.

This quarter of the city constitutes the focus of active life, for hither gravitate all grades of society, from the devout worshiper with his pious offerings to the gods to the cheating trader who woos the favor of Mercury with ill-gotten gifts; from the prætor on his tribunal to the captive in the dungeon; from the talented advocate to the frivolous lounger; from the wealthy, proud patrician to the low-born beggar of alms. In that spacious meeting-place, the forum, the people deliberate on public affairs, political contests are decided, and orators deliver their harangues, in its gallery the public revenue is administered, and under its porticos numerous traders ply their business, and money-changers keep their stalls, while crowds of idlers and lookers-on add to the throng and the tumult.

Leaving this centre of activity and movement we proceed to wander through the town, the general plan of which we find to have been regularly laid out, most of the streets being straight and generally intersecting each other at right angles. They are of different widths, varying from eight or nine feet to about twenty-two feet; the broadest we traverse is not thirty feet wide. These widths include the raised footpaths, invariably constructed on each side, and in places are so narrow that one can stride from one causeway to the other. In the wider streets raised stepping-stones are placed in the middle for the convenience of pedestrians—very necessary accommodations during the season of the winter rains, when the carriageways flow with torrents of water. We notice, too, that these raised stones cause little inconvenience to the drivers of the ancient biga, or two-horse chariot, the wheels of which pass freely between them and the curb-stones.

The streets are paved with large polygonal blocks of hard, basaltic lava, and we stand for a few minutes and watch workmen repairing a pavement by fitting pieces of iron into holes that had been worn in it at the jointure of several angular points of the lava. In a similar manner the raised footpaths are paved, though the wider ones are generally covered with stucco and occasionally with a coarse mosaic of brickwork.

As we pass from street to street we find little of the external magnificence we had noticed in the public buildings grouped around the forum. The houses are squat and low, rarely exceeding two stories, and present to the street for the most part bare, blank walls pierced on the upper stories only by small, insignificant windows, some of which are glazed with glass, others closed with wooden shutters. As we ramble on, the town seems to us a gloomy one in the



Bird's-Eye View of the Ruins of Pompeii

greater portion of it, with its narrow thoroughfares closed in by dead walls plastered or painted in different colors according to the taste of the owners, and we find relief from the monotony of the aspect when we enter streets where the residences of the wealthy and dwellings of the principal inhabitants are situated; for the fronts of these houses are occupied by shops, sometimes so numerous as to form a continuous row.

They are queer little places these shops of the Pompeiians, and few of them have communication with the mansions or public buildings to which they belong. They seem mere indentures into the main buildings. Most of them have a small apartment in the rear, and many of them an upper room used as a bedchamber. Insignificant as they seem to us they enliven the scene, and we mark the numerous signs that decorate their fronts and indicate the trade carried on within. Here we stop and look at a colored terra-cotta bas-relief representing two men carrying a wine jar and do not doubt that we are in front of a wine-shop; there, across the street, we observe a sign with a painted goat on it as the indicator and regard it as suggestive of milk and cheeses. But such signs are not confined to trade only, for in another street, which passes by the baths near the forum, we notice a rude painting of two persons fighting while their teacher looks on holding a laurel wreath, and we know thereby that we are at the establishment of an instructor in arms, or keeper of gladiators. The landlord of the Elephant Inn displays a painted representation of that animal as his sign.



Excavation in Progress

Presently we enter a small street which we will call the Street of Lupanar, and before us are the Great Baths, or Thermæ Stabianæ. Here an agreeable interruption to the dull, gloomy appearance of the thoroughfares we have just passed through greets us. We have found another quarter where liveliness, movement



House of Diomedes

and excitement arouse energy and interest. A row of shops, interrupted only by the two entrances to the baths, extends along the whole of the western and southern sides of the structure, and the owners are busy with their customers who almost jostle each other on the narrow causeway. The hum of traffic and the human voice strikes pleasantly on the ear, while the costumes of a bygone people, the painted walls and signs, the quaint stalls, and places where hot fancy drinks are sold; there are oil shops, paint shops and color factories; fullers and tanners and dyers have their yards, and saddle and harnessmakers their workshops. We can buy glassware and bronzeware, fishing nets and weights and scales to weigh our fish with; inkstands, bells, locks and hinges; single or double-wicked lamps of bronze or earthenware; cooking utensils of every description;



House of the Tragic Poet

little salerooms and workshops, in such diminutive contrast with the great stores and factories of modern times, fascinate us. All is so new to us and yet so old.

And what a variety of articles and objects are manufactured, bought and sold, in these Pompeiian cells of industry and trade! There are cook-shops, and shops where fruits dried and fruits preserved in glass jars are sold; there are flour mills and bakeries and pastry vases, plates and dishes, and cash-boxes to keep our money in. These have narrow slits in them to conveniently deposit the coins and yet prevent extraction of them by petty filchers. Silversmiths and jewelers have their workshops and sculptors and painters their studios. What an apocalyptic chapter in the history of a past people's occupations and habits of life do we find in this visit to Pompeii!



House of the Great Balcony Fountain

Having taken this cursory glimpse at Pompeii with regard to the external appearance of the town before its destruction, let us visit a few of the ruins and see what their disentombment reveals to us.

First we will enter the baths last mentioned, for they constitute the most spacious and most beautifully decorated public establishment of the kind in Pompeii. Turning out of the street of Lupinar into that of Holcomus, we arrive at the principal entrance, and, passing through the vestibule, we enter a large quadrangular court, surrounded by a portico supported by pillars. This enclosure, forty yards long by twenty yards wide, served as a gymnasium for athletic games and exercises. On its south side there are only the painted walls that closed in the shops on the street of Holconius, but on the west is the large *natatio* or swimming bath, with a spacious apartment at each end used by the bathers as dressing-rooms. These apartments are highly decorated with paintings, and immediately in rear of the one at the south end of the bath is the *destrictarium*, where the operation of preparing for the bath those who had been engaged in exercising in the *palæstra* was performed. This consisted in scraping off the body the perspiration and the oil and sand used by athletes in their games. The outside walls of these apartments are ornamented with paintings and fantastic and other designs in stucco.

On the east side are the more luxurious baths, so much indulged in by the ancient Italians. Here we see the *frigidarium*, the *tepidarium* and the *caldarium*, the cold, tepid and hot baths, with their appurtenances of furnaces, boilers and water pipes, with the sweating-room and dressing-room, and all the utensils and furniture requisite for this elaborate lavatory. As we pass from bath to bath and from apartment to apartment, the remains reveal to us relics of marble or mosaic floors, the architectural adornments



Cast of Human Body taken from the Ruins of Pompeii

and the paintings that ornamented the walls. On the north side of the *palæstra* are the women's baths, which were not so profusely decorated as those appropriated to the use of the male sex.

Leaving the baths by the entrance from the Street of Stabiæ, we follow that road southward, and in a few hundred yards arrive at the theaters. There are two of these structures situated close together, the larger one capable of seating five thousand spectators, the other hardly having accommodation for one-third of that number. The first is formed on the slope of a hill, and was entered from above through a large open-arched corridor that surrounded the whole *cavea*. It was entirely faced with marble, the benches, orchestra, stage, and the permanent scene, with all its ornaments, being of that material. Like all principal theaters of ancient Italy, this place of amusement was open to the sky, though an awning was stretched over it for the protection of the spectators against the sun or rain. The smaller theater was a remarkable exception to this rule, being provided with a permanent roof, which is supposed to have been of wood.

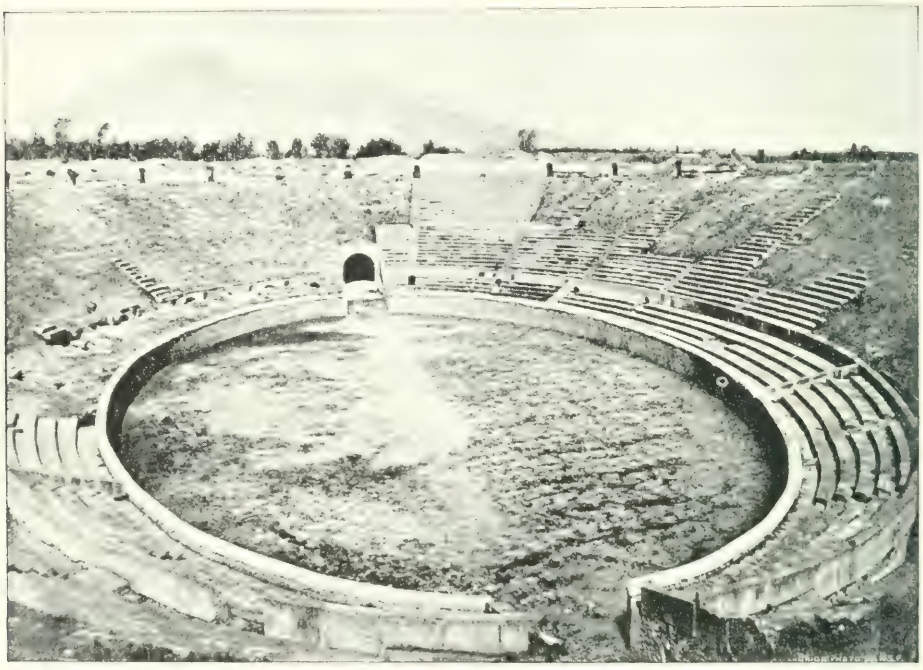
Behind the large theater is the School of the Gladiators, a rectangular enclosure, one hundred and eighty-three feet long by one hundred and forty-eight feet wide, surrounded by a colonnade and portico, around which are the sleeping quarters of the soldiers or gladiators, who once trained within that ancient structure. As only weapons and accoutrements of gladiators and no soldier's arms have been found in the ruins of this building, it is generally conceded that it was used as a training school for gladiators, and not as a soldier's barracks, as was supposed when it was first excavated in 1776 and several following years. The lodgings above



Cast of a Dog taken from the Ruins of Pompeii

mentioned have an upper story, making the number of the rooms sixty-six in all. The upper story has been restored in one of the angles, as will be seen by referring to the illustration.

Five hundred yards away, in the southeastern angle of the city wall, stands the amphitheater where human beings were compelled to fight for the amusement of spectators who loved to gloat their eyes on exhibitions of bloodshed, and where combats took place between wild beasts, or between



Amphitheatre

beasts and men, when some aspirant for popularity courted favor by indulging the public in their taste for cruel sights and deeds.

This great circus is oval in form, its greatest length being four hundred and thirty feet, and its breadth at the widest part three hundred and thirty-five feet. With its twenty-four rows of seats, to which the spectators were admitted by tickets, it afforded sitting-room for ten thousand persons, while on crowded occasions there was standing-room for many more. At each end of the ellipse was an entrance into the arena, through which marched those who were about to die or conquer. Through other openings the wild beasts, whose dens were constructed under the slope on which the people sat, rushed upon their victims.

We will visit one more public building before seeing the interior of private houses. It is an edifice that has greatly perplexed antiquarians, and has already been alluded to as the Pantheon, a name applied to it when first discovered. The reason for that was the finding of twelve stone pedestals placed in a circle round an altar in the center of the area, which was one hundred and twenty feet long by ninety feet wide. These pedestals were supposed to have supported statues of the twelve superior gods, the *Dii Magni*, whence the name ascribed to the building. This idea, however, is now almost universally re-



School of the Gladiators

jected, and the more probable theory that the edifice was dedicated to the worship of Augustus and the use of his priests, the Augustals, is pretty generally accepted. Augustus, it is known, was the object of great veneration at Pompeii, and the paintings on the walls and the statues of the imperial family support the supposition that the place was consecrated to him. The statue of Livia, his wife, is remarkable for the skillful execution of the drapery, and is one of the best that has been found at Pompeii. Those who reject the idea that this temple was a Pantheon conjecture that the twelve square posts were not pedestals for statues, but bases for pillars supporting a circular building.

Of all the private buildings that have been unearthed at Pompeii, not one surpasses in interest, extent and display of luxury the suburban villa, known as the house of Diomedes. This stately mansion was built on the slope of a hill just outside the gate of Herculaneum in the street of the Tombs, and received its name from a sepulchre situated directly in front of it, which bore the name of M. Arrius Diomedes. Who its possessor was is unknown, but that he was a man of wealth, luxury and refined taste, the ruins of his magnificent villa prove. Nothing that could contribute to a life of elegant ease and enjoyment was wanting in that beautiful country abode. It had its gardens and terraces and ornamented porticos, its courts and fountains, its corridors and trellises. Its halls and chambers, its numerous apartments, decorated with beautiful frescoes and architectural designs, its marble and mosaic floors, its bathrooms, subterranean galleries, and cool cellars with wine jars in them, proclaim it to have been the residence of an opulent family surrounded by everything that could make existence happy; but the dark and terrible day arrived and they all perished. When the vaults were excavated, the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, of a boy, and of an infant were found. They were huddled together and beside them lay women's jewelry, bracelets of gold and rings with gems in them. Near one of the garden gates two other skeletons were found. Near one of them lay about one hundred gold and silver coins, near the other silver vases. The excavations of this house were carried on during the years 1772–4, and as the work proceeded ten more skeletons were exhumed in or near the house. So great a mortality in a single ruin would seem to indicate that the whole household perished, master and wife, and children and slaves.

In the limited space of a magazine article, it is impossible to give any other than a general idea of such a building as the one just described, and it would be equally out of place to make mention of more than a very few of the numerous private dwellings that have been unearthed, exceeding as they do, three hundred in number, and making us acquainted with the abodes of all classes of people. In general plan and arrangement the houses of Pompeii, with the exception of those of the humblest class, exhibit great similarity. The principal living rooms were all on the ground floor, the upper story being consigned to the slaves. The apartments below were grouped round an *atrium* or rectangular hall, which was almost always open to the sky, and in the better houses generally surrounded by columns. Into this hall opened the rooms, the entrances to which seem to have been only closed with curtains.

Worthy of mention is the house of the Tragic Poet, which was excavated in 1824. It is conspicuous for the great number and beauty of the paintings with which it is adorned. In size it is not large as compared with some others, but its owner was a man of refined taste and cultivation. Some of the magnificent frescoes that covered the walls have been removed to the Museum at Naples, the rest have perished.



House of Centenius Rufus. Excavated in 1824

In the *atrium* of the building called the house of the Great Balcony there is an extremely pretty fountain. The house is a small one and received its name from the balcony which projects several feet over the narrow lane in which the building is situated.

The names by which the houses in Pompeii are designated are either fanciful or have been arbitrarily given. Where a house has been distinguished by giving it an owner's name, the grounds for so doing rest upon no good authority. This is not the case with the house of Cornelius Rufus, which is a remarkable exception in this respect. It is a handsome building and at the left hand far corner of the *atrium* is a marble bust of the owner, large as life, finely executed and having his name inscribed beneath it.



Temple of Augustus, or Pantheon

The excavations at Pompeii, which have so extensively enlarged our knowledge of the occupations and modes of life of the ancient Italians have been carried on for more than a hundred years, and there is no doubt that all the most important portions of the town have been examined. There is positive evidence that after the destruction of the city on August 23d, A. D. 79, searches for treasure, etc., were carried on for many years; but in time its site and even name seem to have been forgotten, and it was not until 1748 that it was discovered. In that year Don Rocco Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, was employed to examine a subterranean canal that had actually been cut under the site of the ruins at the close of the sixteenth century. From the time of Albucierré's discovery the excavation has been carried on with alternate spasms of energy and fits of indifference. This irregular and ill-conducted work, carried on without definite plan, and having for its only aim the finding of objects of value for the Royal Museum, was disastrous to the preservation of architectural and other details in buildings. It was not until the appointment of Signor Giuseppe Fiorelli as director of the excavations, after the establishment of Victor Emmanuel's authority in Naples that

a proper system was put in operation. This distinguished scholar and antiquary adopted the plan of restoration without removing a single stone or fragment of brickwork from its place. When charred wood is discovered sound wood is put in its stead, and as the volcanic deposits are carefully removed, every piece of masonry is kept in its place by props.

To Signor Fiorellis' ingenuity we are, moreover, indebted for the preservation of other evidences of the destroying volcano's work. The destruction of Pompeii was not caused by a flood of molten lava; the high position of the town protected it from that fate; it was submerged beneath a shower of pumicestones and ashes and a deluge of liquid mud, which penetrated cellars and places which dry cinders could not have reached. This volcanic mud enveloped the objects over which it flowed with a mold of plaster, which, drying and hardening, retained the forms of human and animal bodies that had been surrounded by it and had afterward decayed. The idea occurred to Signor Fiorelli of pouring liquid plaster into the cavities thus formed in the hardened volcanic paste. His experiment was tried and proved successful. The casts of numerous human beings have been taken, and a ghastly collection of these records of death's most horrible doings has been made. These casts are painful to look upon, and the stories that they mutely tell are touching in the extreme. The last struggle and the final agony, the gestures of despair and the convulsive contortions accompanying death by suffocation are all faithfully depicted. Some of these casts are especially interesting, exhibiting the texture of garments and the fashions and class distinctions in dress. Casts of many animals have also been taken.

The number of persons who perished is not considered to have been large, though nothing approaching an accurate estimate can be formed. It seems that most of the inhabitants escaped, and the bodies that have been found were generally those of persons who had fled to their cellars for safety and been there imprisoned and suffocated.

A flood of light has been thrown upon the manners and customs of ancient life in Italy by the excavations at Pompeii, while the knowledge of ancient painting derived thereby exceeds that obtained from all other sources. The profusion of ornamental works and objects in bronze and the elegance of design displayed in that second-rate provincial town excite the utmost admiration, but the frescoes and paintings have produced a still higher impression. When Vesuvius buried Pompeii in ashes, the volcano constructed a hidden magazine of knowledge for the use of future ages.



AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR

A LADY'S JOURNAL

(Commenced in January number)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

AS I look down the vista of all these years that have gone it is hard to realize the isolation of Tortugas life; the heat continuous for six months and more at a time; the mosquitoes—a pest that at times tested our amiability to the utmost, obliging us to sit under tents of netting.

Added to all this there were times when the living was so deplorable, our appetites failed, and a Barmecide feast was always before us.

We studied the cook books for receipts that were only an aggravation, with the energy of despair.

The only variety in our walks was around the seawall or on the ramparts, where the sky for nearly eight months in the year was one grand, burnished dome, that met the seemingly illimitable sea in all directions, reflecting millions of rays of heat that took our strength and courage.

Yet, with all this, there was little complaint; I think all were heroic, and deserved more praise and credit for endurance than was ever received, for very much was enjoyed socially, and the residents of the islands did not grow weary of each other.

The last of March the steamer *Erickson* came in and ran aground, having on board the remainder of the One Hundred and Tenth New York Regiment already on the island, and fifty-seven additional prisoners.

Pleasant weather continued into April; the nights were cool and the days not too warm for exercise; we now had our first thunder storm, which was a sign of summer. About the middle of the month I accepted an invitation from Mrs. W—— to visit them as they were to leave Key West for the North the first of May.

The enjoyment is still fresh with me, and we renewed our friendship that had lost none of its tenderness in the days that had intervened, since we watched them sail away out into the night, leaving us alone so many months before.

The time was filled with riding and meeting our friends who came to see us.

Admiral Baily, who was now in command of the flagship, and Captain and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, Judge Boynton and many others were there whom it was always pleasant to meet.

The feeling of secession was not appeased, and the undercurrent of animosity, like the rumbling of a volcano, created an atmosphere that was anything but cheerful. But it was not permitted to interfere with the home life at headquarters, which was always a happy one. General Woodbury was a man of the most sterling

character, a true Christian, and one whose influence for good unconsciously stimulated all who came in contact with him. Genial, quiet in his manner, with a keen sense of humor, he was a charming host, and, aided by his wife, who in every way supplemented these many ennobling qualities, their home was a model one wherever duty assigned them.

We were just far enough from town, with pleasant people all about us at the barracks, and we tried to forget the element of discord that was so dominant there, and did enjoy very much, although there would a look of weariness and anxiety in the midst of it all, come over the face of the general that made it an effort, we knew, for him to always put the gloom and sorrow that so enveloped our beloved country entirely out of sight.

The children were happy and we enjoyed all their pleasures, and a house full of their merry voices was an antidote for many outside evils.

I remember a wistful look one morning, that came back to me afterwards so strongly, I wonder I did not almost feel it as a premonition of sorrow in store for those so dearly loved.

One of the boys had just finished his music lesson, given him by his mother, and they both had left the room. The general sat listening to the voices of the three boys who were going horseback riding; he watched them as they rode away, and said "what a lonely house this will be in another month; but if anything should happen to me—" and his voice trembled as he added: "I am blessed with such a wife all will be well."

How kind is Providence that hides the future and leads us gently on, else how could we live and struggle without the hope that sustains us through all, in the blissful ignorance that enfolds us.

Captain and Mrs. Hook had taken tea with us and spent the evening, and about nine, just as they were sitting down to a game of whist, Captain McFarland came in, saying that the admiral was very anxious about the steamer, *Honeysuckle*, and wanted the *Tortugas* to go in search of her, so another hour found us on board the schooner on the way to Fort Jefferson.

The first of May another steamer arrived from the North, bringing two hundred and eighty prisoners from the Army of the Potomac. It was discouraging, but the military prisons were overflowing at the North, and there was not time to investigate and sift them out, so those really deserving imprisonment, and those confined for trivial offenses, came together, a motley, sorry-looking crowd.

To our delight, another norther visited us, with the thermometer going down to sixty-seven degrees. We hailed each one as a reprieve, for we rarely had them so late, and each one shortened the long summer.

The birds came again, and we went on the ramparts to hear them, as the noise distinctly reached us, and we could see the dark cloud they made as they hovered over Bird Key. At the same time we feasted on mutton and beef, brought by a supply boat, and it was the turtle season, too, so that we lived on the fat of the land for awhile.

The last of May the heat commenced in earnest, coming to stay, and our outings were all upon the water. We remained indoors until five, then the boats were out, and for three hours we enjoyed the sailing.

We made our first trip to Bird Key, bringing away fully three hundred eggs. The workmen had long since discontinued their work on the fortifications, and the birds had undisputed possession of the island.

It was very exciting, the birds were in such vast numbers, paying very little attention to us until we shouted, when they would for a second cease their chatter, and with a simultaneous scream that was deafening, rise, looking like a dark cloud hovering over the island, and then return to their nests, not for the pur-

pose of covering their eggs, as the sun was the incubator, but they fed the little helpless things with fish most faithfully.

The seventh of June found us again on the way to Key West, leaving a party on the wharf who had regretfully said good-bye, as taking two ladies away interfered sadly with our little society.

The trip was very tedious, for we were becalmed part of the night and all day, drifting, and the captain's account of a similar time when he drifted way beyond Key West and did not get back for two weeks, when he was greeted as a shipwrecked mariner was not reassuring.

But the day wore on without a breath of wind; the sun was like glass reflecting the heat until our faces were blistered.

We saw no sail or steamer until just before dark one day, a tug came in sight, which we knew must be in search of us; in the course of half an hour it came alongside, and Captain McFarland's cheery voice called out to know if we wanted a line. When he came on board our welcome must have been an assurance of our appreciation of his efforts. He said: "I concluded you must be drifting around somewhere in this part of the Gulf, and as there was no sign of a breeze we started out, not expecting to go more than half way, but the tug will take us in before midnight."

By eleven we reached the wharf to find the steamer *Admiral* in; but the passengers were too worn out to go on her, and so waited for the *Patapsco*, which was expected in a few days. The next day found us comfortably settled at Captain McFarland's, as his family had gone North a few weeks before, and he had room for all the party, and the few days of waiting were very pleasant ones.

Mrs. Hook called in the morning, asking us all to the barracks to tea, and Captain Hook told us that she was going North with my sister and Mrs. Holgate.

Captain Hook was very earnest about it, although we could see that his wife was consenting very reluctantly to leave him, yet if she were going, the opportunity was one to be considered. I remember the evening as being exceptionally beautiful, and General Woodbury, who had joined us, proposed a walk on the piazza, during which he talked of his family, the life at Tortugas and its quiet happiness, in a way that, as I looked back upon it a few weeks later, seemed almost prophetic.

The next evening at Captain McFarland's we had an impromtu reception.

The Admiral and his staff, Mr. Butterfield, the British Consul, Doctor Van Riper, Captain Ralph Chandler, Captains McCauley and Bowers, Captain and Mrs. Hook, the Misses Furgerson and Bethel and Doctor Mitchel, in fact, all our friends came to say good-bye to my sister. It was long remembered as such a happy time, with no foreshadowing of the sorrow that was so soon to follow.

The next morning while we were at breakfast Captain and Mrs. Hook came in; he on his way to the Fort where he spent part of each day, and she to tell us that she had a reprieve. She had promised faithfully that if Captain Hook would allow her to remain two weeks longer, until the next steamer, she would go willingly and there was a joy in her face that told its own story. Was it inspiration that had brought this change of plan? Certainly it was a kind Providence.

Mrs. Holgate and my sister left in the *Patapsco* that evening, and I went to Mrs. Hook to remain until the boat left for Tortugas the following night.

We had a quick trip down, and the following day the *Nightingale* came in bringing seventy more prisoners.

The *Tortugas* on her return trip brought the news that Captain Hook was stricken down with yellow fever and the *Nightingale* which came in two days later brought the sorrowful news that our dear friend whom I left

as well as usual only one week before, had succumbed to that terrible disease that we had all felt in his condition, he bore a certain immunity from contracting.

Had Mrs. Hook gone North as was at first planned, her first news would have been of her husband's death, and perhaps in those days of irregular mails it might have been two weeks before the sad news reached her.

She went on the next steamer, but under what different circumstances.

Reports abroad of the havoc made by the increase of the epidemic, shut us off from the world again, and it was with dread that we saw the schooner *Tortugas* come in.

The break-bone fever made its appearance again with us.

The Colonel and his wife were among the first victims and few escaped; my son succumbed, then the Doctor, who could not give up to it, and who went about doing the best he could, obtaining a few hours' rest whenever the opportunity offered, until finally the whole island became one immense hospital.

The heat was intense, the silence oppressive beyond description; there were no soldiers for drill or parade and the gloom was indescribable.

We were all ill at the same time with no physician; five hundred at one time would scarcely cover the list of those ill with the fever; thirty out of one company and all its officers, while those who were able to move about looked like ghosts.

The mercury was one hundred and four degrees in the hospital. As each one rallied they would visit those still in bed; but no one seemed to gain vitality sufficient to throw off the feeling that we were in some horrible nightmare. The disease was very prostrating and for days we had only the stewards to depend upon who were hosts in themselves. My husband's steward remained with us nights inside the Fort and the steward of the One Hundred and Tenth was invaluable in his skill, attention and kindness; but it was terrible beyond description, to be hemmed in by those high, literally red-hot brick walls with so much suffering sickness. I could look from my window and see the piazza, with beds brought out hoping for a breath of air to fan the burning brow and fever-parched lips; there was nothing to brighten the cloud of despair that seemed to encompass the island.

The mail schooner, *Tortugas*, came down but was put in quarantine for eight days. The yellow fever was raging with great fatality in Key West; even the old acclimated residents succumbed to it. The ships put out to sea.

In the midst of all this, news reached us that General Woodbury and Captain McFarland were ill with the fever and the painful suspense waiting for the delayed sailing vessels added to our depression, for vessels avoided us; no steamer came near us except Captain Craven with his *Monitor en route* for Mobile.

He spent all the time he could with us. Fortunately, it happened just after the Doctor's illness. Captain Craven brought all the latest news from Washington, but he seemed less cheerful than when he was with us before and talked constantly of his wife and children. Was it a premonition of the dark shadow hanging over him? He brought their pictures up for us to see and after the vessel had coaled he invited the Doctor and myself on board to lunch with him. I remember as we stood in the turret of the curious-looking half boat half sea monster, I said, "If this should go down how could you escape?"

He replied, "We should run up this ladder and jump from the top of the turret." My heart gave a little shiver as I said, "I trust you will not be obliged to resort to that." He was ordered to the monitor *Tecumsah* while a vessel that he was to be given the command of was being made ready, as the fight at Mobile was not expected to occupy much time.

We watched her steam out of the

harbor and until it was a mere speck on the top of the water, our hearts heavy with a premonition of coming sorrow.

And it came, first, when the mail boat came in with the heartrending news of the death of our dear friend, General Woodbury.

Doctor Mitchel, who came down to visit us, was not well and looked worn and pale, but had he remained, we could not help feeling that he might have lived; yet, on the other hand, had he been taken with the genuine yellow fever, at Tortugas, it might have been the spark that in our deplorable condition would have devastated the island.

He returned to Key West, finding that my husband was able to attend to the hospital and the next boat brought a note from Captain McFarland telling us that his work was ended in less than a week from the time he left us, just as his "leave" expired from his own, the British navy, and his resignation had been accepted from our army which came and was read to him within an hour of his death.

We began to dread the incoming of the mail, fearing what might come next. We were weak and depressed enough to be almost superstitious. And the next news was the sad fate of Captain Craven. The *Monitor* was blown up in making the charge with Farragut in Mobile Bay ; and so died one of the most chivalrous men of our navy. Captain Craven was a man of courtly presence, and his courtesy was the direct cause of his death. When the torpedo exploded beneath the *Monitor,* they felt her going and instinctively rushed for the turret, as he had told us he would do. As Craven reached the foot of the companion way, another man, I believe the pilot, reached it just behind him. The *Monitor* was then making the final plunge and there was time for one to spring out and only one. Craven stepped back, saying, "After you, sir." The other sprang through the opening and the commander went down, caught in the whirl of waters that burst through the hatch.

All of these men were intimate and valued friends, and their deaths followed each other so rapidly, for it was not six weeks since the death of Captain Hook, that it was not strange that it was impossible to throw off the gloom which hung over us like a pall.

People finally began to rally, but very slowly, and the lethargy we had fallen into from all this sorrow and sickness was hard to shake off. I remember going out sailing, to meet the *Tortugas,* on the ninth of September for the first time in three months.

After awhile the ladies began to visit, getting together with their sewing, gradually falling into their old habits in a quiet, subdued way, with the feeling one has after watching with sickness so long they tread and speak softly as though the object of their care was still with them. My husband now took the entire medical charge of the prisoners; his sympathies were aroused when he treated them during the illness of the regimental doctor, and he found them in a terrible condition from the effects of scurvy. His first inspection occupied five hours, and every corner of their quarters and every man was examined. He found nearly two hundred with the loathsome disease, many too ill to rally. Fortunately, the officers were only too glad to second any efforts he wished to make, and the idea of having some one specially interested in them was to them a ray of hope.

He called for a new clean building, taking them out of the casemates and sent for all the limes Key West could provide. He found in the commissary stores dessicated vegetables which the doctor should have given them before, had he understood the nature of the disease.

He sent men to the islands to gather parsley, which grew there in abundance ; had it boiled as a vegetable and they ate it with vinegar, and soon new life was instilled into the wretched miserable lot of men. Yet there were many to whom all this came too late.

(*To be Continued*)

CUPID AFLOAT

BY M. IMLAY TAYLOR

On a dreamy afternoon,
Mid the tender bloom of June,
 On a river, softly flowing,
Oars kept time with rhythmic tune
 —For Love went rowing!

All was quiet, nothing stirred,
And the only sound one heard
 Was the merry sound of mowing,
Or cry of startled bird
 Where Love was rowing.

Sweet the sultry air did seem
And the trees stood in a dream;
 Not the lightest zephyr blowing
Ruffled the enchanted stream
 Where Love was rowing.

The wild roses on the bank
From intrusion wisely shrank,
 Even blushed where they were growing,
And the lilies deeper sank,
 —For Love was rowing!

All the blossoms to the skies
Turned the fragrance of their sighs,
 Wily circumspection showing;
And the daisies shut their eyes
 Where Love was rowing.

Poets hardly dare to quote
What was whispered in that boat;
 Question in, and answer towing;
Doubt and passion were afloat
 —And Love was rowing.

She was lovely to behold,
He was bashful, hot and cold—
 Redder every moment growing,
Struggling with a tale half-told,
 Slow—Love was rowing.

In the midst of all their sighs,
Love turned with laughing eyes,
 Gave a wink profoundly knowing;
Listened to his victim's lies—
 And laughed while he was rowing.

SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR POLITICIANS?

II

BY C. T. HOPKINS

THE former article of this series attempted to point out that the need of the best education has been long ago felt, and partly supplied in several departments of the Executive and in the Judicial branches of our Government and drew attention to the as yet unfilled want in the Legislative branch. Herbert Spencer in his essay on Political Education, after showing the entire educational unfitness of nearly all members of the English Parliament for the work of law-making (though there has been a far larger proportion of university-bred men in that body than in any American Legislature), uses this language: "One would think that the whole system had been framed on the sayings of some political Dogberry. The art of healing is difficult, the art of government easy. The understanding of arithmetic comes by study while the understanding of society comes by instinct. Watch-making requires a long apprenticeship, but there needs none for the making of institutions. To manage a shop properly requires teaching, but the management of a people may be undertaken without preparation."

Experience has amply shown that some of the ideas of the old Constitution makers were founded in error. Notable among these is the universal provision which as yet there has been no thought of changing, that mere citizenship, lawful age and legal residence are the only qualifications necessary for any office. Another is that a governing class can be avoided and good government secured by short terms and frequent elections. A third is that in every representative office the candidate must be a resident of the district that elects him. The result of all three errors is the universal verification of the maxim that the Government cannot be any better than the people, a maxim whose contemplation satisfies thousands of unthinking voters, with whom the Government is good enough when it is no worse than the people. Unfortunately for this class of political optimists, the operation of these three fundamental errors in combination with the corrupting power of wealth, has in many instances degraded the Government below the people both intellectually and morally. President C. W. Eliot of Harvard, in an excellent paper in the *Forum* for October, 1891, after showing the impossibility of good municipal Government so long as short term and frequent changes in City Councils make impossible the necessary knowledge in taxation, water supply, drainage, sanitary conditions, control of corporations and the thousand other details which must be regulated by the City Government, if regulated at all, concludes that "it is no exaggeration to say that good municipal administration has now become absolutely impossible without the employment on permanent tenures of a large number of highly trained and highly paid experts in various arts and sciences as directors of the chief city departments. * * * *Before Municipal Government can be set right in the United States, municipal service must be made a life career for intelligent and self-respecting young Americans; that is, it must be attractive to well-trained young men who enter it — as they enter any other profession or business, mean-*

ing to stay in it, learn it thoroughly, and win advancement in it by fidelity and ability." If this be true as to Municipal Government is it less true as to State Legislatures and Congress?

But the difficulties in the way of securing trained talent and character in the elective service of our Government are manifold and fundamental. They are:

1st. The absence of any class properly educated in statecraft, from which proper candidates can be selected, and of any institutions for supplying such education.

2d. The absence of such public opinion as at all recognizes the necessity for any special education in candidates for elective office.

3d. The universal dominance of a class of active and unscrupulous politicians whose idea of office is private gain, not public service, and whose principal test of fitness is corrupt subservience to the nominating power. These have no use for educated candidates, whom they love as the rats love the ferret!

4th. Universal suffrage implies the right to hold office (as if it were a property or a power) as the correlative of the mere voting power, and therefore ignorance and incompetence have the right of representation, in proportion to numbers, equally with knowledge and talent. Therefore the more ignorant voters, when in the majority, would deem themselves disfranchised if not permitted to choose their representatives from their own body.*

5th. The entire absence of educational qualifications for legislative office in every Constitution.

6th. The uncertainty of the election of educated candidates.

7th. The further uncertainty of their re-election, especially under Constitutional provisions confining representation to residents in the district, thereby disqualifying non-resident candidates though in every respect better men.

8th. Extreme partisanship, which everywhere seeks the election of party leaders regardless of their education, knowledge or character.

So then, so far from realizing the dream of the fathers, that free elections by the people would naturally result in the choice of their best men, and therefore in a far better administration than is possible under hereditary or autocratic governments, here are eight conditions whose operation makes it almost as impossible to place able and clean men in the Legislature as in the jury-box. How are these conditions to be changed, without changing our form of Government? *Only by such changes in public opinion as shall do away with the conditions!*

Public opinion is sovereign in a Republican Government. When the people shall have been taught to apply to public questions the same common sense and common honesty which regulate all private business, they will as naturally place in office only those who are educated in statecraft, as they now entrust their law business to lawyers, their health to trained physicians, their building to carpenters, and their horse-shoeing to blacksmiths. Strange that with all our progress in enlightenment and the experience of a century pointing out the fallacy of expecting good government from incompetence and vice, it should seem now a startling, perhaps a visionary or even ridiculous idea, to attempt to utilize the higher education in the administration of public affairs.

Able and patriotic minds in the older States have now been at work for ten years in planting the seeds from which this change in public opinion is to grow. Several strong societies have been formed, and their number is increasing in accelerating ratio, whose members already include thousands of the best minds, and whose object is the general introduction of the duties of citizenship, or "Civics" in the public schools, and

*Since the recent extension of the franchise in England, the proportion of university men elected to parliament has fallen from its former majority to ten or fifteen per cent of the whole.

of the study of political and economic science, history, etc., in the Universities. Prominent among these societies are the "American Institute of Civics," established in New York in 1885, and the "American Academy of Political and Social Science of Philadelphia, now entering in its third year. In compliance with the suggestions of these centers of enlightened opinion, several States have caused elementary text-books to be prepared, explanatory of State and Federal Constitutions, and have introduced their use into the public schools. Among these, California has taken the initiative, and the text-book for which an appropriation was made during the session of 1887–8 is now in course of preparation by Professor Jones of the University of California.

Moreover, during the last ten years, professorships and courses of study in political and economic science have been established in the Universities of Pennsylvania, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and California; also at Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Brown and Johns Hopkins Universities. The Leland Stanford Jr. University, lately opened, has at once introduced these studies. The idea of generating an educated class for future public service has therefore already germinated, and seems to be growing But it is yet but a tender hothouse plant. What are thirteen Universities out of three hundred and fifty-seven? And not one of the thirteen has yet established a distinct college, or degrees in statecraft; nor is it probable that any one of them covers all the studies which a thorough outfit for public work requires, or bases its instructions upon such a course in *practical morals* as is indispensable, if *character* as well as knowledge is to be included in the qualifications of a statesman.

Our first want therefore in this connection is the establishment of distinct colleges of statecraft, in which the course of study should embrace the following topics:

1st. Practical morals, to be inculcated in public discussions between teacher and students, in such manner as to awaken the mind to the habitual decision of right and wrong, the recognition of duty and the obligations of patriotism and good manners.

2d. A thorough course of ancient and modern history, especially that of England and the United States.

3d. Philosophy of history and development of ideas of Government in Europe.

4th. Biography, "Plutarch's Lives," Lives of Statesmen and Patriots in England and United States, Washington's Life and Papers.

5th. Political ethics.

6th. Science of Government, comparative ideas of Government, leading American ideas, both political and legal.

7th. Constitutional, civil, criminal, international and parliamentary law and the laws of war.

8. Political economy, with especial reference to the principles of taxation, public finance, protection and free trade, relations of capital to labor, money, banking and the laws of commerce.

9th. Political and commercial geography.

10th. Diplomacy and foreign treaties.

11th. The elements of the sciences that affect social conditions; social science.

12th. The science of statistics.

13th. Logic, rhetoric, correct use of English in writing, and public speaking.

14th. Penology, State asylums and Eleemosynary institutions.

15th. Modern languages (optional).

16th. Military training and tactics.

The object of this course should be a clear understanding of the true place of American Republicanism in the history of political evolution, as the protector of liberty and consequent promoter of happiness. The students should be thoroughly informed of the

dangers which threaten it through mal-administration, and of present corruptions and political crimes. They should be inspired with the determination to correct abuses, to prevent the election of bad or incompetent officers, and promote purity and efficiency as the only means of securing the perpetuity of our institutions. They should be taught that the reward of the faithful civil officer, like that of the Army and Navy, is not in a fortune, but in the exercise of wisely used power, in popular love and gratitude, in promotions, and finally, in honorable mention in history; that an office is not to be regarded as a private property and worked for personal profit, but as a service, in which the public are the masters and sole rightful beneficiaries; and that the salary or fees payable by law, as the full compensation for service performed, are the limit of the pecuniary emolument, which can be honestly received by any officer.

Such a course as is here delineated should lead to the degree of Bachelor of Statecraft, to be followed by subsequent degrees of Master and Doctor of Statecraft, when earned by post-graduate attainments and distinction.

By whom should such colleges be established?

1st. By universities already in existence, especially those which have already provided instruction in Political Science, and particularly by all State Universities.

2d. By wealthy philanthropists, seeking objects on which to bestow a portion of their wealth, and who may perceive that the greatest possible impulse would be given to political reform by large endowments to an entirely distinct institution, devoted wholly to education for political life. For in such a college the military system, which at West Point has produced such satisfactory results in the formation of character could be made to cover every movement and every hour of student life. The proper location for it would unquestionably be at the National Capital, where the students would have the advantage of attending the meetings of Congress; of studying the workings of all the Federal offices and departments; of the Smithsonian Institute; and perhaps of the great Congressional Library. They would hear frequent lectures from leading statesmen, could frequent the courts and city offices, and visit the jails. They could be sent by classes or companies in charge of professors to adjoining State Capitals and large cities, there to attend Legislative and Council meetings, and study State and City Governments.

3d. The Federal Senate has appointed a Standing Committee on a National University of which the new Vermont Senator, Proctor (late Secretary of War), is Chairman. What is expected from this committee, we are not advised. Perhaps it has been raised in compliance with the advice of President Washington in his last message to Congress in 1796, the same in which he recommended the establishment of the Military Academy. In that message he used the following language:

"I have heretofore proposed to the consideration of Congress the expediency of establishing a National University and also a Military Academy. The desirableness of both these institutions has so constantly increased with every new view I have taken of the subject, that I cannot omit the opportunity of once for all recalling your attention to them. * * * Amongst the motives to such an institution (the University) the assimilation of the principles, opinions and manners of our countrymen by the common education of a portion of our youth from every quarter well deserves attention. The more homogeneous our citizens can be made in these particulars, the greater will be our prospect of permanent union, *and a primary object of such a National Institution should be the education of our*

youth in the science of Government. In a Republic, what species of knowledge can be equally important, and what duty more pressing on its Legislature than to patronize a plan for communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the nation?"

(*Sparks' Washington, XII, 71.*)

In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, written in the preceding year, (March 15, 1795) he expresses his preference for the National Capital as the proper site for such a University, and his intention to contribute towards it the fifty Potomac Navigation shares, presented to him by the Legislature of Virginia. His first and last reasons for the location at Washington were "on account of its being the permanent seat of the Government of the Union, and where the laws and policy of it must be better understood than in any local part thereof, and as this seminary is contemplated for the completion of education, not for boys in their rudiments, *it will afford the students an opportunity of attending the debates in Congress and thereby becoming more liberally and better acquainted with the principles of law and Government.*"

(*Sparks XI, 23.*)

Who knows whether if this eminently wise advice had been at once followed, the homogeneous education of Northern and Southern leaders in political thought would not have forestalled our Civil War? When men are taught alike they are apt to think alike. When they think alike, they act alike. War cannot originate but from differences of opinion or contending passions, uncontrolled by reason. The establishment now of a great Federal College of Statecraft at Washington, where the same ideas of Government shall be scientifically taught to thousands of bright youths, gathered proportionally from every State and Territory, may forestall future wars or divisions. The benefits it would otherwise confer, if patriotically managed and kept free from partizan control would be incalculable.

4th. Ultimately, free colleges in statecraft should be established and maintained by each State as a part of its system of public instruction, and as the especial school for its own politicians. Such schools, if started now, would be crowded with students inspired by the natural love of office, and willing to undergo any amount of preparation therefor, if that labor were to be tolerably sure of its expected reward. But the present class of Legislators cannot be expected to take a step which would lead to their own extinction as politicians, except under such a pressure of public opinion, as it will take at least a generation to bring to bear upon the question. It is a mark of the gross ignorance of our Legislators, of their utter failure to appreciate the value of our institutions and entire indifference to their future maintenance, that it has taken more than twenty years of agitation to introduce "civics" into the public schools of a half-dozen States, out of our forty-four. At this rate the first State Patriotic College may be expected to materialize about the year 2000, the period fixed by Bellamy for the absorption of the Government by organized socialism!

But wherever, however, whenever, and by whomsoever, colleges in statecraft are established, what must be their results upon American politics?

In the first place, the present style of politicians find their opportunity in the fact expressed by the maxim, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The secret conspiracies of a few have ever been the terror of the unorganized and thoughtless many. One born organizer, like Chris Buckley, can out-general the voters of a State. Tammany has been the tyrant of New York for two generations. Now and then a Tweed ring, a gas trust, or a set of rascals like those in San Francisco prior to 1856, so abuse the powers filched from the people that the latter revolt, and by a phenomenal exertion of physical or moral force, for a while

overcome the politicians. But such efforts must always be ephemeral under our system. The few good and true citizens who head the reform become by-and-by exhausted. There are none to take their places. The crew at the pumps wears out, but the leak continues, for the pressure of the sea water never ceases. Our masters expect these occasional rebellions, but knowing that they are always short-lived, they bide their time to resume their empire in safety. The people are too busy about their private affairs, and therefore leave public business to the public officers, relying upon our system of checks and balances to prevent abuses. But when all the officers are alike corrupt, because owing their places to the same corrupt powers, what becomes of the checks and balances? Of what use are the District Attorney or the Grand Jury, when the former is in the ring, and the boss, through his minion, the sheriff, can pack the Grand Jury? The recent proceedings in San Francisco show how utterly powerless the sovereign people may become, through legal technicalities contrived by political lawyers for the protection of their criminal clients. The old theory that short terms of office will always cure the evils of malfeasance, amounts to nothing when the same occult powers refill the offices at every election. Changes of parties effect only temporary relief, for the people are equally victimized by the power of public plunder under all parties of whatever name. Even a people's party may nominate a man who, entering upon office with a fair reputation, may presently show how ignorant he is of legislative work, or how feeble his ideas of honesty when he is exposed to the temptation of public trust. Nor does continued publicity cure corruption; for in all our great cities the public mind has become so familiarized with every form of political vice as to have lost its sense of right and wrong in the political field.

The profession of the law is popularly supposed to be the true education for public life; but Herbert Spencer, in his essay on Political Education, says: "A familiarity with law is no more a preparation for rational legislation than would be a familiarity with all the nostrums men have ever used as a preparation for the rational practice of medicine." The political lawyer is a natural partisan. He knows how to work only as an attorney for one of two sides in a controversy. His knowledge of the laws that *have been* made has often no bearing upon laws that *should be* made except to prevent them, owing to his professional adherence to precedent. Nor does the knowledge only of law presuppose familiarity with any other study in our curriculum for an education in statecraft. Nay, further, is the profession that lives by constant contact with fraud and crime thereby rendered pre-eminently honest? Is the practice of taking fees for services in court suggestive of refusing fees for services in the Legislature? Have political lawyers no pecuniary interests in statute-making, independent of the profits of bribery? Can no relation be traced between the continually-controlling presence of lawyers in the Legislatures and the thousand needless complexities, costs, delays, appeals and technicalities in probate, insolvency, street assessment and criminal proceedings, all making work and fees for the bar at the expense of a permanent divorce between law and justice? Is it not singular that, under a Government so carefully dividing its powers, that the law-making department is left utterly powerless in execution and administration, all three of those powers should be everywhere blindly conferred upon the lawyers? For as legislators they make the laws; (often in their own interest); as judges they administer them, and as attorneys they execute them. In protection of the rights of the public ought not lawyers to be *ex-officio dis*qualified to be legislators? What right have they to have any share whatever in

framing the laws, out of whose execution they make their living?

As to all the other four hundred trades and professions of civilized life, which of their candidates could stand an examination in the course of studies necessary to equipment in statecraft? How particularly "smart" it is for this great Nation to be continually entrusting its enormous Federal interests to a House of Representatives, not one of whom has been educated for the work, while all of them are elected for only two years, the first of which slips away while he is trying to attain some little inkling of the varied knowledge necessary to the position, and the second in intriguing at home for his re-election, which generally fails. We condemn many such a man for accomplishing nothing for his constituents. How *could* he? And instead of giving him time to complete his education, in hopes that by-and-by he will know enough to be useful, we turn him out and send up another ignoramus to go through the same farcical process in his place, and so on *ad infinitum* in Congress, in Legislatures, City Councils and all! Would it not be wiser first to prepare by suitable education a class of candidates who would be sure to possess before election the necessary knowledge and character to perform satisfactory service, and thereafter by electing only these, avoid the risks, the expense and continual failures consequent on our present plan? Would it not be wiser to extend the term of legislative office to six years, and make re-election of all successful incumbents a matter of course, thus reaping the benefit of their experience and familiarity with public affairs? And lastly, would it not cause great improvement in the personel of our Legislatures, if it were competent to dispense with the present strict requirement of residence in the district, whereby able and good men, failing of election in one district, might be chosen in another, and a distinguished representative be secured for many a distant or sparsely settled district, in which no suitable candidate might happen to reside?

Now, the creation of a body of specially trained young men, who would look upon politics as their life work; who would be equipped with the necessary knowledge; whose characters would be formed under honest and patriotic influences, and whose business it must be to work their way into the public service, would be laying the corner-stone of political reform upon the broadest and surest foundation. To begin with, the proverb above quoted would no longer apply. It would be the business of this class to watch public affairs, to attend primaries and conventions, to investigate and expose corruption, to counteract political schemers, to work their way into party management, and by-and-by get themselves and their fellows into the public service. Between them and the present political powers, it would be war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. It would be "diamond cut diamond." At first, the chances would all be against their success. But their common interests and education would attract them to each other, as is the tendency in all trades in these days. A strong political Propaganda would result. Powerful influences would be brought to bear upon the civic education of youth. Books and pamphlets would be written and circulated, courses of reading suggested, (Chatauqua fashion) and associations formed to promote purity and efficiency in the Government. As editors, lecturers, schoolteachers, business men, whatever the utterances of the graduates, they would tend to the enlightenment of the public conscience and abatement of corruption. Can it be possible that such a leaven would not in time leaven the whole lump? In the conflict between good and evil, good always triumphs in the end. Can it be possible that the common sense of the American people, when disabused of party prejudice

and tradition, would not ultimately insist on placing their Government in competent and trustworthy hands? Is it inconceivable that as they now deem it absurd to apply to a lawyer to shoe their horses, or to a blacksmith to cure their diseases, or to a thief to serve them as cashier, or to a carpenter to fill their teeth, they will sometime wonder that they ever trusted all these to manage the infinitely more difficult and responsible work of making the Nation's laws? They will look back with astonishment at the fact that during a century such a thing as political education was never thought of any more than the continual peril of entrusting to one interested and powerful profession the power of molding to their own advantage the entire legal machinery of the country.

Given then a class of young men who are fitted to pursue politics as a learned and honorable profession, whose numbers would continually be reinforced by successive graduations from more and more colleges of statecraft, and who would be supported for office by more and more of the younger voters, who had learned the duties of citizenship in the public schools,—and the effect upon public opinion can be safely predicted. When the majority of any State shall have been converted from party to patriotism, such Constitutional amendments as may be deemed necessary to forever debar ignorance and venality from elective as well as appointive offices, will follow as a matter of course. The nation will have been saved, its institutions will be perpetuated. Liberty and happiness will be secured to all, when we can realize the motto: "The brain work of the country for men of brains, its trusts for men of integrity and honor." But if we go on as we are, who can venture to predict the celebration of our second centenary under circumstances of continued progress, peace and union? As we have attained our present greatness in a tenth of the time occupied by old Rome in reaching the zenith of her power, will not our decline and fall, owing to the same terrible demoralization, be proportionately rapid?

Now, let it be borne in mind how many political heresies already command large followings in the United States. Among these a new party, the "Farmers' Alliance," insists upon a great enlargement of the powers and duties of Government, and a tremendous increase in the number of its officers. These enthusiasts would have the Government own and operate all the railroads, telegraphs and expresses. They would abolish all the moneyed institutions and make the Government the only banker. The "Nationalists," as they call themselves, would saddle it with all business, productive and distributive, reserving for the individual only the right and power of consumption. Do these fancy thinkers ever stop to consider what sort of men they must be who could and would satisfactorily discharge all the tremendous powers thus imposed on Government officers? Or what would be the situation if Tammany, Buckley, *et id omne genus* were to be entrusted, in addition to present powers, with the management only of the railroads (to say nothing of all the rest), with their seven billions of invested capital, their seven hundred millions of income and their five hundred thousand employees?

Will it not be time enough even to dream of such enlargement of the powers of Government when the descriptive phrase, "the filthy pool of politics," shall have been forgotten in admiration of the work of a body of politicians who shall be scholars and gentlemen, the peers of our West Point and Annapolis graduates—competent, patriotic and honest enough to satisfactorily discharge the present duties of public life in the public interest only?

The conclusion of the whole matter is *that the only mode of checking the present infection of corruption in American politics is by elevating politics into a learned profession.*

AUNT MILLY'S LOVE LETTER

BY HELEN RACHAEL ROBB

"PLAGUE take de beasts! Ef I kotches ye, I won't leave nary squeal in yer pesky hides! Dat's hit now, I's got ye! Oh, gracious Cain and Abel, whar's me!" and "Unc Joshaway" sprawling on the ground, grasping fiercely at the remnants of sweet potato vines scattered about and uttering some expressions for which his exalted position as one of the chief brethren in "John de Baptis" church did not wholly account, succeeded in getting upon his feet, the blood trickling from his nose. But the pigs were again serenely engaged in the occupation for which indisputably nature endowed them with snouts.

Another race was run round and round the field, but at last, with maternal grunts and adolescent squeals the invaders were ejected on the highways and "Unc Joshaway," full of just wrath, crossed the road to his cabin, and finding that Mammy Cindy had gone to her day's toil, seated by the fireplace, he solaced himself on the hoe cake that she had prepared for his breakfast before leaving for the establishment, where in rather soiled and greasy majesty, she reigned as cook. The old man felicitated himself greatly on his permitting this, and frequently informed his friends that "dis time of de yeah, foh cotton-pickin' time, he 'lowed de ole lady ter job roun' fer herself."

As he munched his bread, mighty thoughts revolved through his woolly pate. The marauding pigs were the property of Aunt Milly, one of "de mothahs ob de church." At first he thought he would go at once to the lady and demand that she make good the damage done his crop. "But," he reasoned, "coas she'll say dey warn't hern, and come to think, how kin I prove it agin 'em?"

As he meditatively raked the ashes and smoked his pipe after finishing his breakfast, a pleasing thought came to him with the suddenness of inspiration. Going to the door, he summoned his son from the top of a post that at some former time had supported a gate. This youth, "Unc Joshaway's" youngest offspring, was the object of his pride and delight. He would sometimes remark, "I's gwine ter make sumpum out'n dis hyah boy." This high destiny was foreshadowed in the name which, with paternal pride, he had collected for the boy by much careful inquiry among the families for whom he occasionally spaded a garden or put in a small crop. At last, after considering all the names suggested, he had selected the combination, Cæsar Augustus Jay Gould Vanderbilt Hundred Dollar Millford. By frequent repetition he at last succeeded in incorporating the mighty name into that part of his organism controlled by memory, but, being altogether too long a name to manage readily, on ordinary occasions it was abbreviated to Honey or sometimes to Hun, as suggesting the sweetness of the parental love and also the exorbitant commercial value attached to the child.

This small black gem of future greatness had been put to school as soon as his age permitted and had at last acquired the mysterious art of writing. His daddy regarded this as proof of high genius, not to be refuted and with awe-struck visage, would gaze on the characters traced in the soiled and ink-blotted copy-book by the hand of his son.

"Unc Joshaway," reflected that if he should write a letter to Aunt Milly, or rather dictate one, it would be a more dignified course than paying her

a visit, and at the same time, it would impress more deeply upon her the greatness of the offense. It would have something of the force of a legal document, he thought, "An it'll skeer 'er," he said aloud as he went to the door to summon the writer.

"Son," began the old man, "reckon ye could write a lettah for yer ole daddy?"

"Yes sah, can dat!"

"Eber write one, son?"

"N–o, sah, but I know I could," confidently.

"Waal, now git yer writin' pin an' yer ink an' a piece o'papah, an' we'll see 'bout dis hyah business." Then he laid the whole matter before his son.

"We'll fotch 'er, won't we, pa?" chuckled the boy, seating himself at the table and pushing aside the miscellaneous assortment of greasy pans, dirty cups, plates and old rags that encumbered it. A leaf from the mysterious copy-book, bearing at the top the suggestive legend, "Knowledge is power," was spread out to receive the message.

The sire remarked, "Now we'll write 'er sech a love lettah as she nabor got fore. How ort it ter start off, Hun, ye reckon?"

"Wif 'er name at the top, pa, so's she'll know hit's meant fer 'er," replied the learned youth.

"Let's hab de whole name den, son, an' make it soun' big and like hit war de consoble comin' arter 'er. Write it big an' loud." And then in sonorous tones, "Missus Milly Green!"

Hun dipped his pen into the ink, turned his head very much towards the right, and with tongue projecting between his white teeth, began the laborious work. The spelling was after a method of his own. His daddy watched with reverent pride as the pen was dipped again and again into the ink and the blots fell thick and fast on the paper, while with inky fingers, the scribe rubbed over many letters that did not seem exactly right. At last he announced that the name was written.

"What nex', pa?"

"Waal," said the old man, "ef we *is* mad, peers like we ort to be perlite, an' looks ter me like we'd ort ter say how'dy, nex." Again the boy wriggled himself into the position he deemed fitting for one holding a pen, and, after much painful effort, accomplished this.

"Dat ole sow an' litter o'youn broke inter my 'tater patch dis mornin," dictated "Unc Joshaway."

This long sentence required such a stretch of memory that Hun after many unsatisfactory attempts and consequent rubbing with his finger, asked that it might be repeated one word at a time as he wrote. This was done, and after the lapse of perhaps half an hour, the statement was committed to paper, and father and son, both thoroughly exhausted with their literary labors, decided to take a rest. "Unc Joshaway" also wished to collect his thoughts for the next statement. The daddy smoked and slept, and the boy wallowed in the road dust and lazily threw stones at passing stock. After several hours of this blissful inaction, they resumed their work. With much stumbling and halting, Hun read aloud what he had previously written. "Unc Joshaway" nodded approvingly and then added in awful tones, "Ef ye don' keep 'em up I'll sue ye at de law." This terrible announcement was at last set down.

"Now, pa, yer name ort to go at de bottom, so's she'll know whar hit come from."

"Dat's so, boy, suah's yer boan."

After much consideration, he said, "I tink I'll say de 'onahable, rev'rent mistah Joshaway Millford. How dat soun', son?"

"Soun' mighty fine, reckon dat'll skeer 'er."

These magnificent words proved rather puzzling to Hun when he attempted to spell them, but at last characters hideous enough to represent the personality of any being were described on the page, and the mighty document was finished.

"Unc Joshaway" gave a sigh of relief as the mental strain was removed, and instructed his son to carry the missive to Aunt Milly. "An' min' ye gib hit inter 'er own han', son, ; don' lay it down nowhars, er let no no-count nigger take hit from ye. An' Hun, min' ye don' say nothin' t'yer mammy 'bout what we's bin 'gaged in ter day. She's sort o' spicious like, an' meby she'd tink like how I ortn't to be writin' ter no lady 'ceptin' her. Now, honey, g'long an' carry de lettah."

Aunt Milly at the wash tub, her black arms submerged in billowy suds, and her white teeth gleaming between her spread lips, was a pleasing study in black and white, as she gossiped with a lady friend, seated on a box near her.

"How'dy, Aunt Milly," said Hun, "hyah's a lettah pa done sont ye."

"Dat so, Hun? What sort ob a lettah am hit?" asked Aunt Milly.

"Dun know'm. Pa said hit was a love lettah," was the reply, and after giving it into the hands that were carefully wiped on her dress before taking it, Hun sped down the road to join a group of his companions in a friendly fight.

"Les see hit, Aunt Milly," eagerly asked the friend when the messenger was gone.

"No ye don," responded the coy lady, presumably blushing, and gazing fondly on the dirty scrap of paper.

"I'll neber tell nobody what's in hit," pleaded the friend.

"Coas ye won't, kase ye'll neber see hit," responded Aunt Milly, with unbounded satisfaction.

After more ineffectual pleading the friend took her departure, only to pay a dozen more visits that evening to relate to interested groups how "Unc Joshaway" what hollers louder'n de preachah in meetin', an' what ye all tinks 's got so much sanctimigumption he wouldn't wipe 's nose on Sunday, done writ a love lettah ter Aunt Milly Green! An' he so outdacious he done sont hit by Hun, like he warn't skeered o' Mammy Cindy hearn tell on hit, ner nothin."

Of course the virtuous ladies who heard this delightful scandal could not be so selfish as to enjoy it alone, so it increased in magnitude and horror, till when it was two days old, it was able to run alone and needed not the mouths of those who were but too willing to carry it. Many claimed to have seen the letter, and all agreed that "Unc Joshaway" had proposed an elopement with Aunt Milly, and each gossip had arranged the details of time and place to suit herself.

Meantime Aunt Milly, being unable to read anything, could only gaze rapturously on the scrawls, blots and finger marks, and dream of all the sweetness that they were meant to represent, feeling that she could not bear to allow anyone to read it for her.

Owing to the perversity of fate, neither she nor any of the other ladies interested in his movements, saw anything of "Unc Joshaway" for some time, for on the day after the letter writing he had heard that his brother living in the next county was lying at the point of death and wished to see him. Therefore, next morning he set out on foot, taking Hun along that he might see something of the world in which he was expected to be so important a figure. And so, poor virtuous Uncle Joshaway and Hun, who might have explained the misunderstanding, were miles away when the scandal was growing so great.

At last some considerate friends constituted themselves a committee to wait upon Mammy Cindy, and inform her of the misdeeds of her husband. She was righteously indignant, and at once betook herself to Aunt Milly's cabin to investigate the charges, which she declared that she knew were untrue.

"What's dis hyah you's bin a sayin' agin my ole man, what ain't hyah ter 'fend his self?" she demanded as she stalked through the doorway.

"Why, sistah Millford, what ye a sayin? I ain' done nothin agin 'im," was the conciliatory reply.

"Ye is, ye is; wher dat lettah ye say he done write ye? Ef ye's got airy lettah, jes' les take a look at hit."

"He done son't me a lettah, suah's yer boan, Lucindy Millford, an' ye shan't tech hit, nuther, but I'll show hit t'yer so's ye'll have ter 'knowledge I's tellin' de truf," and thereupon Aunt Milly produced the much-discussed letter from under the pillow of her bed, and held it before the astonished gaze of the other lady, but far enough away that she might not snatch it. Mammy Cindy was silenced, for she recognized the page from Hun's copy-book, and, with great dignity, she walked out of the cabin. As she returned home, her mind was fully made up that Joshaway was false to her, and accordingly she decided to lay the matter before the minister of "John de Baptis' Church." On inquiry, she found that the worthy gentleman was that day employed in cutting wood at Dr. Miles'. It was a long walk, but she had determined on bringing Joshaway to justice as soon as possible, and felt that this was the most effective way of accomplishing it. At last she arrived at the back yard, where the reverend gentleman was wielding the ax.

"Good evenin', sistah, how's yeself and yer fambly?" was his greeting in a pompous style, as he leaned on the ax handle.

"Oh, brudder Simpson!" exclaimed the dejected lady, "we's pow'ful bad off."

"What am de cause ob de grief, my sistah?" was the next inquiry.

"I has a 'plaint ter make agin Joshaway Millford, him as bin my husban' sence 'foh freedom come. I's gwine ter make a 'plaint agin 'im I wants ter 'quest ye will lay it foh de church."

Brother Simpson gently seated the afflicted parishioner on the saw-buck and himself on a log opposite her, that they might discuss the matter more comfortably. As he was paid by the day for his wood chopping, the rest was all the more agreeable to his sense of justice. Then Mammy Cindy poured forth her woful tale into the sympathetic pastoral ear.

She did not know when the erring one might be expected to return, so it was decided not to wait for this. "But," remarked the clergyman, weighing a chip judicially on the point of his finger, "I'll call a meetin' ob de bredrun to-morrow night, an' you be dar, my sistah, an' we'll try an' heb sistah Green dar wif de lettah what she's got, an' we'll see 'bout dis hyah. Don' grieve over much, sistah; brudder Joshaway 'll like's not 'pent of his sin when it's laid foh him, an' we's all pow'ful ap' to err. Le's not blame de sinnah moh'n we can't help."

The next night quite a number of both sisters and brethren were assembled to hear the charge made against the absent Uncle Joshaway. Mammy Cindy was asked to make a statement of the case, which she did in many rather incoherent words; but as the audience was thoroughly familiar with the story, it was called for, and Aunt Milly willingly produced it, being assured that it would be returned. Brother Simpson adjusted his glasses and gazed thoughtfully at the small scrap of paper that had caused such trouble. It certainly looked mysterious, but he could decipher nothing upon it indicative of either love or hate, and, after some frowning and fidgeting, he called up the schoolmaster to assist in the work. But, with the light of both brilliant intellects shining upon it, it still failed to yield its secret.

After much suspense, the preacher announced: "De writin' ob dis hyah lettah am curuser dan me er de purfuser eber seed afoh, an' I hereby 'nounce to dis hyah company, hyah 'sembled, dat de writah ob dis hyah Mistah Joshaway Millford, am not ter be 'lowed ter 'take ob de priblege er de ord'nances ob dis church tell he

kin' splain his conduc' an' 'splain de writin' ob dis hyah paper so's somebody kin read hit. We'll now sing

'I's a rollin' ober Jurden.
Oh! my sins, don't ye worry me,'

and den ye kin 'sider yerseves 'journed. After the singing, the friends of each lady crowded about her to express their sympathy, and each was escorted home by her supporters.

A few evenings after this "Unc Joshaway" and Hun entered the village, dusty and weary from their long tramp. The good man meeting several friends, was surprised at the coldness with which he was greeted, but on reaching home, where he found Cindy preparing supper, he was still more perplexed when she resented his attempt at affectionate greeting and began wrathfully to upbraid him. "Ye jes get out'n hyah, Joshaway Millford. Reckon I's sech a ole fool gitin' up 'foah day an' cookin' yer bite, and slavin' all day an' night, 'bout killin' mesel scrapin' up ebery nickel what I kin lay han's on ter make ye easy in yer laziness, an, when I's off arnin de money, ye a kitin' roun' 'mong de wimen folks? Reckon I's sech a fool's ter keep on dat way? Ye's mighty mistook ef ye's got dat notion. Now I says dis hyah my house, tain't yourn no morh. Git!"

Poor Uncle Joshaway gazed at his consort in stupid amazement. His jaw dropped, his hands hung limp, and his eyes opened wider than for many a day. At last the voice that had been struggling in his throat, got as far as his lips, and he said in an awe-struck tone: "Why, Cindy's somebody done voodoord ye while I's bin gone! What ye talkin' bout, honey?"

"I's in my plain senses, Joshaway, an' I'se got sense ter know when I sees wif mi eyes a love lettah what you done writ an' sont by dat poh in'cent chile, Hun dar, ter a low down no-count, yaller nigger. An' moh'n dat, de whole chuch done seed hit an' dey's 'barred ye frum de pribleges ob de chuch, an brudder Simpson he done say ye's ter be a outcas, an' a wander' on de face ob de yarth, an' nobody what 'longs ter de chuch an' what's got de blessins ob 'ligin, dasn't speak ter ye. Now ye g'long whar ye likes ter, fer ye can't set down in dis hyah cabin!"

During the progress of this speech, after the letter had been mentioned, Uncle Joshaway's brain seemed to reel as he heard the awful fate that had been decreed against him and realized that somehow it was on account of the letter he had sent to Aunt Milly. Could he ever vindicate the purity of his motives in sending that letter?

"Cindy," he said, "Cindy, ef ye'll hol' on a bit, meby I kin splain dis hyah; don' know, but I'll tell ye how hit was. I done sont a letter ter Aunt Milly Green an' Hun done gin hit ter, didn't ye, son?" but Hun had slunk away to a safer place till his mammy's wrath would have spent itself, having learned by past experience the wisdom of this course.

"Coas ye did, Joshaway Millford, ye's got no call ter tell me dat, didn't I tell ye I seed hit?" was the indignant reply.

"But," continued the unjustly accused, hit warn't no love lettah, mighty fur frum hit. I tole Hun what ter say, an' he sayd hit in writin' on a piece of papah; 'Missus Milly Green, dat ole sow an' litter o' yourn broke inter my 'tater patch dis mawning, an' if ye don' keep 'em up I'll sue ye at de law. Joshaway Millford.' An' dat are what ye calls a love lettah, Cindy? May de roof o' dis hyah house fall an' mash me flatter'n a hoecake, ef I ain' tellin' ye de bressed truf."

Mammy Cindy cast an uneasy glance upward and moved a few steps towards the door, not wishing to allow the innocent to be destroyed with the guilty. No catastrophe happened, and she was further convinced of the truth of his statement on re-

flecting that he could not have repeated the words of the letter so glibly if it had been composed on the instant. At least this was chiefly what she thought as she rushed at Joshaway and throwing her arms about him, declared her unwavering belief in him. Hun was summoned, and confirmed his daddy's statement and the reunited family were blissfully happy.

The same evening Uncle Joshaway visited brother Simpson and gave him the explanation that had already satisfied his wrathy spouse. It was not difficult to summon a meeting of the church, and Aunt Milly was asked to come and bring the letter, that had caused the trouble. This she did without hesitation as brother Simpson had kept the explanation of the document a secret. Hun being the writer, read it to the assembly, who voted "Unc Joshaway" clear of blame and again received into full fellowship with the church.

There was much giggling and many derisive looks cast at the unfortunate Aunt Milly, whose wrath increased momentarily. "Look y'hyah, Hun Millford," she called out, "what fer ye tells me hit was a love lettah?"

Hun whimpered out that "Pa sayd hit war."

This surprised good Uncle Joshaway exceedingly, but at last after some consultation between father and son, the remark was accounted for and explained publicly, and everyone, except Aunt Milly, went home in a happy frame of mind.

After reaching home, Uncle Joshaway solemnly announced that he would never again put his name to "airy papah." "An' look y'hyah, son," he remarked, as he chunked the fire," "ef I eber kotcher ye a writin' a lettah agin I'll war ye out, ye heah!"

A show being in the village the next day, the happy family of Millford celebrated their reunion by attendance thereat, going into all the side shows, riding on the "flying jimney," dropping many nickels into the slot, and "chawing" on candy and bad tobacco to their heart's content, and spending in so doing all of Mammy Cindy's wages for the two preceding weeks.



GAME FISHES OF THE PACIFIC

BY HENRY T. PAYTON

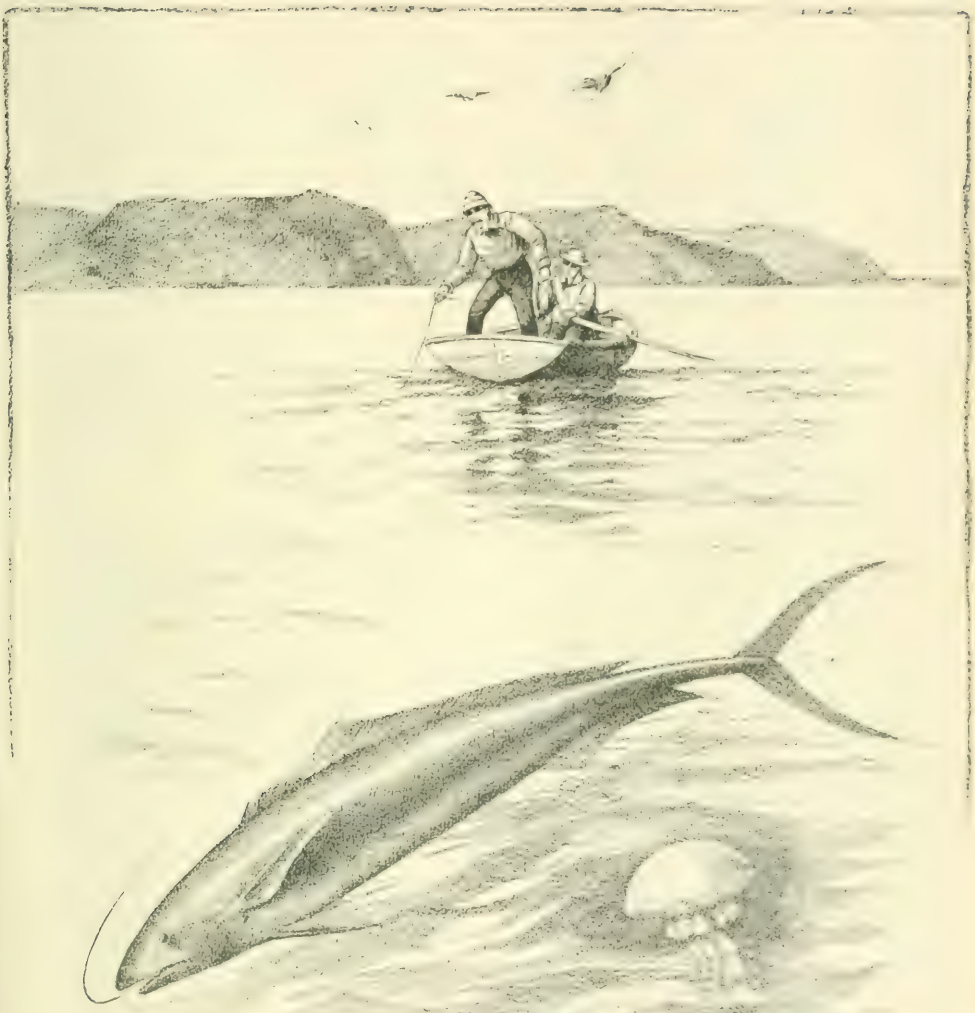
THE deft manipulator of the split bamboo is inclined to look askance at the big game of the ocean. To him who, by a clever turn of the wrist, hooks big trout, salmon or bass, the capture of large ocean fishes is a rough-and-tumble sport, a series of "catch-if-you-can" episodes not to be entertained. No one has taken more delight in whipping the St. Lawrence for black bass than the writer, and the moments of contest with the noble game are among the choice memories of many seasons in the northern waters; yet, withal, I am an advocate of sea fishing, so eminently strong in its contrasts, and have always contended for the recognition of the sport.

The trout fisherman may sneer at the jew fisherman, or the fisherman who would spend half a day taking a ten-foot shark, yet I maintain that either of the latter fish, properly managed and taken fairly, single-handed, in a small boat, requires a large amount of skill and *finesse*. In the struggle with the striped bass, the danger is the escape or a broken rod; with the shark or jew fish a slip or a wrong move often means a capsize, a possible fatality; in short, as in cross-country riding, there is an element of danger in it. So in taking the big jew fish of this coast, the fisherman lands his game after a mighty struggle and comes off victor after doing the work of four or five men. The Pacific Coast offers many inducements to the marine sportsman, if so he can be called, and the summer days now here woo him to incontinent indulgences in tackle of various kinds.

The most attractive fishing ground, so far as the personal experience of the writer goes, is among the islands of the Santa Barbara channel, off Los Angeles. Here we have what is virtually a mountain range twenty or more miles long, four or five wide, rising from the sea thirty miles off shore—a lofty spur that has apparently strayed away from the mother range, the Sierra Madre. This island extends parallel to the coast, constituting a perfect barrier or wind break, so that its eastern shore is a series of snug harbors. Here is the fisherman's paradise. The water is so clear that objects at a distance of thirty or forty feet deep can be seen very plainly, while the rocks abound with a variety of aquatic verdure that cannot fail to attract and please the most phlegmatic individual.

The island rises precipitately from the sea, often in sheer cliffs, the bases of which are worn out into caves, lined with kelp and other weed, into which the waves roll with sullen roar. The little harbors are the mouths or entrances of the various cañons which cut the range in every direction, and are often very picturesque. Some are the summer homes of the Southern Californians who love the sea and have a *penchant* for boating and fishing. As the people gather, so do the fish. Many varieties of the finny tribes that have been wintering in deep water, or possibly somewhere far to the south, come north or in shore to deposit their eggs in the quiet bays along the rock-bound shores, and from June or July to August there is a series of piscatorial appearances gratifying to the sojourner. The barracuda, big sea bass, yellow-tail, jew fish and many more each have their seasons, and afford abundant sport to the summer toilers of the sea.

Of all these fishes, the yellow-tail commends itself to the lover of true sport. In general appearance, it



Playing the Yellow Tail

might be taken for a salmon, at first glance resembling this fish. In size it attains four feet, and in weight, ranges from ten to thirty and even forty pounds. The yellow-tail or amber fish is an ally of the mackerel, a distant cousin, yet near enough to have the wandering bohemian spirit of the latter with the courage and even ferocity of many of its compeers. In its moods, the yellow-tail is like the salmon. I have seen the water fairly tinted with yellow for many acres, changing in a marvelous way to blue, then green to yellow again. Entering the area of changing hues, the cause was found to be countless numbers of yellow-tails packed side by side, their huge plump bodies not ten feet from the surface, now standing idly, drifting, as it were, with the current, then breaking and moving gracefully by within touch of the very oar on which you are resting. The most delicately prepared bait—a struggling sardine—fails to attract at this time. Why? Who can tell?

You sit and feast your eyes upon their goodly proportions alone; watch the flashing colors of their fins, look into the big, expressive eyes as they pass you in review by tens, hundreds and thousands, and—well, your satisfaction is in the looking. Perhaps half an hour later, after you have returned and your boat is sunning itself on the beach, a man is seen upon the sands going through some extraordinary evolutions. He pulls in violently, casts a line, waves his hat in the air, pulls again, and finally in a frenzy of excitement rushes into the water, coming out with his arms about a gleaming silvery monster that beats his legs and face, producing smiles of pleasure and delight. Even now you sit quietly; but the old fisherman who dashes past with the exclamation that the "yellow-tails have sot in," brings you to your feet, and a few moments later with the rest of the population—for they are all there—you are in the heart of the yellow-tail country.

They have "sot in," indeed; not the sedate, impalpable crowd of scale-bearers that you eyed a short time before, but a community gone mad; an aggregation of forms darting here and there, driving schools of small fry on the beach, coming almost out of the water themselves, here, there and everywhere, paying no attention to the twenty or more boats that are moving to and fro, or the oars that are splashing among them. The entire bay, from one rocky point to the other, is boiling and seething, and the sport grows fast and furious. Men and boys crowd the little wharf, and great shining fish are brought in hand over hand, breaking lines with their very weight, splashing back to be caught again.

We are three—one rowing the dinghy slowly along, and two fortunates, with lines out astern—big Eastern cod lines, with Abbey and Imbrey hooks and piano-wire leaders, the bait, a six-inch sardine. Out the line rushes; a big, shiny creature shoots alongside and takes it the moment it clears the boat. Away it goes with a rush that is irresistible. The line hisses through your fingers, and you inwardly wonder what rod and reel would master this gamy creature. Its rushes have a peculiarity I have never noticed in other fishes; a singular bearing off during the run that breaks the strong line, while apparently the strain is not sufficient.

The yellow-tail is a schemer, and is never brought alongside until a score of tactics have been tried. Now it rushes at the boat, hoping to confuse you in the overhaul, then darts directly away, and unless you slack, the line snaps like thread. Now it is in the air, shaking a massive head and flinging the crystal drops in every direction. But finally you have it alongside, and the oarsman who has joy enough in watching the performance gaffs it and with a sturdy heave, sends the twenty-five pounder into the boat, where it exhibits its glories and covers

the planking with gold and silver scales.

The summers on these islands are a revelation to the Eastern visitor. Every day is clear and bright. The strong wind sometimes experienced at the mainland resorts is unknown and the little bays are generally smooth. The ocean breeze coming down the big cañons is tinctured with the flowers and shrubs of the hills and mountains over which it passes. Even the fog is rare at Avalon. It can be seen off shore and around the island at times, but rarely does it encompass the little half-moon bay.

In the warm days of August there will sometimes be seen a singular phenomenon away to the south. The water all about is perfectly smooth and quiet, but moving along is a large area of whitecaps which we see advance. As it comes nearer, moving along about half a mile off shore, it is evident that the appearance is occasioned by something rushing up from below. Now a dark body is seen springing into the air like an arrow, and it dawns upon us that this is a run of fish, that something else has "sot in." On come the foam caps, the ocean for many acres glistening and gleaming in the sunlight—a striking and absorbing spectacle. To watch this from a hilltop is attractive, but to be in the very center of the line of march offers more inducements, and upon one occasion we with others quickly pulled out of the little bay to intercept the advancing horde.

The water was like glass. Hardly a breath stirred the air, and a butterfly was gaily fluttering over the water in all confidence that it could reach the island again. As smooth as it was, rapidly approaching us was what appeared a mass of foam, coming on at the rate of perhaps five miles an hour. Soon it resolved itself into its component parts, and the waves were seen to come from the dashes of gigantic fish from below at some smaller game. The next moment a school of frightened flying fish darted by beneath the boat. One of the latter came flying through the air not a foot from my head. Another that seemed to have started an eighth of a mile away, struck my companion in the back and fell into the sea. Bands of two, three and four of the terrified fish dashed by before the advancing horde, and then we were in the midst of the whitecaps A few moments before we had feared we should not reach the spot in season; now we feared the possibility that one of the fish would land in the boat, which it could not have done without going directly through the bottom. A more remarkable piscatorial gymnastic exhibition was never seen.

The tuna, the horse mackerel of the Pacific, was charging a school of flying fishes, driving them up the coast, and the foam was occasioned by their leaps into the air and ferocious charges. The fish ranged from four to nine feet in length, as near as I could determine, and must have weighed from two hundred to seven hundred or eight hundred pounds—possibly more. They rose under the flying fish and in their attempts to seize them, gave a marvellous exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling. They would dash directly up, rising to an estimated height of ten feet, turn as gracefully as an arrow, gleaming and scintillating in the sunlight, then fall, head first. I saw one rise and snap at a flying fish. Another, in dashing up, missed the flier, but struck it so violently that it went whirling upward, looking with its gauzy wings, like a windmill, as it turned round and round, the big fish falling back to receive it.

When we were in the center of this throng, there were from one to ten of these beautiful fishes in the air at a time, in all conceivable positions, and from their size and the force with which they shot down, had one struck our frail boat it would have gone through it as though it were paper; but no such calamity occurred. The tuna did not approach nearer than twenty feet to

the boat, yet could be seen dashing all about us, while the air was filled with flying fishes, darting in every direction. I found later that they crowded into the harbors and bays, lining the shore, and even flying out upon the beach in their fear.

In many cases the tunas followed the flight of the flying fishes, seizing them as they struck the water. One passed within a few feet of the boat, and as it dropped its tail upon the water, the tuna that had been following just below the surface like an avenging Nemesis, dashed out and carried it away. Slowly the school moved up the coast, and for five or six miles the foam was seen and the warfare continued. I put out a yellow-tail line baited with a large flying fish but the tuna did not regard it with favor, and had it been taken there would have been but one result. Certainly the largest shark line would be required to even control so powerful a fish, and in a small boat the sport would not be unaccompanied with danger.



THE OBSERVATORY ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY

I saw those amber cloud-like hills to-day —
Those blue-veiled mountains east of San José.
When first upon my sight they sprung
Above the fair green valley hung,
They seemed unto my dumb surprise
Like some old amber walls of Paradise,
That long forgotten since that fabled time
Were now piled up to keep a fairer clime.
Wrapped in pale azure, near yet dim,
And tinted with pure tones that rim
The sunset clouds, with purple deeps, and old
Dull ambers, and high-lights of sunny gold : —

And so up-piled, this Paradise they keep :
For on yon peak against the cloudless sky,
The guarding eye of Science reads the deep, —
The starry paths where vengeful demons fly.

A STRANGE WARNING

BY LIEUTENANT J. C. CANTWELL

THE rain fell in a persistent, steady fashion and the wind moaned dismally outside in the streets as Lieutenant Thomas Duncan, U. S. N., gazed contemplatively at the storm through the windows of his club in San Francisco, one stormy night early in the present year. The uninviting prospect apparently did not cause Mr. Duncan any great amount of grief; on the contrary, he seemed to rather enjoy seeing, with a sailor's weather-wisdom, that the storm had set in, to use a seaman's expression, to "make an all-night's job of it." When he had fully decided in his mind that this was the case he turned, with a sigh of relief, and, crossing the reading room, entered a small apartment adjoining the library. A group of gentlemen were seated around the fire, which burned cheerfully in a large, open fireplace, but, as the room was not otherwise lighted and Duncan had entered quietly, his advent was not noticed. He seated himself in a chair near the door and began to listen, with a sort of dreamy pleasure, to the murmurous voices of the occupants of the room, sounding strangely like water running in the dark.

The flames from the fire, now rising high and then sinking low, cast strange shadows on the faces of the men seated around the hearth and played a fantastic game of hide-and-seek amidst the trophies of the chase, stands of arms and suits of uncouth armor from savage lands, which adorned the walls.

Somewhat apart from the rest of the gentlemen two persons were conversing in low tones evidently deeply absorbed in the matter under discussion. One of these gentlemen was probably fifty-eight or sixty years of age, but his robust physique and clear, florid complexion gave him a more youthful appearance. His short gray hair curled close to his head, and beneath his square brows his eyes appeared as steady and as bright as those of a youth of twenty. Only occasional glimpses of his companion's face could be had as he was in the shadow cast by the projecting mantel; but when he bent forward to hear what was said the fire lighted up a face which was younger than that of the speaker, but even to a casual observer it would have been remarkable for the sad intensity of its expression. During one of those pauses in conversation, which often occur even in crowded assemblages, the young man's voice suddenly arrested every one's attention as he enquired: "Doctor, do you really believe it is possible for persons to communicate with each other over long distances with other than natural means?" The doctor did not answer at once but sat with his head bent slightly forward and his eyes shaded from the firelight, with one hand, as if in deep thought; then rousing himself, and without appearing to notice the silence which had fallen upon the rest of the party, he said: "I certainly do believe that there have been instances of communication between highly organized or peculiarly sensitive persons in the way you mention. These instances are of frequent occurrence and are too well authenticated to be set down as mere coincidences. The most learned psychologists have utterly and confessedly failed to trace the workings of this special sense; but whether it is termed electro-biology, animal magnetism, second sight or force, its existence is no longer denied, except by the ignorant or the bigoted. You ask me if persons can communicate

with each other through long distances by means of this power (if I may so call it). I would say that everything depends upon the parties to the experiment. Whether the power can be developed by individual action or not is yet an open question. My own experience leads me to suppose that it is neither capable of increase nor diminution and that the most remarkable instances of its exhibition have been in the cases of persons who were ignorant of possessing such power and at times when they were utterly unconscious of exerting it."

As the speaker ceased every one started as the lieutenant rose from his seat and said as he came toward the fire: "Doctor, I would like to add my experience to the many with which you are acquainted on this subject." The doctor rose to his feet with an ejaculation of surprise and hastened across the room with outstretched hands to greet the new comer, "Why Tom, my dear boy, is it really you? Where did you drop from? When did you get in?" Then without waiting for answers to his questions he led the lieutenant toward the group of gentleman and introduced him. In the course of the rather general conversation which followed, the remark made by the lieutenant seemed to have been forgotten, but it was recalled by the request of the doctor's young friend that Mr. Duncan relate his story. "By all means, the story!" cried everyone.

"Very well, gentleman," said Duncan, "but first let me apologize for interrupting you so abruptly a minute ago. The fact is, however, that what Dr. Sturgis was saying was so interesting to me that I really forgot everything else and I think you will pardon my apparent rudeness when you hear my story.

"As Doctor Sturgis has told you I am in the Navy, and for three years past have been attached as navigator to the U. S. Brig *Ashuelot*, engaged in hydrographic work on the Asiatic station. I arrived in San Francisco this morning, and finding that my wife, who expected to meet me here had been detained by the heavy storms in the East and would not probably reach this place until to-morrow, I resolved to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered to do one of those acts of social penance known as a duty call; but it is such a bad night outside and my long absence at sea has so blunted my sense of what is due *les convenances* that I gave it up, and so here I am. By a strange coincidence I entered the room just in time to hear the Doctor's answer to one of two questions which I intended asking him myself at the first opportunity. What the second question is I will explain presently."

The lieutenant paused as if considering how best to begin and then abruptly continued:

"We had nearly completed our summer's work, having stood well up toward Cape Navarin, and all hands on board were looking forward eagerly to the day then near at hand when the last sounding would have been taken, the last observation made, and the old *Ashuelot's* head turned again toward the south.

"Several of us expected to be ordered home at the expiration of the cruise and all looked forward with pleasure to the meeting with old friends and the enjoyment of civilization to be found in Yokohama.

"On the 6th of October, 1891, I had the first watch on deck that is from eight o'clock to midnight, and as the wind was fair and the moon but two days from full, everything seemed propitious for a pleasant watch. When the first lieutenant had received the eight o'clock reports he said to me as he passed on his way to the cabin: 'Well, Mr. Duncan, you've got a fine night and I hope you will keep the breeze.' When he returned from making his report to the captain, he said: 'The captain wants the order passed to keep her on this course till eight o'clock to-morrow morning and

carry all prudent sail.' Then wishing me good-night and a pleasant watch 'the hardest-worked man in the ship' disappeared down the wardroom hatch. I walked forward to see that the lookouts were properly posted, that the watch was wakeful, and in general to see for myself that everything was in proper shape in case of any sudden emergency, and then returned to the quarterdeck and took up my position on the weather horse-block. As we bowled along with the white sails soaring aloft and the tautened rigging singing in the breeze the motion of the ship was so easy as she rose and fell on the gentle ground swell that one could almost imagine her to be at anchor, until his eye caught the gleam of the breaking wave leaping away from the weather bow or the smother of lace-like foam that whirled and eddied under the counter. Instead of decreasing, the wind which was west southwest at eight o'clock gradually increased in force and backed more to the southward until at two bells, nine o'clock, the old brig began to pitch into the young sea that was rising with such force as to send the spray flying over the bows and along the decks. The royals first and then the other light sails were taken in and furled as they were really doing more harm than good, and by three bells the wind had drawn so far aft that the yards were run in square and the weather-clew of the mainsail hauled up. Still the brig seemed to fly through the water and the taffrail log indicated a speed of twelve and one-half knots per hour. The night continued perfectly fair and clear, the moon shining so brightly that no lantern was necessary in making the regular entries in the log-book. Just here let me say by way of explanation of what follows that on all government vessels it is customary to strike the ship's bell every half hour, and at night if underway to report all running lights burning brightly. The men stationed at different places about the ship on the lookout are also required to announce 'all well!' at these times. On a small vessel like the *Ashuelot* the duty of looking out for the lights and striking the bell in addition to his regular duties at 'the conn' devolved upon the quartermaster of the watch, so that when he walked forward at four bells, ten o'clock, to strike the bell, there was no one left on the quarterdeck but myself and the man at the wheel.

"As the sharp clang of the bell awakened the echoes along the deck and was lost amidst the rush and roar of the wind in the sails overhead, the sonorous cries of the lookouts were heard from the different posts about the ship announcing '*All's Well!*' At that moment I was standing on the weather horse-block with one hand grasping the hand-rail and the other feeling the topsail-brace, for the wind had by this time freshened so much that the weather braces began to *sing*; and I was debating whether I should hold on a little longer or adopt the more prudent course of shortening sail, when as I loosened my hold on the brace and it straightened out with a *twang*, I distinctly heard a voice say, '*Tom, you must go more to the right!*' My first impression was that this rather unnautical admonition was addressed by the quartermaster to the man at the wheel; but as I faced inboard I was amazed to find that the helmsman and I were the sole occupants of the quarterdeck.

Looking forward I saw the quartermaster on the hammock rail examining the lights. I crossed the deck and said to the man at the wheel: 'Did you speak, my man?' He simply touched his hat and shook his head negatively, and I noticed that his mouth was so charged with tobacco that he couldn't have spoken if his life had depended upon it. I was so thoroughly mystified that the fellow escaped the reprimand he otherwise would have received for this breach of discipline (seamen are not allowed to use tobacco while at the wheel), and as he was relieved shortly by another of the watch he got out of the way before

I had recovered myself. It may be observed that it had not occurred to me to attribute this warning to any other than a natural agency. After carefully thinking the matter over for a few moments and finding that it was impossible that anyone on board ship could have played such a trick on me, I simply considered that I had been made the victim of my own imagination and by mere force of will threw off the feeling of nervousness which had begun to creep over me.

"In order to assure myself, however, that there was really nothing in our path ahead I left the quarterdeck and went forward on the forecastle-deck and with my night glass swept the sea ahead with the utmost care. The moon was by this time nearly on the meridian and lighted up the sea almost with the brightness of day; but not a thing could I discern except the heaving sea and the calm sky above it. I returned to the quarterdeck greatly relieved and rather ashamed of myself to have been caught napping on watch. Nearly a half-hour afterwards I had walked forward to the break of the quarterdeck and was about to sing out for the watch to hand the topgallant sails, as the wind was steadily growing stronger, and a slight almost imperceptible mist began to be visible low down in the sky, indicating squally weather, when again I heard the same voice as if directly at my ear say, 'TOM! TOM! YOU MUST GO MORE TO THE RIGHT!' This time there could be no mistaking the warning human or supernatural, real or imaginary; the accent of alarm and terror with which these words were uttered communicated itself to me and left me in no undecided frame of mind. I must obey the warning direction whatever the consequences. 'Lay aft the watch!' I cried out sharply, 'and brail up the spanker!' The men sprang aft and in a moment the driver was snugged in close.

"'Put your helm up!' was the next order, and the men, realizing, as all good sailors will, that some emergency was at hand, did not wait for further orders but sprang to the main braces and lee clew-garnet. As the brig obeyed her helm and flew around, the mainsail was hauled up, and the yards swung around with a will. As she came to the wind on the other tack the topgallant sails were taken in and the mainsail and spanker set again. Then as she leaned over and buried her lee cathead under the water for a moment, only to rise and bound forward with a cloud of spray flying over her bows on a course almost at right angles to the one which we had been pursuing, a load seemed to have been suddenly lifted from my shoulders, and although I felt that in changing the ship's course I had disobeyed the captain's order and really had no excuse to offer save one which I had every reason to expect would be treated as the wild raving of a madman, I did not feel the slightest tremor of hesitation as to the justice of my action. I stepped below after seeing everything shipshape on deck and knocking on the captain's companionway entered the cabin at his bidding. I found the captain sitting up on one of the side transoms where he had evidently been taking a nap until awakened by a change of motion in the vessel as she came to the wind.

"Everybody in the Navy knows Captain I——. He is a man who has seen so much of life and has himself been through so many strange experiences that it was a matter of doubt with us juniors whether there was anything left on earth for him to learn. It seemed impossible to astonish him or even to arouse him from his usual condition of calm reserve and almost habitual abstraction. With him an order always carried with it the obligation of implicit obedience. There were few men who ever disputed his authority, and none who ever boasted of having done so. Now that I stood before him, self-convicted of having disregarded an order that he had passed, I could not help wondering why it was that I did not feel the slightest alarm for

the consequences. Without wasting words, as I could only remain a moment below decks, I reported the change of course to the captain and then added: 'I have no excuse or reason to offer, sir, for my action except that I honestly believe that there is some obstruction in our path ahead, and that if I had continued on the course, we would have been lost.' As usual with him, the captain made no comment, but bidding me return to the deck, he said: 'I'll be up in a moment, Mr. Duncan.' I had hardly reached my position on the weather horse-block when he appeared on deck, took a sharp look around, and then, coming up to me, said: 'Now tell me your reasons for changing the vessel's course.' I related to him exactly what I have told you about the warning voices, and to my surprise he not only did not relieve me from duty, but somehow I felt that he was actually in sympathy with me. He did not say anything at the time, but after taking a turn or two on deck, he ordered me to shorten sail and keep a careful record of the ship's way through the water so that she might be brought back to the position where I had received the supposed warning next morning, when a thorough examination could be made of the locality by daylight.

"At midnight I was relieved by one of the junior officers, who expressed surprise at finding the ship almost hove to, but before I could answer his rather querulous inquiry as to 'What I was trying to do with her,' I was relieved from my embarrassing position by the captain himself, who said quietly: 'It was *my* order, sir.' We both started rather guiltily, because neither of us had observed him standing just inside the companion-way.

"It may be a matter of surprise to you gentlemen to know that I slept any that night, but singular as it may seem, I had hardly touched my bunk, when, as if overpowered by profound fatigue, I fell asleep and did not wake until roused by the knocking of the quartermaster outside my door, with the announcement: 'It's seven bells, sir, an' capen's complimen's, and would you come on deck, sir.' I sprang from my bunk, mortified that it should have been necessary to call me on such an occasion, hastily dressed and went on deck.

"The captain was standing aft when I reached the quarterdeck, and after returning my salute, he requested me to take the log-book and calculate the time the vessel should be back at her ten-o'clock position of the previous night. She was now standing to the westward under easy sail. In a few moments I handed the captain the result of my work. 'Half-past four, eh?' he said more to himself than to any one else. It was now nearly four o'clock and broad daylight, as the night is very short in these latitudes at this time of year. If my calculations were correct, we ought to be back at the place where I had heard the warning voice the second time in *half an hour*. The keenest sighted men in the brig were stationed aloft to search the water for anything unusual, and, taking my glass, I went up myself on the foretopsail yard. The breeze had moderated, but the sea caused by the fresh wind of the previous night had not yet gone down. The gleam of a gull's wing as it turned in the sunlight, and the swelling canvas and graceful lines of the brig were all that broke the monotony of the vast expanse of sea and sky. I strained my eyes as I examined every square foot of the sea ahead and to the westward, but in vain. Once, twice, the glasses swept over the expanse of water from left to right, until the whole arc of the horizon had been completed. Then as I gazed through them again, mechanically going over the same field for the third time, there suddenly flashed out upon the deep blueness of the sea a blinding white cloudlike mass of spray. As it subsided and the wave sank down, there, almost

directly ahead of us and not a mile away, was a long, low, rugged line of rocks partially submerged and only made visible by the cataracts of foam and water which roared down their sides with the rising and falling of the sea. My head swam for a moment, and my heart almost ceased to beat. Could my senses be leaving me? No, for the next instant from a dozen throats the cry issued: 'BREAKERS AHEAD! BREAKERS AHEAD!'

"A sharp order rang out from on deck, and amidst the rattling of blocks and thrashing noise of slackened sheets and braces, the *Ashuelot* shot up into the wind with a plunge that sent the green water boiling over her bows, and then with a premonitory flutter of her sails, like a bird changing its course in flight, she fell off on the other track and lay to almost stationary, with her maintopsail to the mast.

"Before I could reach the deck two boats in charge of officers had been cleared away and sent to examine the reef more closely. When they returned the officers reported that the reef was a little over a mile in length, and, judging from the sharply defined fractures and the appearance of fresh sulphur stains upon the rocks, the reef must have been the result of some very recent upheaval. Certainly it is not to be found on any chart hitherto published of the region. Nor can there be found any mention whatever of the supposed existence of a reef at this position in the works of the early navigators. When it appears on the United States Hydrographic Charts next year it will be the first time recorded as a danger to navigation.

"We finished our survey in due season and returned to Yokohama, where I found my orders for home awaiting me. Of course there was considerable excitement on board at the time, but as the captain never mentioned the circumstances attending its discovery and I did not care to discuss it with any one, the danger we had all been threatened with was soon forgotten."

The lieutenant ceased speaking and the silence which followed was not interrupted for fully a minute. Then the doctor's young friend inquired:

"Lieutenant, have you mentioned this matter to your wife?"

The lieutenant started violently and said, "No, I have not. It is a most curious circumstance," he added, "that you should have again anticipated me by asking a question which brings out the second question I intended to ask Doctor Sturgis. Before doing so, however, doctor, I would like you to read this, which I received from my wife on our arrival at Yokohama." The lieutenant produced from an inside pocket a letter, and, taking the missive from its envelope, he opened it, and, handing both to the doctor, laid his finger on a passage in the letter. The doctor took the letter and envelope and adjusting his glasses, leaned forward, so that the blaze from the fire fell directly on them, and examined both carefully. He read the passage through once and then, with a long whistle of astonishment, he looked up and said, "May I read this aloud?"

"Certainly," said the lieutenant. The doctor again closely examined the two pieces of paper in his hand, turning them over and over and viewing them from all sides as if by that means he would find a solution to what appeared a very grave problem.

At last he said: "Gentlemen, this letter was posted in San Francisco on October 7th, 1891, and appears by the postmarks to have been sent, first to Hongkong, where it was re-directed to Yokohama, at which place it seems it was delivered in due form. The passage in the letter which Mr. Duncan wished me to read is as follows: * * * * 'I know you will think I am silly for letting so small a matter worry me but, somehow, I cannot entirely recover from the effects of a horrible dream I had about you last night. I thought I had gone to meet you somewhere in the open country but it seemed a long, long distance, and

the aspect of the landscape was so cold and cheerless that it sends a shiver through me now as I recall it.

"'Not a vestige of grass or foliage relieved the horrible ghastliness of the low, barren hills. To add to the general effect of utter desolation and ugliness there were yawning chasms out of whose gloomy depths there issued sounds as if of breaking waves and the agonizing cries of a multitude struggling against death. As I stood near one of these fissures, unable to tear myself away, I suddenly saw you running toward me from the opposite side. You were waving your hand to me and smiling, apparently all unconscious of the terrible pit at your very feet. With one almost superhuman effort I aroused myself from the horrible paralysis which seemed to be freezing my very blood, and cried out with all my strength : *Tom, Tom, you must go more to the right.* Twice I called to you and then awoke, crying bitterly.'"

The doctor folded the letter up slowly and, replacing it in its envelope, handed it to the lieutenant without speaking.

After a pause, during which the group of men seemed to have been suddenly stricken dumb, the lieutenant said : "Now, doctor, what I want to know is, ought I to tell my wife?"

ITALY

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

A multitudinous stir and melody
Of whispering leaves ;
Of olive boughs the subdued silver revelry
Held in the blue ; and outside, fretting audibly,
A wind that grieves ;
A perfume of warm violets in the air,
Beneath, and everywhere ;
A glimmer of dim marbles, rich and rare
And marble-cold ;

The scent of Tuscan mould
Up-breathing where the crowding violets be,
Remindingly ;
A subtle, troubling something, faint and fair,
Delight, despair !
A bird-song ; a far bell ; a drowsing bee ;
A murmur and a motion ; a caress ;
Of sun and air ; a touch ; a tenderness ;
A smile that runs from Heaven down to me ;
A music and a silence—
Italy !

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

BY E. S. GILL

THERE is probably no section of the United States as much misrepresented, or of which the general public is so little enlightened as Arizona. Even her next door neighbors in Southern California are lamentably ignorant of the diversified industries, the great natural wealth, and the magnitude of the domain of the future State which lies just to the east of them.

The "boom" of Southern California set all the world talking about that region. Likewise the booms of the northwest brought that section into prominence, including Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho. Colorado took her first start in the days of the Pike's Peak excitement and this has been followed by the Ouray, Leadville, Cripple Creek, Creede and other mining furores. Some little attention was directed to Arizona in the early eighties by the rich strikes of silver but the almost daily dispatches giving accounts of outrage, murder and rapine committed by the Nation's pets — the fiendish Apaches — kept out many an intending settler and also gave the Territory a "backset" from which she is only now recovering.

The few hardy pioneers who braved the danger of Indian foes were miners and wasted no time in endeavoring to cultivate, what to them, was but a broad expanse of desert. Even at this late day, when it has been so fully demonstrated what can be done with the deserts of the West, by irrigation, it is difficult to make a resident of a rainy country believe that the almost boundless plain before him, covered only with sage brush, grease wood, cactus and a few other dwarfed growths can, with the aid of water, soon be turned into green fields of alfalfa, waving grain, or giving forth the sweet perfume of orange blossoms from thrifty and growing young trees.

A gentleman from Arizona travelling in the East a year ago was telling some friends of his farm in Arizona, on which he raised all kinds of blooded stock, small grains and fruits from peaches and apricots to oranges, figs and dates.

"You don't mean to tell us," said one of his listeners, "that there is any farming in Arizona, do you?"

"Indeed I do," was the reply, "and the time is not far distant when we will command the cream of the market with our early fruits and vegetables and be California's strongest competitor in the production of blooded horses."

"Yes, but I thought Arizona was only a mining State," again exclaimed the gentleman.

"True, that is what people like you used to think of California but you found it to the contrary when she took the best markets from you with her superior wheat and now the oranges on your table were grown on her golden shores. Arizona is a mining country, and no doubt you will be surprised when I tell you that she is also a timber and coal country, and that her pine forests cover a greater area than did the great pine forests of Michigan before the ax of the white man had touched them, and her coal fields are larger in extent than those of Pennsylvania. Arizona covers an area as large as that of the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois combined, so that besides her inexhaustible mountains of precious metal, her vast forests of pine and her great coal fields, she has millions of acres of the richest farming land on earth."

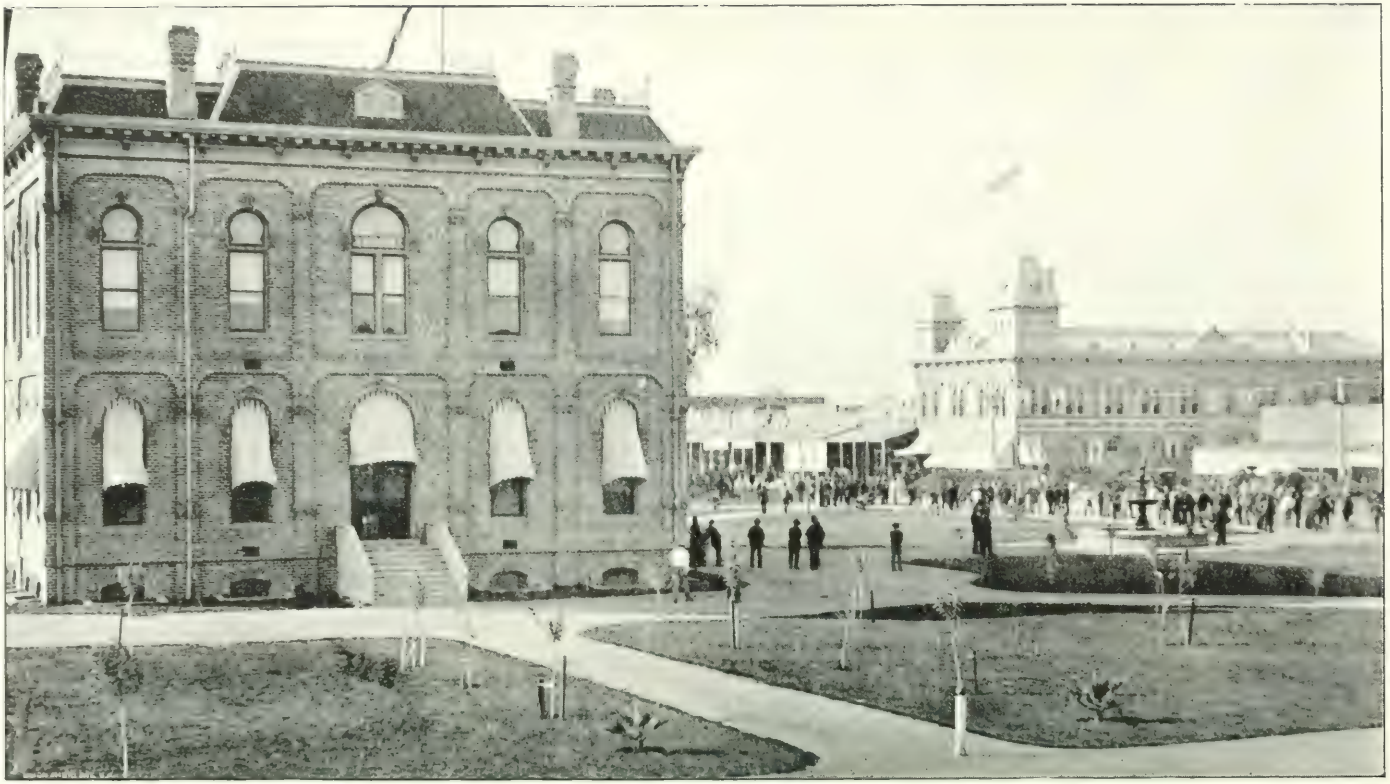
The old idea that only "black lands" were rich and of the best

quality for farming has long since been exploded. People have learned that the reddish-brown soil of the valleys of the west have been covered, through the long ages, with the decomposition and silt from the mountains giving the soil a fert' 'zation that makes its productive powers almost beyond comprehension.

The oldest, and therefore the best developed, agricultural section of Arizona is the Salt River Valley, in Maricopa County. By looking at the ordinary railroad folder the reader will see that the Southern Pacific and the Atlantic & Pacific railroads cross Arizona from east to west, the former in the south and the latter in the north. Nearly parallel to the Southern Pacific flows the Gila (pronounced He-la) River, which enters the Territory from New Mexico, on the east and empties into the Colorado near the southwestern corner. Among the tributaries to the Gila is the Salt River and along this stream, in west central Arizona is the now famous Salt River Valley.

Although the old stage trail to California in the fifties followed along the Gila; and the mountains to the north of the Salt River Valley had been prospected from 1863 to 1865 it was not until 1867 that a few men wiser than their companions, left the search for gold and began taking up homes on the desert land along the Rio Salado. In traveling over the valley they had become impressed with the ruins of ancient canals and temples that had been used by the pre-historic races hundreds of years ago. Taking out a ditch from the river they followed along the lines distinctly marked by the ruins of ditch banks that some day, probably before the man of Galilee had taught his new commandments, had carried waters to produce nourishment for mankind. Along this ditch the first crops were raised by the modern Arizonians. The success of the farmers in the little settlement attracted others and in a few years a very considerable settlement had sprung up. In November, 1870, a survey of a townsite was begun and in February, 1871, the first house was built in what is now the City of Phœnix, the capital of Arizona, and the most important town within her borders. Residents of the settlement soon began to feel the need of a more local county government and in 1871 a new county was formed out of the southern portion of Yavapai County and named Maricopa after the Indians who for so long had dwelt within its borders.

Maricopa County has an area of nine thousand three hundred and thirty-four square miles. It is larger than the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire or New Jersey, and approximately as large as Vermont or Maryland. The new county grew and prospered so well that in 1873, a second canal, named the Maricopa, was taken out on the north side of the river. Five years later, fourteen miles of a third canal, called the Grand, were constructed, and other extensions were made in 1880–81–82. These canals carry twenty-four thousand miner's inches of water and irrigate eighty thousand acres of land. In 1884, a few public-spirited men began work on the Arizona Canal, one of the largest, if not the largest, irrigating canal in the United States. The great ditch was completed in 1887. This canal heads in the Salt River, just below its junction with the Verde, near McDowell Butte, twenty-eight miles northeast of the City of Phœnix. The main canal is forty-one miles long, with an extension of seven miles, making the aggregate length forty-eight miles. The dam in the Salt River, which diverts the water into this canal, is eleven feet high and one thousand feet long. The canal is thirty-six feet wide on the bottom, seven and one-half feet deep and fifty-eight feet wide at the top. Its grade is two feet to the mile, and it carries forty thousand miner's inches of water, forty miner's inches equaling one cubic foot. Twenty-two



Court House, Phœnix

miles from the head of this canal, it is cut through solid rock at the base of a hill, and here falls sixteen feet over an abrupt rockbed, developing great power, which will ultimately be utilized for manufacturing and electrical purposes. One mile below the falls is the head of a lateral canal, called the "Crosscut," which is a feeder for the Grand, Maricopa and Salt River Valley canals. It has a capacity of fifteen thousand miner's inches, and in its four miles of length there are twenty-four falls, aggregating one hundred and thirty-five feet. Together with the falls of the Arizona Canal, they have a combined horsepower of three thousand seven hundred. The acreage of land redeemed by the Arizona Canal is ninety-six thousand. All these canals were a few years ago consolidated under one management, thus greatly lessening the running expenses. Combined, they have a total length of one hundred and six miles of main canals and one hundred and sixty miles of lateral ditches used in conveying water to the respective farms irrigated. The land covered by them aggregates one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres —an empire in itself larger than several of the European principalities.

While all this progress in development was being made on the north side of the Salt River, settlers were also at work on the south side. They have the Utah, Mesa, Tempe and Highland canals, aggregating over sixty miles and irrigating nearly one hundred thousand acres. Much work has been done along the Gila, in the western part of the county, particularly within the last year. Canals are now under construction that will redeem two hundred thousand acres of land in that part of the county.



Maricopa and Phœnix Railroad Bridge

Naturally the question arises, what will this Arizona land produce after it is irrigated. To such question, one may well answer, "Everything." The first settlers devoted their attention solely to the growing of grain and alfalfa. The mining camps in the mountains to the north called for supplies, and all attention was devoted to filling the demand. Some small fruits were planted about the houses, but no attempts at establishing vineyards or orchards on any considerable scale were made until 1887. Some small vineyards had been set out

previous to that, but through lack of care had been but partially successful. The few fig trees here and there about farmhouses bore large crops, and this induced W. H. and Samuel Bartlett to try their culture on a large scale on farms northwest of the city, under the Arizona Canal. The first orchard of forty acres was planted in 1887, and so successful was it that the Bartlett Bros. planted another one hundred acres the next year. They have kept adding to the acreage each year since, their two farms consisting of six hundred and forty acres each. A few acres on each farm are devoted to raisin grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, apricots, peaches, plums, prunes and other fruits, but the bulk of the land is set to figs. Large brick curing and packing houses were erected on these farms in 1891. Figs from their orchards were awarded the first prize over all competitors at the Mechanics' Institute Fair in San Francisco, in 1890. The success in this instance has clearly proved the profitableness of fig culture in Arizona. In most sections of the United States, where their culture has been attempted, the result has not been what was hoped for. The fruit would shrivel on the tree or drop off before ripening. Here two crops a year are assured, and three crops are not uncommon. The White Adriatic fig grown in Arizona is very thin-skinned and sweet, while the seeds are small. In fact, the sweetness of all fruits is noticeable, particularly in figs and raisin grapes. The soil of the Salt River Valley carries a very large amount of saccharine matter, and this is imparted to its products.

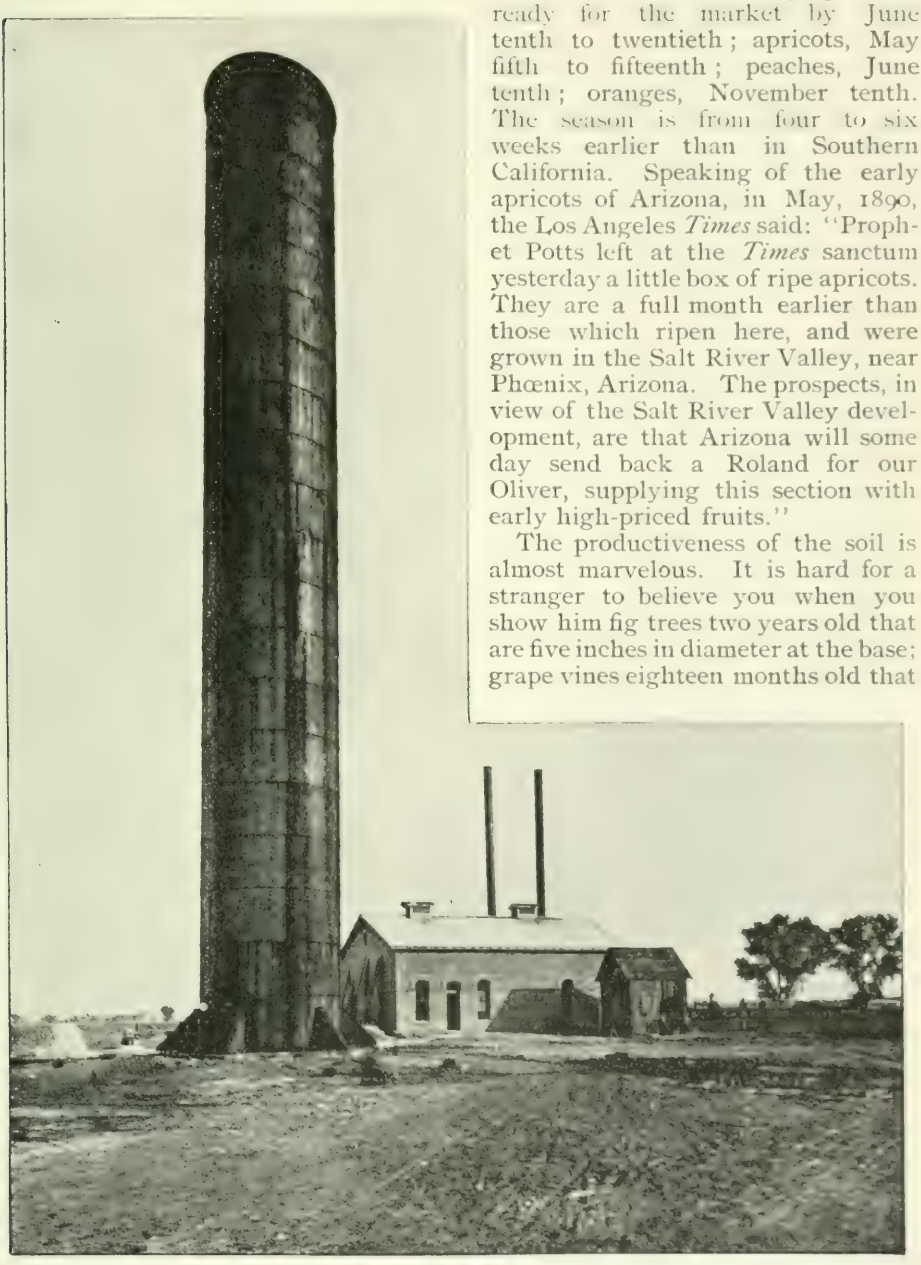
The Arizona Improvement Company planted the first orange orchard near the Arizona Canal Falls in April, 1889, the trees being two-year-old buds. In November, 1890, some fruit was produced, and in 1891, about half a box to a tree was gathered. The fruit was of a beautiful dark-red color, exceedingly smooth, large and juicy. The entire crop was ready for market before December first. The success of this pioneer orange orchard induced many others to plant groves, and seven hundred and thirty-eight acres were set out in 1891 in orchards of five acres or more. The exact acreage planted this year cannot be given at this time, but it will reach nearly five thousand. Altogether there are now over twenty-five thousand acres in the valley in orchards and vineyards, the Improvement Company alone having one orchard of six hundred acres set to apricots, peaches, almonds, French prunes, olives, seedless Sultana, Malaga and table grapes.



Scene on Ranch of Arizona Improvement Company

It is in her early season that the Salt River Valley's greatest success will come in fruit culture. Shut out from the cold winds that visit other sections in the spring vegetation has no drawbacks. Early grapes are ready for the market by June tenth to twentieth; apricots, May fifth to fifteenth; peaches, June tenth; oranges, November tenth. The season is from four to six weeks earlier than in Southern California. Speaking of the early apricots of Arizona, in May, 1890, the Los Angeles *Times* said: "Prophet Potts left at the *Times* sanctum yesterday a little box of ripe apricots. They are a full month earlier than those which ripen here, and were grown in the Salt River Valley, near Phœnix, Arizona. The prospects, in view of the Salt River Valley development, are that Arizona will some day send back a Roland for our Oliver, supplying this section with early high-priced fruits."

The productiveness of the soil is almost marvelous. It is hard for a stranger to believe you when you show him fig trees two years old that are five inches in diameter at the base; grape vines eighteen months old that produce one thousand pounds to the acre, and at five years old produce



Water Tower at Phœnix

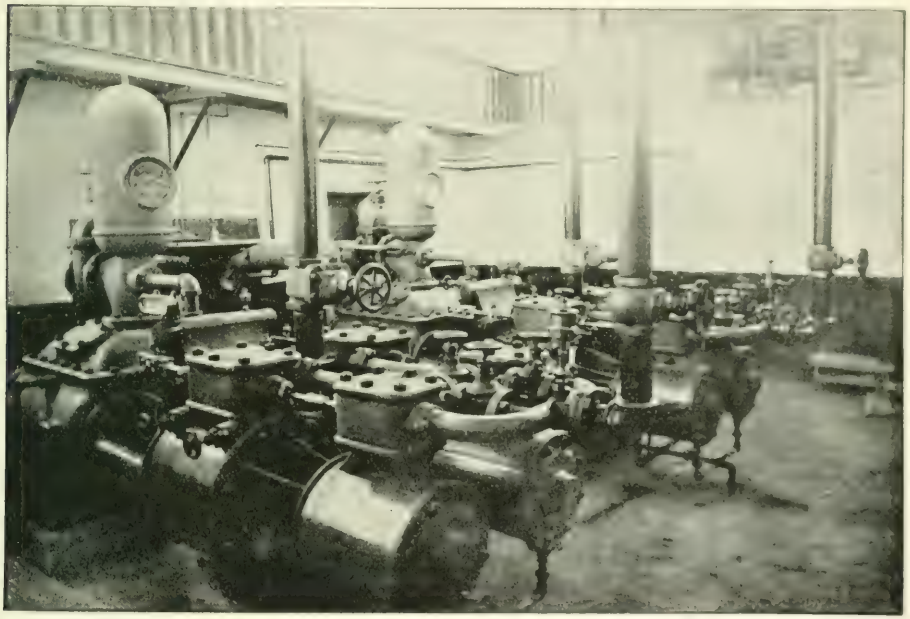
from four to eight tons to the acre. Alfalfa produces five and six crops a year, with from one and one-half to two tons to the acre at each cutting. An analysis of the soil by a Government chemist, who accompanied the Senate Committee on Arid Lands in 1889, showed it to be richer than the soil of the valley of the Nile.

There was placed on exhibition in Phœnix in September, 1891, a small limb from a date palm grown on the Hatch farm, three miles north of the city, that contained one thousand and forty-four fully-matured dates, weighing eighteen and one-half pounds. To enumerate what can be produced here would be to give a list of the products of the soil of the temperate and semi-tropic zones. Among the fruits which have been most successful are figs, raisin grapes, oranges, lemons, dates, quinces, prunes, nectarines, pomegranates, olives, peaches, apricots, pears, plums, almonds, berries of all kinds and apples. Sugar cane produces enormously and has more juice than the Louisiana or Sonora cane. Sugar beets harvest two crops a year, producing from seventeen to twenty-five per cent. Roasting ears can be gathered in from five to six weeks after planting the corn. Strawberries and garden vegetables can be produced throughout the winter months, and with the completion of the railroad giving connection with the Santa Fe system, a large demand for such products for the Chicago and Eastern markets will be created.

In all new settlements the first thing done after pitching the temporary tents and planting the crops is to lay out a town. The settlers of the Salt River Valley were no exception to the rule and the work of laying out a town was begun in the winter of 1870-71. When a name was to be selected for the embryo city Byron Darrell Duppa, a highly-educated Englishman, proposed that it should be called Phœnix. He had been greatly interested in the ruins of the pre-historic races scattered over the valley, and in proposing the name said: "Here, upon the ruins of this long-forgotten city let us establish a new civilization, that, Phœnix-like, will rise from its ashes." For eight years the growth was slow, but with the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad into the Territory in 1879 Phœnix became an important stage station between the mining country to the north and junction with the railroad at the old Maricopa wells. Besides this the farm products of the surrounding country made it an important supply point. That her citizens were progressive and enterprising is shown by their having built a thirty-five-thousand-dollar courthouse in 1884, when the assessed valuation of the county did not reach two million of dollars.

In 1886 a subsidy of two hundred thousand dollars was voted to the Maricopa and Phœnix railroad, and the line (thirty-four miles in length) was completed the next year, giving connection with the Southern Pacific. The town now took on new life, and soon the adobe buildings began to give way to brick business blocks and residences. Meantime the location of the Territorial Insane Asylum had been secured for Phœnix and the Territorial Normal School for Tempe, only nine miles distant. Successful thus far, her citizens became ambitious for still further honors, and in January, 1889, secured the removal of the capital from Prescott to Phœnix, building a fine City Hall, which could also be used as a Capitol building until such time as one could be erected by the Territory. Her liberal citizens went still further and donated a beautiful block of land of twenty acres in the western part of the city for Capitol grounds. A gardener is kept constantly employed in caring for and beautifying the grounds, so that by the time a building is constructed it can be erected in the midst of one of the most beautiful little parks in the Southwest.

Nearly all the older towns of New Mexico and Arizona were formerly Mexican *pueblas* with narrow streets and adobe houses. Not so with Phœnix. It is a lively, enterprising and progressive American city. The principal streets and avenues are one hundred feet wide, while all cross streets are eighty feet. The blocks are three hundred feet square, lots being fifty by one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half feet with a twenty-five-foot alley cutting through each block. Through the streets flow



Engine Room of Water Works, Phœnix

streams of pure water, while rows of shade trees line both sides of all the residence avenues. Surrounded by a wealth of flowers, fruits and foliage, it is one of the handsomest cities in the Southwest. It may sound strange to the uninitiated, but so dense is the verdure in this city built up on a former desert, that it might now well be called the Forest City.

As might be expected, a city with such enterprising people would have all the modern conveniences. A street railroad was one of the first improvements to follow the advent of the iron horse. This proved a paying investment and has aided greatly in building up the city, extending its borders in every direction. At present this company has over eight miles of track, five cars and employs twenty-five mules and horses. The income for the six summer months was three thousand five hundred and fifty dollars; the cost of running was one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars; the income for the six winter months was two thousand four hundred and ninety dollars; the cost one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, a most creditable showing.

In a land where water and irrigation are the two most important factors it is not unnatural that this subject should attract by far the greatest attention, and for this reason some of the details of the method of supplying water are given in the present article. In Arizona and New Mexico, as well as the west slope in general,

water is king, and the happy owners of water stock or bonds are among the wealthy men of the places.

As far back as 1881 Mr. J. J. Gardiner established a small water works for domestic supply. The venture proved so successful that in February, 1889, he organized a stock company known as the Phœnix Water Works Company, receiving a franchise from the city for the laying of mains and supplying water. The company set about building a large plant. Two Dean pumps with a capacity of one million gallons per day each, were put in. A brick pump and boiler house were erected as well as a steel stand pipe fourteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, with a capacity of eleven thousand five hundred gallons. This stand pipe is used to add pressure in the mains, which is now about forty-five pounds to the square inch.

The well is remarkable, being but twelve feet in diameter and thirty-five feet deep, yet it affords a never-failing supply of pure, cold water for a city of seven thousand people. Besides the water for domestic uses, two ice factories with a daily capacity of ten and fifteen tons respectively, get their water from the water company. Three printing offices run their presses by means of water motors, and all the water for street sprinkling and use on lawns is taken from the mains. The Insane Asylum, three miles east of the city, also draws its water from the water company.

In May, 1890, the Phœnix Water Company was organized, and purchased the plant of the Water Works Company. The plant consists of the pumping plant together with about seventeen miles of mains, ranging in size from four to ten inches. The water is pumped from a well some forty-five feet in depth into the main ten inches in diameter running through the center of the town. A short distance from the well there is a ten-inch "T" running laterally from the force main to the stand pipe, which is constructed of sheet steel fourteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, with a capacity of over one hundred and fifteen thousand gallons. The pumping plant consists of two compound duplex Dean pumping engines, each of which has a capacity of a million and a half gallons in twenty-four hours. Steam is supplied by two steel boilers so arranged that they can be cut out. All machinery and the steam plant is in duplicate, preventing the possibility of a failure through breakage. There are ten-inch valves in the ten-inch force main, so arranged that the stand pipe can be cut off from the city and water be supplied by pumping as in the Holly system, or the pumps can be cut off and water supplied from the stand pipe, making it a reservoir system.

The income of the company is approximately one thousand seven hundred dollars per month; this includes profit from the Merchandise account, which includes taking the mains and all pipe furnished and laid, the profit from which, after paying labor, etc., is about one hundred dollars per month.

The expenses may be of interest to readers in the East, and are as follows:

EXPENSES

Salaries as follows:	
Engineer	$120
Fireman	50
Acting Sec'y	100
Rent office	15
Total	$285
An average of one cord of wood per day; thirty cords per month, at $1	$120

The company secures as hydrant rental alone, the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars per year. This is paid monthly in twelve equal installments. Since purchasing the plant, extensive additions to the pipe line have been made, the company having expended during the last year over seventeen thousand dollars for this purpose. The well has been sunk seven feet and will now furnish

continually three million gallons per day, which is shown in the following list:

Month	Gal water Pumped	Av per Day	Cds wood Consumed
Feb., 1890..	2,257,324...	91,333...	15
Mar., 1890..	3,942,409...	127,193...	15
Apr., 1890..	5,537,409...	184,580...	22
May, 1890..	7,831,182...	246,188...	38
June, 1890..	10,311,070...	332,615...	41
July, 1890..	11,833,118...	375,261...	42
Aug., 1890..	10,915,394...	352,109...	35
Sept., 1890..	10,775,928...	359,177...	31
Oct., 1890..	8,478,470...	273,499...	30
Nov., 1890..	6,686,176...	222,872...	27.5
Dec., 1890..	6,247,500...	201,532...	25
Jan., 1891..	8,506,008...	274,387...	31

The geological location and natural advantages are so great that Phœnix will rapidly increase in population, and is rapidly becoming a large city. The company has what is equivalent to the exclusive privilege of selling water in the city, and a fifty-year franchise, suggestive of its value.

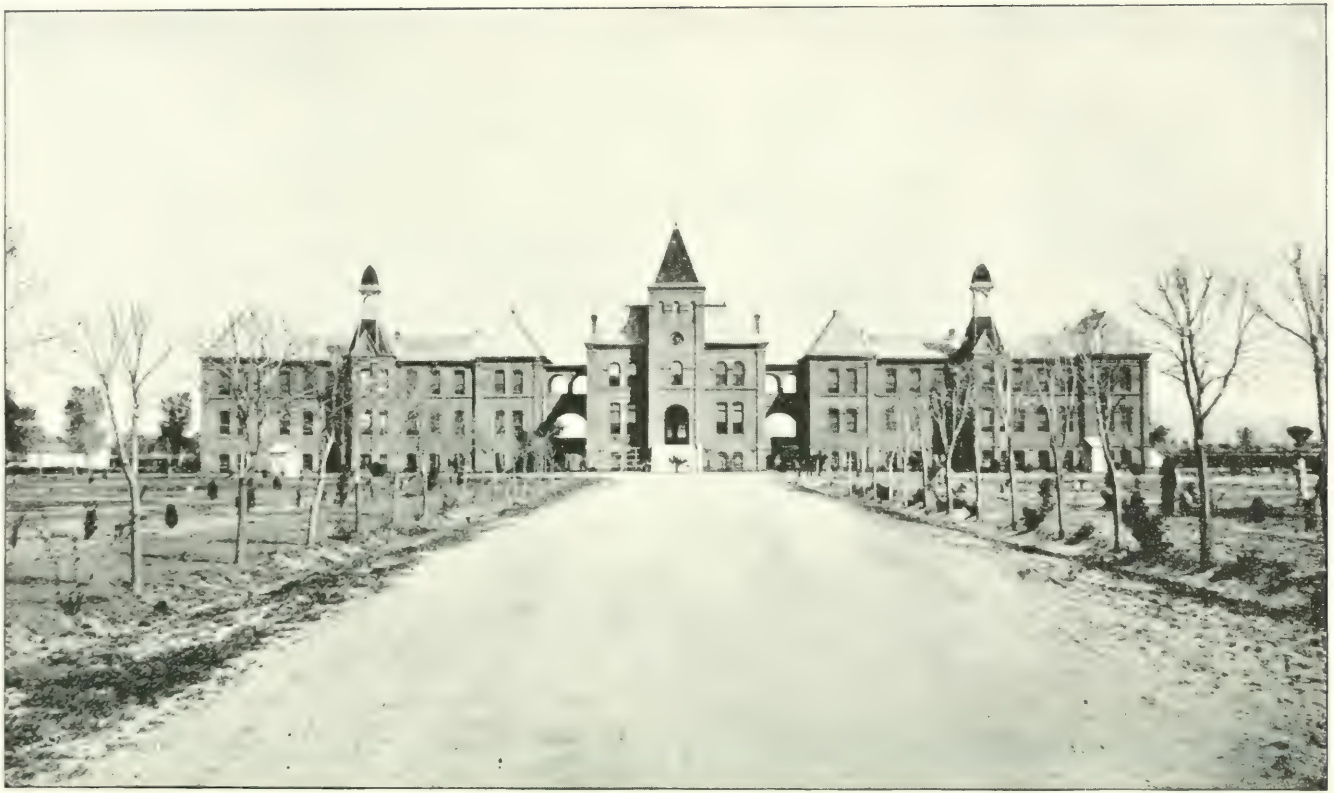
At the time of the purchase of this plant from the Phœnix Water Works' Company, there were outstanding bonds of the Phœnix Water Works' Company to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. When the bonds of the Phœnix Water Company were issued, sixty thousand dollars of the new issue were deposited with the trustee to cover the first issue of bonds. The present bonded indebtedness of the company is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all of which is drawing six per cent interest, making an annual interest charge of fifteen thousand dollars, payable semi-annually on the first of January and July of each year.

The first electric-light plant provided only arc lights, and was not a success. Early in 1890, another company was organized, which put in both the incandescent and arc lights. Now, nearly all the stores and places of business in the city are lighted by the incandescent system, and many private houses are also using it. An electric street railway and a sewer system will be constructed this year.

Phœnix has not been behind in providing educational advantages. She has fine brick schoolhouses, one of which is a high school. Eleven teachers are employed, and the average attendance is about four hundred and fifty pupils. The past winter, a night school was established in the central school building, and this will be a permanent part of the school work in the future. Besides this excellent system of public schools, several private schools are well patronized.

In the matter of churches and secret societies, Phœnix is abreast with any of the most advanced cities. The Catholic, Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian, Methodist-Episcopal, and M. E. Church, south, have fine brick edifices of their own. There are the many different Masonic orders, from the Blue Lodge to the Commandery, Odd Fellows, A. O. U. W., Knights of Pythias, G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, Woman's Relief Corps, Daughters of Rebecca, I. O. G. T. and kindred organizations. There is one club—the Montezuma—an opera-house and several small halls.

Residents of Phœnix are pleased to term their city "The Denver of the Southwest." A careful review of all varied resources of the tributary country, together with the enterprise shown by her citizens, clearly indicate that the wonderful growth and progress of the "Queen City of the Plains" is to be more than duplicated in the garden belt of Arizona. Twenty years ago, Denver was but a struggling little city, depending upon her position as a forwarding depot for supplies for the mining camps. There was no agricultural development within many miles, and croakers declared the city had reached its height as a commercial point. The mining activity of a few years later, especially the Leadville excitement of 1877, made Denver a city of importance, and the railroads that had been building west of the Missouri River began pushing their lines to this gateway of the mountains. In 1880, a city of thirty-five thousand people existed, which in 1890 had grown to one hun-



Insane Asylum, Phœnix

dred and seven thousand, and her progress is continuous.

The mountains of Arizona are not only as rich as those of Colorado, they are richer. Besides the yellow gold and bright silver of the Centennial State, Arizona has copper mines of wealth second to none in the world; lead mines rich as the richest of Mexico or Montana; onyx that excels in its rich coloring, grain and texture any ever found; building stone that is considered by architects the most beautiful in America.

Phœnix is the gateway to these inexhaustible stores of wealth, and as railroads sought Denver in the past, so they are now seeking Phœnix. In 1890, the people voted a subsidy of four thousand dollars a mile to a railroad to be constructed from Phœnix northward through the rich mineral belt to a connection with the great Santa Fé system. This measure required the approval of Congress, which was secured, but the President interposed a veto. Nothing daunted, they found another way to encourage railroads to come, and in February, 1891, a law was passed by the Territorial Legislature, exempting from taxation for twenty years all railroads of over fifty miles in length, begun within two years and completed within five. Following this, a company was incorporated, known as the Santa Fé, Prescott & Phœnix Railway Company, to build a line from a junction with the Santa Fé at Ash Fork, in Northern Arizona, through Prescott, Phœnix and Florence to a junction at Benson, in Southeastern Arizona, with the present Santa Fé line from Benson south to tide-water at Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico. Work is now being pushed on this road at a lively rate, more than one thousand men and teams being employed. The company promises to have trains running into Phœnix from the north by March, 1893.



Falls on Arizona Canal

The mineral districts of Arizona have as yet only been scratched over. With more railroad facilities this will be changed and rushes like those at Leadville, Tombstone and Creede will be witnessed. As an illustration of the wealth of the mineral deposits may be cited the Bonanza Mine eighty miles northwest of Phœnix. A twenty stamp mill was erected in 1891 and begun crushing ore in September. The first three months run was one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; the run for December was

sixty thousand dollars, and for January and the first ten days of February it was eighty-three thousand dollars, the gold bricks representing these amounts passing through the Wells, Fargo's Express office at Phœnix. The owners of this property say their first year's output will be one million dollars. Not far from this rich gold mine are valuable copper claims destined to produce as well as the famous Copper Queen at Bisbee, Arizona, which turned out over twenty-four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. As has been cited before, this land is of the very richest on earth and will produce all cereals, grasses and fruits from rye and barley to sugar cane, oranges and dates. This valley opens into the Gila Valley both to the east and west, so one is really but a continuation of the other. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of the Salt River Valley is now under water from the various canals already constructed. Other



Street Scene, Phœnix

five millions of pounds of copper bullion in 1890 and '91. Valuable new leads have recently been discovered in the old Vulture Mine, thirty-five miles northwest of Phœnix, which in its day turned out over ten millions of dollars in gold. Its former value promises to be more than duplicated in the future.

Besides all this tributary mineral wealth Phœnix is situated in the center of a valley having a length of forty-five miles and an average width of sixteen miles, embracing therefore irrigation enterprises are under construction that will not only reclaim the remaining two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of Salt River Valley but add as many more from tributary valleys. Prominent among the companies in this work is the Rio Verde Canal Company, which with a system of reservoirs on the Rio Verde, Cave Creek and New River, coupled with one hundred and twenty miles of canals, propose to reclaim a total of nearly four hundred thousand acres. The Agua Fria Reservoir and

Canal Company will impound the waters of the Agua Fria River by which they will reclaim one hundred and fifty thousand acres of foothill lands especially adapted to the cultivation of citrus fruits.

Arizona, and particularly the Salt River Valley, is especially adapted to the breeding of blooded stock. Although this industry like all others here, is in its infancy, great progress is being made. In the December



Court House, Phœnix

races, 1891, six heats were required to decide the contest in the three-year-old trotting race, the slowest being in 2:42 and the fastest in 2:35½. The dry pure air, the equable climate and the rich feed all conduce to the health and vigor of the sensitive nature of highly bred stock. There are now several horse farms with some of the best strains of standard-bred trotters to be found in America, while others have devoted their attention to cattle having some most excellent herds of Jerseys, Herefords, Holsteins, Polled Angus and other strains.

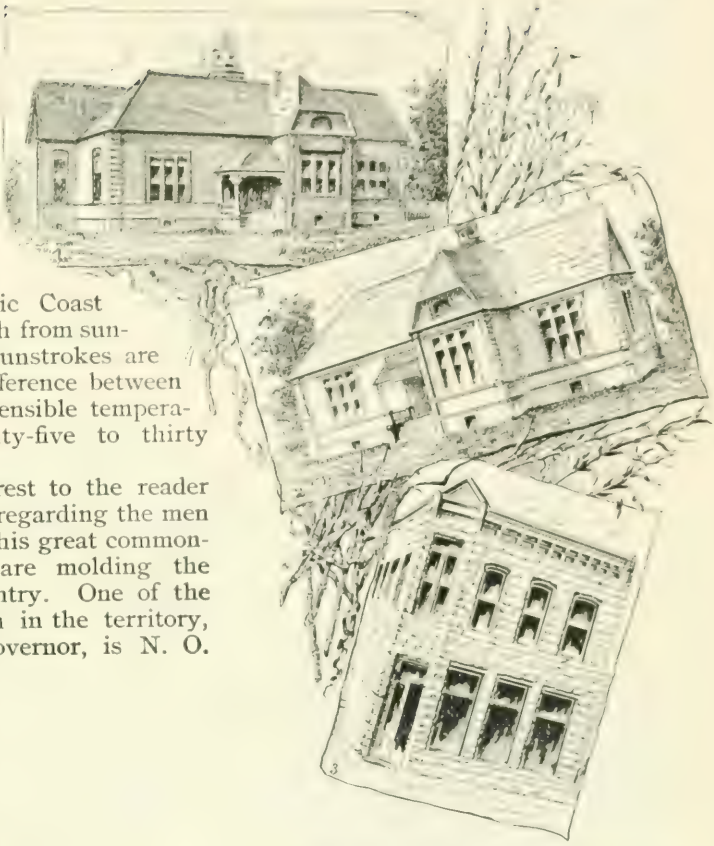
As a home for invalids this country is par excellence. The altitude being but twelve hundred feet it has none of the chilling blasts of mountain resorts. Situated over three hundred miles from the seacoast, it is free from fogs and malaria. The mean temperature for January is fifty-five degrees and for July eighty-five. Arizona has been more lampooned and stigmatized on every conceivable occasion than any other portion of the United States. Even her climate has not escaped. Almost every one has heard that old story about the soldier who went to the nether regions and sent back for his blankets because it was so cold there, after a residence in Arizona. True, the thermometer climbs above a hundred degrees in July and August, but this is not nearly so unbearable



Governor N. O. Murphy

as ninety degrees in the Mississippi Valley or on the Atlantic Coast. The moisture in the air is but twenty-five to thirty per cent while in the East it is from seventy-five to eighty per cent. Ninety degrees in any of the Atlantic Coast cities results in death from sunstroke while here sunstrokes are unknown. The difference between the shade and the sensible temperatures is from twenty-five to thirty degrees.

It may be of interest to the reader to know something regarding the men who have built up this great commonwealth and who are molding the thought of the country. One of the most influential men in the territory, and its popular governor, is N. O. Murphy.



1—East End School 2—West End School
3—Hartford Bank



Residence of General Clark Churchill

Mr. Murphy was born in Lincoln County, Maine, in 1850. He moved to Wisconsin when seven years of age, where he received a common school education in Manitowoc County, and taught school himself in early life as many others of our great men have. He moved west at the age of twenty, and has lived west of the Mississippi for twenty-two years. He has engaged in various commercial pursuits, mining and journalism. Governor Murphy is almost entirely self-educated and experienced in the ways of the world to a wide degree, possessing a thorough knowledge of men. He has lived

nine years in Arizona, latterly in public life first as Secretary of the Territory and then acting and now actual Governor. Successful in the field of politics, standing foremost in the party to which he belongs in the territory, and in the front rank of popular favor as a public servant. He is interested in railroad building and various progressive enterprises for the advancement of the territory, and is looked upon as one of the leading spirits in building up the future State of Arizona.



Residence of Mr. Dennis

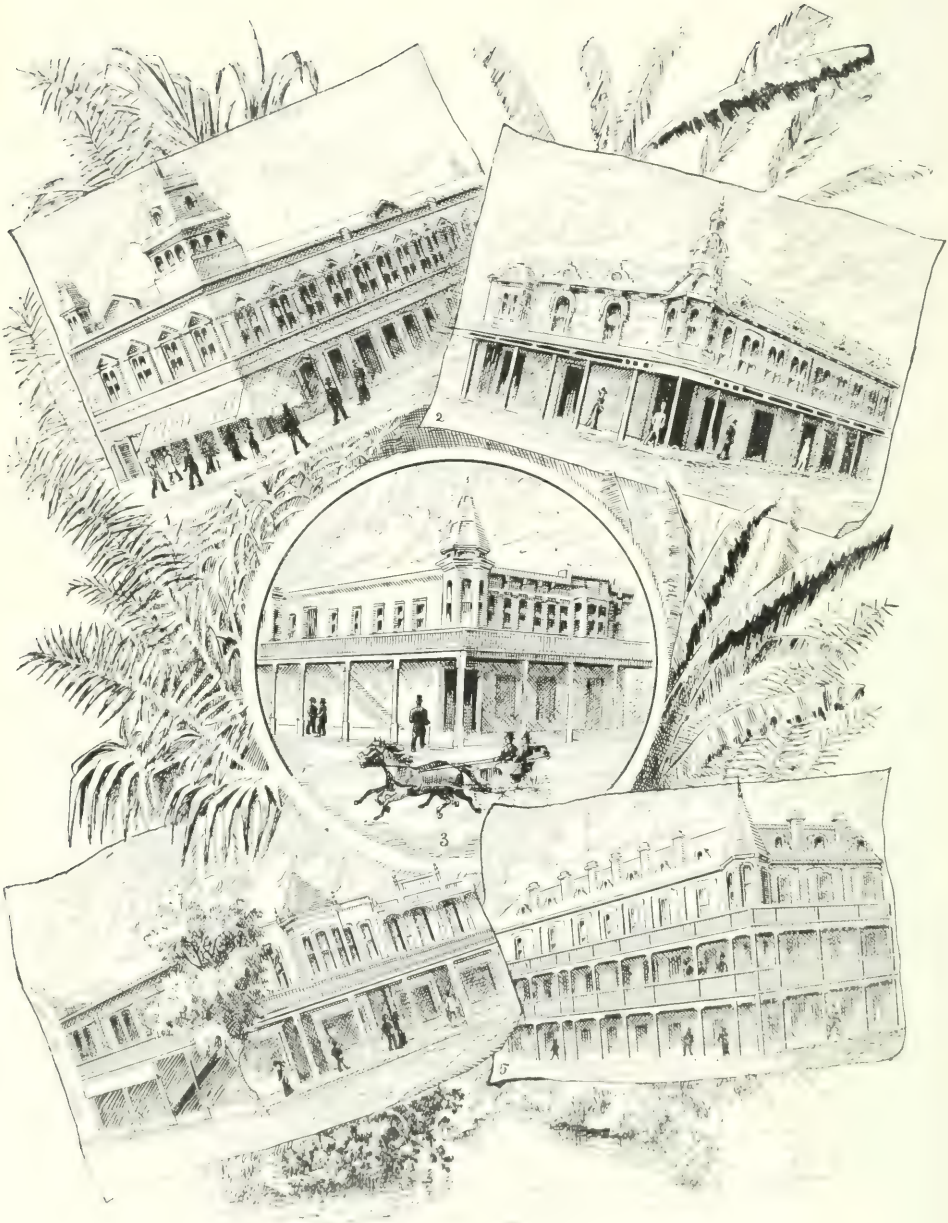
Gen. Clark Churchill is a typical Western man, though born east of the Rockies. Nearly his whole life has been spent in the West. Leaving his Eastern home a mere boy, alone, without friends or acquaintances or means he arrived in San Francisco penniless, in 1861, where by his own efforts he soon acquired both money and friends and achieved great success in his profession as a lawyer. He was known at the bar there, which was pre-eminently the ablest body of lawyers ever congregated in any one place in the United States, as a "Winner," because he was almost universally successful in his cases and in business generally. In 1863, his clients in San Francisco who were largely interested in the great Comstock mines induced him to go to Virginia City, Nevada, where he remained most of the time for three years, although in the meantime he retained his business relations in San Francisco, and returned to the latter place in 1866, remained in practice there till 1877, when his taste for the freedom of frontier life induced him to go to Arizona. Settling in Prescott, then the capital of the territory, he was at once recognized as one of the leaders of the bar throughout the territory. Visiting Phœnix in 1880, to attend court, his attention was attracted to the Salt River Valley and its wonderful resources, which were then undeveloped, and he then foresaw the great possibilities in store for those who would construct canals and apply the waters of the adjacent rivers to the desert wastes of which the valley was then composed. He

immediately purchased a tract of land adjoining the then small village of Phœnix, as an investment. That tract is now known as the "Churchill Addition" to the present City of Phœnix, being laid out in blocks and graded streets, bordered with ornamental shade trees, some single building lots in which being worth as much now as General Churchill in 1880 paid for the whole tract of eighty acres.

In this addition General Churchill has constructed for himself a palatial home. In addition to his success as a lawyer General Churchill has always been a most enterprising business man. He promoted the construction of the great Arizona Canal which has transformed the Salt River Valley from a desert to a garden and the hamlet of Phœnix into the present thriving city it is, and he acted as president and chief executive officer of the Arizona Canal Company from its organization in 1882 until the construction of the Canal was completed in 1887. Although General Churchill has never been an office-seeker, without solicitation on his part, he has been elected to and filled the following offices with credit: City Attorney of Virginia City, Nevada, 1865–6; Adjutant-General of Arizona, for two terms; and Attorney-General of Arizona, for three terms. He represented Arizona on the Republican National Committee from 1884 to 1888 and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1884 and Chairman of the Republican Territorial Central Committee of Arizona for many years. He resigned the position of Attorney-General about a year ago. During his last term as Attorney-General, the famous controversy as to "whether the sessions of the Territorial Legislature were limited to sixty consecutive days or to sixty legislative working days," arose, and in his official capacity he successfully maintained in the courts that the Legislature might lawfully sit during sixty actual working days excluding intermediate days over which the Legislature had adjourned. The result of these decisions was to oust all the office-holders who had been appointed



Residence of B. H. Horner



Business Blocks in Phœnix

1.—Anderson Block. 2.—Cotton Block.
3.—Gills n Block.
4.—Porter Block. 5.—Monihon Block.



Judge Joseph Campbell

under the administration of President Cleveland and to put in their places in all the Territorial offices in Arizona, the appointees of the incoming administration of President Harrison.

Judge Joseph Campbell was born June 17th, 1857, in San Francisco. When twelve years of age, he entered the St. Mary's College, San Francisco. After four years diligent application to his studies, he graduated with high honors, taking the degree of A. B.

In 1875, Judge Campbell entered the office of Hon. Judge Jackson Temple, under whom he read law for a period of more than two years, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one years. He then left San Francisco for San Rafael, California, and began the practice of law there, meeting with great success.

Returning to San Francisco in 1879, he practiced law till July, 1880, when his attention was attracted to Arizona. He left San Francisco in June, 1880, for Phœnix, Arizona, arriving in July he has remained here ever since. With honor to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the public, he has successfully filled the following offices to which he was elected: City Recorder of Phœnix, April, '81 to May, '83; Ass't District Attorney; Ass't U. S. Attorney; U. S. Commissioner; Probate Judge, two terms, Jan. '86 to Jan. '90; President of the Board of Education, of the Normal School, and in May, 1891, he was elected by the Democratic party the seventh Mayor of Phœnix, which important office he still holds and has most ably filled.



General Clark Churchill

Arizona like all other of the western states and territories has evolved itself from the chaotic social conditions of a frontier land until it is now socially as well as in other ways the peer of any other community in the country. Its people are imbued however, with a spirit of enterprise that makes easy to them achievements which to the same people under corresponding circumstances in the older states would seem impossible of execution. This same spirit prevents the class lines of social prerogative being tightly drawn, for the prospector whose worldly possessions are wrapped in a blanket and "packed" upon his back may be a millionaire to-morrow. Thus intercourse with one another is devoid of all the pretense and financial absurdities of so-called society in our eastern cities, but none the less is there found here in Phœnix, every advantage in the way of educational facilities and the social opportunities for intercourse with the most highly cultured men and women which makes it an ideal residence city for men with families to be educated.



Commercial Hotel

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

FROM THE "TOURNAMENT OF ROSES" TO SLEIGH-RIDING IN THIRTY MINUTES

BY OLAF ELLISON

[Among its many attractions, Pasadena, California, is renowned for its charming rose gardens. Each new year sees its spring season open with the "Tournament of Roses" in early January. Looking down upon the merry-makers, are the snowy summits of the Sierra Madre range. Long before another tournament season sets in, it will be possible to alternate the battle of rosebuds with one of snowballs.]

THE Sierra Madres of Southern California are called the Alps of America, but until the present year they have lacked one feature found in the European mountains, viz., the mountain railroad that is the delight and joy of the tourist and which attracts thousands to Europe every year. This defect is being remedied by Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the well-known scientist and banker of Pasadena who has now in process of construction one of the most comprehensive roads of this description, including fine mountain hotels, in the world.

The first mountain railroad ever constructed is the one in operation up Mt. Washington. Since then many others have been built. Prominent among these: the Mt. Pilatus railroad up the mountain of the same name, on Lake Lucern, opposite the famous Mt. Rigi. The last-named mountain possesses a railroad operated for nearly fifteen seasons past, and now almost double tracked for the entire distance. Among others may be mentioned two at Drachenfels and Niederwald on the Rhine, Germany; one up Mt. Vesuvius, Italy; two up the Lookout Mountains, Tennessee; two near Reading, Penn.; the last and reaching the highest elevation is the Pike's Peak road, Colorado.

From an investor's standpoint, the most interesting *data* in connection with all these enterprises is the fact that not in a single case have these railroads operated only for tourists, and on account of exceptional scenic attractions, ever failed to return handsome dividends. Owing to climatic conditions the greater number of these roads can only be operated a fraction of each year. The Mt. Washington road, for instance, averages only ten weeks each year. Its original cost was heavy, its running expenses are exceptionally great, while the cost of repairs, etc., are very high. The immediate adjacent population at the base of the range, and for several hundred miles around, is very limited.

But notwithstanding all these serious drawbacks it never distributes less than seventeen per cent of annual dividends. Fully thirty and sometimes as high as forty thousand people reaching the summits annually over this road.

The latest official returns from the Mt. Rigi R. R., Switzerland, give a total net receipt of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000). It carried one hundred and twenty-nine thousand five hundred and forty-three passengers, conveyed four hundred and fifty tons of passenger baggage, and one thousand two hundred and fifty tons of other goods. Over four hundred thousand passengers are annually carried between Pasadena and Los Angeles.

The Sierra Madre summits, the highest eminence of which this railroad will ultimately reach, are frequented with an annual tourist traffic in their present inaccessible condition of six thousand as compared with the



General View of Pasadena and the Mountains Climbed by the Mt. Wilson Railroad, from the Tower on the President's House

three thousand up the Mt. Washington prior to the building of that railroad, while as compared with the Swiss road referred to, the Sierra Madre range has a larger resident population on its immediate base and adjacent valleys than the entire annual tourist traffic of Lucern, brought there by its chief attraction, the Mt. Rigi railroad.

Madre and San Bernardino ranges, thence spreading towards the valley and coast, aggregate two hundred thousand people and is rapidly increasing. This entire population is within less than four hours' railroad journey from the starting point of the road ; one-half of it is within a radius of forty-five minutes' travel. The city



The Summit, showing Observatory Peak

The journey up the Sierra Madre range under existing conditions is one of considerable effort and fatigue. But the views obtained are of such extent, variety and beauty as to induce the beholder to return again and again, notwithstanding mountain trails and all.

The resident population, permanently located at the base of the Sierra

of Los Angeles, with an approximate resident and transient population of seventy thousand, is within thirty minutes' distance, while Pasadena with ten thousand people constitutes the base of operations of the company constructing the road. The city limits of Pasadena extending up to, and including the starting point of the road.



Among the Peaks—the visit of Prof. Eliot of Harvard University, to the Sierra Madres, April 8 1892

Los Angeles and Pasadena constitute the central rallying points for a tourist traffic that has already assumed the dimensions of over one hundred thousand adult travelers a year. They represent the wealthiest and most cultured classes of our country and their number is rapidly increasing from year to year. This tourist traffic alone would more than repay the construction and operation of this road, but, as stated, the resident population of discriminating travelers among the resident population is exceptionally high.

Europe, the United States, the Pacific Isles, the Japan and Asiatic Empires in general, are familiar stamping ground to a great number of our own people. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm and interest that prevail over the attractions of our own Sierra Madre range, constitute for them an unfailing charm and is something far



The Eliot Party on the Trail

itself being largely composed of a class who possess both the time to enjoy and the cultured appreciation of the opportunities presented, will become the most permanent patrons of this enterprise, as well they might.

The resident population is as stated an exceptionally intelligent one, engaged in the cultivation of oranges, lemons and other semi-tropic fruits, or in possession of permanent incomes from other sources. The proportion more than merely "local pride." Contrary to many of the mountain views afforded the transcontinental traveler, this semi-crescent sweep of fifty miles in length, approximating in its adjacent ranges an elevation of ten or eleven thousand feet, fulfills one's ideal of what a mountain range should be. The summits are often robed in the lofty splendor of snow-white mantles contrasting strongly with the permanent dark evergreen



Silver Fall, fifteen minutes from Echo Mountain House

forests of the central ranges, while at the base, the odor of oranges and roses contend for precedence. This fragrance comes from the many orchards and flower gardens constituting the outer garments, as it were, of the lower spur of the mountain. The range rises apparently almost perpendicular from the head of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley; the "Crown" of which is Pasadena. Disguising a few of its most charming features to the mere casual beholder, it discloses to its intimates a perfect treasury of varied attractions. Beautiful forest dells, bounding cascades, deep mysterious cañons, ideal waterfalls, acres of picturesque ferns, rivers full of speckled beauties, while level areas of forest reserves exist beyond the front summits, combining facilities for driving, hunting and fishing, equal to the best of the Adriondacks.

The view from the Sierra Madre summits defies description. The historic San Gabriel and Los Angeles valleys, a kingdom by themselves in wealth and extent, stretches away to the east, west and south. In plain sight, like so many semi-tropical isles, lies the beautiful deep emerald-colored orange groves of the colonies of San Gabriel, Monrovia, Pomona, Ontario, Riverside, Rialto, San Bernardino and Redlands; the last some sixty miles off. Pasadena at our very base has been termed a "conservatory out of doors." It is all of that and more, for the beauty of a continuous garden more than ten miles square is matched with the exceptional culture and refinement of the owners.



Scene above the Clouds in the Sierra Madre from the Summit Mountain House

On a perfectly still night, the chimes of the bells of the old San Gabriel Mission can be heard, the romantic traditions of which are singularly interesting. This old mission in plain view is near the great vineyards of De Barth Shorb, reputed to be among the largest in the world. The celebrated Santa Anita, "Lucky Baldwin's estate," is equally plainly seen. To



Scene on the Pacific Shore, ninety minutes from Echo Mountain House

the north the Santa Barbara Islands lie like "opals on emerald seas." To the south is the far-famed Isle of Santa Catalina; between them and as far as the eye can define the horizon rolls the Pacific Ocean. The Catalina Isle is fifty-odd miles off. The extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere prevailing here is most clearly understood by the fact that the various colors of the oval panes in the great lighthouse lantern located there are plainly visible at night in their alternating red, white and blue. In the daytime the houses and the shipping scenes of the harbor at Avalon are readily seen. Los Angeles, probably the most attractive city of its size in the Union, as well as one of the most active and enterprising, is ten miles away but seems barely three miles distant.

To the immediate southwest the traveler beholds a series of bold precipitous cañons, culminating in the Eaton Cañon. The slopes of these cañons are all covered with fine forest growth, and will be made accessible through a systematic extension of riding trails in all directions, converting them into mountain parks. The roar of the rushing waterfalls of the upper San Gabriel River constitutes an appropriate deep basso to the sighing of the whispering needle forests. To the east rises the Alpine summits of San Antonio and San Bernardino mountains; San Jacinto, chief landsmark of San Diego County, also looms into view.



Breaking Ground for the Cable Road Division on the Site of Lake Mountain House

These well-nigh unrivaled natural attractions are, however, more than matched in importance with the exceptional scientific value attached to the climate and general atmospheric conditions. These latter are as permanent and superior as the former are grandly imposing in the literal



Site of Echo Mountain House, three thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet above level of the sea

sense of that term. However, no enlargement on the importance attached to the situation from a scientific standpoint can equal the simple announcement, that the president of Harvard, Prof. Eliot, visited the scene in person but a few weeks ago. With a comprehensive knowledge of all the requirements for astronomical observations, he pronounced the Sierra Madre

two important financial bequests, to be expended for such purposes. The lenses for an observatory that will equal, if not surpass, the Lick telescope—that is to say, the largest lenses in the world—are ordered from the well-known Clark Brothers of Cambridge, Mass., and are now under construction.

The observatory will be supplied in



Among the Ferns, twenty minutes from Echo Mountain House

summits the peer of any known in the world for such purposes.

This does not rest on mere theoretical estimate, but is founded on the exceedingly high scientific value of celestial photographs and other astronomical results, obtained through the medium of an imperfectly equipped observatory, stationed there as an experimental station. Harvard University is the fortunate possessor of

addition with the most perfect obtainable photographic telescope. Three thousand photographic views, taken under all the disadvantages of the former experimental station, proved all there is claimed for the location, and are an assurance as well of the future extraordinary usefulness of the new station.

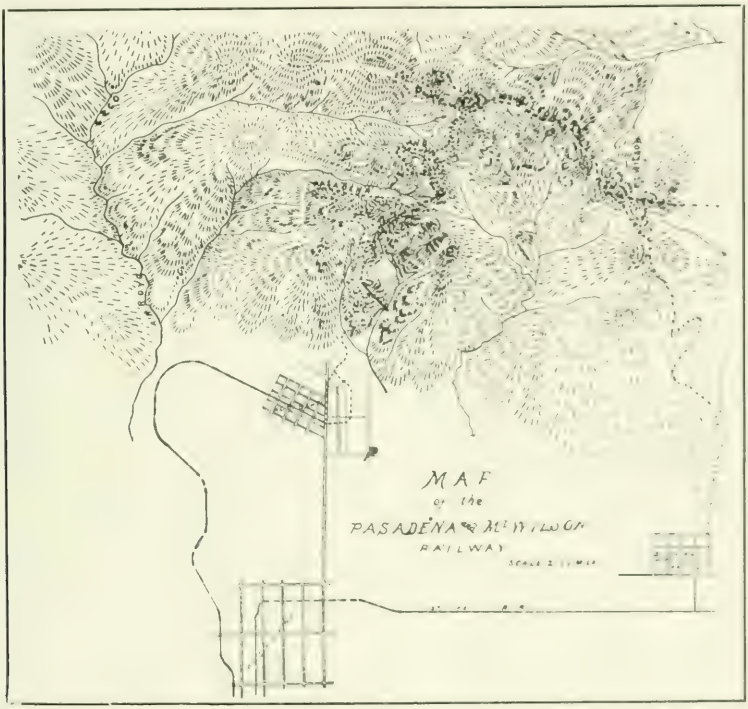
The facilities, however, required by the new observatory, including resi-



Scene twenty minutes from the Echo Mountain House

dences, etc., would be practically unattainable without railroad communication. A suitable wagon road could only be built after an expenditure equal to that of a railroad, while the latter is capable of many hundred per cent more business, and will be operated the year through.

The Los Angeles Terminal Railroad Company's lines at present extend to within two miles of the center of Rubio Cañon. This cañon is at present reached by easy carriage drive of a little over two miles. The distance from the present last station on the Terminal System, Altadena, will be covered with an electric road. The railroad in question will then afford perfect means of hourly communications between the summit of the mountains, Pasadena, Los Angeles and the seashore, respectively, four, ten and thirty miles distant from Rubio Cañon.



The first portion of the mountain road proper will be erected against the southern flank of the most conspicuous promontory of the entire Sierra Madre Range, starting from the base of Rubio Cañon. This will consist of a double-tracked cable road, with balanced cars and safety appliances, and will be operated with a stationary electric motor, power being furnished by a neighboring waterfall. This cable will be superior in strength and capacity to the one used on Mt. Vesuvius, the Island of Hong Kong and the Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee. No expense will be spared to make it the safest and most perfectly equipped cable road that engineering, science and mechanics can supply.

The passenger will be landed directly on the piazza of the Echo Mountain Hotel, after a brief ride affording charming glimpses of the cañon to the right and the smiling valley to the left. The traveler is now at an elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet.

From this point, the second divi-



A Glimpse through the Sierras near the New Road.

sion of the road takes its start. The surveys for this have disclosed a line of less than seven-per-cent grade along natural ridges and curves clear to the highest summit desired. This grade admits of the construction, immediately below the crests and in the face of the range itself, of about six miles of road. These will be operated by electrical power, and supplied with the latest perfected cars specially designed to facilitate observation of mountain scenery, *i. e.*, Pullman Palace cars, "double deckers."

At the end of this route, and on its highest crest, the second hotel will be erected, which, like the first, will be operated on the plans of a strictly first-class house. A short distance from this summit will also be the location of the observatory referred to, the homes of resident professors, shown in the accompanying cut.

The location of this very valuable grade involved long, continued and expensive efforts. It is believed that the final construction of the road along the designated route will become an important landmark in mountain railroading in this State, more especially the southern half of California. The average elevation of the last portion of the journey will be nearly six thousand feet. From this elevation, further extension of the railroad on the mountain plateau becomes comparatively easy, when so desired.

It is interesting in connection with this description of the facilities that will be afforded the traveler in the mountain ranges proper, to note the constantly increasing travel, that will act as a direct feeder to the road herein referred to. The two great transcontinental railroad systems, respectively, the "Santa Fé" and the "Southern Pacific," make Los Angeles their joint terminal point for Southern California travel. The Pacific Coast tourist traffic from the North and East, with Chicago as a central point, here meets the Southern tourists, with New Orleans as a base of departure. These in turn are joined here by the constantly increasing number of well-to-do travelers from Northern California, including San Francisco, Oregon, State of Washington, British Columbia, Montana and Idaho, bent on a "winter outing."

This traffic, combined with local travel, already demands an average of fifty trains a day, ten of which are "through" trains, the remainder "local." The immense business of discharging and receiving this traffic is dispatched within an area of less than one square mile in the Eastern division of Los Angeles. Crossing and recrossing the tracks of both of these great railroad systems, and with the depot in the center of it all, are the local passenger cars of the "Terminal Railroad" Company. It furnishes about sixteen trains a day out to and return from Pasadena, and as the reader will bear in mind, this "Terminal" road for operating purposes is practically identical with the mountain railroad proper. It will be seen from the above that this mountain railroad is part and parcel of an artery that directly touches the very central pulse of through and local traffic of the entire south—half of this great State.

As a traveler by sea will sometime discover that what he took at first to be the mainland was in reality an island, so close to the shore as not to be distinguished from the coast line proper, until within speaking distance of the occupants; so there stands out from the very heart of the main boundary lines of the Sierra Madre ranges, a semi-detached cone-formed eminence; it invites attention by its conspicuous position, and repels the adventurous traveler by its bold, precipitous sides.

Its immediate base has constituted a landmark for the South Pacific Coast navigators as far back as history goes. Its hundreds of acres of the deep, flaming orange poppy being distinctly visible fifty miles out at sea, hence the name "Los Flores" or "Cape Floral."



Mount Pilatus.

Its summit is found to reach an elevation of three thousand five hundred feet. If the dignity of the subject would admit of it, one might use the comparison of a gigantic soup-bowl, turned bottom side up, as giving a clear-cut outline of this promontory.

It has long been the object of close scrutiny, as well as admiration for its picturesqueness, by the chief promoter of this great enterprise. It has been taken captive, but only after a most persistent siege, and joint efforts of capital and scientific engineering skill of high order. On its green crest there can be clearly discerned for many miles down the valley a bold front line of white tents. These are the temporary homes of the advance guard of the invaders, preparing the way for the army to follow.

In the center of the camp, in true conqueror's style, waves a beautiful banner, clearly visible through a spy-glass from the valley below.

This encampment of engineers and workmen is destined to speedily give way to the foundations for the Echo Mountain House. Its position on this crest will not only be commanding, but strictly picturesque. The design of the structure will be found elsewhere on these pages. The many attractions within immediate reach of the sojourner will, it is believed, tend to make this one of the most popular points on the entire route, and in time the situation will create a mountain village of its own. For certain complaints, such as asthma, etc., this elevation is known to be highly beneficial. It is below the snow and frost of the higher ranges, and above the occasional fogs and dampness of the lower valley areas. Now and then, drifting banks of clouds, resembling a white sea, roll over the lower ranges, partially hiding the landscapes, yet leaving enough exposed to foster the delusion that projecting crags are island peaks, while the cañons adjacent are so many harbors and bay inlets.

Every sound of the numerous trains, the locomotive whistles, and the church and school bells, the lowing of the herds, the baying of the hounds, and the huntsman's rifle, all rise on the soft air, and, mingling with the song of the lark along the green ridge, greet the dweller's ear from sunrise to sunset.

From the verandas of the Echo Mountain House one may look down on the residences of such distinguished Pasadena citizens as the Hon. Joseph Medill, Editor Chicago *Tribune*; Andrew McNally, of the prominent firm, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; Col. G. G. Green, A. C. Armstrong, etc.

These tasteful homes with their orange orchards and perpetual gardens of June roses, are located immediately on the lower base of the promontory on the crest of which Echo Mountain House is located.

They are mentioned here, because both the occupants and the charming villas and gardens are typical of the larger Pasadena just beyond and below, and some further distance away towards the centre of the City of Pasadena proper.

The precipitous front of the Echo Mountain, rising boldly two thousand feet directly opposite the rear portion of the hotel, half a mile across the cañon, but connected with the Echo Mountain House grounds through easy trails, does not only repeat one's challenge, but duplicates and returns one's sayings, wise and otherwise, many times over. It will "talk back," more emphatically and distinctly than any official of the central telephone station was ever known to.

On either side are picturesque cascades, cañons, numerous ferny and forest dells, while opportunities for the sportsman or the scientific inquirer abound. The superb views, already referred to elsewhere, never pale on one. The ceaseless interplay of shadow and light at sunrise and sunset, has the effect of constantly en-



Site of Echo Mountain House in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

hancing as well as changing the aspect presented, as if the Supreme Architect Himself was evolving an ever-renewing panorama of ocean, mountains and valleys. If such a term as the "Temple of Nature," is permissible anywhere, it is applicable to the valley spread out for the beholder stationed at the Echo Mountain House. If the walls of this finely proportioned structure should seem to demand friezes in pure white, it is supplied in the million snowy swans, cranes, etc., often seen to move towards the green mountain slopes to the Northward. The singular charm in their movements lies in the immense numbers deploying themselves in the most natural, yet artistic groupings.

The alternating charms of the day are succeeded by such moonlight nights as has made the Alhambra of Spain the synonym for all there is poetical and picturesque in the whole of Latin Europe. The Spanish Mission fathers knew instinctively when they first saw these charming valleys, that this radiant sunshine of the day would be succeeded by nights lit by a moon that would recreate all the old, passionate romances of Spain and Italy, and add a fresh and potent spell to the old world guitar under rose-covered porches; and it did.

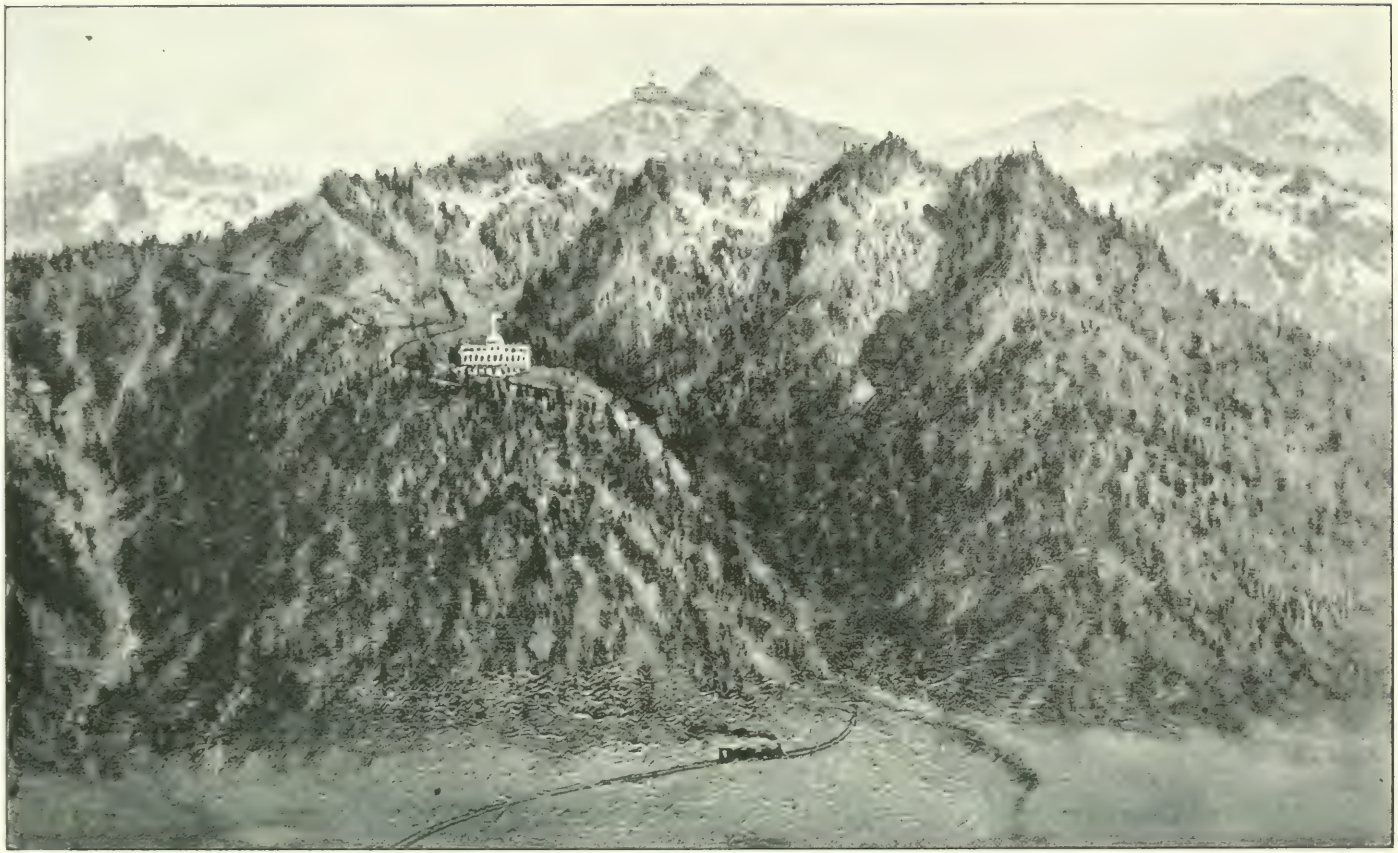
All these factors, and others too numerous to mention, will combine to make the Echo Mountain House the nucleus of a future minor edition of Pasadena of which it is a legitimate offspring. There is abundance of water, and more will be obtained. The whole promontory on all sides abounds in fertile disintergrated granite soil. Orange and lemon groves are out of the question on account of elevation, but olives, and all varieties of deciduous fruits, such as peaches, apricots, pears, apples, cherries, etc., are sure to thrive. Nearly all the flowers of the valley will prosper. It is true the slopes are steep, but the more picturesque will be the gardens that are to be terraced there. There are no more charming or productive vineyards in Europe than those up the slopes of Vesuvius, or those seemingly suspended orchards and vineyards on the lower spur of Mt. Blanc, along the precipitous shores of Lake Geneva.

It is a well-established trait of human nature that mankind will pay more for the pleasures of life than its necessities, and to this unvarying factor may be attributed the uniform highly profitable returns from all of these enterprises; and surely no purer and more beneficial recreations can be conceived of than those provided for in this manner. It appeals at once to the taste and the imagination of the great number of cultivated travelers, the true artist, the geologist, the botanist, and above all, to the astronomer. It is well known to European tourists that the hotels on Rigi Kulm and Mt. Pilatus are among the most elaborate hostelries in Europe. They would not be thus equipped but for the extraordinary patronage they enjoy during their brief season.

A corresponding enterprise, devoted to the comfort of tourist travel on sea, are the elegantly constructed steamers, a small fleet of which ply annually between the coast of Norway and London and Hull, England.

For three months the traffic is very heavy across the North Sea. That it is a profitable one, is readily seen from the quality of accommodations furnished. There is no finer equipped steamboat service in Europe.

Los Angeles and Pasadena are the geographical and social centers of a tourist region that is rapidly becoming to the North American Continent all and far more, than Switzerland ever has been to Europe at large. The Swiss summer season is confined within the limits of three months; this is the brief time within which the heavy dividends of the roads are earned. Southern California, on the other hand, enjoys five months of an ideal spring season, lasting from January to the close of May; months in which days succeed each other so per-



Site of the Mountain Hotels and Mountain Railroad, from Pasadena.

fect that some future Lowell of California will ask: "What is as rare as a day in February?"

The bulk of the hundred thousand travelers that come here to these valleys to enjoy those very days, will no more leave the coast without taking a journey up into the Sierra Madre Mountains that they see beckoning them from all directions, than the Swiss tourist will omit a trip up the Rigi Kulm or Mt. Pilatus. But the winter settles down on those Alpine summits and all is quiet till another June. Note the contrast—our Southern California winter is a prolonged spring, the most perfect perhaps vouchsafed the world anywhere. Then the summer opens. The resident Californians do not find it necessary to go elsewhere for the summer season; the seashore or the mountain invites him in close proximity to his regular pursuit and interests. There are two hundred thousand of these residents as already stated, than which none appreciate the charm of mountains more than they. They can be relied on as permanent patrons of this railroad. The easy means of communications will undoubtedly lead to the erection of numerous private cottages in the hotel grounds, more especially, perhaps, of the Echo Mountain House on the part of Los Angeles and Pasadena business men. It will be seen that this railroad enterprise differs from the European and American tourist mountain roads in the *all important* particular of being open the year through. The direct and indirect advantages that accrue to any region frequented by wealthy tourists in great number, are too obvious to be enlarged on. Insbruk, Tyrol, Lucern, and Interlaken, Switzerland, Nice, and other tourist centers prove this beyond controversy.

So important indeed are these interests that several governments of Europe have created special bureaus, that make the tourist travel their special business with a view of fostering and increasing the same.

The high renown enjoyed by Los Angeles and Pasadena as the most attractive winter resorts on the Continent, will be equaled and duplicated by their reputation as summer resorts, through the establishment of this mountain railroad.

The Lick Observatory, perched on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, has proved a most valuable accessory to the renown and business interest of San Jose. The Harvard Observatory that will be erected adjacent to the terminus of this road, will do as much and more for these two sister cities. More than anything that has occurred since this plateau was endowed with its climate and scenery, will it tend to draw here a scholarly and wealthy class of residents. Harvard's sons are numerous and will come here to see what their old *Alma Mater* is about.

The first section of this road it is confidently expected will be completed to the Echo Mountain House by the early autumn; every effort is being put forward to advance the work. A large force of men are employed on the preparation of the grade. The iron, cables, etc., are contracted for and will be put in their places as soon as completed.

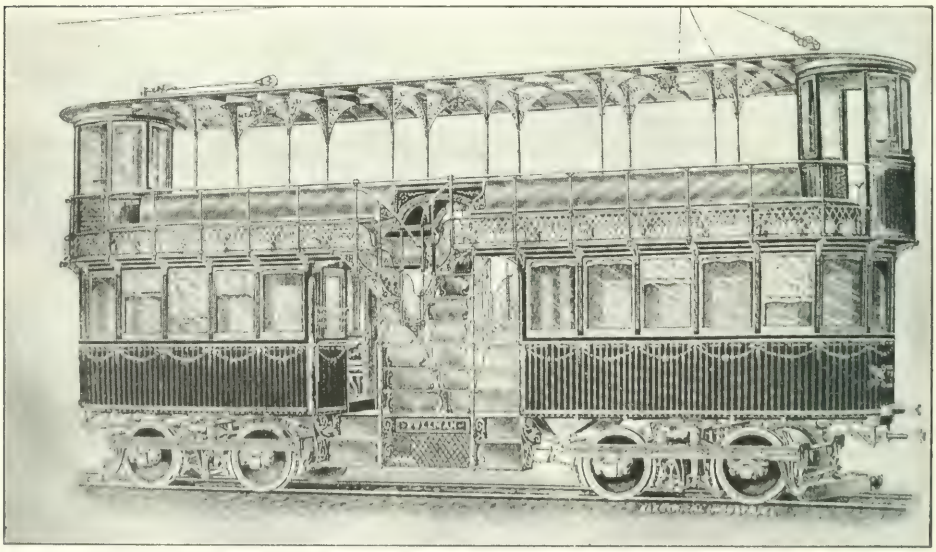
The construction of the second, or Electrical Mountain Railroad division from Echo Mountain House to the summit, will follow the completion of the cable without delay.

The journey from Echo Mountain House to Summit Hotel can be accomplished in forty-five minutes. Arriving there, one may, without stepping aside from the paths made around the house and the adjacent premises, have the privileges to view scenes that many pronounced equal, and others superior, to anything that the Yosemite Valley has to offer. The most impressive and picturesque cañons in these mountain ranges open out before the beholder, in their entire dimensions, like so many ante-chambers of the hidden wealth of the Mountain Monarch. The Arroyo

Seco, the Grand Cañon, Eaton and San Gabriel Cañons are all in plain view, and the visitor may well say that he commands the impossible, for he can enjoy a sleigh ride at Christmas, pick strawberries and oranges, and bask in the Pacific, all in one forenoon—suggestive of the possibilities of the Golden State.

It is confidently believed that no other journey on the globe of less than an hour's duration, will equal the one indicated in these pages, in the diversity and delicacy of exquisite landscape effects thrown directly against the background of majestic and rugged mountain scenery. Again the whole scene is brought into the closest human touch, by being on one side the theatre of the most authentic traditions and charming romances of the whole Pacific Coast; while, on the other hand, it also furnishes the ideal point of vantage for the latest and most consummate triumphs of scientific acumen; *i. e.*, the geographical and mathematical explorations of the planets, and perhaps the making of charts as well, by which some future navigator of the clouds will direct his course in the upper spheres.

To the real artists of our land, who desire to identify their future name and fame with this veritable Italy under the stars and stripes, no nobler opportunity was ever offered. Relieved from needless fatigue and exposure, surrounded with all the comforts of a first-class hotel, and scarcely needing to step off from the verandas, he has before him in a perfect epitome, all the landscape grandeur, as well as atmospheric effects, that has immortalized valley and mountain on the great Mediterranean peninsula on canvas.



Car to be used on the Mt. Wilson Railroad

THE SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY FRED H. HACKETT

THERE is no other city in the Union that contributes more liberally to the support of the Free Public School System, in which all true American citizens feel a pardonable pride, than San Francisco. The standard of scholarship is higher here than it is in the East, and teachers receive better salaries. The highest average salary is paid to teachers, at the greatest cost per pupil. The maximum, annual salary of primary school teachers in San Francisco is nine hundred and sixty dollars; in New York, nine hundred dollars, and in Boston, eight hundred and sixteen dollars. The total expenditure per pupil, in average daily attendance, is twenty-nine dollars and thirty-two cents, in San Francisco; twenty-eight dollars and seventy cents, in Chicago; twenty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents, in Boston, and thirteen dollars and seventy-four cents —the lowest—in Philadelphia.

In scholarship and general professional ability, the San Francisco teachers are fully equal to their associates in the East, but the political system, under which they are appointed by partisan and oftentimes unscrupulous Boards of Education, is detrimental to the Department of Education.

For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1891, the total receipts of the San Francisco School Department were one million and fifty-three thousand, six hundred and nine dollars and seventy-nine cents, of which sum five hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-six dollars and forty-seven cents came from the state, and four hundred and seventy thousand three hundred and forty-nine dollars and thirty-nine cents from the city.

The sum expended in payment of teachers' salaries was seven hundred and seventy thousand five hundred and forty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents; of janitors' salaries, forty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty-two dollars and eighty-five cents; of shop salaries, seven thousand nine hundred and two dollars and sixty-five cents; and of office salaries six thousand six hundred and ninety-seven dollars. There were in the employ of the Public School Department, last August, seventy-four principals, twenty-four vice-principals and seven hundred and eighty-one assistants, making a total of eight hundred and seventy-nine teachers. The schools have an average daily attendance of thirty-one thousand eight hundred and nine, and a total enrollment of forty-three thousand six hundred and twenty-six pupils. The school census, children, between the ages of five and seventeen years, numbered last year, sixty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-six. There were seventy-three schools and the property of the Department was valued at four million seven hundred and ninety-eight thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

Seventy-seven buildings were occupied as schools, of which number ten were rented and the remaining sixty-seven (six brick and sixty-one wooden) owned by the Department. The growth of our schools is continuous and each succeeding year witnesses an increase in the roll of teachers and pupils. The expenses also grow proportionately greater and the estimate of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education for the ensuing fiscal year calls for eight hundred and thirty-five thousand seven hundred dollars for teachers' salaries, forty-eight thousand one hundred dollars for janitors, eight thousand two hundred and eighty

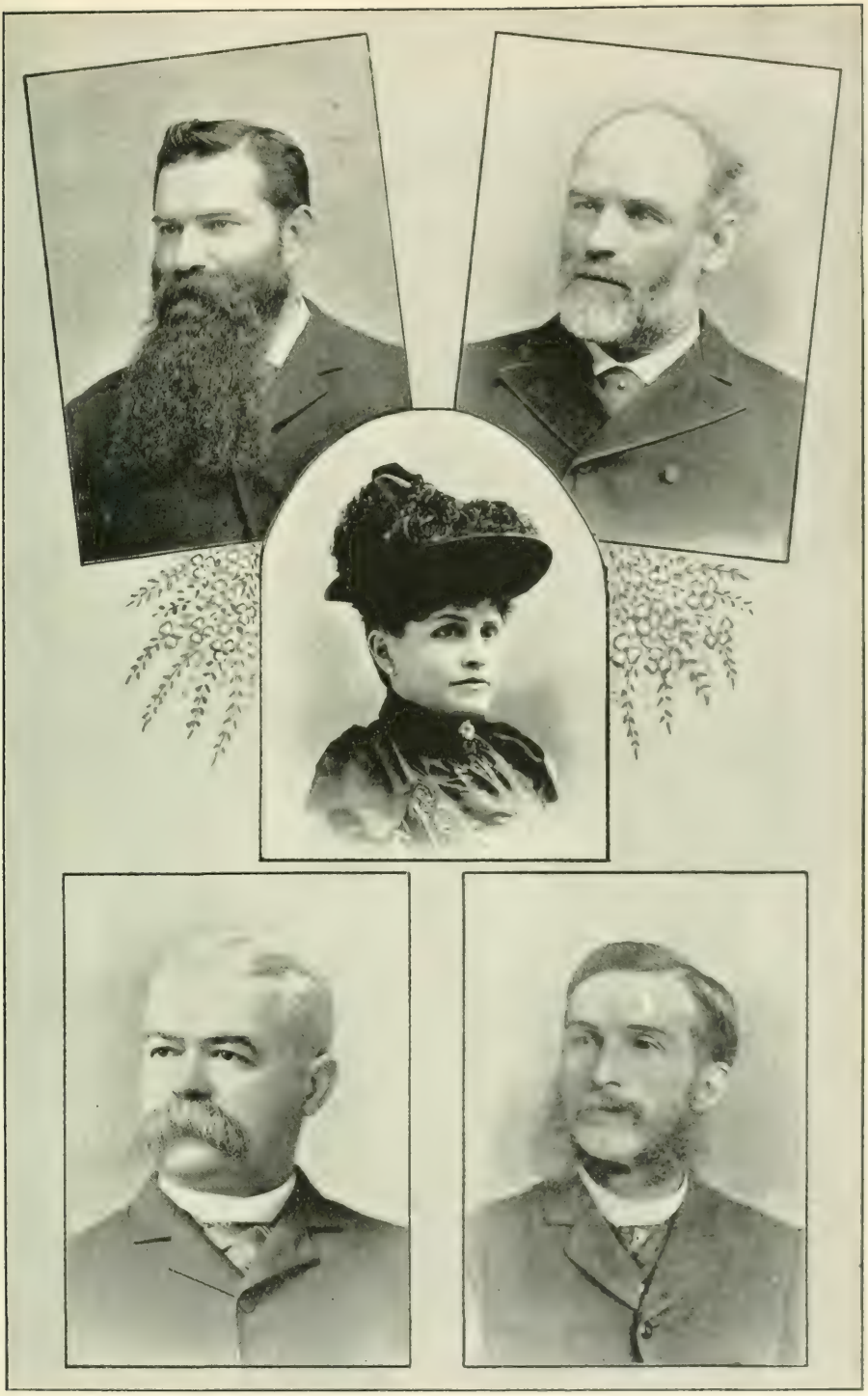
dollars for shop and seven thousand six hundred and twenty dollars for office salaries.

The schools are classified as primary, grammar, evening, commercial and high schools, and in their organization and courses of study are similar to the schools of Boston and Chicago. They aim at the moral, intellectual and physical education of pupils, who are thus prepared for the duties of citizenship and practical life. Teachers can be degraded or dismissed only for incompetency, immorality, or unprofessional conduct, and in consequence hold, virtually, in their places a life tenure.

The schools are governed by a Board of Education (consisting of twelve Directors)and a Superintendent. The School Directors are elected every two years, but the Superintendent's term is for four years and he is empowered to appoint a Deputy Superintendent and a Secretary. Directors F. A. Hyde, the President, E. E. Ames, Max Brooks, J. H. Culver, S. E. Dutton, John J. Dunn, Dr. C. W. Decker, John I. Sabin, Daniel Sewell, Frank J. French, Thomas P. Woodward and Geo. W. Pennington constitute the present Board of Education. E. E. Ames is chairman of the Finance Committee, Max Brooks of the Classification Committee, Frank J. French of the Committee on Qualifications of Teachers, John J. Dunn of the Buildings and Grounds Committee, Dr. C. W. Decker of the Salaries Committee, S. E. Dutton of the Supplies Committee, John I. Sabin of the Rules Committee. Thomas P. Woodward



Superintendent John Swett



Joseph O Connor,
Principal of the Horace Mann School

[illegible] C. [illegible]
Principal of Franklin Grammar School

Sallie A. Rightmire,
Principal of Emerson Primary

James T. Hamilton
Principal of the Lincoln Grammar School

Mr. A. J. Mann
Principal of Denman Grammar School

of the Judiciary Committee, Daniel Sewell of the Printing Committee, J. H. Culver of the Visiting Committee, and George W. Pennington of the Janitors' Committee.

The City Board of Examination, composed of Superintendent Swett, Chairman, Miss S. A. Rightmire, Miss Bessie Dixon and Messrs. T. E. Kennedy and R. D. Faulkner, is an adjunct to the Board of Education, but possesses the exclusive power to examine applicants and grant teachers' certificates.

J. G. Carr is the head carpenter of the Department, and C. F. Metzner the storekeeper.



F. A. Hyde, President Board of Education

F. A. Hyde, the President of the Board of Education, is forty-four years of age and a native of New York. For the past twenty-six years, he has been a resident of San Fran-



Frank Morton,
Principal of Boys' High School

A. H. MacDonald,
Principal of Lincoln Evening School

Edwin Brooks,
Principal of Girls' High School

W. N. Bush,
Principal of Commercial School

Miss Laura T. Fowler,
Principal of Normal Department of Girls' High School

cisco. He is a land lawyer, in which business he has been actively engaged ever since his arrival in this city. In January, 1891, Mr. Hyde took his seat as a member of the Board of Education, and in October, upon the resignation of John I. Sabin, he was elected President. From the time of his connection with the Department, Mr. Hyde has exhibited a lively interest in the work and progress of our public schools, and by familiarizing himself with the various educational and business details of the Department, and conscientiously discharging his duty, he has succeeded in winning the confidence of the teachers and the approval of his associates. He is a man of exceptionally pleasing manners, refined tastes and a social nature, being a member of the Pacific-Union, Bohemian, and Union League Clubs. A graceful speaker and an able parliamentarian, his administration has been characterized by a spirit of invariable dignity and honesty.

John Swett, the Superintendent of Schools, is a veteran educator, who is loved and respected by thousands of teachers and former pupils. For many long years, he has been closely identified with the public schools of this city and state. He is sixty-two years of age and a native of Pittsfield, New Hampshire. In 1852, he came to California, and after a brief mining experience, accepted an appointment as teacher in the Rincon school, which was then held in a shanty at the corner of Folsom and First streets,



Albert Lyser, Principal John Swett Grammar School



Dr. C. W. Decker.
Chairman of the Salaries Committee



Jno. I. Dunn.
Chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee



J. H. Culver.
Chairman of the Visiting Committee



E. F. Ames.
Chairman of the Finance Committee



Daniel Sewell.
Chairman of the Printing Committee



F. J. French.
Chairman of the Qualifications of Teachers Committee

and had but forty pupils enrolled. The school was removed in 1854 to a leased building in Hampton Place, where it was continued until 1861, when the enrollment having increased to eight hundred, it was again changed to its present home in Silver street. In 1862, Mr. Swett resigned as principal of the Rincon school, and was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the term being for but one year; he was re-elected in 1863, this time for four years. During his term he drafted what is now, virtually, the school law of California. In 1868, he succeeded James Denman as principal of the Denman Grammar School, corner of Bush and Taylor streets, and in 1871 was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Schools under Superintendent J. H. Widber, who is now City Treasurer. Resuming, in 1873, the principalship of the Denman school, Mr. Denman having been elected Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Swett there remained until 1876. He was then elected principal of the Girls' High School, where he continued for thirteen consecutive years, until 1889, when he resigned and retired to his country home in Martinez. A year later, he was recalled from his retirement and elected by an overwhelming majority to the honorable and responsible office which he now holds.

Conscientious in his attention to duty and surprisingly active for a man of his years, with a reputation for stainless integrity, Mr. Swett may reflect with pride upon his long career and public services in the cause of education. Madison Babcock, the Deputy Superintendent of Schools, is an experienced educator, who cordially seconds the administration of his superior. Mr. Babcock resigned as principal of the Sacramento High School to accept an appointment as Deputy under James W. Anderson,



A Recitation in Science in the John Swett Grammar School



Indian Club Drill in the Yard of the John Swett Grammar School

who was then the Superintendent. Upon the accession of Superintendent Swett, in January, 1890, he retained Mr. Babcock.

George Beanston, the Secretary of the Board of Education, is forty-seven years of age and a native of Scotland. He has resided in San Francisco ever since July, 1853. In January, 1863, he was employed in the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education in the capacity of office boy. He was soon promoted to a clerkship, and in October, 1868 was appointed Secretary by Superintendent Denman. In January, 1883, during the incumbency of Superintendent A. J. Moulder, he was succeeded by J. T. McGeoghagan and for two years was engaged in commercial business. He re-entered the Department in January, 1885, being elected by the Board of Education as an Assistant Secretary. In January, 1887, he was appointed Secretary by Superintendent J. W. Anderson and was continued in office by Superintendent Swett upon his accession in January, 1891.

Long experience has given Mr. Beanston a familiarity with the numerous and complicated details of the Department. An expert accountant, a zealous custodian of the records, and ever courteous to all with whom he comes in contact, Mr. Beanston's administration has been satisfactory, alike to his superiors and the public.



A Primary Class Room

He is ably assisted by George W. Wade and I. J. Aschheim, Assistant Secretaries; E. B. Bullock, bookkeeper; Miss M. F. Cusick, stenographer; and Frank W. Yale, messenger.

There are now in the Department three high schools; viz.: the Boys' High School, the Girls' High School

and the Cogswell Mission High School. The grammar schools feed them and their graduates are admitted either to the University of California or the Leland Stanford Jr. University, without examination. For several months past, since the resignation of Mrs. Mary W. Kincaid, the Girls' High School has been without a principal, but in May last Elisha Brooks, principal of the Cogswell, was elected by the Board of Education to fill the vacancy. He will assume the duties of his new position at the opening of the next term, July 11th, 1892. Then, the Cogswell, the lease having expired, will be abandoned by the Department and revert to the control of the Board of Trustees. The Boys' High School is, in a strict sense, misnamed, since the principle of co-education there prevails, and it has enrolled almost as many girls as boys. Near the close of 1889 the building occupied by the Girls' High School, at the corner of Bush and Hyde streets, was burned. The students since then have been accommodated in one building or another, but have been without any suitable or permanent home. It will not be for long, however, as the handsome and commodious three-story brick building, in Scott street, between Geary and O'Farrell streets, will soon be completed. The cost is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand dollars. It will contain an assembly hall, a library, recitation, science and art rooms and chemical and physical laboratories, besides twelve class rooms. Five hundred students can easily be accommodated. The equipments will be complete and the building will be the finest in the Department.

For its high grade of scholarship, advanced methods of instruction and thoroughness, the Boys' High School holds a prominent place among the secondary schools of the state. The aim of its course of study is officially declared to be "to prepare our pupils for active life, teach them self-control, train their judgment, inculcate in them good business habits, give them culture and refinement and make them useful and intelligent citizens." There are three parallel courses, each leading to a diploma and each three years long. The classical course comprises Latin, Greek, English, history, mathematics and drawing.

The Latin-scientific course is like the classical, except that physics and chemistry are substituted for Greek and an increased degree of study is required in English. The scientific course differs from the Latin-scientific in that additional sciences, mathematics, English and drawing are required in place of Latin. German or French, or perhaps both, will probably soon be added to the scientific course. The senior year, in all courses, will contain, besides equivalent, optional studies in German, French and selections from other courses. This liberality of choice gives the students greater freedom in choosing their university courses than is enjoyed by the students in any other secondary school devoting an equal time to the studies taught. The enrollment of the Boys' High School includes three hundred and twenty-five boys and two hundred girls.

Frank Morton, the principal, is a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1880. He began to teach in the East and has been in his present position since the resignation of James K. Wilson in 1888. Professor Morton wrote the arithmetic in the California State Series. He is a gentleman of scholarly tastes and acquirements and an excellent disciplinarian. Under his administration, the Boys' High School has been a gratifying success.

A. E. Kellogg is the vice-principal. He is also at the head of the English Department. A graduate from the University of Iowa, with twenty years' experience in teaching, he is ranked as an exceptionally able educator. Formerly he was vice-principal of the Oakland High School and has also been Superintendent of Schools of Mono County.

At the head of the Mathematical Department is J. L. Crittenden, a graduate of the University of California and the Hasting's Law College. His experience as a teacher covers a period of some seventeen years, he having taught successfully in the schools of Sacramento, Oakland and San Jose. He has been in the Boys' High School since 1888.

C. M. Walker, who is at the head of the Classical Department, reads Greek and Latin with as much facility as he does English. He is a graduate of Bowdoin, class of 1873. For sixteen years, (1873–1889) he was principal of the Oak Mound (preparatory) School for boys at Napa, where he was also County Superintendent of Schools for a term of three years. He has held his position in the Boys' High School for the past three years to the full satisfaction of the principal and the students.

The Science Department is presided over by A. T. Winn, a Harvard graduate, class of 1859, who has been connected with the Boys' High School for the past twenty-five years.

F. H. Clark is at the head of the History Department. He graduated from the University of California in 1882 and in 1886 took the degree of A. M. For three years past, he has been in the Boys' High School. Formerly he was principal of the Los Angeles High School.

Miss Lillie J. Martin, the vice-principal of the Girls' High School, is also at the head of the Science Department. She is a graduate of Vassar College.

Miss Fidelia Jewett is at the head of the Mathematical Department, Miss Helen M. Thompson of the English Department, Mrs. Mary Prag of the History Department and Miss Catherine Wilson of the Classical Department. The enrollment is about five hundred.

A leading feature of the Girls' High School is its Normal Department ably presided over by Miss Laura T. Fowler. She is a pioneer teacher having been in the continuous service of the Public School Department for the past thirty years. A graduate of Packer College, New York, she came to California in 1862, since when she has arduously devoted herself to her chosen profession. Entering the Lincoln Grammar School as an assistant, she was promoted to be vice-principal of the Cosmopolitan School, just then established. At a later date, she became vice-principal of the Horace Mann, (then called the Valencia) Grammar School. Subsequently, she made an excellent record as principal of the Mission Grammar School. At the expiration of ten years, she was elected by the Board of Education as Inspectress of Schools, a post requiring both tact and ability. Miss Fowler was fully equal to the occasion and at the end of six years' conscientious service, she had won fresh laurels. For the past three years, she has been in her present responsible position as principal of the Normal Department



Mrs. N. R. Craven, Principal Mission Grammar School

of the Girls' High School. Her especial duty is to prepare students for the profession of teaching, a task for which she is well qualified.

The Cogswell Polytechnic College was not designed to teach trades but to give the boys and girls of California a practical training in the mechanical and industrial arts. It was leased by the Board of Trustees, in August, 1889, for three years, to the Public School Department, since which time it has been styled the Cogswell Mission High School. The course of study extends through three years and graduates are awarded diplomas, which will admit them either to the University of California or to the Leland Stanford Jr. University. The carpenter shop, the blacksmith shop and the art department are leading features of the school. In the carpenter shop students are instructed in wood turning, etc. They are supplied with complete sets of tools and the shop is equipped with forty work benches and forty lathes, the machinery being operated by a forty-five horse-power engine. The blacksmith shop contains thirty-five forges and anvils, sledge hammers, etc., and is similarly operated, every pains being taken to make the instruction practical. Clay modeling and wood carving are taught in the art department which is intended especially for the benefit of girls. Designs for the ornamentation of wall paper, etc., and the modeling of busts from life receive special attention. At the Mechanics' Fair of 1891, the Cogswell students were awarded several diplomas and medals. The enrollment averages three hundred.

Elisha Brooks, the principal, has had a varied experience, and may truthfully be termed a self-educated man. He is fifty-one years of age and a native of Michigan. When a boy, he came across the plains to California, and before he was of age had served his time as miner, farmer, teamster and hunter. His early education was obtained in the common schools. He began teaching at Enterprise, a mining town on Feather river. In 1864, he enlisted in the Eighth California Infantry, was commissioned a lieutenant in a few months and, in October, 1865, was mustered out. After the war, he taught mathematics and science for seven years in the Urban Academy of this city. He was elected in July, 1875, as vice-principal of the Washington Grammar School. Four years later, he was chosen principal of the Franklin Grammar School, where he remained until July, 1891, when he resigned to enter the Cogswell. Mr. Brooks was treasurer of the California Academy of Sciences for nineteen years. Botany is his pet study. He is a member of the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. His history proves him to be an able educator and disciplinarian.

The Commercial School was established in 1884, and its success, if measured by its popularity, was immediate. In the course of study, which extends over a period of two years, are included book-keeping, business arithmetic, phonography, typewriting, business correspondence, commercial law, etc. Special attention is also given to English civil government and to practice in debate. The several departments of the school are classified under the terms of Mathematics, Commercial Law, English, Business Correspondence and Book-keeping. The maximum enrollment in the history of the school was reached during the past year, when it numbered nearly five hundred students.

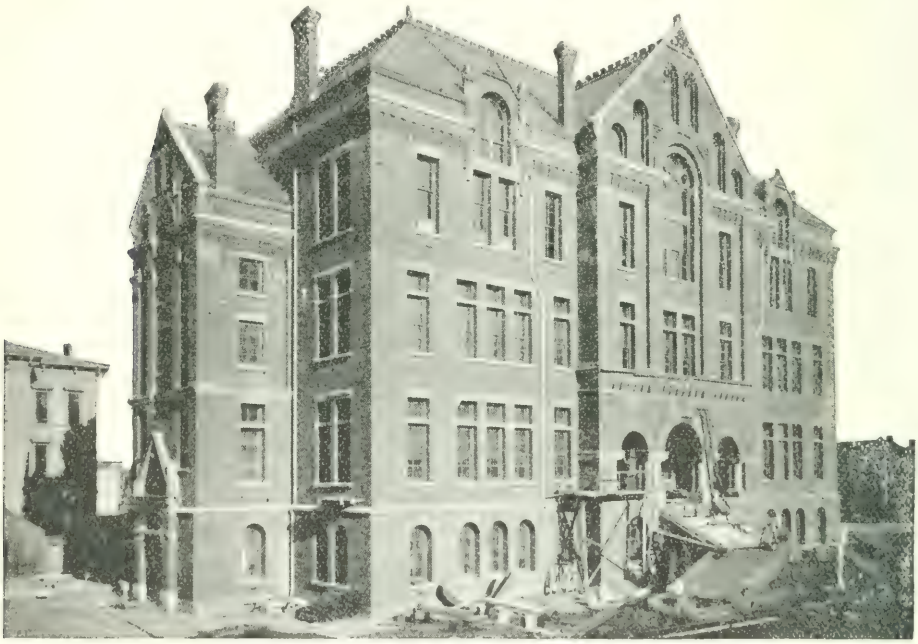
Walter N. Bush, the principal, was born in 1857, at Fall River, Mass. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1882. His specialty is mathematics, which he formerly taught in the Boys' High School. Mr. Bush is ably seconded by the following corps of teachers: Chas. H. Ham, William White, C. H. Murphy, R. H. Webster, Peitro Espino, Misses L. Richards, H. E. Rademaker, K. C. Fay, M. G. Salcido, M. T. Conway, L.

M. White, E. Sewell, I. Garbarino and B. Durkee.

A few only of the representative Grammar schools, which rank next below the High schools, need to be noticed in detail. These may be taken as typical of their class.

The old and popular Lincoln Grammar School in Fifth street was established in 1864. Ira G. Hoitt, ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was its first principal. He was followed by Dr. Luckey, B. Marks, James K. Wilson and James T. Hamilton. It is a school exclusively for boys, of whom one thousand three hundred have been enrolled this year. The Lincoln has a medal fund of three thousand dollars, the interest of which exceeds the annual cost of the medals. Twenty medals are awarded each year to graduates for meritorious conduct and scholarship. The school is well equipped and disciplined and has the largest attendance of any in the city.

James T. Hamilton has spent sixteen years of his life in the Lincoln School, having served ten years as vice-principal and six years as principal. He was educated in the public schools of Ohio, his native state. Prior to coming to San Francisco, he taught four years in the San Jose Institute and six months in Mayfield. Mr. Hamilton is a modest, reserved gentleman, noted alike for his uniform courtesy and his executive ability. Messrs. W. A. Leggett and R. D. Faulkner are the vice-principals of the Lincoln. Mrs. McKown, Mrs. Palmer, Misses Clark, Shea, Jacobs, Hurley, Stoddard, Elder, Michelson, Mrs. Chalmers, Simon, Misses Sleator, Dwyer, Martin, Wade, Wooll, Grimm, Langley, Hill and Haas are the teachers.



Girls' High School

The Horace Mann (formerly the Valencia) Grammar School, bears a deservedly high reputation for scholarship and discipline.

Its principal, Joseph O'Connor, is

a pillar of our San Francisco Schools. Beginning a course of training as a paid monitor in the Irish National Schools, when a boy of but thirteen years of age, he has been busily engaged in educational pursuits ever since, a period of some thirty-five years. He is a graduate of the Normal Training College of Dublin and entered the Department of San Francisco in 1868, as teacher of the first successful commercial class in the Evening School. In March, 1869, he was promoted to be vice-principal of the Spring Valley Grammar School and in December, 1874, was chosen principal of the Washington Grammar. Resigning in 1883, he was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Schools by Superintendent A. J. Moulder. He has been principal of the Horace Mann since January, 1887. During the several years that he was connected with the Evening Schools, he established in them excellent discipline and intelligent classification. He was on the City Board of Examination some ten years, during which time he was instrumental in exposing and eradicating the notorious frauds then practiced in the sale of examination questions to applicants for teachers' certificates. While Deputy Superintendent, he was the author of a strong course of study, containing special instructions to teachers on methods. His official reports to the Boards of Education were also notable for their ability and completeness. He was president, in 1884, of the California State Teachers' Association, and two years later was sent East in connection with the annual convention of the National Educational Association, held in this city in June, 1888. Mr. O'Connor was on its Executive Committee and directed very successfully the details of the Educational Exposition in the Mechanics' Pavilion. As a lecturer at Teachers' Institutes, he is in great demand. Under the administration of President Cleveland, his name was presented with the highest Pacific Coast endorsements for appointment as United States Commissioner of Education. He is a Free Mason, a member of the Olympic Athletic Club and Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Administration of the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library.

The Horace Mann School has eighteen classes and an enrollment of nine hundred pupils. Special instruction is given in physical culture, each pupil having an hour a week for practice with light Indian clubs, wands or wooden dumb bells. The policy of the school is to prepare pupils to make their livings and to induce them to become moral citizens and patriots. Miss Mary E. Morrison and Miss Carrie E. Beckwith are vice-principals of the Horace Mann.

The John Swett Grammar School, McAllister street, between Franklin and Gough streets, has eighteen classes and an enrollment during the past year of over one thousand one hundred. Its average daily attendance is very high. There are no hobbies in this school and its methods of instruction are uniform and modern. All studies are presented objectively and drawing is used as an auxiliary in the teaching of mathematics, science and language. The programme is the same in all classes and each subject receives due attention. The school is noted for the excellence of its language work which has a high place in the daily programme.

In each class room, may be seen a cabinet of ores, woods, insects, etc. The windows are occupied by flowerpots, filled with growing plants which give a healthful freshness to the atmosphere while the walls of the rooms are adorned with pictures, many of them designed and drawn by the pupils. In language, concrete not abstract subjects are treated and they are illustrated with drawings. Narratives and descriptions are recognized as the leading features of composition.

Albert Lyser, the principal, has been a teacher in the San Francisco School Department since 1868, and for the past seven years has been principal

of the John Swett Grammar School which was named in honor of the Superintendent and veteran educator. In 1877, Mr. Lyser founded the *Pacific School Journal* which he edited for ten years. He was graduated from the State Normal School in 1866, and began his educational career as principal of the Los Gatos School in January, 1867. In June of the succeeding year, he was a teacher in San Francisco and at a later date became the principal of the South San Francisco School, whence he was promoted to his present position. Mr. Lyser is a linguist who speaks French and German fluently, a versatile magazine writer, a popular educational lecturer and a classical scholar.

The Denman Grammar School, with its fifteen classes and an average enrollment of over eight hundred pupils, is for girls exclusively. Its location is in the substantial brick building at the corner of Bush and Taylor streets, and it takes its name from James Denman, the pioneer educator. Special pains are taken in the teaching of penmanship, drawing, Del Sarte exercises and similar accomplishments, in which cultured girls ought to excel. The graduates this past year numbered about one hundred girls, twenty-eight of whom received the Denman medals.

A. L. Mann, the principal, is a native of Massachusetts. Immediately after graduating from the Middlebury College, Vermont, he came to California, and in 1863, became vice-principal of the Marysville Grammar School. Since that time, he has been principal of the East Oakland Grammar School, and in January, 1866, he entered the Boys' High School of San Francisco, and for nearly twenty years was at the head of its Classical Department. In 1878 and '79, he was City Superintendent of Schools. When Mr. Denman resigned in 1888, Mr. Mann was elected to succeed him as principal of the Denman School, which place he has held ever since. He is one of the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library and is well known as a contributor to educational magazines and as a lecturer on school topics. The vice-principal of the Denman is Mrs. E. M. Baumgardner.

The Mission Grammar School located in Mission street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, with its fourteen classes and seven hundred pupils, is a representative school. The teachers are all wide awake and follow objective methods.

The principal, Mrs. N. R. Craven, is a Normal School graduate, and a conscientious student of advanced methods. She possesses rare, executive ability and bears a deservedly high reputation in educational circles. By her teachers she is well liked and respected. Formerly she was an active member of the City Board of Examination, in which capacity she did good service to her associate lady teachers. Mrs. Craven was, for four years, principal of the Le Conte Primary School, and for the past ten years has presided efficiently over the Mission Grammar. She is a liberal-minded, diplomatic lady, and in every sense of the word, a worthy representative of our San Francisco teachers. Miss Nellie F. Sullivan, the vice-principal, possesses exceptional talent in music, an accomplishment in which the students of the school excel.

The eighteen teachers of the Franklin Grammar School in Eighth street, near Bryant, are expected to use, so far as possible, the creative method. This method involves first, the object illustrative of the idea ; second, its perception ; third, its conception, and fourth, its original expression. It may be applied to all the subjects taught in language, mathematics, science and morals, and gives the best results of the best teaching ; viz., original thought and original expression.

James G. Kennedy, the principal of the Franklin, is an experienced and successful schoolman and one of the best exponents of advanced methods in the San Francisco School Depart-



The Art Department of the Cogswell School

ment. He is forty-nine years of age, a native of Illinois, and in 1852, came across the plains to California, with an ox team, like his predecessor, Elisha Brooks. An undergraduate of Santa Clara College, he has taught at various times in all grades from the receiving class to the senior class of the High School inclusive. The schools of San Jose and Santa Clara County attained a high degree of proficiency under his able administration as Superintendent. Since he entered the San Francisco School Department, Mr. Kennedy has been an active and enthusiastic advocate of the "New Education." As Head Inspecting Teacher, during the administration of Superintendent Anderson, he was instrumental in raising the scholastic standard of the San Francisco schools, into which he introduced many new and improved methods of teaching. Mr. Kennedy planned, organized and conducted successfully, the Cogswell Polytechnic College, from which he voluntarily resigned to enter the Franklin. His vice-principals are Selden Sturges and Miss Mac Donald.

The Broadway Grammar School, in common with the Denman and the Rincon, is a girls' school. It has fifteen classes and an enrollment of eight hundred. In its character it is very cosmopolitan and makes a specialty of teaching foreigners to speak and write English.

Miss Jean Parker, the principal, has been in the service of the School Department since 1866 continuously. She is the only lady who has ever officiated as vice-principal of a boys' grammar school, she formerly having held that position in the Washington. During the administration of Superintendent Anderson, she served on the City Board of Examination. She has held her present position for the past twelve years and is recognized as an educator of rare ability and modern ideas. Miss A. T. Campbell is the vice-principal and Misses Haswell, Shipman, Doherty, Hitchcock, Goldsmith, McCorkell, Hart, Regan, Wade, Beardsley, Bradbury, Campbell, Heath and Mrs. Kelly are the teachers.

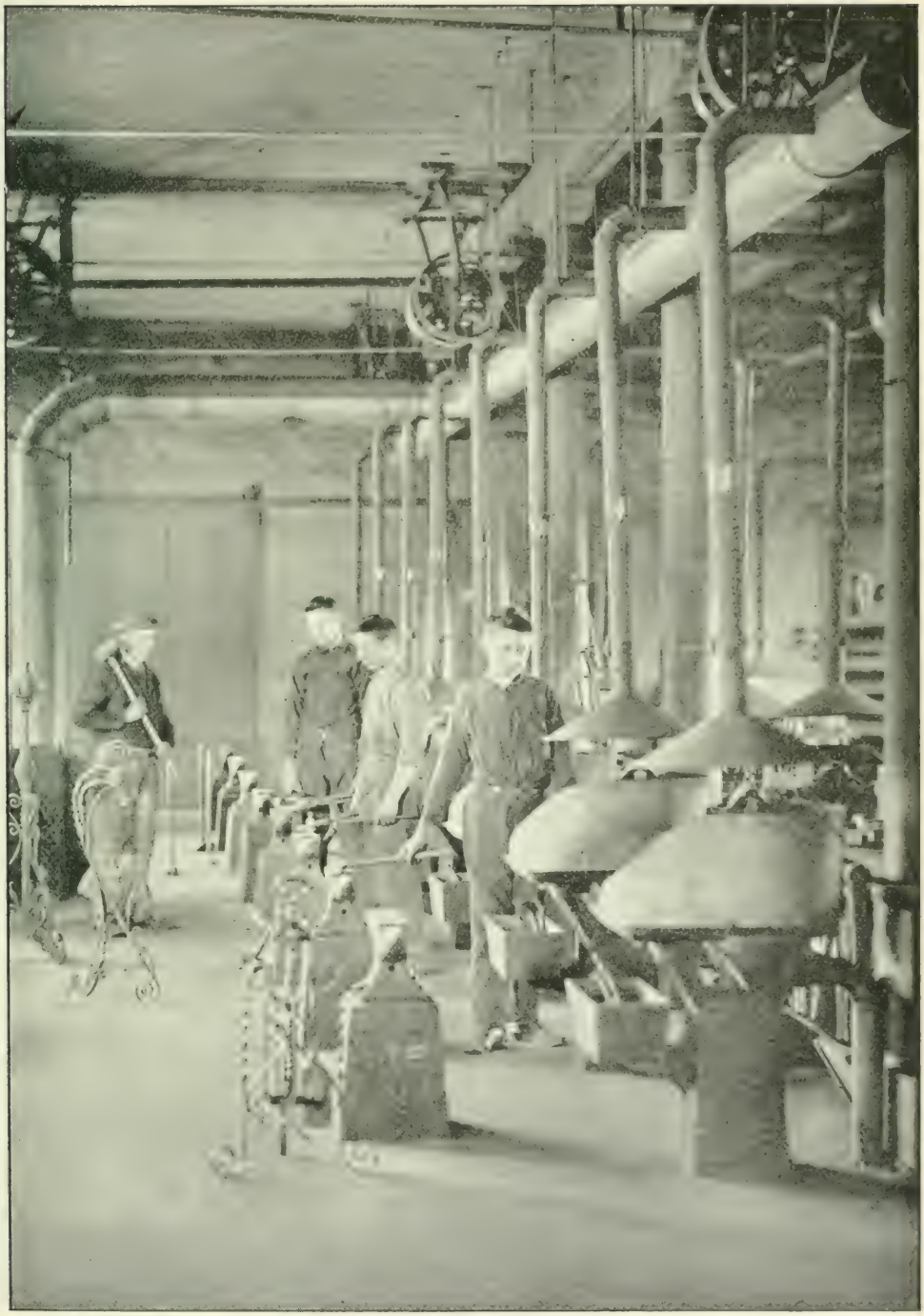
The Clement Grammar School has an average enrollment of nine hundred pupils, divided into sixteen classes. It is essentially a Californian school, with Californian teachers and Californian ideas.

Miss Mary E. Callahan, the principal, is a graduate of the San Francisco Normal Department of the Girls' High School and a native daughter. Immediately after graduating, she entered the Clement School, named in honor of the Ex-Director Joseph Clement, and for the past five years has been its principal. Her vice-principal is Miss S. H. Earle and nearly all of the assistants are ladies who were either born or educated in California. Following is a list of their names: Miss Kelly, Miss McFarland, Miss Bigelow, Miss Fisher, Miss Lewis, Miss Mandeville, Miss Simms, Mrs. Owen, Miss Crowley, Miss Corbell, Miss Barry, Miss Julia Lewis, Miss Goldsmith, Miss Reynolds and Miss Little.

The South Cosmopolitan Grammar School, in Eddy street, has about eight hundred pupils studying German and one hundred studying French. There are twenty classes and an average enrollment of one thousand.

Adolph Herbst, the principal, received a university education in Germany. He studied philology, ancient and modern, and having taught for some years in Australia, came to San Francisco, and, after serving two years as an assistant in the Boys' High School, was appointed to the position which he now holds, in December, 1871. Mr. L. M. Shuck and Miss K. F. McColgan are the vice-principals under Professor Herbst.

French and German are also taught at the North Cosmopolitan Grammar School, in Filbert street. It has twelve classes. Miss A. M. Stincen is the principal and Miss A. J. Clark, vice-principal. The Hum-



Blacksmith Shop of the Cogswell School

boldt Primary School, in Bush street, Miss M. A. Castlehun, principal; and the Cooper Primary School, in Greenwich street, Mrs. C. R. Pechin principal, serve as feeders for the South Cosmopolitan and the North Cosmopolitan, respectively.

The primary schools, while ranking lowest in point of scholarship, are still among the most important in the system, since in them little children receive their earliest and most vivid impressions and the services of the best teachers are required. A distinctive feature of the Department is the Chinese Primary School of two classes, at 916 Clay street, presided over by Miss Rose Thayer. Following are brief, descriptive sketches of a few representative schools.

The Lincoln Primary School, located in the rear of the Lincoln Grammar School, in Fifth street, has eighteen classes and an average enrollment of nine hundred pupils.

Miss Agnes M. Manning, the principal, began teaching in Chicago. In January, 1865, she came to San Francisco and was immediately made principal of the Fairmount School. She has presided successfully over her present school since January, 1869. Miss Manning is a lady of literary and artistic tastes and culture. She belongs to the Century Club and the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. Following is a list of her assistants, with whom she is deservedly popular: Miss Roper, Miss Provost, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Morse, Miss Schendel, Miss Hunt, Mrs. Hackett, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Hough, Miss Kraus, Miss Smith, Miss Molloy, Miss Fredericks, Miss Bendit, Miss Hitchens, Mrs. Melrose and Miss Wright.

The Whittier Primary School, Harrison street, near Fourth, has twenty classes and an average enrollment of one thousand girls and boys. It is a progressive school and is under excellent discipline.

Miss Emma Stincen, the principal, is a graduate of the State Normal School. Immediately after graduating she entered the Whittier as an assistant teacher, and a short time later became its principal. Her assistants are Misses Sprague, Frontin and Shepheard, Mrs. Simon, Misses Hinds, Hiester, Cove, Maccord, Kean, Maloney, Lewis, Kinney, Walsh, Dolan, Ahern, Burk, Garrity, McGorey, Lorigan and West.

The Emerson Primary School aims at thoroughness in all branches of instruction and pays special attention to calisthenics in the yard, the fire drill and singing, pupils being trained to sing in a low, sweet tone of voice. The seven hundred and fifty pupils enrolled are divided into thirteen classes, in charge of Misses Shaw, Hill, Dennis, Anderson, Watson, Hussey, Bannan, Meyer, Hobart, Fairweather, Earle, Bates and Cotrel.

Miss Sallie A. Rightmire, the principal, is a native of California, having been born in Sacramento. She is a graduate of the State Normal School, and was elected a teacher in the San Francisco School Department in 1870. For ten years, she was an assistant in the Lincoln Grammar School, and has held her position as principal of the Emerson since 1880. She is now also a member of the City Board of Examination. Miss Rightmire is a popular and progressive lady, and her school ranks with the best in the Department.

Prior to the establishment of the Lincoln Evening School, in 1868, tuition was required from young men over eighteen years of age. "The result of organizing a free, graded, Evening School," says Superintendent Swett, in a recent report to the Board of Education, "was an increase of the school in six months from one class to sixteen classes. Book-keeping and drawing were soon introduced and since that time the Lincoln Evening School has always been filled with pupils." The total enrollment in the evening schools is two thousand two hundred and twenty-two and the average nightly attendance, one thousand six



Carpenter Shop of the Cogswell School

hundred and seventeen. The course of study is similar to that of the day schools, the Lincoln and the Washington Schools being regularly graded with grades running from the first to the eighth inclusive.

The Lincoln Evening School, with thirty classes, has a total enrollment of one thousand two hundred and ninety-five of both sexes. There are classes in Spanish, also in architectural and mechanical drawing and five ungraded, adult classes, composed of men of foreign birth, who are anxious to learn to speak and write English.

A. H. MacDonald, the principal, was educated in Nova Scotia, his native country. Coming to this state in 1855 he learned the business of civil engineering. His marriage was the cause of his abandoning this vocation. He was a high school principal in Placerville and subsequently a grammar school principal for nearly eleven years in Sacramento, during which time he was on the City Board of Examination, also the State Board of Examination. He came to this city twelve years ago, and after teaching for a time in the Lincoln Evening School, he was appointed by Superintendent J. W. Taylor, in 1882, as Deputy Superintendent of Schools. For the past seven years, he has ably presided over the destinies of the Lincoln Evening School. Lawrence Taaffe is his vice-principal.

The establishment in July, 1891, of a Commercial Evening School, with a course of study comprising book-keeping, penmanship, stenography and typewriting, has greatly enlarged the scope and usefulness of the system. The school has an enrollment of some three hundred and fifty students. Isidore Leszynsky, the principal, is an expert accountant, who formerly was principal of the Commercial (Day) School.



MY STUDIO AT MONTEREY

BY PAUL VANDYKE

IT was the day before Christmas. The snow had come early, and New York was vainly fighting a mighty blizzard that had, without warning, come down from Manitoba and the glaciers of Alaska. How it blew and raged! The air was filled with javelins of ice; snowy wraiths, that consorted in twos, threes and dozens, swept by in fantastic shapes; now forming a veil of white, now a wall of snow suspended in mid-air; again breaking up, rent apart by the wind to join forces and hurl themselves against the devoted house. I could hear the wind far up the street, coming on with a weird, moaning sound, gathering strength, shrieking under the eaves, forcing snowflakes in at every crevice, roaring down the chimney, playing havoc with the sparks, buffetted back by the flames, to go madly on in its wild course. As the day grew apace, the storm increased, the snow piled high, and the rasping noise of car wheels grew fainter and fainter. The telegraph wires were as big as cables; the trees had lost all form, and New York was snowed in.

On such a day I sat in the Lotus Club, despondent. Ill health had followed me, and in despair I was conning guides of Bahama, the Bermudas, and the islands of the Spanish main when a friend dropped in and there happened one of those simple things that often change a man's entire career. To me it turned out more than this. "Just the man I want to see," he said. "Mrs. V——," naming a wealthy patron of art, "has asked me to hunt up an artist to go to California and make some studies of the scenery at Monterey, which is said to be one of the most picturesque places on the Pacific Coast."

"I can find you one," I replied. "When do you want him to start?"

"At once," was the answer.

"I am ready," I said, much to my friend's astonishment. An hour later I left the Lotus Club and waded through the snow to my studio, and two days later, when the snow-plow had cleared the roads, I started for California. The blizzard and others that had gone before had covered every State, and for five or six days we plowed through snow, seeing the famous agricultural regions frozen dead in the grasp of an Arctic winter.

One night a fellow traveler informed me that I was about making one of the most remarkable changes of my life—that of passing from winter to summer in a few hours, and he told the truth. I went to bed in a snowstorm in the Sierras, and as I looked out in the morning, we were rushing down on to the Pacific Slope, and flowers were looking in the window. The effect of this transformation was singular, and as we left the mountains farther and farther behind, and plunged through orchards, with trees green, as in spring, where wild flowers covered the ground and made the earth a crazy quilt of color, I was more than astonished. I had heard of California and its wealth of winter verdure, but this sudden burst of glory was more than I had dreamed of. The half had not been told. I tarried in San Francisco to see its wonders, the Golden Gate, Chinatown, as real as China itself, the evidences of thrift on every hand in the metropolis of the West, and one morning took the train on the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific road for Monterey, that lies on the bay of that name one hundred miles or so down the coast.

One can scarcely describe, without experiencing it, the sensations of a man who one week ago was in the heart of an Arctic blizzard, and who now was rushing down the California Coast, between banks of flowers. The trip, a favorite one for fashionable San Franciscans, takes you through some of the most famous ranches of the Golden State. Here is Palo Alto, with its fine trees, and along to the west mountains rising gradually in gentle slopes, bringing out the picturesque buildings of the great University of Stanford in strong relief. Town after town is passed, fields of grain, orchards, vineyards galore, the Coast Range ever in sight; now rising in rugged peaks, now broken by deep cañons, or capped with stately redwoods of gigantic proportions. Down the Santa Clara Valley we go, finally turning to the sea, catching the rich saline odor as it comes strongly in. Soon the scene changes; the mountains are apparently left behind and sand dunes appear, stretching along shore, beaten into curious shapes by the wind. Here wild flowers are in full possession. Acres of lupines of a delicate lilac extend away as far as the eye can reach, presenting a solid mass of color of inexpressible beauty. Now it is broken; the lupine has met the forces of the golden poppy, and is demoralized. The field is cosmopolitan; groups of larkspurs, masses of rich yellow poppies—the flowers which close at night, shooting stars, daisies, buttercups, cream cups and many others make up this brilliant host that carpets the road to Monterey. Stronger grows the breeze, sweeter the odor,



"The famous El Monte, the Hotel of the Forest, that has made this charming spot well known wherever the English tongue is spoken"



"Here was the finest collection of desert cacti in the country blooming and growing side by side with the flowers of the mountain and valley."

and finally we are landed in what appears a private park, and are a moment later in the famous El Monte, the Hotel of the Forest, that has made this charming spot well known wherever the English tongue is spoken.



The Club House amid the Pines

This was my home for the winter. My studio was its park of miles of forest and acres of land; and here I found not alone all earthly delights, but the best of all boons, renewed health. Monterey and its justly famous hotel, can best be appreciated by comparing it to some of the great country places of England, which have been in the same family for generations. Monterey is a magnificent park abounding in scenery of every possible description. The spot first

attracted the attention of Don Sebastian Vizcaino, the adventurer, in 1602, who sailed into the beautiful bay, landed, and attracted by its beauty, took possession in the name of the King, calling it in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga Conde de Monte Rey, who was at the time viceroy of Mexico.

ancient pines have seen some strange sights.

The first mass ever heard in California was celebrated where I stood, and perchance the cross was raised beneath these very trees. The only listeners were the Indians, who then thronged the shores, and after the



A View of the Lake

It was difficult to imagine, as I strolled through the old Spanish town, that it was a center of life and gaiety nearly two hundred years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence; yet such is the fact, and its old adobes, fast falling to decay, its

departure of Vizcaino, Monterey lapsed into its former simplicity, and the white man became but a memory. For one hundred and sixty-eight years nothing was heard of it. Then Father Junipero Serra, the president of the Franciscan missionaries, recalling

the descriptions of the place by Vizcaino and his men, determined to found a mission on the spot. This was accomplished in 1770, six years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The mission of San Carlos de Monterey was the result, and in 1771, it was removed to Carmelo Valley, and known as the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo by the order of the Marquis de Croix. Here Fathers Junipero and Crespè were buried, and as I wandered through and about the old building and sketched its crumbling walls, I could almost hear the melody of the chimes as they called the faithful in the days gone by. The sky was clear and the gentle breeze from the sea fanned my face. A lizard clung to the mouldering wall and glanced at me with wondering eye; a mocking bird, perched high on the roof, sang blithely an anthem of praise; these were the only inhabitants. The old mission was deserted—a ruin—an object of curiosity to the stroller of the nineteenth century, a memory from the rich store of the past.

The old town had a never ending charm for me, not alone for its artistic features. Here were the descendants of the old Spanish cavaliers who founded the towns still living here, for Monterey is at least two thirds Mexicans, and black eyes and swarthy complexions meet one at every turn. Though the Mexicans are still in the majority, they are not the owners of the soil; they began to lose prestige when Commander Jones seized Monterey in 1842, and Sloat took possession in 1846. In these early days Monterey was a busy place, the center of an important trade, which it gradually lost when the Capital was removed. What the town has lost in a commercial sense it has gained as a fashionable resort. Its rare beauties that delighted Vizcaino still exist, added to by modern art, embellished by modern taste. The same cool winds come in from the sea, and make its summer days a delight, and those of winter a suggestion of an earthly paradise. As these charms of climate and location attracted the attention of the followers of King Philip, it is not to be wondered that they have been appreciated by the people of to-day; and so we find this ancient domain merged into a resort for the fashion of California and recognized as the Newport of the western coast.

My studio in these January days was in the park about the El Monte, whose giant pines are hung with moss that moves listlessly in the wind. Such a winter studio was never conceived before; the roof, the blue sky; the sides, the surging pines, through which I caught vistas of distant mountains, telling of the San Lucia range and beyond; the air was redolent with the odor of flowers, heavy with perfume, while the melody of a host of songsters was my orchestra and inspiration day after day.

Monterey itself is in a park that includes many square miles. Indeed I rode seventeen miles without leaving a road as fine as Ocean Avenue, Long Branch, and strolled for weeks and months through the forests in that eventful winter without leaving the grounds, constantly finding new beauties. The hotel was conceived by an artist, and might be the country place of an English gentleman. It stands in a pine and oak forest, the trees of which have been left undisturbed, the grounds alone modified so that the edifice with its club-house and rambling artistic parts stands in a garden of one hundred and thirty acres. Imagine a similar acreage in the Adirondacks,, where the trees are largest, where nature is at its best, laid out with all the art that good taste can suggest and some idea of this spot can be obtained. My studio changed with the whim of the moment. Now my easel was pitched among the big pines, whose murmur and song seemed to tell of the old days (have you ever listened to it?) and it seemed to me that these pines of Mon-



An Approach across Head of the Pond

terey sang a sweeter song than any that I had heard before. I could hear it begin far away—a soft murmur, as if the needles were attuned to some mystic music. As the wind rose the sounds grew louder, until the air rang with the melody.

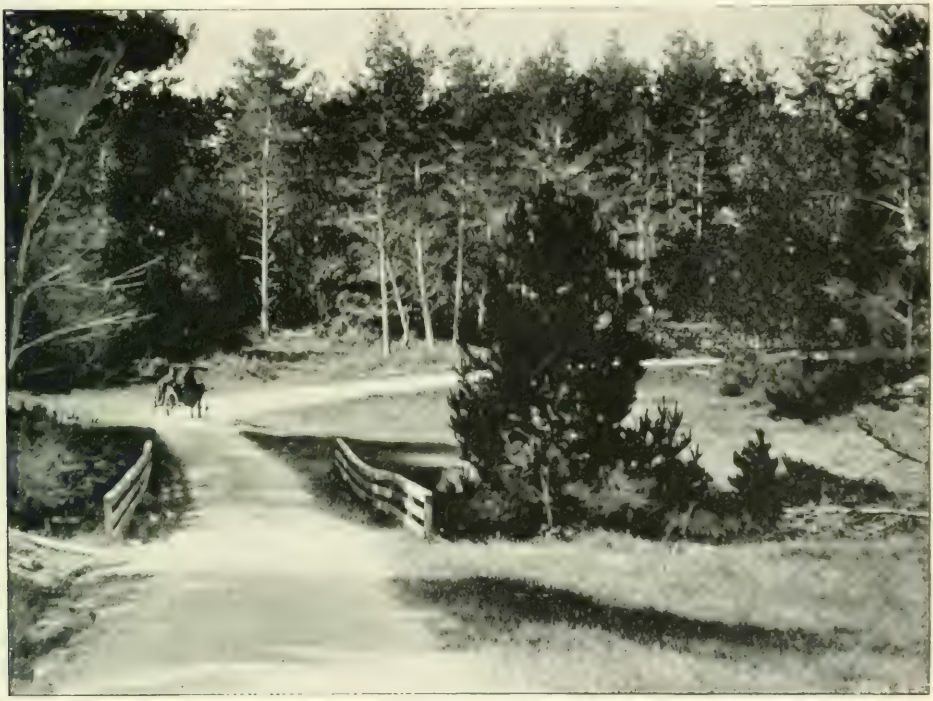
These music-making trees, and especially the live oaks, were a study in themselves; ages old, they had assumed strange shapes, each appearing to possess an individuality of its own. Some threw out weird arms, as if in supplication, from which hung fantastic festoons of moss. Others were distorted, their gnarled roots and limbs telling of strange struggles for life in the past. Here a Doré might have obtained his inspiration, as the live oaks, especially, were Dantean in shape and form, if I may use the simile. In sitting among them I could not but feel that in some unaccountable way the live oaks were possessed of thoughts, hopes and desires—that they were lost souls, condemned to take these shapes, and thus fawned and crouched before the gaze of man. Noble in conception, intended for giants, some seemed cursed and dwarfed. They crept along the ground as if not daring to lift their arms to high Heaven. Their branches assumed weird forms, apparently felled to the ground by winds in their growth. In strange contrast were the pines, that reared their majestic shapes high in air, commanding representatives of their tribe.

With such material, it need not be wondered that the landscape gardener produced remarkable results in and about this hotel of the forest. One day in February I had my studio among the roses, with a variety of flowers blooming around me. A move of a few yards and my environment was essentially that of the great Arizona desert that but for the odor of flowers in the air was true to the life, as here was the finest collection of desert cacti in the country blooming and growing side by side with the flowers of the mountain and valley. Within this one hundred acres one could find almost every known plant, as the delicate tropical ferns, orchids and moss were in the hothouse near at hand, an elaborate and complete establishment. Rich blue-grass lawns, a maze to bewilder the stroller, with tennis courts and playgrounds to bring back the dreamer to the nineteenth century were all here. Did I wish a bit of water view, the Laguna del Rey, covering fifteen acres, gleamed through the trees from my rose-ambushed studio, from the surface of which rose a clear stream from the fountain jet. A club-house of exquisite design is seen through the trees, affording material comforts, where California wines may be sipped and compared with the vintages of old Spain and France.

Of the famous El Monte itself it can only be said that it represents the sum of all that the century has produced in hotel science, and forms a well-adjusted part of its picturesque environment. Winter and summer it is thronged with guests from all over the world. While the East is buried in snow and ice, throngs of refugees are basking in the sunlight of Monterey, and as summer comes, fashionable San Francisco appears upon the scene and the season is as brilliant as any of the Eastern resorts. I was particularly impressed with what an English tourist termed the "staying qualities" of the place. It was impossible to exhaust its beauties and delights. I found them growing upon me, and in my strolls some new attraction was stumbled upon every day.

The town of Monterey faces the bay of that name and is, perhaps, four miles from the ocean; and from the Park of El Monte to it and away to the south stretches a drive of eighteen miles, that for variety has never been equaled in any land, and has acquired a reputation that gives it rank among the big things of California. Leaving El Monte it takes you to the shore of the bay, where vistas of lake and bay are

seen; now through the old town of broken down adobes, passing the mound that tells of Fremont's ancient fort, over fields of flowers cheek by jowl with Chinese squid dwellers and their picturesque houses, and finally we plunge into a pine forest. Everywhere among the trees are artistic homes—houses dropped down in the forest, embowered with flowers—a restful place where teachers, the Chatauquans and thousands from the great



Among the Pines

cities of the West congregate every summer to rest and breathe in the air that is tinctured with the salt of the ocean and the balsam of the pine. The little settlement is known as Pacific Grove—well named, as the fortunate dweller here can, in a few minutes, bury himself in a pine forest or rest upon the polished rocks that face the blue Pacific.

Pacific Grove originated in a Methodist camp meeting, and its evolution was from a primitive tent to the perfect houses, fine church, hotel and other conveniences that now find place here; and in the summer months its two or three square miles give rest, health and vigor to six or seven thousand people of refined and cultivated tastes who are face to face with Nature at her best. Here the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the State Teachers' Association, the State Sunday School Convention, the Chatauqua Assembly and many other societies hold forth; and it is here that Timothy Hopkins, a wealthy San Franciscan, has founded a fine biological laboratory and station, donating fifty thousand dollars for the purpose, which is to be under the charge of Professor Gilbert of Stanford University, and a part of that institution.

Pacific Grove is on the borders of the great park which the Southern Pacific Company has made here, and leaving

the principal street and turning to the south, we are at once in this charming woodland and might, so far as any suspicion of the ocean is concerned be five hundred miles away. There is a sensation of perfect rest in these groves and wild-wood tangles. The road, a model, winds away, finding seemingly by its own intuition, the choicest views and vistas restful to the eye and senses. Here are all the characteristic California plants and trees strange to eastern eyes, rare wild flowers springing up through the dried pine needles in February. The plumed quail eyes you from its shelter, while the dove, mocking bird and robin give melody to the air. Deep into the woods we plunge masses of wild growth appearing on every side ; huge trees that have gone down, entangled with vines, overgrown with moss, hoary with age. It might be the heart of the Adirondacks and the fawn whose big eyes stare at us from the thicket might be born to the northern woods. Down the slopes we go, now crossing a bridge and facing a stretch of green that fills a cañon that reaches back into the forest. Here the eschscholtzia covers the ground a brilliant yellow ; beyond the lilac lupines hold their sway, and suddenly, without warning, a white drifting river of sand is seen, a murmur breaks upon the ear and the limitless Pacific opens up with its waste of blue.

Now a pebbled half moon beach reaches away, ending in a point of rocks, the road skirting the shore upon a little bluff. Upon the latter in the centuries past, have stood the homes of native tribes. The earth is black and made up of the concomitants of the kitchen midden ; bits of gleaming abalone shine in the sun-light, and layers of pearly shells make up the earth—thrown there by the ancients. A black-eyed ground squirrel burrowing in the mass has thrown up a bone, and near by is a stone implement, suggestive that the rodent has made its home in an ancient grave or at least a region of archæological interest. For miles along shore I traced these ancient dwellers by the gleaming, tell-tale abalones.

The rocks are worn and broken into caverns, caves, arches and pillars. Here an isolated rock is dotted with seals and huge sea lions, the stupid shag colors it a rusty brown with its countless numbers, while white-winged gulls stand out from the sombre congregation in bold relief.

The flora here would delight the most phlegmatic lover of nature. At the very water's edge, and nowhere else, grew a wonderful aster-like flower common enough perhaps, yet new to me and striking from its position. Not a hundred yards away deep glens, green cañons and shady bowers offered retreats for such as these, yet this bright flower grew only in this one spot upon the very edge fronting the sea, dropping its lavender petals upon the polished pebbles and showered by the spray of every storm.

The stroller is attracted at once by the singular trees that give name to Cypress Point—trees that are indigenous to the locality and which are alone worthy a visit to Monterey. If the live oaks of El Monte Park were remarkable, what can be said of these grotesque shapes that defy description? At first glance it might be thought that they were but creatures of the imagination so strangely are they formed. The limbs are bent, twisted, contorted into every possible shape, weird in themselves, but the crowning marvel is the foliage, which seems arranged in horizontal layers to present the least surface to the wind. Imagine a number of Japanese umbrellas, one above the other, broad and flat and some idea can be obtained of the leaf arrangement of this tree, the puzzle of botanists, the sphinx of Monterey.

From Cypress Point the road turns to the east, and across Carmelo Bay the old mission comes in sight ; here the road climbs the cliffs that breast the sea with a bold and precipitous front ; rocky points, covered with pines, car-



The limitless Pacific opens up with its waste of blue.

peted with flowers, reach into the bay, and far away over the water rise the mountains of the Coast Range. The return of this marvelous creation in road making takes us by Chinese Cove and its little settlement, then through the heart of this wild park of seven thousand acres, and so back to the Hotel of the Forest, which controls the domain and reserves it for its guests.

Weeks, aye, months, can be spent here without exhausting this paradise that each day has some new offering to the stroller; and to the pleasure-seeker, the invalid or the votary of fashion, it is equally ideal.

The weather at the El Monte was never cool in winter, its maximum temperature for January, say, being about sixty-seven degrees, the minimum sixty degrees. For August, the maximum of the same year was seventy-seven degrees, the minimum fifty degrees, which means that here one finds that desideratum, an almost entire lack of sudden change between the seasons. Storms of any kind are unknown in summer day after day of perfect sunshine, following each other, without intense heat —conditions which make Monterey an ideal resort either for health or pleasure. My trip to Monterey, intended for a few winter months, extended itself from winter to summer. The latter came unannounced. I took the word of authorities that winter was over, there were possibly a few more flowers; the roses took on a richer hue, the song of the meadow lark was perhaps more melodious, and by these tokens I knew that winter had passed and the Hotel of the Forest had begun its summer season.



"The crowning marvel is the foliage which seems arranged in horizontal layers."

THROUGH LAKE COUNTY IN A SIX-IN-HAND

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE



Pleta

THERE were four of us, all dwellers in town but country bred, and our dust-laden lungs, and eyes weary from monotony of bricks and stones and mortar, yearned for the free, fresh mountain air, the tender greens of upland and bottom land, the sweet, shy, wild flowers and ferns and the note of that subtle essence of the spring in our veins set us all wild for a change of scene, air, and mode of life generally. Who is there that does not feel that sense of unrest in the spring? It is the nomad in us all; we have it in common with the wild fowl, that, at the first hint of spring spread their wings and sail far away north to the great lakes and marshes in the far northwest. Any Indian agent in the country can tell how difficult it is to keep his savage charges in check in the spring. As soon as the snow is off the prairies and the first tender green is visible in the grassland they, too, want to go, not anywhere in particular, but just *go* because they *must* move. They are as irresponsible as the blackbirds, or the wild geese that go honking northward at a rate that no express train can hope to keep up with.

Anyway, the nomadic instinct was ripe in us. We compared notes one evening after dinner and decided to take a coaching trip through Lake County. We chose Lake for the reason that, besides having such wealth of varied beauties of mountain and valley, lake and stream, it is close to town, easy of access and one is not obliged to waste one-half his too short holiday in getting to where the pleasure begins and back. Indeed, the run from San Francisco by rail, either via Tiburon or Oakland, is not the least pleasant part of a Lake County trip. The route we elected to take was via Tiburon, and after mutual admonitions to one another to carry the least possible amount of luggage we parted, to meet next morning at the Tiburon ferry at 7:40.

A perfect May morning, the sunshine a very flood of brilliancy, bringing varying tones of green to the waters of the bay. The shipping in the harbor lent life to the scene, and away to the west lay the Golden Gate. Just between the heads a full-rigged ship, every shred of canvas spread, was making the very utmost of the west wind to make the port without a tug. The Marin shore rose green to the very summits of the foothills, while Tamalpais reared its great bulk of rock, scored and fissured by glacial contact of centuries before over all. Never does the Bay of San Francisco impress one with such sense of grandest beauty, as at such a time; the morning air is so much clearer than at other times of the day, that distance is almost annihilated and the view is illimitable. The islands are green, from water's edge to top of cliff, with

here and there masses of brightest orange, where the California poppy glows gold 'gainst the green carpet of grass. There are other wild flowers in bloom, rioting all over the country side in a perfect frenzy of color,

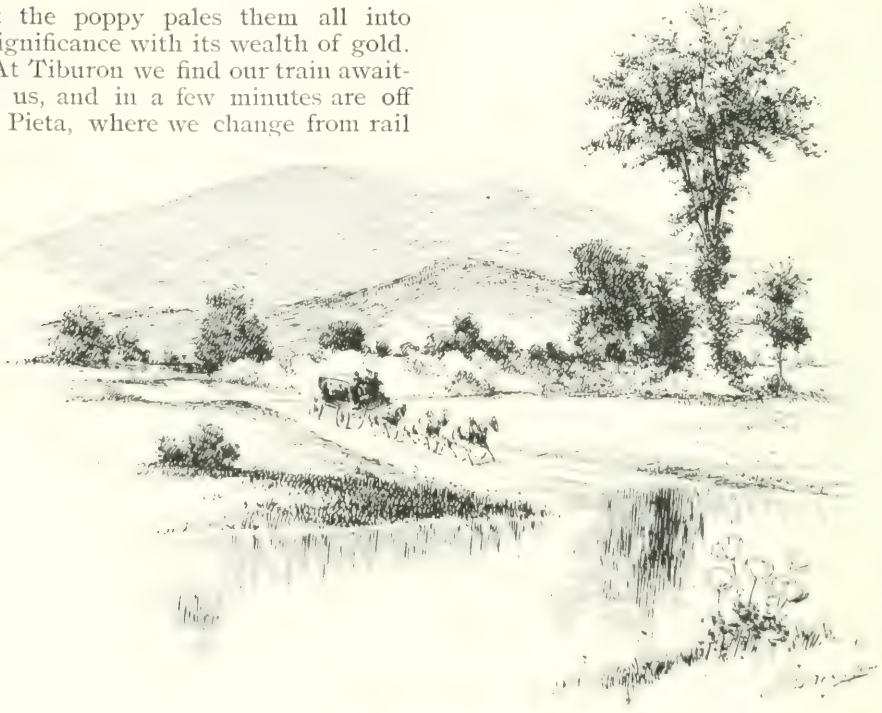


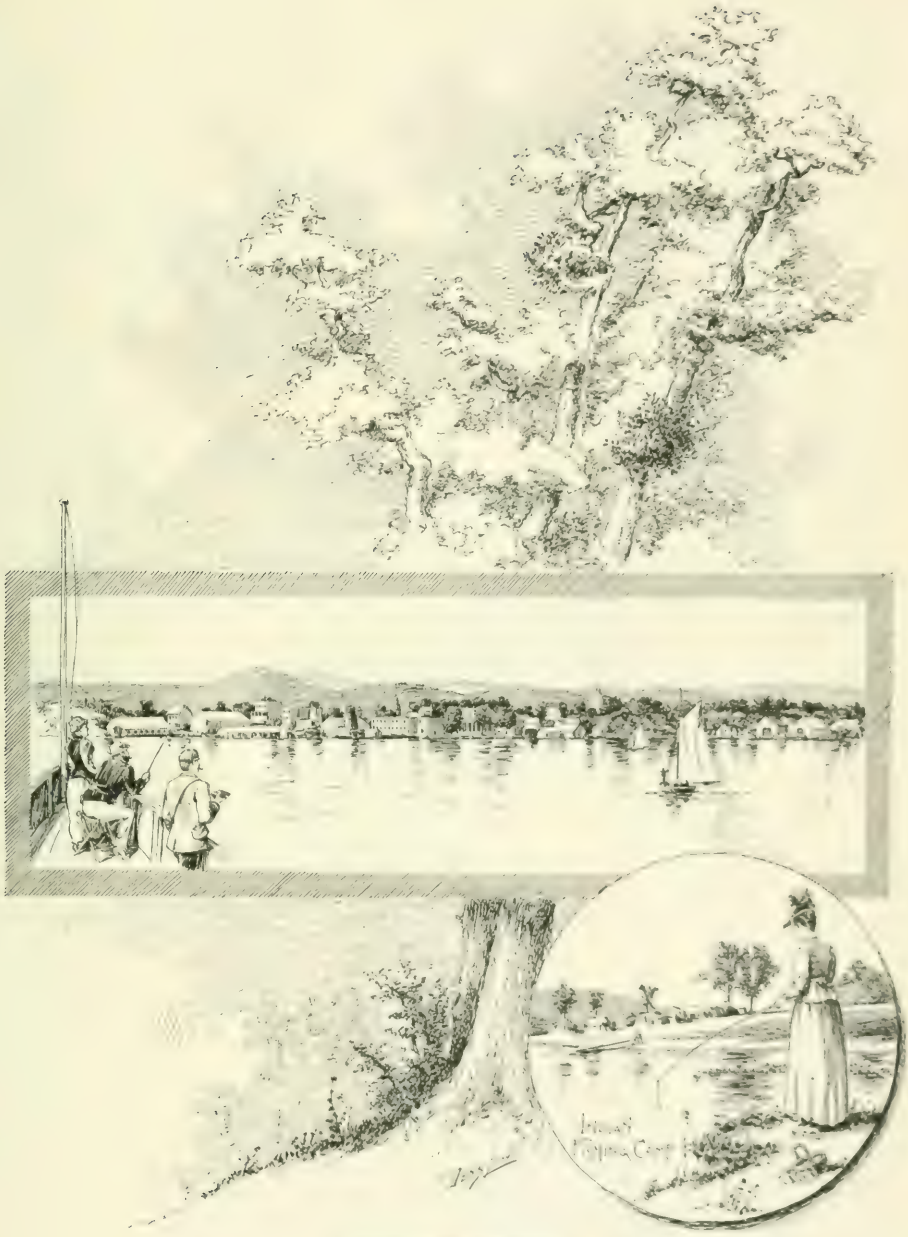
A Country Post Office

but the poppy pales them all into insignificance with its wealth of gold.

At Tiburon we find our train awaiting us, and in a few minutes are off for Pieta, where we change from rail to coach-and-six. Our imagination is fired with tales of mountain trails traversed in perfect safety under the skilled guidance of drivers who have spent their lives in the mountains and know every inch of road, and whose horses are broken so thoroughly that they obey a word or touch of the bit as a well-trained soldier does a command. Perfect safety, combined with just the spice of excitement necessary to all human enjoyment are here.

We rush through the Sonoma Valley at a rate of speed all too great to do anything like justice to the lovely country all about us. San Rafael lies embowered in trees and flowers, the embodiment of suburban beauty, and here and there are other lovely towns aptly named, as Hillarita and Cloverdale. The latter town was once the stage station of the road to Highland Springs and Lakeport, but now the road is shortened and improved in gradient so as to

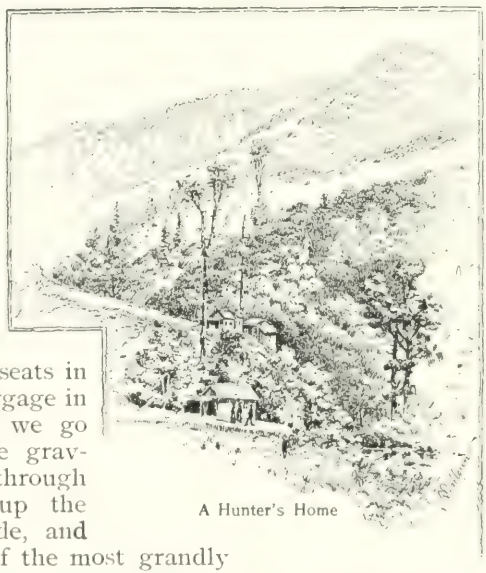




Lakeport from the Steamer

reduce danger of accidents to a minimum, and Pieta is the diverging point.

Pieta is yet but the ghost of a town, there being but a station house and hotel there. The hotel stands just across from the station, a pretty, tastefully painted building of wood, with a wide veranda across the front, from which there are magnificent views to be had of the surrounding mountains. After a capital luncheon, we are sitting smoking on the piazza, when the rush and rattle of wheels, jingle of harness metals and clatter of hoofs proclaim the approach of the coach. With a shout and resounding crack of his long-lashed whip, the driver, "Doc" Curtis, swings his team up to the steps of the veranda with a skill that would turn a member of the Tally-Ho club green with envy.



A Hunter's Home

We are in our seats in a moment, the luggage in the boot, and off we go down through the gravelly river bottom, through the stream and up the bank on other side, and there, begin one of the most grandly picturesque drives to be had in all California.

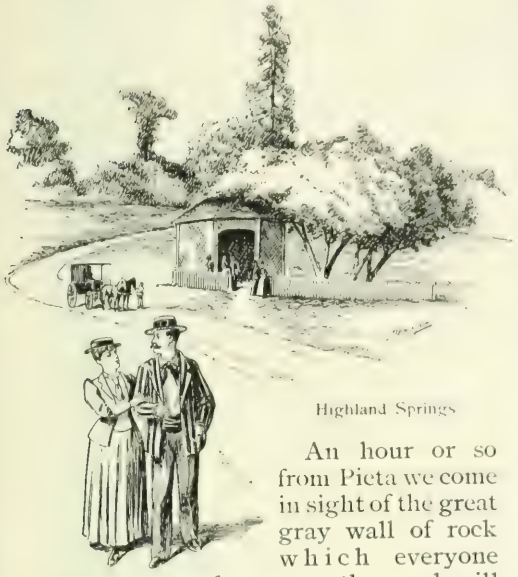
The camera man and the man who writes were on the box, and at the start were rather inclined to be garrulous, but the grandeur of the surroundings impressed even our world-hardened brains into silent wonder and in a sense worship.

There had been an abundance of rain yet here was a mountain road after only twenty-four hours of drying weather as hard as macadam and smooth as a city street, winding about and gradually approaching nearer and nearer the summit where we are promised our first glimpse of Clear Lake.

The recent rains have made the grasses, ferns and wild flowers to grow in profusion that is unknown later in the season. The air is filled with the soft incense of damp earth and growing plant life most grateful to lungs, which for months have breathed dust of city streets. Here in the very heart of nature's fastnesses the air is so pure, so soft, so sweet, so full of life-giving ozone that one wonders at existence in cities being even bearable. But now we near a point where the road making a turn back on itself to reach a higher level, brings us face to face with the valley we have just left. Away below us winds the rushing, brawling river through the bottom lands, from here a cord of silver stretched across a green velvet ground. Far away to the limits of vision stretch the hills now green as green can be in all their bravery of spring, but soon to be dressed in tawney golden browns by the summer sun's fierce heat.

The road winds around and about the sides of the mountains, now along a short level at the bottom of some cañon the sides of which are covered thick with growth of pine and oak small but sturdy. The earth a rich black loam carpeted thick with ferns and mosses, with here and there the delicate maiden hair hiding shyly behind her sturdier sisters. The high walls close set together permitting only sparse rays of sunshine to filter down through the thick-spreading foliage keeps the cañon cool and dark,

and here lurk the mountain quail out of the glare on the hill-side.



Highland Springs

An hour or so from Pieta we come in sight of the great gray wall of rock which everyone who has ever been over the road will remember. It is some two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty high, and at regular intervals apart are pillar-like buttresses reaching from base to summit of carved stone work, from the point of view on the road it resembles the side elevation of some great building minus the windows.

At the divide between the water sheds we had our first view of Clear Lake.

As the horses stopped for a moment the camera man sighted his kodak and snapped it on the loveliest view of the road. Away in the distance lay the lake set amid close encircling hills of greenest hue, itself as blue as turquoise, and beyond the lower-lying ones were a range of snow-capped mountains rearing their cold pale crests to the blue of the upper ether, we gazed and gazed for all too short a time and then began the drive down the valley to Highland Springs, through a much less rugged country more sylvan and pleasant to drive through.

Highland Springs Hotel, with its numerous adjacent cottages, lies on a pretty stream which here makes its way through a wide valley, the rich bottom lands of which are covered deep with lush grass and grain crops. It was now about four o'clock and we decided to remain here over night. The evening was delightful, the air of a balmy softness, heavy with the perfume of spring and alive with the pleasant murmur of insect life mingled with the guttural chorus of the frogs.

We were billeted in a pretty little cottage, the verandah of which overlooked the beautiful valley. There we sat reveling in the beauty of our surroundings and the sweet spring air as only those who have spent long tedious months in musty city lodgings and offices can, until long after the sun had set and the crescent moon lay atop the distant hills.

We were up bright and early next morning to find the east aglow with promise of another perfect day, standing under the oaks shading the spring house we watched the fruition of the promise in a gorgeous sunrise and went into breakfast with an appetite sharpened by great draughts of ozone-laden air to do justice to the



Scene at Soda Bay



Blue Lakes

freshly caught trout, strawberries with the dew on them, cream and butter with the true grass flavor.

Very soon after breakfast we were off, this time in a canopy-top coach and four-in-hand. We passed through the beautiful valley with its great stretches of champaign country in all its park-like beauty of gently-rolling grass land thickly studded here and there with great moss-covered oaks, many of them festooned with a very beautiful silvery gray moss which hangs in delicate smoke-like wreaths from their branches. These trees with their gray bark covered in patches with a thick green moss, their peculiar foliage of delicate form, wax-like texture and colored a most vivid green hung with this beautiful Spanish moss are a picture in themselves. There are trees of much greater size, and perhaps the New England elm is more graceful; but all in all there cannot be anywhere a more uniquely beautiful tree than our Californian oak, that parasite, (for with all its beauty and sentiment of association that is what it is) the mistletoe, has made its home with many of them, and is slowly but surely sapping the lifeblood of these ancient fellows whose trunks must have been of goodly growth even when Drake sailed through the Golden Gate.

The wide valley is rapidly being brought under cultivation, and everywhere one sees young orchards and vineyards, where but a short time ago chimese was the only crop, nearly all the way from Kelseyville to Soda Bay, Clear Lake is in sight with its background of mountains rising terrace-like, one range of peaks above another, until the shimmering white of the very loftiest walls in the view. Every now and then we stop to kodak some bit of land or water scape, that we may take it back with us to serve as a memento of this never-to-be-forgotten morning. Clear Lake is the largest of the Lake County group of lakes, being some thirty miles long by twelve in width. Soda Bay, at the southerly end of it, takes its name from the great number of soda springs that here gush up from the bottom of the lake and along shore and seethe and foam, when they come into contact with the air at the top. Here the kodaker and the scribbler enjoyed a delightful bath in the largest spring of all, which boils from a rocky basin at the end of a point of land running out into the lake. The force of the water rushing from its underground and underwater source is so great that it almost tosses a man about as a fountain jet keeps a ball in play. The water is pleasantly warm and leaves one in a most delightfully restful condition. The surroundings at Soda Bay are very beautiful. The views of lake, mountain and rolling, timbered country lend a charming variety to the outlook. From here we retraced our route a short distance, and at Kelseyville branch off to Lakeport. Lakeport, the county seat of Lake County, is a charmingly situated town of some two thousand people. Here we are to remain until the stagecoach from Pieta brings over the mails, passengers and express matter. We are most hospitably entertained at the Lakeview Hotel, and after luncheon sally out to do the town. It is Saturday, and the people from the surrounding country are in town in goodly numbers, and business seems brisk. There are many well-stocked stores, two banks, a fine courthouse and public square, several churches, and with all the facilities given by rapid mail and express service, long-distance telephone and telegraph, there is every convenience one has in the city to tempt one to make his summer home here. The hotels, the Lakeview and Mound cottages are beautifully situated, commanding grand views of the lake and mountains, and are ideal places for a summer residence.

At five o'clock, we leave Lakeport on the commodious well appointed steamer *City of Lakeport*, for Bartlett Landing, on the other side of the lake, where, after a delightful sail of little

less than an hour, we take another four-in-hand, canopy-top coach over the Bartlett Springs and Clear Lake Stage Company's road to Bartlett Springs. This line runs through the most grandly beautiful country we have yet seen. As we wind about and about, cilmbing the hillside, we catch ever-changing views of the lake and the valleys below. The sun is painting his most gorgeous colors on sky and lake alike, and the west reflects a very blaze of glory. We sit silent, awed by the unutterable grandeur of



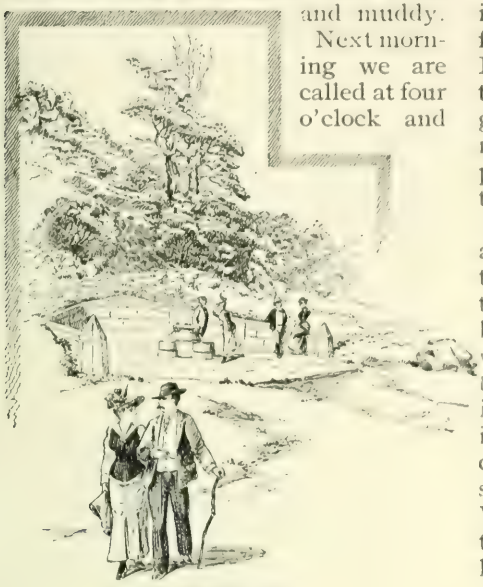
View from Bartlett Road

the scene, until at length the summit is reached and the whole lake and its encircling mountains, with all the valleys and cañons, lie spread before us on the one side, and on the other is the Bartlett Valley, walled in by mountains, dark, gloomy and forbidding, with the fast-thickening shades of the darkening night. Our driver chirrups to his horses, and away we go at a rattling clip down the trail, making the distance to Bartlett Springs in one-half or less the time it requires to come up from the landing.

At Bartlett we find a hotel with every possible accommodation, and the courteous manager makes us at home in an instant. After an exquisite supper, of which fresh caught mountain trout form the *piece de resistance*, we are soon sleeping as only tired coachers sleep after a long day in the fresh mountain air.

Sunday morning we spend quietly wandering about in the valley, and in the afternoon are driven in still another four-in-hand over several miles of the road leading into Bartlett Springs from Sites which belongs to the Bartlett Springs Stage Company. There has been rain during the night, and the clouds still lie low on the mountains, and the effects of light and shade are startling in their weird beauty. The road winds to and fro across the valley, and every now and then we ford and reford the rushing mountain torrent, which is called Cache Creek, and is a famous trout stream. We return to Bartlett after a most delightful drive, and again we are feasted on mountain trout, which one of the hotel guests had caught that same afternoon, despite the rains of the night before,

which had brought the water up high in the creeks and made them thick and muddy. Next morning we are called at four o'clock and

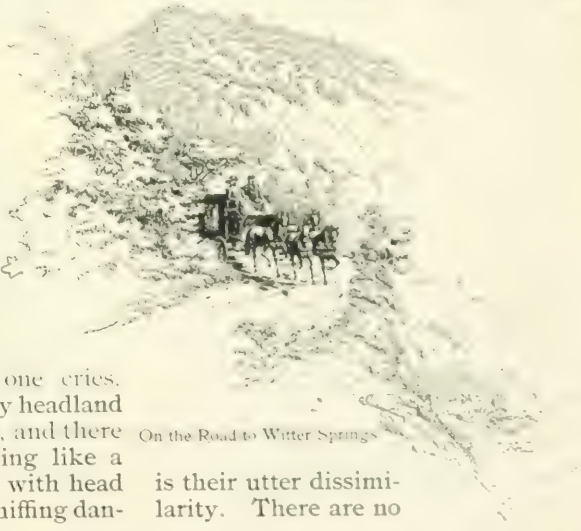


The Bartlett Spring

at five we leave Bartlett Springs for the landing. The sky was cloudless and such another sunrise as we saw that morning as we wound up the mountain road I can never hope to see again. All about us lay those great, rugged, frowning masses of granite covered at their base with kindly nature's cloak of grass, wild flowers and ferns. Here and there thick fastnesses of chimese with green glades between in which the jackrabbits are leaping merrily at play or quietly nibbling their breakfasts, as the sounds of wheels and hoofs come to their sharp ears, they sit up with ears erect, as still as stone, and then with a spring are in safety in a "jiffy"; suddenly some one cries, "look!" pointing to a grassy headland jutting out across the valley, and there all eyes turn to see standing like a bronze statue a noble buck, with head up, and distended nostrils, sniffing danger. As we look, he vanishes and we rub our eyes, so unreal has been the impression. And now comes the sun flooding all the world with glory Every blade of grass and leaf of tree takes on added beauty. The cold grays of the valley and cañons and mountain slopes warm into rich purples and golden haze lies across the more distant views.

When we reach the summit there are views of such transcendant beauty that one dare not attempt to paint them. The valley behind and below us and in front still another great valley, and there the mountains slope to the lake, and then the lake itself, in middle distance, and still beyond it more mountains. Konockti rears his crest highest of all and looks down in silent scorn of his lesser brethren. We rattle down the grade. Harrington's sure hand holds the ribbons and he swings his team around sharp curves with the practiced ease of the man who knows. All too soon, that glorious dash down the mountains through that exhilarating air is ended, and again we take the steamer to recross the lake to Lakeport.

Here we find another team and canopy top awaiting us and another drive through valley is begun. The great charm of these Lake County Valleys



On the Road to Witter Springs

is their utter dissimilarity. There are no

two of them enough alike to be at all monotonous. Every moment some new charm comes close upon the last; as we approach Lower Lake we pass a rancherie where the Indians are catching and drying catfish and carp. The lake is full of them and they are piled up on the tops of their wickiups to dry and go to eke out the gentle aborigines meager fare. It is a picturesque scene enough, but one can't get up much sentiment for a people who eat catfish and carp. Here the man who knows and "Maje" Whitton who is driving us, indulge in a few reminiscent fish stories such as tales of fords rendered impassable by great masses of fish becoming gorged in them and the shores of streams being left so covered with the dead ones of them after a spring freshet that the farmers were obliged to turn out and plow them under so horrible was the odor from the putrefying mass.

The valley here is wide and the ranches are well kept, and evidently the owners are prospering. Orchards and vineyards are being set out and soon this whole section of Lake County will be one great garden spot for the bottom lands are practically inexhaustible. The whole country is one great carpet of green, and wild flowers abound. The oaks are out in fullest foliage and we notice one old beauty, the leaves of which are of a bright yellow, and at the distance we are from it, we take it for an acacia, but it turns out much to our surprise, to be an oak. The valley narrows again now and we begin another climb to Witter Springs. The grade is a very easy one though, and the views of Clear Lake and "Uncle Sam" as the highest peak of Mount Konockti is called, are superb. Witter Springs are reached about noon and here we lunch. One is always hungry in this country apparently, we have been up since four o'clock and have had two breakfasts, but are eating again with undiminished appetites at noon. There is a pleasantly situated, well conducted hotel and several pretty cottages here. Such views are to be had nowhere else, as from Witters it commands the whole of Clear Lake, Konockti and the Bartlett Range. After luncheon we retrace our route again to the road to the Blue Lakes. Just before the lakes are reached we come to another watering place known as Saratoga, a very gem of a place it is, too, standing in a little cove in the mountains, that wall it in all about and one has an instinctive sense of peace and restfulness come to him as he sits on the

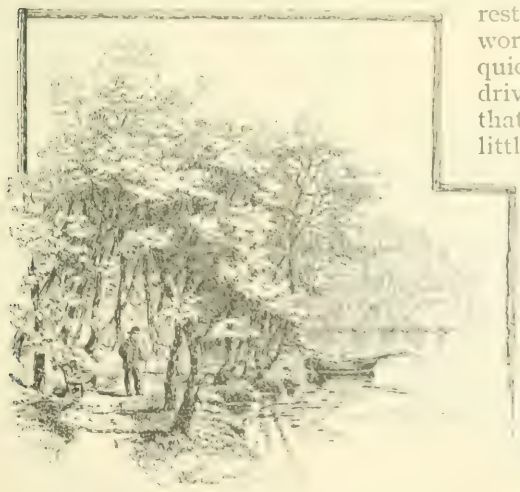


At Saratoga

wide veranda of the hotel and looks out upon the blue distances of the hills. There is an intense quiet here, broken only by the winds that surge and sigh gently through the swaying branches of the oaks, and seem to whisper all kinds of pleasant invitations to one to come with them and stray free and careless through the mountains, fish and shoot and tramp, leave the hard, cold, selfish world, with its sordid care and worry and selfishness, to those who choose to stay in it and——, but here "Maje" breaks in on my reverie with an

injunction to get aboard, which I obey though not with much alacrity and we are on the road for Blue Lakes again.

The road leads now through thickets of young timber, clad in the tenderest shades of green, to one hand, is a bit of tule land now overflowed in some places from the heavy rains of the last few weeks. The tules stand rank and thick in the rich, black, wet earth. Brilliant-winged, and breasted birds sway gracefully to and fro on them as the wind sweeps by; a great blue heron stands on one leg at the edge of a pool pretending to be asleep; there is a heavy drone of insect life in the air, and the dead, heavy heat of high noon is over all. The sun beats down pitilessly into the valley, and there is silence in the coach. Suddenly we round a curve, and there is a long-drawn ah! from every man of us, for there below us lie the Blue Lakes, two great turquoises set in emerald. Oh! the beauty of it! There are no Swiss or Italian lakes, bluer or with greener hills or brighter skies about or above. We drive slowly along, absorbed in the beauty of it all. Such impressions come but once. The country side is at its loveliest. Nature has done her utmost, and is at rest, as if wrapt in admiration of her own handiwork, as



Laurel Dell



Scene at Blue Lakes

an artist might stand before some finished picture or statue of his own conception.

We come (all too soon) to Laurel Dell, a Swiss cottage standing on a grassy flat on the lower lake, with other less pretentious cottages about it. The very courteous landlord shows all about his lovely home, and here one might indeed find rest from carking care. The big world seems very remote from such quiet as this, but we are still to drive to the head of the upper lake that afternoon, so have to leave this little Eden, much against our inclinations. The road curves along the shore of the lakes, and a short distance above Laurel Dell we come to another resort, just at the point where the upper of the Blue Lakes flows into the lower, a hotel and several pretty cottages known as the "Blue Lakes Hotel." Here the valley's bottom is widest, and the lawn-like expanse of grass land is timbered with clumps of oak, gnarled and moss-covered. We drive slowly along the road to the head of the lake

where is still another resort known as Le Trianon, a very prettily situated hotel, returning to the Blue Lakes Hotel for dinner and to spend the night.

After an early dinner we take a skiff, and sculling far out into the lake, ship the oars and let our craft drift at its own sweet will. The sun is dipping behind the western hills and the shadows are creeping down into the valleys. The lake has lost its color and now lies black as ink with here and there a star reflected on its bosom, the silence is unbroken save for the splashing of the tiny wavelets against the sides of the skiff as we drift and the occasional leaping of a fish. And now the short twilight is ended and the blackness of night is over all, the mountains loom dim, dark, mysterious, all about the lake lies in shoreless immensity, to our imagination a very ocean and we the only creatures in all this solitude. But now a hail from near at hand inquires in terse vernacular "where are you drifting to?" and we awake from our dreaming to find our skiff about to foul another in which a young man and his sweetheart are moongazing. With many apologies we betake ourselves to the sculls and are soon at the landing and very shortly abed and asleep.

Another early start lies before us and the first glimpse of dawn finds us ready for breakfast. Before it is ready though we make our way up a cañon near by to view a very beautiful and picturesque fall that comes leaping down the mountain side to the lake.

The walk sets an edge on appetite and we hasten back to a perfectly appointed breakfast table and the cry of all aboard as the coach swings up to the piazza comes too soon to be welcome, but time is precious to a well-conducted stage line and we are forced to take our places and in a moment are moving swiftly along the smooth lakeside road which curves along the whole length of the shore here, over on the other side the mountains come sheer down to the water and there is no room for a road of any kind save a hill trail, consequently the other shore is uninhabited save for one family whose house is very picturesquely situated on the hillside.



At Blue Lakes

With many murmurs of regret we leave the blue lakes behind and now enter another valley through which we drive at an easy trot gradually ascending until we come to the divide where an arm of the Russian River has its source and it accompanies us now all the way into Ukiah. Our all too short outing is drawing to an end and we are all saddened by the knowledge that we are saying farewell to the mountains and lakes, the forests and streams, the sweet fresh air and above all that sense of real freedom that

comes to one only when he has turned his back on the world and all its sordid cares and money grubbing and throws himself into nature's arms content to be just a free animal again with no thought for the morrow.

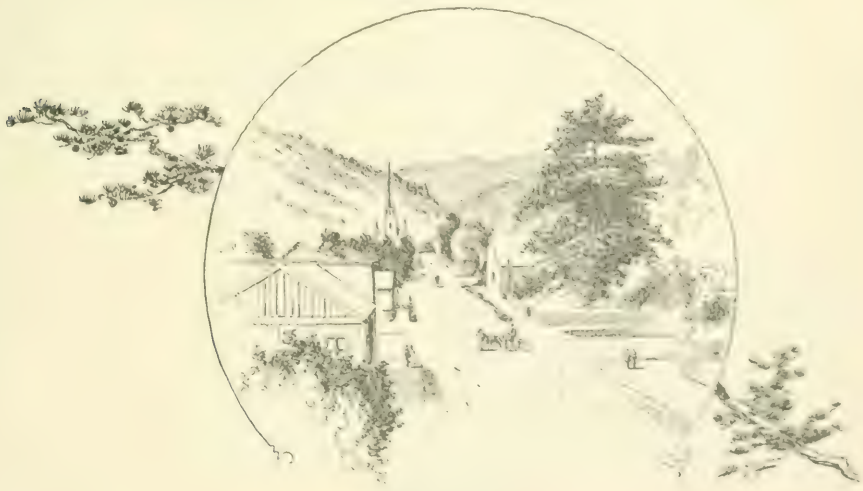
But there is beauty all about us, fresh and sweet as air can be is the morning breeze, the grass as green and the flowers as brilliant as ever, but alas each turn of the wheels takes us nearer to the city and to work, and despite our forced gayety there is a ring of regret in each one's voice which finds an echo in every heart. The valley widens all the time and again we are in the midst of grain and grass fields with orchards, vineyards and hop yards interspersed and at length come in sight of Ukiah and soon pull up at the door of our hotel, the Curtis House, and our drive is at an end.

Ukiah is a pretty little city of some two thousand people, well built and with every appearance of solid prosperity. It is the terminal point of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, and from here stage lines run to all points in Lake County. Messrs. Miller & Conner operating the line over which we have just driven. We are introduced to "Uncle" Jim Miller and the wonderful six pound watch which Wells, Fargo & Co. presented him with as a recognition in a small way for his bravery in bringing the



treasure box through in safety, when, as one of their drivers, he was ordered at the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot gun to throw it out.

The Curtis House at which we lunched commands a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains and as we sat after luncheon waiting for the carriage to take us to the station we silently made our *adieux* to the mountains, lakes and forests we had spent such supremely contented days among and thanked heaven that they are always there for us to go back to when the world of men becomes unbearable.



Street Scene in Ukiah

AMONG THE REDWOODS

BY H. L. NEALL

In this white tent,
Far from the throng who worship in Thy name,
With eyes uplifted to Thy firmament,
Studded with points of flame,
And the curved disc of gold
But faintly seen above the shafts which rise,
Staunch redwood pillars, upright, grand and old,
Seeming to touch the skies:

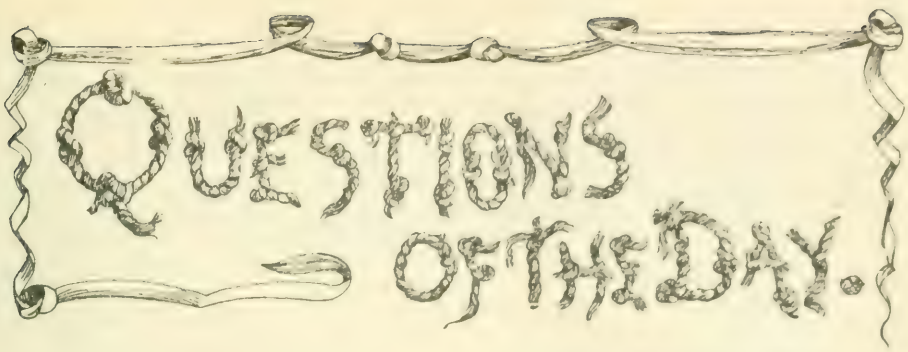
On the sweet sabbath night,
We kneel, O Father! sending up to Thee
From this green altar, century-worn, yet bright
With golden broidery,
Incense of praise.
This vast cathedral through a thousand years
Has held the echoes through each changing phase
Of the swift-moving spheres.

The strangely woven light,
Caught in the tangles of the loftiest tree,
Or shimmering in the glow of yon blue height,
Reflects but Heaven and Thee.
The voices of the air
Are flung full-freighted from the hills afar.
How glorious are the messages they bear,
Leaping from star to star!

Our hearts are glad;
Thy organs peal with ever grand accord;
With garments of rejoicing we are glad;
Praise ye the Lord!
The anthem's swell;
The little insect hidden in the sod;
The thrilling rapture of the bird songs tell
How good is God.

The crystal stream
Sends out its murmuring music to the night,
And on its changeful ripples falls the gleam
Of heavenly light.
No human voice
Touches the silence with the wand of speech.
We kneel, baptized with gladness; we rejoice,
That thus Thy throne we reach.

Alone! Alone with God!
Beatitude beyond the ken of thought!
The chrism of Thy love is poured abroad.
Our hearts, o'erwrought
With greatful ecstasy,
Send out their joy on every throbbing chord.
Responses from their depths reach up to Thee.
Praise ye the Lord!



THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

CALIFORNIA has one attraction that has advertised it more, and possibly drawn more tourists within its borders than any other feature. This is the Yosemite—the great natural wonder of the high Sierras. The care of the Yosemite and its preservation from vandalism is a sacred trust, and it is a matter of congratulation that under the administration of Governor Markham especial attention has been given to this state park, and that it is being carefully watched and preserved. The Yosemite is in the direct hands of a Board of Commissioners to whose good judgment and taste is left the general management, and whatever may have been the shortcomings in the past, it is safe to say that the park is now in good hands, and the people may rest assured that whatever is done will be done for the best. Recently Governor Markham made the tour of the park with a distinguished Californian, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the well-known scientist, and it is now announced that he is a commissioner, having received the appointment while *en route*. A better selection could not have been made, as it is a guarantee that the affairs of the Yosemite are in good hands. Prof. Lowe is one of the most enterprising men in the State; is in touch with all the great movements for state improvement, and in his own section, Pasadena, is at the head of a number of large enterprises, one being the Mt. Wilson railroad, that is to reach the top of the Sierras, back of Pasadena, and be the pioneer mountain road in California. Prof. Lowe is a man of taste, judgment and remarkable ability, and will take the personal interest in the park that a man of larger means can do. The appointment is one in which the people may well congratulate themselves.

A GROWING CITY

SAN FRANCISCO is a singular example of a city growing in spite of itself. There is or has been lacking that spirit of enterprise that is found in the great cities of the East, yet San Francisco moves on, reaching out year by year, covering more territory, showing that it has a reserve force that but needs development to produce great results. What Chicago is to the inter-continental region, San Francisco is to the Pacific Slope of North America, and will in coming years be a city of vast proportions. In point of fact, it is far below what it should be to-day. With the finest harbor on the coast, railroad facilities possessed by no other city on the coast, a climate that produces a vigorous and manly race, the city should be the peer of any in the land. It will not be many years before San Francisco will reach from the bay to the ocean, and the sandhills will be lost in the covering of fine residences. Parks or breathing places will become an important feature and should be secured at present, while land is cheap. The attitude of the city to the present park should be one of indulgence. It should be beautified in every possible way, provided with a fine zoölogical garden, and fitted up in a manner commensurate with the wealth and dignity of the city. The art gallery and schools of technology have been too long in taking shape. To-day this city should have a well-equipped museum of fine arts. While the fine museum at the Academy of Sciences should be overflowing with specimens and collections, the donations of grateful citizens. There is a suspicion that the city is phlegmatic, is behind the times, and this

should be nipped in the bud. Nature has done everything for this location. There is the wealth of the Indies in the pockets of the people, which should be diverted into channels that will produce good results to the greatest number of people.

THE JAPANESE RAID

PUBLIC attention is being called to the activity in Japanese immigration. Several years ago, Japanese were rare in America and the possession of a good Japanese cook or attendant was considered especially fortunate. To-day the little men are a drug on the market, and what is to all intents and purposes a steady and constantly increasing immigration is in progress. What effects this will have remains to be seen, but that it will be detrimental to our interests, if carried to a great extent, there can be no doubt.

The Japanese are, however, not so offensive to the average Californian as the Chinese. The latter rarely spends a cent that remains in America. His earnings go to the Flowery Kingdom. His clothes, food, drink, opium, in fact, everything is imported. He does not become Americanized, and will not. On the contrary the Japanese adopt American customs, patronize our tailors and buy our food. They also bring their wives here, send their children to our schools and would in all probability become as good citizens as many aliens that find a home here. While this may be true, our interests demand that a watch be kept on the immigration, and if an attempt is being made to pour indigent Japanese into America to take the place of the decreasing Chinese, then the government should demand a halt.

SUMMER RESORTS

THE summer-time is on, the schools are closing, and business men are crowding sea and mountain side in search of recreation that will produce new blood and health for the struggle during the remainder of the year. This calls attention to the remarkable resources of California in the way of health and pleasure resorts. California has the largest line of seacoast and mountain range of any state, and every league of these has its resorts, its nooks and corners of some kind. In the present issue, the Yosemite is described but one of hundreds of valleys that afford delight and pleasure to thousands. Hundreds of springs, lakes and streams are to be had, lofty mountains, ever snow-capped, with living glaciers on their slopes, inviting the Alpine climber, while along shore we find localities that afford the finest fishing in the land. To the north are the great glaciers and the strange lands of Alaska, teeming with game, all these but suggestions that San Francisco is the center of a land especially bountiful in the good things of nature available during the summer vacation.

CHARITY

FOR its size and population it is said that no city in the world accomplishes so much for charity and for the education and elevation of the poor as the city of San Francisco. The kindergarten in its various forms flourishes here, and thousands of children are taken from the street and given a start in life. The school is the training school for the future citizen. He is made or unmade by it, and too much attention cannot be given to the question. In one of the kindergarten schools the pupils are almost entirely made up of what might be termed the human refuse of the streets, waifs picked up here and there and brought into the school, where they are taught and prepared for the public schools of higher grade. In almost every instance these children are of foreign birth and parentage, and the importance of having them trained by American teachers and imbued with American ideas from the very start can be realized. The kindergartens are supported by the philanthropic citizens of San Francisco, and a nobler charity than this does not exist. Another movement that is attracting the attention of our thinking people is the Boys' Brigade, which deserves the support of all people who have the means and inclination to give. This movement is destined to be one of the most important that has appeared for years, as it takes young men from the paths they are following and makes brave, honorable and good men of them. Lend it a helping hand.

NEW BOOKS

CALIFORNIA, with its varied climates, its warm winters and never-ending season of flowers, naturally attracts artists and men and women of literary tastes. Year by year the army of litterateurs is receiving additions to its ranks, and in the near future California will become one of the great literary centers of the country, the winter home of many celebrated men and women. California claims Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Henry George—now among its absentees. Joaquin Miller lives near Oakland.

John Vance Cheney is a San Francisco librarian. Ambrose Bierce lives within reaching distance, as does Gertrude Atherton, whose stories and novels delight many. W. C. Morrow, the versatile story-teller is a resident of San Francisco. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Robert Duncan Milne, Arthur McEwen, George Hamlin Fitch, Helen Gregory-Flesher, Peter Robinson, Theodore H. Hittell, and a score more are names well and favorably known to the reading public, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Over at Martinez lives John Muir, one of the most delightful of California writers who is seen too rarely in public print. Charles Howard Shinn, Miss Shinn, Edward L. Townsend, Julia Shafter, Mrs. Arthur Jules Goodman, are all well known names, while there are are a score of others that might be mentioned, who are forming the literary army that is giving California of the North fame and honor. In the South the writers are also gathering in force. In the San Gabriel Valley we have W. H. Channing, son of Ellery Channing, and his gifted daughter, Grace Ellery Channing. Here Jeanne C. Carr has made one of the most beautiful homes in the State. Dorothea Lummis, whose bright sayings are familiar, lives in Los Angeles, which also is the home of Mrs. Fremont, General Lionel A. Sheldon, author and writer, lives in Pasadena, a neighbor to Caspar T. Hopkins, a contributor to the literary press of the day, and there are many more, suggestive that California is well to the fore in the world of letters.

COLUMBUS' BOOKS are appearing in the field in remarkable numbers, indeed, this is a Columbian year. One of the best we have seen is the story of the discovery of the New World by Columbus, by Frederick Saunders of the Astor Library. Thos. Whittaker publisher. Here we have in a nutshell the entire story in brief. It is a busy man's book, a work which supplies the facts, and leaves the reader room to put in his own theories, a subtle compliment to his intelligence. The subject of anti-Columbian explorers is given in six interesting chapters. Mr. Saunders style may be judged from the following:

"Less is sometimes known of our great men whose names have become historic than of the majority of persons whose claim to our regard is of less account. This is more remarkable, since the realm of biographical literature was never so widespread as at the present time. It seems as if the quota of knowledge about our representative men was to be in the inverse ratio of their greatness: as in the instances of Homer, Shakespeare, and the hero of this brief sketch. Columbus, although not of the order of representative bards, was yet a colossus among navigators, and endowed with a force of character and intrepidity of purpose that defied the perils before which others succumbed. He achieved his work amidst betrayal and treachery, and a long succession of adverse circumstances.

The historical character of such a man affords to the student a fertile theme of thoughtful consideration. It is, therefore, to be regretted, that, although there have been so many eminent writers who have sought to portray his remarkable life story, yet, owing to the fact of the paucity of documentary records, we possess but varying glimpses of his life, rather than a complete portraiture of his personality. Not only are there blank intervals in his career, but even the time and place of his nativity are yet in doubt; the best sustained record is, however, that Columbus was born at Genoa, about 1436, or, according to some writers, 1446.

The annals of biography, may be said, indeed, scarcely to present a parallel instance of a character so complex and anomalous—if we are to accept all the conflicting statements of his various biographers —as that of the renowned discoverer. Certain it is that there have been few, if any, whose life record has been so chequered and pathetic, yet so illustrious in its results, and whose career is invested with such stirring and romantic interest as his.

Columbus, it has been said, stood midway between the mediæval and modern ages; even his adventurous voyage over a dark and perilous ocean seems symbolic of the fact; for gloom and disaster overshadowed his course until he gained the Western shore where they vanished, and all became transfigured with the radiant light."

In his new comedy of the wildwood, "The Foresters," Tennyson shows no diminution in vigor or in sureness of touch; and as compared with his earlier attempts in dramatic form it will rank high. Throughout "The Foresters" we feel the warm pulse of a life that is free and noble and even in its rudeness touched with the grace of courtly manners. It is fuller of movement than are most of his productions and we are carried on to the end with almost nothing to hinder our enjoyment of the flowing action of the piece.

The songs that are put into the mouths of man and maid are such dainty bits of workmanship as Tennyson alone can give us. Nothing could be brighter or more in keeping than Marian's "Love flew in at the window," in the first scene of the first act, and the rugged earnestness of soul that lurks in the Anglo-Saxon race, its serious dreaming and its thoughtfulness find wonderfully sweet expression in Little John's: —

"To sleep! to sleep! the long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep! etc."

So it does also in Robin Hood's soliloquy in the first scene of the second act. He says,—

"Such meditate
Upon my greater nearness to the birthday
Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead
Are shaken from their stillness in the grave
By the last trumpet."

But it must be said that before he ends this soliloquy our poet makes him say what he should not; it is this,

"Our vice-king John,
True [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]"

But in all the comedy there is no other expression that seems so unreal, so nearly affected as does this. In the passage between Marian and Robin Hood in the first scene of the second act there is a fire and passion that for a moment only, as the moonlight falls upon her, lets Robin be awed to the saying of such words as these: —

"O look! before the shadows of these dark oaks
Thou seemest a saintly splendor out from Heaven,
Clothed with the mystic silver of her moon."

The atmosphere of the greenwood that stirs in the piece as do the summer winds among the branches, piping and merry, is best seen in these words of Marian to her maid: —

"If my man Robin were but a bird-Robin,
How happily would we lilt among the leaves
'Love, love, love, love!'—what merry madness—listen!"

But she speaks thus can also say this to the sheriff of Nottingham who with his gold tries to win her for his wife: —

"But while
I breathe Heaven's air and Heaven looks down on me,
And smiles at my best meanings, I remain
Mistress of mine own self and mine own soul."

And so she is true to her outlaw lover and reigns queen of the wildwood, till King Richard comes to his own again, and Robin Hood is once more Earl of Huntingdon.

Max O'Rell has recently lectured in California, where he was received heartily, and his latest book "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles," from the press of Cassell & Co., will be read with especial interest, as it appears to be addressed to Americans, especially, and unlike some alien writers and critics, he hits us and hits us hard, but with the best of good humor. The style of the book is that of O'Rell. No more need be said, and will furnish mental food, thought and amusement for the reader.

The Century Dictionary is, so far as it affects general education, the most important event of the year, and in glancing over its pages, which sparkle with the things one wishes to know, it is almost impossible to find a fault. There is everything to commend, and no library is complete without it, and no literary man can afford to have it far from reach.

Few writers in this country have such a hold upon the reading public as Joel Chandler Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," and his latest book on the plantation will be read with great interest.

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Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles
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†7:10 a m	*8:05 a m
*8:00 a m	*9:05 a m
*9:00 a m	*10:05 a m
10:00 a m	*11:05 a m
*11:00 a m	*1:00 p m
*12:00 m	*2:05 p m
*2:00 p m	*4:05 p m
*4:00 p m	*5:25 p m
*5:20 p m	*7:05 p m
*6:20 p m	*10:00 p m
*11:00 p m	*11:45 a m

Downey avenue leaving time, 7 minutes later.
Running time between Los Angeles and Pasadena, 30 minutes.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
*11:30 a m	*12:05 a m
*4:00 p m	*5:00 p m

Running time between Los Angeles and Altadena, 55 minutes.
All trains start from First street depot.

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
†7:00 a m	†7:40 a m
*8:25 a m	*9:20 a m
*12:05 p m	*1:05 p m
*3:00 p m	*3:50 p m
*5:15 p m	*6:10 p m

Running time between Los Angeles and Glendale, 35 minutes.
Add 5 minutes for Verdugo Park time.
Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro—Depot east end of First street bridge.

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‡1:40 p m	*4:00 p m
*5:30 p m	*12:00 m

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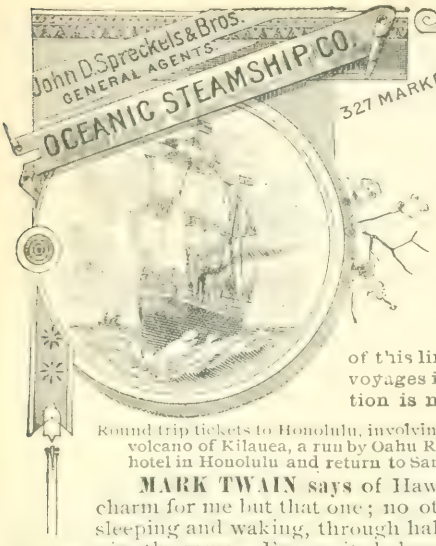
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Illustrated by Dahlgren.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY 462
Re-election of a President—The Growth of Urban Population—The Growth of California

PUBLISHERS' SUPPLEMENT

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES.

Many of the articles in the previous issues of THE CALIFORNIAN have attracted widespread attention and comment. Some of them are as follows. Back numbers can be obtained at twenty-five cents apiece:

Cross-Country Riding in California	F. F. Rowland, M. D.	Vol. 1, No. 2
California Weather	Lieut. John Finley	Vol. 1, No. 2
The Olive in California	Hon. Ellwood Cooper	Vol. 1, No. 2
Climates of Southern California	P. C. Remondino, M. D.	Vol. 1, No. 2
Among the Highbinders	Rev. F. J. Masters, D. D.	Vol. 1, No. 2
The Forests of California	Hon. Abbot Kinney, Forestry Chairman	Vol. 1, No. 3
Chinese Woman Slavery in America	M. G. C. Edholm	Vol. 1, No. 3
A California Colony	M. Hayward	Vol. 1, No. 3
The Problem of Cheap Transportation	W. L. Merry	Vol. 1, No. 3
At the Dry Tortugas During the War		Vol. 1.
Nicaragua Canal	W. L. Merry	Vol. 1, No. 5
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The Orange in California	M. C. Frederick	Vol. 1, No. 5
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In the Redwood Forests	S. D. Gray	Vol. 1, No. 5
The Press of San Francisco	James P. Cramer	Vol. 1, No. 6
The National Guard of California	Gen. C. C. Allen	Vol. 1, No. 6
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Some American Glaciers	Chas. R. Ames	Vol. 2, No. 1
Opium and Its Votaries	Rev. F. J. Masters, D. D.	Vol. 1, No. 6
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In Palm Valley	Geo. Hamilton Field	Vol. 1, No. 6
Art in Japanese Swords	H. E. S. Flescher	Vol. 2, No. 1
Lake Tahoe	Anna C. Murphy	Vol. 2, No. 1
Review of the Fur-Seal Controversy	Lieut. Cantwell	Vol. 2, No. 1
Shall We Educate Our Politicians?	Caspar T. Hopkins	Vol. 2, No. 1
Political Strategy	Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon	Vol. 2, No. 1
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The Schools of San Francisco	F. H. Hackett	Vol. 2, No. 2
Through Lake County on a Six-in-Hand	Geo. C. Brooke	Vol. 2, No. 2

PRESS NOTICES.

The comments of the press on recent issues of THE CALIFORNIAN are interesting. A few are as follows:

"The publishers of this magazine have merited a great deal of praise, and their endeavors clearly illustrate that a magazine that is edited on the Pacific Coast can be made sufficiently interesting to attract readers on the Atlantic Coast as well."—*Boston Herald*, June 7th.

THE CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE for June is evidence of the growth of wealth, population and artistic tastes of the Pacific Slope. * * The table of contents shows a varied and rich assortment of first-class reading, and a glance through the pages of the magazine discloses illustrations that are unexcelled in any publication. *Examiner*, May 27th.

Thanks will be due THE CALIFORNIAN if the public comes to know the Pacific Coast as well as it does the Atlantic shores.—*Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, Pa., June 2d.

At a single stride, THE CALIFORNIAN has stepped into the front rank of illustrated magazines.—*The National Presbyterian*, Indianapolis.

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"The magazine fills a much needed place on the coast, and we predict a great success. *Golden Era*.

"If the most fastidious of magazine readers wants anything better than the June CALIFORNIAN, we cannot help saying that he or she must look for something at the present day unattainable. * * As a family magazine, we believe THE CALIFORNIAN stands unsurpassed. *Church Union*, St. Louis.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1892. NO. 3.

A CALIFORNIA LOAN EXHIBITION.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

IT is doubtful whether, in an era of established and protected loan exhibitions, such feuds as that of Orsini and Colonna would have been entirely practicable. Guelf saucers end by upholding Ghibellin cups; York and Lancaster meet in a trophy; Bourbon vases rest loyally in the chimney shelves of Orleans.

Even Juliet, in the costume committee of Verona, neglecting neither side of the Adige in her search for headgear and gold embroidery, would have gone fearlessly through the Montague doorway, begging to inspect the ancestral *armoires;* while Romeo, representing armor and metal work, might have eventually been found studying, without a mask, the Capulet sword-blades and dagger-hilts, and so Mercutio's wound been spared us and his plague on both their houses uninvoked.

Taking into account that length of days which makes up life, as distinguished from youth, collecting may perhaps rank with the grandest passions of mankind.

The power of attraction undoubtedly exerted by exhibitions of such collecting may be explainable by science as the stored-up magnetism of successive ownerships, if magnetism, like electricity can be so stored. They are pervaded by a subtle personality, which, even to the first comer in the early morning, makes of them a *salon* and not a museum.

Both living and dead selves may ensconce themselves in bronze; memories and associations not entered in the catalogue hang themselves on the line with pictures, mount upon the pedestals of statues, and make interleaved editions of loaned books. About collected pipes and etchings still lingers the aroma of cigars and discussions which went out together; laces and combs, girdles and bracelets, still bear Barbara Allen's refusal and Dorothy Q.'s consent. During the Philadelphia Exhibition, New York inaugurated the idea of loan collections of modern paintings, supplementary to it—an exhibition so startling and fine that visitors have declared the fair, supplementary to these loans.

Again, later, and growing out of the associations of 1876, she collected at the Academy of Design and Metropolitan Museum what the Nation designated as "works of art and curiosity," all these exhibitions meeting with enthusiastic as well as critical recognition.

Following the fashion of one cosmopolis, might it not prove advantageous for other states to institute a series of such loan exhibitions as might illustrate individual state history or tradition, making such exhibits *precede* the World's Fair at Chicago instead of following it?

Whatever of good result such investigation accomplished could be

submitted in part or as a whole to the Commissioners for possible acceptance, and anything of real value would inevitably meet recognition. To be very ambitious, what could be more interesting than such state loan collections, themselves in turn, sifted, collected and at the service of student and historian, with only one life to live and the records of forty-four varieties of Americans to crowd into it?

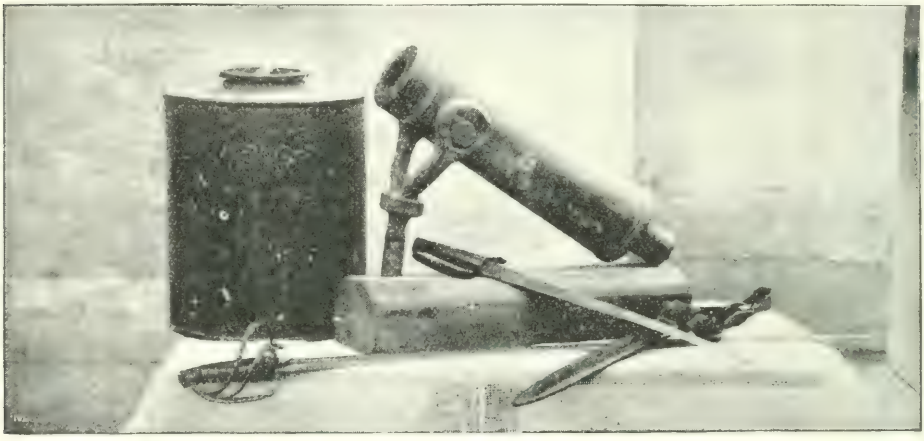
Still, to be ambitious, could those states in particular, which in any measure represent or have represented the New England, New France and New Spain, whose unforeseen combination resulted in nothing short of a New World, unite in such a Loan Exhibition, would there not result a thousand charming coincidences of costume, legislation, manufacture and modes of thought? Documents, records, laws, maps, portraits and miniatures, arms, rings, seals and swords would make the state archives for six months national ones.

Besides, in an International Fair, direct appeal might be made to London, Paris and Madrid, with many chances of success. It is even possible that International Loan Exhibitions, pure and simple of objects of art and international curiosity, may in time become established and the Mona Lisa meet the totem-poles of Alaska at some designated center of courtesy.

In such a concerted plan, California, more than any other state in the Union, would figure still as part of the "Augmentation of the Spanish Indies." In fact, what is this great fair itself but the salute courteous of even New France and New England to old España, and that Isabella, whose very scattered jewels are perhaps in many an American *riviere?*

THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has kindly consulted the Pasadena Loan Association in whose Advisory Committee are Jessie Benton Fremont, the Very Reverend Father Adam and Don Antonio Carmel—concerning such a possible World's Fair Loan Exhibition, and suggests it as at best a profitable subject for discussion. Asking also of what such an exhibit should consist.

The reply is; "If anything which could add a historic interest to any one of the one hundred and ninety-three great groups into which Mr. de Young tells us the thirteen departments of the Fair are divided, and



Relics from the Presidio.

Collection of Antonio F. Coronel.

supplement mining, architecture, machinery, floriculture, viticulture, shipbuilding, transportation and the rest, regarded as distributive exhibits, a collective exhibit of Mission Indian Work, such as is suggested by THE CALIFORNIAN, might be made—this association thinks—if the co-operation of the Spanish element in the State, that of the Franciscans of Santa Barbara and of the Commissioners themselves, could be secured.

Mr. Otis T. Mason, representing the Smithsonian Institution, desires "to show in Chicago the homes of all our aboriginal tribes either in drawings, models or photographs." A collective exhibit of mission Indian work, if it were worthily made, might thus be able to secure the powerful alliance of national archæology and disputed questions be referred to the curator himself.

Desultory examples are given in this paper of some of the arts and manufactures in which the mission Indians excelled, and in a succeeding one, a more carefully prepared enumeration of them will be furnished; this bare and unillustrated enumeration being one to surprise any one not a close student of mission history.



Objects from the Mission.

Governor Portola, coming up with *Padre* Serra and the first expedition by land, beheld in 1768, it is probable with some emotion, the *Capitana*, *San Carlos* and the attending *San Antonio*, of the expedition by sea, lying at anchor in the "beautiful and famous port of San Diego." The salutes

which were exchanged announced the Spanish occupation of California. The cannon represented in the initial engraving is that which gave Portola's first salute and the powder magazine was part of the lading of the *San Carlos*, and may have been stowed away by the hands of José de Galvez himself.

These two staunch old *compañeros*, with the noble *compañia* of church guns and *mitrailleuse* might stop and examine curiously this cannon "San Diego," which, after serving the Saint of Alcalá, was carried on mule-back to again fire allegiance to Carlos III in the founding of the Mission San Gabriel; which renewed such allegiance in a *salvo* for the new Pueblo of Los Angeles, and yet with all its brave associations, could almost be put into a modern Gladstone bag.



Wooden Stirrup (estribo) carved by Mission Indians. From Carmelo.

In the possession of Hon. Abbot Kinney.

bells, which still remains to us, make a fit beginning for even state historical collecting, and supplemented by the Toledo blades (figuring in Spanish as *Espadas Toledanas*) lances and *machetes* of the old presidial Castillos as well as the peaceful weights and measures of the mission, point to a definite beginning in such work.

The great Krupp or his descendants who could, perhaps, pass by Gatling All this might interest where greater pieces of iron failed in attracting power.

Let us not be deterred in possible exhibition by fear of competition with Mexico, in those only lines wherein California could hope to excite interest and prove individuality. The charm of its occupation as recorded by the journal-keeping governors and the writing frays, who accompanied each

land expedition and stood at the prow of every exploring vessel, was the charm which makes Robinson Crusoe delightful when the annals of Sybaris fail. Flora and fauna, mountain and seashore were taxed in manners deliciously original. What high pontifical mass could thrill the celebrant like that first service at Vellicatá, with lighted powder for incense, and the antiphonal response of cannon and musketry in place of the organ tones? Later, strange berries were burned for incense, rude censors swung heavenward and half Druidical altars and bell towers reverently made of the ancient oaks. It is this differentiation and this poverty which makes history and individualizes peoples. Here at first, every friar was an Alexander Selkirk and his mission a separate Juan Fernandez.



Restored Indian Pulpit San Gabriel Arcàngel

A distributive exhibit of this old historical material, like that suggested above, made with that nicety and appreciation of detail which marks the modern stage-setting of a revived historical play, could scarcely fail to be of interest and relevancy, and the collective exhibit of aboriginal work and workmanship fit into its own niche at an avowedly industrial fair.

The Mission church, representing in its construction a host of trades and incipient arts, the carved wooden stirrup, said to be that of *Padre* Junipero Serra, the carefully restored old pulpit, the engraved drinking-cup, the Indian *sonajas* the primitive stone implements about the oldest neophyte of San Gabriel Arcàngel, suggest the material for such a representation.

The stirrup may be, according to one's point of view, only a piece of white oak carving or an epitome of history. Who was it, seeing the worn old slipper of Pierre Corneille, said of Louis Quatorze—protecting literature from the height of his 'alons rouges—"*Louis, ce soulier me gâte tout ton règne?*" This old *estribo*, rescued from Carmel, and carved by Indian devotees contrasts well with the slipper of Corneille and in a manner glorifies the entire reign of King Carlos III while ranking with the cannon of Portola.

oI fear courteous "*Padre* Joachin," who so kindly ascends into his pulpit and puts on for us the very oldest stole in his robing-room, feels and knows that we are difficult, and no better satisfied with restoration than with ruin itself. Restoration is, at best, but sorry, and that in *sequoia*, of masonry and rude stonework once crowned by earthen tiles, sorrier than most. In my possession is a sketch from memory of the brilliant old frescoing of the neophytes of San Gabriel Arcángel, which must be hidden under its present dazzling white walls, frescoing which still exists, glowing in fragments of Byzantine patterns at San Juan Capistrano and untouched Pala in the colors of another century and civilization.

We cannot associate with this pulpit the face of Father Sanchez or President Lasnen, Serra himself or Fray José Maria de Zalridea, preaching in the Indian tongue to an Indian congregation. That, hanging high amid the ruins of San Luis Rey, guarded only by the statue of the king or the painted one-half falling in the walls of La Purissima is a memory, indeed.

Carving in horn as well as stone and wood was common in the missions, an example being furnished in the drinking-cup, still in Don Antonio's possession and not regarded by him as of particular merit, such being in every-day use at the *padres*' tables or carried in the *mochila* of the traveller who drank from them to the health of Carlos or Fernando, Señor Natural of the Two Californias. As to method of making, the ox-horn was first softened by soaking, then shaped over a piece of wood fitted into it while the horn was still pliable, and the design engraved with a buein (Sp. bueil) most commonly made by the Indian artisan out of a common nail. We know that Turner preferred, as an etching needle, the prong of an old steel fork, and it adds even to Michael Angelo's originality that he often made his own tools before commencing his statues. The bottom of such a drinking-cup was sometimes made of beaten silver and the cup itself banded and rimmed with the same metal. Don Antonio learned himself the silversmith's trade of an Indian neophyte of San Antonio de Padua, in whom he declares he found a master workman.

Two nations of dancers came together in this remote fusion of civilizations which forms our early State history. The same race characteristic in the Spaniard so marked that it defied old Spanish legislation against the Fandango, and the fulminations of the clergy of New Spain in Los Angeles against the European waltz, appeared as untamably in the Indian and prevented his acceptance of the new belief.

To the readers of *Padre* Boscana will always occur the scornful logic of the old Capitanejo of San Luis Rey when listening to a sermon addressed to the Indians on the efficacy of the sign of the cross made upon their foreheads and the invocation of the names of Mary and the newly-preached Christ. "If it were done by *dancing before Chinigchinich*" was the old chief's staunch reply to the circular vanquech though listening in the cruciform church—"it would not be incredible, but that it can be done by the sign of the cross, I *cannot* believe." Belief *did* begin even for a most sceptical, when this mysticism was set for them, to music and the credo itself intoned.

Absolutely fascinating are the traditions of these dancing and singing Indians reduced to choristers and church musicians under the batons of the Fathers; mastering the Gregorian Chant, itself pure as their own voices and once as rude—for the *Exultet* of Holy Week has absolutely no assignable date — forming the big semibreves with red or colorado brought from the mountains, or marching thirty of them with José el Cantor at their head in the procession headed by President Señan and twenty *padres* which welcomed Governor Sola to Monterey.

There were among them native Amatis and Stradívarii, who made church violins and viols of native pine and cedar, inlaid and wrought upon, while others evolved drums and cymbals and the children in the mission quadrangles watched the blacksmith fashion rude triangles for the Mass.

If some painter would spend one year, say this year, upon a music-subject taken from the traditions and history of these times; the *cuadro* of San José perhaps, with old *Padre* Narciso Duran bareheaded and enwrapt, beating time against one of the pillars of the corridor while the thirty native musicians practised for the Mass on as many different instruments I believe Madame Judic would buy it.

Under the gentile *régime* nothing but physical exhaustion justified a cessation of the dancing before *Chinigchinich* and a return to the tonic. Travelers, even now, occasionally see an old Indian thus dancing in exhausting and solitary ecstasy, while the young men of the tribe look and laugh, and perhaps discuss theosophy.

Advanced veranda furnishing in southern California might be said to consist of a stone metalé and a feather duster. This combination of archæology and good housekeeping must occasionally puzzle the traveler, as it surely would the historic old woman who ground the food of perhaps four generations upon the same hollow stone without one dream of its singular advancement, and may yet lead to strange theories in case of a race-migration.

A World's Fair without a typical old woman would not represent one state with either historic or archæological accuracy, but old women, like accredited Amazons and griffins of the era of Liota and Queen Calafia, are not as attainable as in "the other days" which preceded our own. Traditional Lilila herself, present at the founding of San Luis Obispo in 1772, is hardly more discredited than the Laura and Benjamina of ten years ago. What Mnemosynes these ancient women might have been had thought registering been invented! Spanning time, roughly speaking, by the century and a third, three such memories would reach back to Columbus. Last of her kind, Jacinta Serrano was not laid away in the Mission graveyard without forming a dignified figure in the Kulturkampf of the nineteenth century.

Brought suddenly out of her tule jacal by an enterprising member of the primary committee, local tradition says in a coupé, sent down on the shortest possible notice, she must have undergone emotions *en route* for the library building little short of those attending translation or the apotheosis, but no trace of awakened emotion showed upon her face.

La Perouse, fresh from his frigate *Boussole*, and the attendant Astrolabe on a scientific cruise of the world and affording the very first example of French fashion in our New Spain, passed, in 1786, through the plaza of Monterey lined with Indians of both sexes, on his way to celebrate Mass before the altar of Carmelo. He says "their faces showed no surprise and left room to doubt if we should be the subject of their conversation for the rest of the day."



Cup of Ox-horn, engraved by Indian Neophyte.
In the collection of Antonio F. Coronel.

The *padres* must have exhausted, if not their patience, at least the dictionary's "Vocabulary of Common Christian Names," in introducing christianity among and designating separately, converts who not infrequently came in by the *rancheria* with the *capitan* or *capitancjo* at its head. Jacinta, named, perhaps, for that St. Hyacinth who preached to all barbarians from Scotland to China, and would therefore gladly have

ascended the old Indian-carved pulpit of San Gabriel Arcàngel, entered very quietly upon her duties in the Hispano-Mexican Department of the Pasadena Loan Exhibition of 1889, which was a genuine, if incomplete, revival of New Spain. Patiently and with a touching deference to authority which explained the wonders by the Franciscans and brought back the mission *régime*, she wore her *corila* or basket (still preserved by the *padrona*) at those infrequent moments when it was not taken out of her hands by visitors, or posed for the photographer, or illustrated the preliminaries of *pinole* and *atole* making, or sold strands of colored glass beads given by the *padre* long ago, before "secularization," and which, by a curious irony, must still be synonymous for the Indian with the higher civilization. Over her head was a decorative frieze of tules, representing to her, perhaps, an apotheosis of that familiar building material, corresponding in strangeness with her own. Leading down to her position on the bare floor was a stairway draped solidly with the Indian blankets of collectors, and up and down this stairway passed the cosmopolitan procession of health and pleasure seekers which constitutes the world which here *s'amuse*. Behind her the maker of *cascarones* plied her trade of rudely decorating egg-shells, and the fashioner of drawn-work drew her threads for patterns older even than the memory of Jacinto or Lilila herself, while tier upon tier of baskets excited exultation or despair in owner or collector. Through a Navajo *portière* she caught an occasional glimpse of Captain Chittenden, of the Alaskan Department, bewilderingly personating Indian warriors in tribal costumes, which varied with the changing days. Beyond her smoked the Russian *samovars*, about which was gathered the fashion of and in the town, the most popular of bachelors repaying social debts; the Herr Professor of Harvard discussing the great telescope among the yuccas of Mt. Wilson; Mr. Holder in perhaps the werdelust of Gœthe, even then formulating THE CALIFORNIAN and its illustrations, meanwhile offering *caviar* and lemon to Jessie Benton Frémont.

Above Jacinta, the acacia decorations of the Oriental Department blent once more with the yellows in Eastern rugs and shawls—the same acacias under which the weavers wrought them, and which have suggested their coloring from immemorial times. Past her came the leader of the Hungarian orchestra, to receive the favor of red, white and green roses, which represented both Buda Pesth and Mejico, while Don Arturo Bandini, nephew of Concepcion de Arguello, and descendant of the Alvarado of the *triste noche*, in all the bravery of full Spanish costume, received day after day and illustrated with fine unconsciousness the element of caste.

In the collecting of types the artist stationed at the Plaza of Los Angeles may show, without moving his umbrella, a portfolio which shall represent Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America as the result of rapid sketching, while material for the camera is absolutely unending. As you drive into the suburbs, Susana, under the Mexican *floripundio*, may be separated from the Chinese gardener cutting bamboo for his mistress' tallest vases by only a vacant lot of wild lilies and blue-eyed grass.

It is a matter of tradition that Mr. Ruskin expressed aversion to coming to a country destitute of either ruins or castles; it is a matter of notoriety that Mademoiselle de la Ramée professed pity for a people devoid of peasantry, yet ten years ago it would not have required a very courageous hostess to invite both into her carriage with, say San Diego or Buenaventura as a starting point and Santa Barbara or Monterey as an objective stopping-place. The arches of San Juan Capistrano or San Luis Rey would have

met recognition from the Sir John of criticism—for the Franciscan missions were also fortified castles, rude but built for genuine defense—while glimpses *en route* of the double peasantry of Mexico and China would have assured us an almost monarchical position with difficult *mademoiselle*. Luciano runs up the outer stairway of the San Gabriel, it being a spray of wild tobacco growing by the empty niche built by the neophytes upon whose forehead the *padres* had made the sign of the cross; you watch the gardener, in the blue blouse Millet Rio de los Temblores?" "Could we still find Indian women to make jelly from the *tunas* of Father José Maria de Zalvidea's old mission hedge?"

"Would they use *panocha* or sugar if we could?"

"Did they make and can they still make pomegranate wine at San Juan?"

"Could we find a genuine Indian *alabado* and a native musician to get it upon music paper, red notes preferred?"

"Do you suppose they buried the bass-viols and other church instruments with the mission bells?"



Indian Sonajas or Rattles, used in the worship of Chinigchinich.

Collection of Antonio F. Coronel.

would have loved to paint, lift the pilgrim gourd to his lips under the big hat, "mow;" a *muchachita* like Susana darts out from a pomegranate hedge, sets a smaller *muchacha* with painful violence upon a turf of *filaria* and sings for you a song like that which Mr. Fraence heard in old Spain itself. By what *ruse* will the *comisionados* persuade all this representative picturesqueness to the Fair?

"Do you believe the eight bells of San Luis Rey were buried by the neophytes? Which, ah which, *Señor* Don, was the real and not the reputed

"What coloring did the Indians use in their frescoing and what remains of it exist at Pala?"

All these questions are asked and answered in the house of the interpreter or, not to be disagreeable and mysterious, in the *sala* of Don Antonio Coronel.

It is literally, however, through the services of *Doña* Mariana, the house of the interpreter, as many a questioner into the past can testify. The name "Mariana," in large letters over the front doorway tells of its dedicatory character. We are living

in the *sequoia* "period," as opposed to the adobe; so the house is, of course, of two high stories of white redwood, with attic and a basement which is a ground-floor of history. Looking out of its front bay window you may still see from this *casa grande* the walls of the old house denuded of orange and lemon trees, climbing cactus and roses. The *carreta*, which used to stand before the open doorway, reminding me of the royal, if fainéant, days of France has fallen to pieces; only the two big sycamore wheels from the Verdugo Cañon, standing side by side in the museum, to show its construction to the visitors who come now in victoria or coupé. Transplanted *yerba buena*, bergamot, and sleep-compelling *adormiders*, however, bloom along the cemented walks and an *agave* or *maguey* stretches up symbolically to the very eaves, commensurate with the new *régime* as it towered above the old.

You are not only in the house of the interpreter but in the palpable dominion and atmosphere of Hernando Cortez. A series of strange old pictures form a Spanish line of possession along the walls. These pictures represent Mariana, also in the *rôle* of interpreter, between Cortez and Montezuma; Mariana, almost the first of Indian neophytes whose technical difficulties when called upon to explain the Trinity and the transubstantiation are suggested by Mr. Prescott, and of whom we may be sure the Spaniard also demanded a translated diagnosis of that disease which could only be cured by Indian gold. Examples of *plumaje*, or featherwork, such maybe as Alvarado's caravel first took back to Charles V line the walls, alternating with portraits and cabinets of Guadalajara ware, while Don Antonio's *sombrero*, now reduced, under our civilization, to a mural decoration instead of a head-covering, hangs in the doorway, and his *rebozo* is "draped" high over a modern curtain-pole.

The house may be said to be under the invocation of San Antonio de Padua as well as the dominion of Cortez. The opening door conceals for you, as coming guest, a tiny image of the saint which, as a parting one, you may examine. As a remembrance of General Vallejo, a picture of the founding of Saint Antony's own mission greets you from the wall, and the mountain of the seraphic doctor shows white from the window to the north. To the right of the Virgin in the oratory upstairs, the great miracle-worker holds the Jesuito on his book, and here, night and day, when *la grippe* attacks the Don and local history together, burns the supplicatory candle of Mariana to this patron saint.

What question in state history or local tradition will you have answered to-day?

Would you see Don Antonio rehabilitate the old Californian *soldado de cuero*, who was Indian fighter, mission guard, defender of the Castillo of the Presidio of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey or San Francisco, or of the *pueblos* of Los Angeles and San José? The cotton jackets of the followers of Cortez in Mexico are succeeded in the mission chronicles by these *cuirassiers* of Carlos III, who spent so much of this mortal life in seven layers of tanned buckskin and were carried into the mission graveyards in the cord and cowl of St. Francis, cast off by *padre* and confessor. Seven such buckskins, tanned perhaps by as many Christian Indians for the *caballeros*' defense against the arrows of the Gentile ones, made these leather jackets of history. The seven thicknesses of this *cuirass* or *corium* were sewed by Indian *armourées* with buckskin strips fashioned something after the fashion, to use a *chef's* simile, of lardoons, and the buckskin boots elaborately laced with similar strips of greater size. The quilted collar of the *cuirass*, turned up above the ears, met the brim of the *sombrero duro*, the ribbon of which was always black. On his arm this same *soldado* slipped

his round shield of seven beef hides soaked, scraped and sewed upon a frame with such leathern thread as the times afforded and such heroic-sized needle as has been acceptable to savage and civilized man alike since the foundation of the world. This shield bore the arms of his Majesty of Spain, embossed by the same patient neophytes who finished saddle and bridle, stirrup shield and saddle-bag, *mantilla de silla* and sheath for the *machete* in the saddleries, giving in the mission courts, and of which later



Jacinta Serrano, Cahuilla Indian of San Gabriel Arcángel.

Photographed at the Second Exhibition of the Pasadena Loan Association, 1889

those of Santa Ines, *Virgen y Mártyr* stood in the lead.

But to see Don Antonio *put on* all these consecutive layers with a separate shrug for each one as he adjusts it; to watch him pull up the laced boots with a reminiscent shiver over a cactus thicket between Pala and San Luis; adjust the shield in a way which connects him with Mars and Peleus, Siegfried and the Telemonian Ajax; fasten his lance to his arm with the correa of leather; hack away opposing chaparral with his unsheathed *machete*; tie the black ribbon of the *sombrero duro* in a double bow knot to the right of his chin; make an absolute visor of his eyebrows; retreat into the long sleeves of the jacket to show the superfluousness of gloves; all this, while Cortez and Mariana, Governor Micheltorena and Helen Hunt watch him from the walls and Father Serra lost in the sweet rapture of a priest of the order, which was founded on the ecstasies of Saint Francis, smiles approval from his frame, or as *Doña* Mariana believes, returns to listen. I would like to know where Don Antonio is really going. Is he starting for a *fiesta* at Monterey or one of the *escolta*, as for the coming governor? He hums the *Malagana* or the *Jota Aragonese*. Suddenly the bell of the electric street railway announces a coming caller and Rugerio, a San Fernando Indian, versed in the lore and traditions of the rancheria, but wearing a Derby hat and a four-in-hand tie, is ushered in, and making the bow which acknowledges his presentation.

Next to inveterate honesty and loyalty ranks, perhaps, unalienable gallantry in the Spanish composition of Don Antonio, a gallantry aided and

abetted by *Doña* Mariana, who laughs over his occasional discomfitures and thence slays her husband's slain with a wife's own prerogative. In the midst of the gravest events of State history, the Spanish comb, *perlas*, from the gulf, slippers with clicking heels, kerchiefs and mantillas complete as recollections with Toledo blades and Franciscan cords, the

"When did the name San Francisco definitely succeed that of Yerba Buena? Did the Gray Friars ever wear brown?"

His face falls and he stops walking up and down. He had hoped the question was: "Did the old Californian carry his sweetheart to the *fandango en avant* or *en croupe?*" but the disappointment is but tem-



"Don Antonio." Doña Mariana. Los Angeles

Compañia de cuero and Indian neophytes. Temporary disappointment clouds his face at the questions his interpreter puts faithfully in the conversations *à trois*.

"What does she ask, Mary? What would she know next?"

"Have the Channel Indians sun-worshippers like those of San Clemente?"

porary. In twenty nervous words he is back again into history proper, with Portola and Fagis, Serra and Crespi, *la mujer* relegated *en croupe*.

We run over each other's prejudices in an international way, which is the occasion of laughter, also *à trois*. Having been urged more than once for the sunrise hymn, "Sancta Maria," accompanied by the guitar,

Don Antonio at last consented, though with some confusion, explaining afterwards that he doubted if the Virgin had ever before in the whole history of California been addressed to the music of that secular instrument, and evidently aware of the impiety of his serenade.

Are you temporarily wearied with history? What is there of flower lore with which Doña Mariana is not familiar—yerba santa and yerba buena, mariposas and yerba del oso, the pale blue convolvulus which she knows as the virgin's mantle, and the hollyhock as the flower of San José.

Among the Aztecs there were certain men who kept important events, genealogies, etc., in their memory, and recited them when called upon. Let us hope this race of men has survived even the Conquistadores, and is preserved to us, through Mexico and Mexicans. Wearing yet with easy grace, when he chooses so to do, the old Spanish costume, drawing the old *cuadro* of the Mission Santa Inez, on the fly-leaf of Atala; dancing the coyote dance in a way which makes intelligible the legends of Nezahualcoyotl; trying to recall an *alabado* and remember whether he learned it before the sunrise mass at San Antonio de Padua or in Old Mexico, at Culiacan; bringing in the bear for a *fiesta* at San Luis Rey; explaining the bull fights in the plaza of Los Angeles, where Pio Pico threw the cloak and the *toro* came in from hills as brown as the Sierra Moreno of Spain; laughing with the laugh which has laughed Spain's chivalry away, and half-sighing for its return down the Americanized streets; this is "Don Antonio," whose personality, could he be enticed into permeating these pages, would prove that no representation of the present state, however opulent and magnificent, could be other than heightened by a revival of the Spanish past.

HOPE.

The hopes of man are prophesies divine;
His fears, gaunt spectres that arise
From superstitions old, and minds diseased.
Brave souls hope, only the weak despair,
And die forgotten in the Giant's lair.
All hopes are inspirations that do grow
Within pure hearts, where heavenly splendors glow;
And hopes are truths that, with Heaven's light divine,
Refulgent gleam far o'er the hoary heights of time.
Upon the mountain top Hope stands with forms
Invincible; and there above all storms
She chants her revelation, leading on
Aspiring souls to destinies unknown.

San Diego, Cal., 1892.

NESTOR A. YOUNG.

IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

BY JAMES CARSON FENNEL.

COULTER'S HELL, Wonderland, and Yellowstone National Park are designations which mark the stages of appreciation in which that extraordinary representation of Nature's wildest demeanor has been, is, and will be held.

John Coulter was attached to Lewis and Clarke's expedition and on the return of that party to civilization, in 1806, he left it to trap and hunt on the headwaters of the Missouri. His escapes from the Blackfoot Indians were of that romantic kind which might have furnished Cooper with items for his best novels. After having found refuge among the friendly Bannock Indians, who roamed over the region in which Yellowstone Park is situated, he returned to St. Louis in 1810, where the wonderful stories which he told of the places he had seen were disbelieved. His rude but vivid descriptions of boiling wells, of subterranean noises, and periodical upheavals of volumes of steaming water, of richly painted rocks and trembling ground gained for the region the name of Coulter's Hell—a name by which it was known for decades among the mountain men. Later, about 1844, James Bridger, a noted Rocky Mountain guide, visited the locality and his accounts, though corroborated by those previously given by Coulter, were still at that date deemed too marvelous to be credible. So time passed on, and the traditions of trappers formed the only recorded rumors of Wonderland. These told of palaces and temples glittering with jewels, of trees of stone, of effervescing caldrons, of smoking plains, and other marvels that smote the superstitious with awe and made them regard it as the location of the mouth of the bottomless pit with preternatural surroundings. Nor is there much to be wondered at in this; nature has here concentrated her greatest effort at variety of display. The grand in magnificence of designs; the beautiful in exquisiteness of coloring and crystallization; the rarity and multiplicity of geological phenomena; and the terrible in the exhibition of internal forces, in turn strike the visitor with wonder and astonishment. It is, indeed, a wonderland which once seen, can never be forgotten.

In 1853, Captain John Mullan in his report regarding the construction of a military road from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton makes mention of hot springs and geysers at the headwaters of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, the report which he had heard of their existence being "confirmed by his own explorations." Although prospectors occasionally visited the region, merely brief notices were given of it in local papers, and no authentic description thereof was published until Mr. Cook and David E. Folsom had visited it in 1869.

During the years 1871 and 1872, explorations of the region now comprising the National Reservation were made by the United States Geological surveying expedition under the late Prof. F. V. Hayden, and the first scientific accounts were made public. Thenceforth this land of mystery has been opened to the world, bereft of the terrors with which vague rumor and former difficulty of access had surrounded it.

It was at Professor Hayden's suggestion that Yellowstone Park was reserved as a national pleasure ground and protected from spoliation. On December 18th, 1871, a bill to that effect was introduced into the Senate by the Hon. S. C. Pomeroy of Kan-



Castle Geyser.

sas, a similar bill being offered to the House of Representatives by the Hon. William H. Claggett, delegate from Montana. Both Senate and House passed it with little opposition and the President's signature speedily made it a law. The tract of land reserved by this Act for the benefit of the people by Professor Hayden, White Mountain Springs. This latter nomenclature is quite as appropriate as the former inasmuch as the heated waters that have gurgled up from their subterranean sources for untold centuries, have formed a vast hill of white calcareous deposit, which viewed from a



Formation of the Geyser.

is considerable, being sixty-five miles long by fifty-five miles in width, and containing an area of two million and two hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres.

The best route to take in visiting the Yellowstone Park is to enter it by way of Mammoth Hot Springs called distance, looks like a snowy mountain. As you approach it you observe that it is terraced, each terrace being ornamented with beautiful projections, like fluted columns of nature's molding, but it is not until you reach it that you realize the marvelous cunning of the architect's skill, and the multi-



Bee Hive Geyser in Action.

tudinous shapes which the water deposited formations have assumed. The area occupied by these deposits is three square miles, on one hundred and seventy acres of which the present thermal springs are found. The two masses of deposit that they are still occupied in building up, are arranged in four principal terraces, which, with their minor subdivisions form a series of fourteen consecutive receding elevations. The lower mass is fringed along its front with basins, urns, and other beautifully shaped receptacles formed by the deposited lime, sulphur, alumina and magnesia, which the water holds in solution. The most beautiful of these springs, more than fifty of which have been tabulated and described, is the Cleopatra Spring situated on the summit of a mass of deposit forty feet high. It flows into basins fringed with bright stalactites, thence down an incline into white, red and yellow basins, that form gorgeous pedestals to fabrics of wonderful tracery. The coloring displayed in some parts of White Mountain is beyond imagination and beyond description. In the Pink Terraces the pavements and basin sides, painted in all shades of red, from bright scarlet and crimson to the most delicate rose tints interspersed with richest yellows and most brilliant greens, contrast gorgeously with the cerulean color of the blue transparent water which creates them.



Lower Basins, Mammoth Hot Springs.

We have now fairly entered this "Northern Wonderland," as Professor Hayden justly called the region, a name given it in contradistinction to

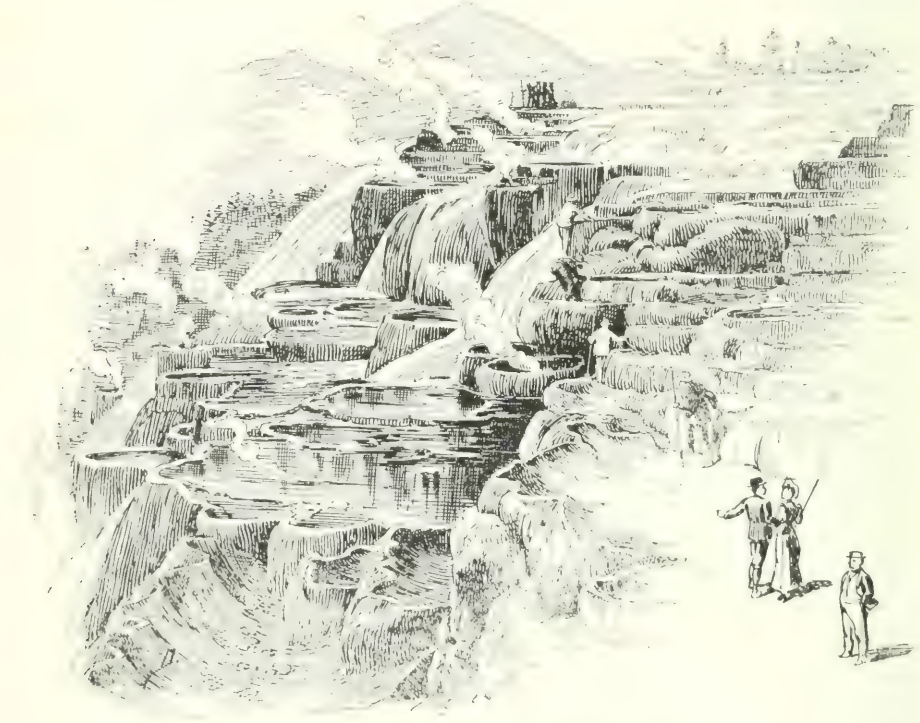


The Giantess Geyser in Action.

that of its childlike compeer in New Zealand, which is feebler in expression of nature's efforts, in wealth of variety, magnificence of aspect, and diversity of effect on the feelings of the observer. For here nature has introduced the horrible and terrible into her great spectacular production.

There are other hot springs in the Park, scattered almost over the whole region and estimated to number from five thousand to ten thousand, besides innumerable white-robed basins, the sepulchres and silent monuments testifying to the existence and activity of others long ago dead. But we have seen those of the Mammoth group. We have risen into ecstasies over their mineral representations of frozen cascades; their scalloped basins adorned with delicate tracery in many colors, and their fretted terraces, arrayed in richest hues and softest tints, and we will now visit still more surprising, because grander, phenomena. The Geysers of the Yellowstone, in comparison with which their namesakes, the spouting springs in Iceland, called by the native islanders the gushers, sink into insignificance.

The main Geyser regions are two in number, and known as that on the Madison River and that near Shoshone Lake. Besides these there are other minor basins, as the Gibbon, Norris and Heart Lake basins. In the first-named localities, there are at least fifty geysers that throw up columns of water to heights varying from fifty feet to two hundred feet, while the number of spouting vents of all kinds amounts to thousands. The geysers on Fire Hole River—the Madison under another name—are grouped into three basins, known as the Lower, Midway and Upper Basins, included in an area of thirty square miles. Of these, the Upper Basin is

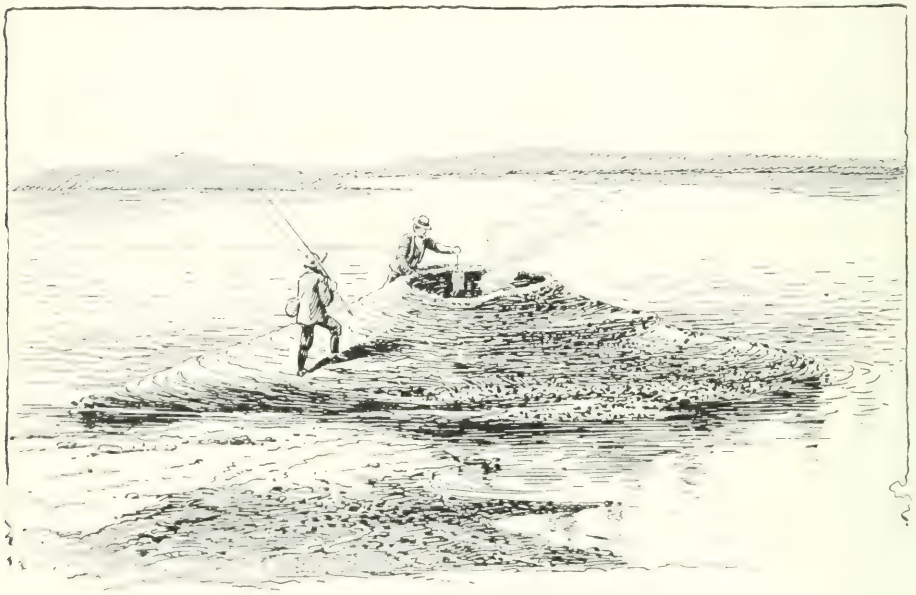


Basins at Mammoth Hot Springs of Gardiner's River.



Minute Geyser, Norris Basin.

by far the most important, although the Lower Basin contains at least half a dozen interesting geysers, and the Midway Basin can boast of the Excelsior, the largest geyser ever known, with a huge crater two hundred feet by three hundred and thirty feet. From this vast cavity, filled with boiling water, rise dense clouds of steam, and when eruptions occur, the periodicity of which is long, the scene is awe-inspiring in the extreme, the prodigious column of water being hurled to heights varying from fifty to three hundred feet. But let us hasten to the Upper Basin, the great theater of the grandest display in the world of geyser activity.



Hot Springs on west arm Yellowstone Lake.

It covers an area of three square miles, and, to use Professor Hayden's words, is "honeycombed with springs, pools and geysers that are constantly gurgling, spitting, steaming, roaring and exploding." In this multifarious group of restless activities there are no less than twenty-six large geysers of which only a few can be taken notice of here.

Entering the basin from the north, we find it covered with a coating of whitish deposit, and the geysers and springs surrounded with mineral structures of innumerable designs. Pyramids and minarets glitter, cones and turrets, castles and temples, flash with reflected light. From hundreds and hundreds of orifices rises the spangled, sun-dyed steam, and rainbow-painted columns of transparent water are ejected upward by invisible forces. First we visit the Grotto Geyser and wonder at the grotesqueness of its singular crater—a strange freak of nature. It has nearly covered itself with an uncouth, helmet-like mound, pierced with two great holes through which, instead of some monster's eyes peering, yawn cavities like the sockets of a Titan's skull; and between them rises a club-shaped, malformed, misplaced nose. Has nature, we ask, been trying to fashion a deformity, a gargoyle on an enormous scale? If so, she did not forget, however, her customary decorations in colored and architectural designs; for, examined in detail, it is an aggregation of things of beauty. During eruption, this

geyser behaves in a manner as quaint and eccentric as its crater is grotesque and exceptional in appearance during the periods of quiescence. The water is not ejected in steady spouts, but is churned out, as it were, in two irregularly alternating columns, while numerous jets of steam and water issue from cracks and minor holes in the gargoyle's skull. This is a most singular geyser and singularly interesting.

Two hundred yards away to the east is the Giant Geyser, the crater of which Edwin J. Stanley, in his "Rambles in Wonderland," compares with "the stump of a hollow sycamore tree of gigantic proportions, the top of which has been torn off by a storm." Though one side is broken down, torn away, perhaps, by some eruption of unusual force, the old, gray, mineral stump still serves the subterranean giant as a safety valve for his fury and strength. It rises ten feet above the platform and measures twenty-five feet by twenty-four feet at the base, tapering off to eight feet in diameter at the top. The volume of water ejected by this geyser during eruption is prodigious. Says Colonel Barlow, who in August, 1871, witnessed one of these grand hydraulic displays: "The amount of water discharged was immense—about equal in quantity to that in the river—the volume of which during the eruption was doubled." Fire Hole River at this part of its course, is about twenty-five yards wide! With a diameter of seven feet, the column of water discharged rises at times to a height of nearly two hundred feet, never sinking to less than one hundred feet. And this great volume of water gushes forth unceasingly for the space of an hour and a half to two hours. It would be no easy task for a civil engineer to calculate in foot-pounds the tremendous force at work in the ejectment of this vast quantity of water; but some conception of it may be formed by being present at one of these awful discharges. When an observer hears the subterranean groaning and the dreadful riot going on below, as the imprisoned Briareus begins the struggle with his hundred hands; when



Grotto Geyser in Action.

he feels the shaken earth heave and quiver beneath his feet, and listens to the horrible roar of the monster fountain as it rushes upward; he may be apt to realize that the motive power is inconceivable by the mind of man. When, however, he has had the good fortune to see that stupendous column driven upward with dense volumes of streaming steam; has watched it sway gracefully with the wind; break up into countless jets, and return to earth in heavy showers of glittering globules, he will congratulate himself that he has looked upon one of the grandest phenomena of nature. The periodicity of the Giant's performances is not a fixed time, the eruptions taking place at irregular intervals once in about four days.

Passing the Comet on our way, we will proceed to Castle Geyser, which has the most imposing crater in the Upper Basin, and so named by N. P. Langford, formerly superintendent of the Park, and Lieutenant Doane of the Second Cavalry, commander of the escort of the Washburn expedition, who saw in its rugged pile a fancied resemblance to the ruins of a feudal castle. Though the Earl of Dunraven, in 1872, witnessed an eruption of this geyser, so grand that he considered it the greatest in the region, the old ruin is not wont to make such displays frequently, and, having noticed the richness of its colors in shades of orange and silver-gray, we will turn our faces from it, attracted by the beauty of a thermal spring, one hundred and fifty feet away. Words cannot describe Beautiful Spring, with its almost circular basin over nineteen feet in diameter, its symmetrically scalloped rim, and the intense ultramarine hue of its water; nor can the platform in which it nestles be described, gorgeous in colors of yellow and reds and grays and salmon tints. Yet many such springs deck the Upper Basin with their jeweled forms, calm, peaceful beauties slumbering by the side of dreadful violence and terrific energy.

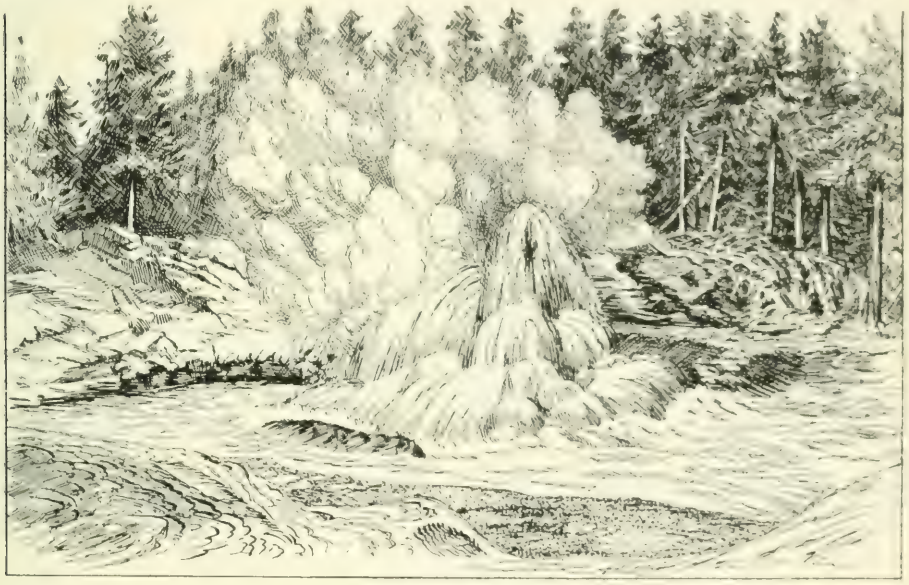
Grand Geyser lies away to the east on the other side of the river. No raised cone or crater marks the spot where this magnificent fountain lies cradled in the bosom of the earth, gathering strength for a fresh explosion of sudden passion; no huge cavern-like bowl gives indication of the latent volcanic forces that are being nursed below. A slight depression in the ground, an indenture of fifty-two feet diameter, a little below the surface is all there is to show where lurk the pent up powers that periodically drive the aggressive water through the geyser-tube in its center. The shallow basin is cushioned with beautiful spongiform masses of velvet-like geyserite around the mouth of the orifice which is of elliptical form, the major and minor axis being respectively four feet and two feet in length. Thus with its unpretentious basin the Grand lies quiescent for its allotted time; then with earthshaking and tremendous rumbling that sounds like smothered thunder, the fountain without receiving warning of attack is shot aloft into the air two hundred feet in an immense column of steam and water. The violence and suddenness with which this ejectment of an undesirable tenant is accomplished signalizes this geyser from all others, and it is regarded as the favorite by most tourists. From the main column numberless jets are discharged at all heights and angles draping the Colossus in an agitated fringework of ever-changing patterns. The initial action lasts from eight to ten minutes, the earth trembling under the blows of the upheaved liquid mass as it strikes it in its fall. Then follows a series of alternate fits of sullen repose and fierce activity, the spasms numbering from seven to eleven. The length of time occupied by this awe-inspiring performance is from twenty to twenty-five minutes. The periodicity of the Grand's eruptions is somewhat irregular; two exhibitions of them, however, generally occur in every twenty-six hours.

We will relax the strain upon our

nerves and feelings induced by contemplation of the majestic and appalling by turning from the grand to the graceful, from the terrific to the fascinating and gaze upon the beautiful symmetry of the Beehive Geyser, only four hundred feet distant from the Giantess, one of the greatest of earth-shakers, but of whose tremendous display of force we desist from describing.

For beauty, gracefulness and symmetry the Beehive is paramount in Wonderland as an intermittent fountain. It derives its name from the shape of its cone which is three feet high and three feet by four feet on the top with a diameter of nearly seven feet at the base; is of pearly aspect and beautifully beaded with silica. From this miniature crater is ejected to a height of over two hundred feet a perpendicular jet of water and steam which expands into a fan-shaped fabric of spray and vapor as it rises upward. During the eruptions, the durations of which vary from three to eighteen minutes, there is no groaning of the earth, no crash of falling torrents of water; the light spray mingles affectionately with the steam, evaporates and floats away. On the windward side you can stand within a few feet of the cone and fear no harm.

Old Faithful, the "Guardian of the Valley," acquired his title from the regularity with which he exhibits his eruptions. They occur with considerable punctuality at intervals of a few minutes over an hour. His performance begins with a few preliminary spurts or splashes which last about four minutes. After these apparently abortive efforts at eruption he steadily puts forth his real strength and the column rises under the increasing impulsion in rapidly successive jets to heights varying from one hundred and twenty-five feet to one hundred and sixty feet. Great volumes of steam, soaring five hundred feet high, float off in fleecy clouds or gather round the column on the leeward side and clothe it with a mantle of vaporous spray in which the rainbows sport in evanescent fragments of prismatic-colored arches, while showers of diamonds fall into the basin. For about five minutes the column is held up steadily and majestically and is then slowly lowered by convulsive throbs.



Great Fountain Geyser.

In a few minutes Old Faithful is taking his rest again.

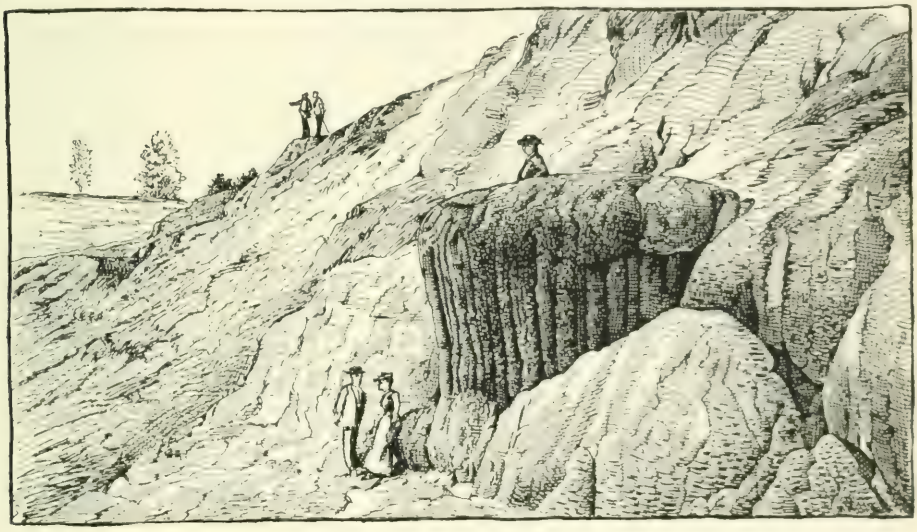
Various theories have been advanced by scientific men regarding the cause of geysers. The general cause, volcanic action, is admitted by all, the differences of opinion arising from the difficulty of explaining and proving the modus operandi. Bunsen's theory, though inadequate to account for all the phenomena exhibited in geyser action, is perhaps the nearest approach to a comprehensive explanation and is endorsed by Professors Tindall, Dana and many other eminent men. In July, 1846, Bunsen spent some time in studying the Great Geyser in Iceland, and devoted much thought to a solution of the problem. His theory may be thus simply expressed. He conjectures that the column of water in the geyser-tube, supplied by lateral drainage, communicates by means of a long and sinuous passage with some space—be it cavern, chamber, or any other kind of cavity—in the igneous rocks ; that water by percolation has access to these spaces, and is subjected to the action of subterranean heat. Steam is generated and rises in the column of superincumbent water which, being cooler, condenses it. The water in the sinuous channel, however, gradually becomes heated to the boiling point and condensation of the steam ceases, causing it to accumulate and acquire ever-increasing tension. Meantime, the water in the geyser-tube becomes heated till it is brought so near the respective boiling points corresponding to the different pressures under which its strata are, that a very slight commotion is sufficient to raise some particular layer to a position in the tube where its temperature would be in excess of that required to vaporize it. Under the straining of the subjacent bed of steam this finally occurs, and the result is a sudden and violent generation of steam, which rushing up the tube relieves the pressure and causes the generation of more steam. A succession of explosive escapes of steam takes place followed by the eruption which continues until the accumulation of steam below is relieved from tension by the expulsion of water and the reduction of its own volume by escape. Then ensues a period of quiescence which lasts until the inflow of fresh water has produced the necessity for another expulsion. The variety observed in the displays of geyser eruptions is caused by the conditions and quantity of the water supply and the different sizes, shapes, and constructions of the orifices, tubes and channels. In cases of such prodigious discharges of water as those which occur during the eruptions of the Excelsior and Giant geysers, vast subterranean reservoirs must exist and a large portion of their contents be expelled. The caldron or boiler in which the steam is generated must be a mighty one indeed.

Speaking of the Geyser Basins in the Yellowstone Park, Professor Charles T. Whitwell remarked : "Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen on so grand a scale, such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death-throes of some great American Enceladus." Now death-throes are sometimes horrible to witness, and nature in this extraordinary picture of life and death has furnished us with samples of the horrible and sickening. We will cross over to the banks of the Yellowstone River and as a preliminary introduction to truly purgatorial scenes let us first visit Sulphur Mountain.

Desolation greets us ; no verdure clothes the slopes ; no floweret dare approach the deadly place ; the noxious weed shuns it ; only on the northeast side has vegetation had the courage to show itself, for there the bold, hardy pine has crept up as near as safety permits. The barren ground is seamed with fissures and crevasses from which poisonous vapors rise, and its surface is spotted with old craters, like ulcers on a monster's cheek. As if to entice to destruction, a beautiful sulphur spring has built itself a bead-worked parti-colored basin at the

western base, and in its bright yellow water, transparent as glass, boils and bubbles to the pleased eye, while its deadly fumes will suffocate you should you unwarily go on the leeward side of it. The ground is hot with internal fire, and treacherous, and beneath it lurk pitfalls, concealed gateways to brimstone and fire. You must pick your way carefully over the brittle crust. Let us proceed.

Not far away lies a group of mud caldrons, and here we gain a glimpse at the diabolical. Some of these mud pots are filled with filthy, slimy water; is green mud, yellow mud and dark brown mud; mud blue, and mud lavender-colored, mud white and mud pink; some mud is black, and some lead and slate-colored; some looks like cream. It is a horrible, dreadful, unsightly, and unearthly place; yet there are others such, notably that near the river at the foot of Mt. Washburn. Dr. A. C. Peale, United States Geological Survey, in his report, of 1872 thus describes it: "It was a most horrible looking place, and brought to our minds pictures of the infernal regions. The black and red



The Pulpit.

some with mud-paste that looks like mush; others with a mixture of the consistency of mortar, and others with soap-boilers' messes; one with what looks like molasses, and others with stuff like the contents of a house painter's pot. They are boiling and bubbling and puffing, sputtering and fizzing, sending forth the while horrible stenches and sickening odors. A demoniacal din is going on all the time—thumpings and thud-like noises—spitting and hissing, and dull detonations as the gas-charged bubbles burst. The contents of these caldrons of Hecate are of many colors. There colors of the mud and iron deposits gave the hill the appearance of having been burned, while here and there were masses of bright-yellow sulphur. The air was filled with fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. The noise made by the throbbing and pulsating masses of mud was continuous. This with the splashing and spluttering of some of the springs, the plop-plop of the thicker mud, combined with the unearthly appearance of the scene, made us feel that we were on dangerous ground." No doubt they felt their peril; they were walking on an excrescence of—well, of the place

where the wicked go. These are the places that Coulter saw and talked about and thereby gained for himself a reputation as being the first-born of the father of lies.

We will look upon one more spectacle of dying force before we turn away from this great death-bed of volcanic energy. The scene is at the Mud Volcano or Giant's Caldron. From afar you can locate the place by the heavy volumes of steam that rise three hundred feet above the mouth of the hideous pit. Occasionally the rumbling, smothered thunder of an explosion that shakes the earth for a mile around is heard, and as you approach this mouth of Orcus, the concussions and splashing sounds of struggling mud in fiercely wild commotion shake your nerve and din your ear. Peer into the depth below, over the sickly green edge of this gaping crater, while it holds its poisonous breath for a few moments, and at the bottom you will see issuing horizontally from beneath the mountain a tide of seething mud charging against the side of the horrible abyss, ebbing and flowing and churning, backward and forward, striking and recoiling ceaselessly, groaning the while over its moribund condition and lost strength. It fascinates while it appalls. Let us be gone, and leave for more pleasing sights these theaters of nature on the stages of which the closing scenes of one of her great dramas are being acted.

To describe all the wealth and variety in scenery, all the beautiful objects of interest in Wonderland, to depict the imposing splendor of Grand Cañon, that two thousand feet deep gorge, with its richly illuminated cliffs; between which rushes the Yellowstone in mighty leaps of great waterfalls, would require the space of volumes. In that wide basin in the Rocky Mountains, inclosed on all sides by their heights, as you move from camping ground to camping ground, profuse in offerings of delicious pasturage, you pass through long stretches of fine woodland parks, by lily-speckled ponds, and by lovely lakes round which the lofty pines have congregated and wave their greetings to each other in the looking-glass below them; you cross purling streams peopled with toothsome trout; you thread your way along trails, through dense forests; and you wander on the beach of an inland sea, the largest lake in the world at the altitude of nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.



Soda Butte.

Yellowstone Park is the boudoir of



Geyserites from Fire Hole Basin.

all-in-all nature, wherein she has stored a rare, multifarious collection of curios and countless samples of her work, placed side by side, each after its own kind—the fair and foul, the simple and grand, the lovely and revolting, the colossal and the fairy form, and the terrifying and the delightful.

Coulter and Bridger have passed away, but the geysers, which they gazed upon awe-stricken, still raise aloft their columns in testimony of the truthfulness of their marvelous tales; the boiling caldrons which they had the courage to draw near to still hoarsely shout out asservations of their veracity. Where those bold pioneer trappers and Bannock Indians roamed through the pathless valleys, wagon-roads have been constructed and broad trails have been cut; where they broiled their trout or venison steak over their lonely camp-fires, hotels and lunch stations now stand, and along the route by which, perchance they silently entered Wonderland, the steam car of the Northern Pacific Railroad hurries with noise and racket. But bold and brave as they were, where even they dared not to tread, men of science have risked their lives in investigating the phenomena which gained for the region the name by which Satan's realm is known. Honor be to them, and especially to the memory of Professor Hayden through whose exertions the bill for the reservation of the Yellowstone National Park was brought before Congress.

THE DESERT

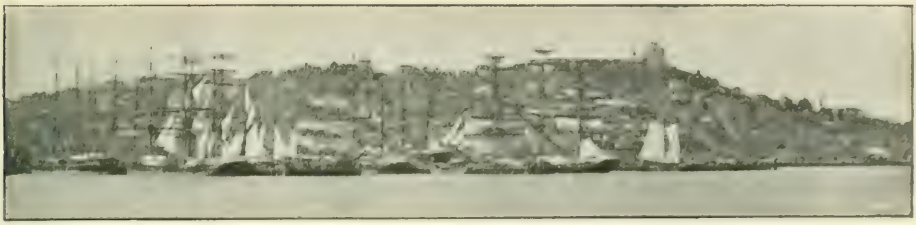
By J. W. Wood

Low bending skies from out whose glassy deeps,
No spectral cloud doth phantom shadow lend.
No cooling zephyrs yon miraged forest send—
O'er all, the parching air in pulsing billow sweeps.

Yon mocking horizon with gleaming mirrored edge,
Yon pleasing phantasy of sweetly purling streams—
'Tis but the mimicry of fevered dreams—
A beckoning shadow with death its proffered pledge.

Cicadæ notes vibrate on quivering air
With ghostly cadence o'er the glassy sands,
Yon stately yucca, grim warning signal stands
A quenchless thirst prevailing everywhere





THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.



THE first Europeans to look upon the Bay of San Francisco were Captain Portola and Father Crespi, who, in November, 1769, had been sent by Junipero Serra from San Diego to found a mission on the Bay of Monterey, but who missed the object of their search, and, continuing their march northward, reached the tongue of the peninsula. The early navigators had failed to detect from the decks of their ocean-traversing ships the narrow entrance which the jealous hills, loath to reveal it to aggressive strangers, concealed from sight—an entrance into one of the finest harbors in the world and destined to become the gateway for ships of all nations to a great metropolis. It was left to a travel-worn friar and the captain of his escort to make the discovery by land. They did not foresee, however, as they gazed—perchance from the Twin Peaks or Telegraph Hill—on the blue expanse of waters furrowed by no craft larger than an Indian's canoe, that in less than a century its shore-line would bristle with the masts of hundreds of vessels, that clouds of dark smoke from scores of steamers and tugboats would hang heavy in its superincumbent atmosphere, and great ships from all quarters of the globe would ride at anchor on its bosom.

But it was not for the servants of St. Francis, carrying his processional cross, to introduce great progress. They were content to teach their proselytes to sow cereals, plant fruit trees and garden stuff, cultivate their vines of mission grapes and tend their herds. Nor did the settlers who followed them from Mexico advance much beyond that primitive stage of development. An epoch of pastoral life marked Spanish and Mexican rule in California.

In August, 1775, a vessel, the *San Carlos*, commanded by Lieutenant Ayala, who had been sent from Monterey, sailed through what is now called the Golden Gate. This was the first vessel reported by authentic record as having cast anchor in the Bay of San Francisco. Then a military post was established on the Presidio reservation, the Mission was founded, and very soon after a few adobe buildings were erected on the shore of the Cove which formerly existed between Clark's Point and Rincon Hill. The first settlement was called Yerba Buena, the name of a fragrant wild herb that grew in abundance on the surrounding hills.

For many years these early settlers led a secluded life, their only means of communication with the outside world being the occasional arrival of a trading vessel for a cargo of hides and tallow or of a whaling ship in search of food and water. Commerce could hardly be said to exist, and stagnation waved her indolent pinions over the land, hiding in their shadows the treasures she had not the energy to discover. After California became

Mexican territory, the commerce of the port slightly increased.

A few adventurous Englishmen found their way to the distant place. In 1844, Yerba Buena contained fourteen houses and about sixty inhabitants, and began to attract the attention of enterprising Americans; in 1846, the United States sloop of war *Portsmouth* took formal possession of the town; on January 30th, 1847, its name was changed to that of San Francisco, and at the close of the same year the inhabitants numbered about eight hundred. Then Marshall's little boy picked up the yellow pebbles from the gravelly bed of the historic stream, and the discovery of gold was accomplished.

And now the fame of California's auriferous deposits was carried to all quarters of the globe. The Bay of San Francisco became the objective point of thousands of adventurers, and ships sailed in through the Golden Gate, laden with passengers and freight. It was the beginning of the era of development and progress.

When the first rush was over and commerce and trade were fairly established, the city grew apace. Sandhills were removed, the bay was encroached upon, and the Cove of Yerba Buena was filled in. Old landmarks disappeared, and the aspect of the city's site was greatly altered. It was not an inviting spot to select for an urban location, but the first settlers had no idea that a great metropolis was destined to be built upon it. Only a small area of level land lay along the beach, behind which a succession of hills covered with chaparral, sand dunes and bogs



The Bay from Nob Hill.

stretched to the valley wherein the Mission was situated.

The fact is, that the city was thrust upon it by force of circumstances, and radical changes had to be made. As it now appears with its hilltops crowned with noble residences, and its level sweep of low ground stretching from Kearny street to the water-front, and far along Market street and southward therefrom, a more beautiful or



Residence of the late Mark Hopkins.

suitable position for a metropolis, as regards picturesqueness and the requirements of commerce and traffic, could hardly be found. The San Francisco of to-day possesses in its variety of magnificent views features unsurpassed by those of any other city in the United States.

With the influx of population, and when the gold excitement had simmered down, men began to turn their attention to the agricultural and other resources of the country, and as these were developed, commerce expanded under the increasing exportations of native products, and the manufacturing industries were introduced.

But the commercial and industrial expansion received serious checks from the stock-gambling craze and the little less prejudicial excitement caused by the real-estate boom which set in when it was expected that transcontinental communication by rail with the East would give the city a tremendous progressive impetus. The prices of lots and blocks reached extravagant heights, and land in certain localities, notably in the Potrero and South San Francisco, was sold at rates that could not be realized to-day, though more than twenty years have elapsed since the fever subsided.



"Chronicle" Building.

Under the disastrous effects of the epidemics of wild speculation, many were ruined, and thousands who might otherwise have gained an independence were held fettered to a life of poverty, the wealth of the many was diverted into the hands of the few, and the capital which would otherwise have been employed in legitimate enterprises was recklessly lost for the enrichment of individuals. As late as 1880, the detriment inflicted on progress and prosperity by these excitements was felt, and business in many branches had got to its lowest ebb at the beginning of the last decade. The city, in fact, was outgrowing itself and misdirecting its resources, while the masses were becoming poorer, and to-day we are reaping the benefits of the settling-down-to-common-sense action and the attention to industrial pursuits which followed the delirium men suffered from in their hunger for sudden wealth without toil. The growth of the manufacturing industries, in number and output, the extension of commerce, the stability of the banking institutions, and the steadily rising number of business blocks and private residences, point significantly to the improved condition and more healthy tone of the community.



The Music Garden in the Park.

While these forces operated with depressed effect, without, however having any power to assail the position of San Francisco as the metrop

olis of California, she nevertheless passed through a dangerous crisis in her infancy, owing to the springing up of a rival for the distinction. As early as 1847 Benicia had been founded by Dr. Semple who figured as a lieutenant in the Bear Flag revolt, and he confidently looked forward to his new town becoming the metropolis of the West. Had it not been for his own fatuity and that of his associates his hopes might have been realized; for, after the destructive fire in San Francisco in May, 1851, a large number of prominent merchants were ready to transfer their business to Benicia, but were deterred from doing so by the exacting terms offered by the landowners. From that time San Francisco has been threatened by no serious competitor.



Odd Fellows Hall.

The stride made in the progress of the city during the last decade can only be exhibited by reference to statistics. In 1880 the value of foreign exports by sea was thirty-five million five hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars; in 1890 it had risen to forty millions one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars. The foreign imports for the same years amounted respectively to thirty-seven million two hundred and forty-one thousand and forty-six million two hundred thousand dollars. In 1880 the output of all the factories in San Francisco was seventy-seven million dollars, and in 1890 one hundred and twenty million dollars. Building operations were represented in 1890 by the erection of two thousand structures at a cost of eleven million dollars as compared with four hundred edifices, costing one million seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars in 1880.

The sums placed on deposit in savings banks are a good index to the progress being made by a community in prosperity, representing, as they do for the most part, the savings of earnings. The amount of the deposits in the banks of that class was forty-

two million six hundred and seven thousand one hundred and forty-five dollars in 1880, and about ninety million dollars in 1890.

These figures speak for themselves and proclaim the growth of the city in wealth, population and industries. Thus we find that during the last ten years the population increased over twenty-seven per centum; that one hundred and forty-six million three hundred and forty-four thousand nine hundred and sixteen dollars has been added to the assessed valuation of property; and that the number of factories has risen from eleven hundred and ninety-four, representing seventy-one different branches of manufacture, to sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, representing eighty-nine branches. This last-mentioned advance gives employment to about eleven thousand more hands than were engaged in factories in 1880, the approximate figures for that year and 1890 being respectively twenty-eight thousand and thirty-nine thousand.

So considerable a portion of her wealth is derived by San Francisco from her manufactures and other industries that it will not be out of place to enumerate a few of the principal ones.

There are no less than twenty-six different branches that, individually, have an annual output to the value of one million dollars or over, the largest of which is that of the two great sugar refineries, amounting to twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These establishments handle annually no less than three hundred and twenty-five million pounds of imported sugars. Next in order of value come the gas works, with a twelve-million dollar output, and then follow the clothing factories, with six million five hundred thousand seven hundred dollars; the iron foundries, six million five hundred thousand dollars; the sash and door



Calvary Church.



New City Hall.

factories, five million dollars; tinware, four million five hundred thousand dollars, and breweries, three million nine hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars.

As far back as 1849 Peter Donahue established a blacksmith's shop in Happy Valley, but he did not know that he was laying the foundation to an immense business, and did not foresee the evolution from that small beginning of workshops and plant capable of building great war vessels



Stanford Residence. Flood Residence.

California Street.

such as the *Charleston*, *San Francisco* and *Oregon*.

Besides the prominent industries mentioned San Francisco possesses factories that turn out almost all the commodities required by a civilized community. Furniture and musical instruments, billiard tables, carriages and wagons, harness, barrels, wooden boxes, cordage and twine, artificial stone, and dozens of other necessities are produced in this progressive city. She has her rolling mills and shipyards, her tanneries and malt-houses, her wool-scouring, provision-packing, and fruit establishments, her flour and feed mills and oil refineries, her soap and cigar factories, the last being in the hands of those interlopers, the Chinese.

In one important industry only has San Francisco been unsuccessful, and that is the manufacture of woolen goods. At this date there are not more than half the number of woolen factories in operation in the State that there were ten years ago. This decline is principally due to the cost of production, high wages and the high price of fuel, making competition with Eastern manufacturers impossible. The cost of coal in San Francisco is on an average three times higher than in the East, while the average daily wage in woolen factories was more than one-third higher.

Ship-building, on the contrary, can compete successfully with the East. The gold fever, with its attendant

demand for transportation facilities, gave a start to this industry as early as the winter of 1848–49, and in the sixties shipbuilding became common, not only on the bay and river, but also along the coast. The first ocean steamer built entirely in California is said to have been the *Del Norte*, which was launched in San Francisco December 14th, 1864. She had a one hundred and eighty-seven-foot keel, and was fitted up with eighteen staterooms. The boilers were made in San Francisco, the engine being taken from an old steamer, the *Republic*. There are now six shipyards in the city which last year turned out thirty-three vessels, the aggregate value of which was three million five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

With the increase of trade an increase of banking facilities was necessary, and since January 1st, 1880, six new commercial and two new savings banks have been incorporated, raising the total number of such establishments to twenty-three. Probably no institutions have been so practically successful in the United States as mutual loan associations; San Francisco has over forty of such incorporations, all of which seem to prosper.

Looking at the city from some elevated spot few are the points on its site which the old-timer can single out as exhibiting little alteration. Southward, westward and northward from the foot of Market street the city spreads over hills and along hollows, covering the ground for miles. Where scrub oak clothed the hillsides stately residences have been built, streets have been opened over eminences and cable cars ply up and down steep slopes whereon erstwhile



The Mission Hills from Jefferson Square.

the hunter used to pant in his search for quail and the cotton-tail rabbit.

In San Francisco the street railroad system is remarkably efficient and extensive, and the confidence with which enterprising capitalists have engaged in supplying the public with so convenient and thorough a means of personal transport in every direction is a noticeable indication of the increasing absolute requirements of the growing



The Conservatory in the Park.

community. San Francisco can proudly boast of having built and put in operation the first cable line ever invented and having almost discarded from her streets the inefficient effete horse-car. The Clay Street Company's line was the first to be put in operation. That was in 1873, and the success was so marked that other cable tracks were soon constructed, the Sutter street line being opened in 1877, and the California street line in 1878. Then followed the Presidio railroad and Geary street line in 1880, and in 1883 the Market street system was changed. Since then the development of this means of travel has been rapid. A net-work of new cable-lines is spread between the four cardinal points, all over the city north of Market street, and the work is still going on. In January, 1891, the number of cable roads was nineteen aggregating fifty-three miles of double track and giving employment to one thousand five hundred men. The gross earnings of these lines for the year previous to that date was three million five hundred thousand dollars, a sum twice as large as that earned by the street-car systems in 1880. This progressive move has aided greatly in directing population to localities which, owing to want of easy access, would long have remained but sparsely inhabited.



The Mint.

Some of these lines surmount numerous hills, the streets over which are almost unavailable to horse and wagon on account of their steepness. Horse-car tracks will soon be things of the past. The owners of the Mission street, the Second street and Battery and the Central Railroad Company's lines still stick to horse-power, and figure as illustrators of waning institutions and as non-progressive members of a progressive community.

Numerous additions have been made to the city from time to time, the Western Addition and the Mission having been great contributors to its extension, while the Point Lobos district presents an equally attractive field for still farther advance westward. This great district may be generally described as lying between Golden Gate Park and the Presidio and extending from Lone Mountain to the Ocean beach. A large portion of it has been lately graded and sewered at an expense of nearly a million dollars, and with the prospect of a cable line to be constructed through it, its position with regard to the Park, the Cliff House, and the reservation grounds of the Presidio, the three principal suburban resorts, the inducements it offers as a desirable residence locality will doubtless attract the next tidal wave of population.

Many and continuous have been the improvements carried on in the suburbs and other parts of the growing city during the last decade, prominent among which has been the building of a large portion of the seawall along North Beach. Two sections of this great work were completed in 1880, but various interruptions retarded it for several years. The city has now at least six thousand feet of the wall completed, constructed at a cost of one million three hundred thousand dollars.



Nob Hill.

In an architectural point of view the city of San Francisco will admit of much improvement in the future; and even lately in the construction of new buildings in the business part of the city some attention to taste in design may be noticed. The possibility of a severe earthquake has probably had much to do with the



Trinity Church. Synagogue. Pacific Union Club.

Union Square.



Residence of Mrs. D. D. Colton.

absence of external ornamentation on most large business structures. Strength and durability are the principal desiderata in such edifices, and one of the first recommendations that a new building can possess is that it has been constructed on the best and latest earthquake-proof plans. During the last ten years brick and stone have been used in much larger quantities than formerly, and terra cotta which was not known in 1880 is now in demand for decorative facing.

While the buildings in the business portion of San Francisco are noticeable for their plainness most of the private residences of the wealthy and well-to do people are handsome and ornamental. The houses that have been lately put up on Van Vess avenue and west of it, on California street and in other parts display in their costly exterior work the desire of their owners to avoid architectural ugliness. Following in the wake of prosperity and wealth came comfort and luxury, and while the homes of the mechanic and industrious workman are free from the disagreeableness of poverty and are provided with all necessary comforts, the mansions of the rich are replete with luxuries of every kind.

But San Francisco's growth has not been confined to the city's topographical extension and to commercial



In the Park.

and industrial development. Literature, science and art, the ready followers in the wake of the initial success of every new city soon made their appearance. Art is fostered and flourishes; literature and science have not been neglected and the press has thrived and produced writers of renown, while native born artists and sculptors have won fame in Europe and the Eastern states.

Moreover, the number of her institutions has kept pace with the increase of San Francisco's population. She has her public and private schools, her art galleries and studios, her schools of design, and lecture halls and concert rooms. She has her benevolent societies and charitable institutions, asylums for the aged, the orphan, and the blind, her hospitals for the sick and reformatory establishments for the young; she has mutual aid societies, Masonic orders and clubs of all denominations.

The metropolis of the West is growing—growing rapidly. She is progressive and prosperous. The primitive semaphore on Telegraph Hill is a bygone institution. The inhabitants of San Francisco now converse with each other though miles apart, and the telegraph conveys their messages to the most distant parts of the world. Few of modern inventions have they not utilized and few of modern improvements have they not availed themselves of in their prosperity. Who



The Children's Day at the Golden Gate Park.

could have foreseen even among the "City Builders" themselves, the vast change that San Francisco has undergone during the last four decades? And who can picture to himself the changes that will be effected in the next four? Of the old wooden houses hastily put up in the fifties few remain; where crewless sailing vessels lay idle for months during that wild delirium that attacked all who entered the Golden Gate merchant ships and steamers of thousands of tons of burden come and go laden with rich cargoes; along streets whereon the pioneer splashed through the mud, heavy freight wagons ply to and fro and the ceaseless hum of a busy population, the noise of commerce, and the rattle of carriages deafen the unaccustomed ear.

Yet much still remains to be done in San Francisco both in the way of material improvement and intellectual advancement and the speediness or slow-footedness with which she proceeds on her progressive career depends upon the enterprise, the public spirit and lofty aims of those members of the community—be they millionaires or city fathers—who have risen to wealth or power by the exceptional opportunities that have been held out to them in California.

But the external improvements of a city, its embellishment by architectural adornment, and its ability to apply to its own use modern inventions and discoveries in science made during this hot race in the march of progress, depend upon the forces which promote prosperity; and the directors of such forces are those who devote themselves to the encouragement of the manufacturing industries, to the development of the resources of the country, and to the intellectual advancement of the people. A community can have no truer benefactors than the promoters of the arts and sciences which soften off the hardness of human nature, furnish occupation, food and recreation for the mind, and elevate the intellect. In this age neglect of intellectual pursuits means retrogression, and it is in those pursuits especially that we would see San Francisco prosper and thrive; of material prosperity she is assured by the great natural resources that contribute to it; of her people's mental enjoyments and happiness they themselves will be the cultivators, reaping as they shall have sown.



Children's House in Golden Gate Park.

A GLIMPSE OF TWO PRESIDENTS.

BY WILLIAM F. CHANNING, M. D.

THE first railroad wheels were feebly stirring on the Atlantic seaboard. For twenty years, steamboats had paddled, first experimentally, then slowly, on Eastern sounds and rivers. The course of empire had crossed the Mississippi on its westward way, and had reached the great bend of the Missouri. A third of the present century had nearly passed, when General Andrew Jackson undertook a presidential tour to New England—a more formidable enterprise then than now. With him, from the straggling Capital of the country, went distinguished Cabinet officials, and the Vice-President, Martin Van Buren, the reputed power behind the throne, making an imposing array in procession, in open carriages and on horseback, through the streets of Boston.

The program of General Jackson included a reception of the people in the Senate Chamber of the Massachusetts State House. It is with this reception that we are immediately concerned. A great throng gathered, and the crush in the shadow of the dome outside became hydraulic pressure within the building, forcing the crowd slowly through narrow halls, and finally discharging them expansively and breathless into the great presence. There they were rapidly formed in single file and marched before the President, who stood on a slightly raised platform, tall and erect, in military dignity. As each one in the line approached and passed him, General Jackson bowed. The writer was there, as a small boy, caught by the crowd, and literally pressed into the pageant. As the supreme moment of approach arrived, the man next in front of him sprang out of the line with outstretched arm and said:

"General, I want to shake hands with you."

"Sir," said General Jackson, "I cannot shake hands with everybody, but I can bow to everybody," and he bowed. This was the precise utterance of the President, whose echoes have outlasted sixty years.

On the evening of the 4th of March, 1865, more than thirty years later, the writer found himself in the grand assemblage surrounding the White House, on the occasion of Lincoln's last reception. The war had practically ended, and this evening was Lincoln's greatest popular ovation. The East Room was already filled with a throng of men and women, more brilliant and distinguished than it had ever held before—a part of the vast pilgrimage drawn to Washington by the second inauguration of the President, who had freed four millions of slaves, and had given to his country a new era of national life. Only a lane was left open through the magnificent East Room for the passage of the living tide, bringing its tribute of respect to the greatest of our Presidents. The crowd without—all bearing the impress of an historic occasion—were admitted in detachments by the guards at the entrance of the White House. Within the building they were marshalled in single file, and passed in review before the President.

Lincoln stood in the East Room on a slight elevation, towering with his height of over six feet above all around him. His face, which had been called homely, was positively beautiful with a kindly smile as he shook hands with each one who approached him. His hands were gloved in white, a feeble shield from the coming pressure of many thousand

hands. As the long line advanced, it was pitiful to watch the continuous shaking of the hand of the President and hero, whom all had come to greet with reverence and affection. As the writer's turn arrived, he bowed, without offering a hand, and sought to pass on. Mr. Lincoln read the thought, held out his hand, and said: "I wish to shake hands with you." So, not only hands were grasped, but a word was spoken.

The contrast between these glimpses of two Presidents suggests something more than the incidents themselves. In the one, General Jackson refused his hand to an enthusiastic political friend. In the other, Lincoln volunteered his hand to a stranger, reluctant to claim it. What balance shall we strike between these opposite traits? In this country we disdain court etiquette, but justly value forms of fraternity. The shaking of hands often is a graceful as well as gracious act. Between friends, the taking of the hand is a favorite mode of distributing that form of radiant and inductive energy which we call Life, and know almost nothing about. But do we not carry this social ceremonial too far when we abandon it to the public, without discrimination or safeguard from rough usage? Carpenter, Lincoln's biographer, states that his hand was painfully swollen after undergoing the ordeal of hand-shaking at his reception.

The precedent established by General Jackson, so long ago, with its stiffness slightly relaxed, may perhaps satisfy democratic aspirations and lead to a solution of the question. The American people will readily adapt themselves to any simple form which expresses respect and good-will for the representative of their nationality and power.

THREE MINSTRELS.

BY ANNA M. REED.

The minstrels sing, at dawn and dark,
 And through the slumberous, golden noon,
The dove, the robin and the lark,
 Here at the threshold of the June.
At dawn the robin's matin song,
 Is first to wake the dreaming notes,
And while its changes still prolong,
 The Angelus rings clear and strong,
From out a myriad yellow throats,
 Then, as the daylight waxes dim,
The wood dove coos its vesper hymn.
 The robin at the early dawn—
The lark at noon—at dark the dove—
 Three minstrels—but the theme is love.

JIM BARKER—A TAVERN IDYL.

BY W. A. ELDERKIN, U. S. A

I

———*Jim?*

Who's *Jim*, ye say? W'y, ole 'Si Barker's son—
Lived over 'yond th' swamp, by Jones'es run:
He's dead, ole 'Si is—thirty year ago
He got t'spreein' round 'n drinkin' so
'T it knockt 'im out—'*N you nev'r heerd o' Jim?*
Wal, I'll be derned! Thought *ev'ry one* know'd him—
An', I tell *you*, folks gen'lly's ben perlite
T' Jim—'les they was spilin' f'r a fight.

II

———*Fight?*

Jim Barker *fight?* Wal, stranger, I sh'd say—
W'y fightin', t' *Jim*, wa'nt nothin' more'n play!
Ther' wasn't nary man in all *our* town
'T could bully 'm a bit, 'r back 'im down!
He'd sooner fight 'n *eat*—partic'ler when
He was 'n likker; 'n then a dozen men
Couldn't hold 'im back 'f he once got up 'is "*mad*"—
He wanted t' punch some feller's head so bad.

III

———*Tough?*

Jim Barker *tough?* Wal, I sh'd rather smile!
Th' wasn't ary chap in *forty mile*
Th't dast t' walk up fair an' tackle Jim!
'N folks know'd better 'n t' fool with him,
'R come 'round snookin' int' his affairs.
'N he wouldn't have no dog-on city *airs*
Ne'ther, nor *sass*—jes' let some man begin it,
An' Jim'd rise up 'n thrash 'im in a minit!

IV

———*Big?*

Jim Barker *big?* Wal, six foot two 'n 'is socks,
'R sumth'n like that—'n pow'rful as an ox!
Muss'ls like biler ir'n, 'n brawny chest—
Y'ought t' 'a *seen* Jim Barker at 'is best,
A strutt'n 'long 'n swagg'rin' like a Don
With 's pants 'n 'is boots, 'n a sash wi' tossles on!
Th' was them p'rhaps 't had more nolidge'n him,
But'n *fightin'* they didn't stan' no show with Jim.

V

———*Do?*

What'd Jim *do?*—Do f'r a *livin'* y'mean?
Wal'e hadn't no reg'lar trade, as ev'r I seen:
He work'd aroun' sometimes a choppin' wood,
'N'is wife she did some washin', w'en she could—
Tho' once'n awhile her strength 'd seem t'fail 'er,
'N when it came t'*that* w'y Jim 'ud whale 'er—
Jim didn't 'ntend t'act no ways unhuman,
But 'e hadn't no use f'r a lazy triflin' woman.

VI

———*When?*

When'd all this happ'n 'bout Jim? Wal, now—le's see—
It must 'a ben some time 'fore *sixty-three*,
F'r that's th' year 't they come 'n drafted 'im
Into th' Fed'ral army—poor ole Jim!
Y'see he would'nt 'nlist wen th' war broke out,
'Cos in 'is mind 'e had consid'ble doubt
'S to whether th' guv'ment's course was 'xac'ly *right*—
But 'wasn't 'ut Jim was 'tall afraid t'fight!

VII

———*'Fraid*

Jim Barker 'fraid t'*fight*? Wal—I guess not!
'N more 'n *one* man in town a thrashin' got
F'r sinuatin't Jim did'n' *dast* t'go!
Jim Barker '*fraid*? W'y'e pound'd one feller so
'T they had t'call th'village doctor in
T'straighten 'is neck 'n splinter up 'is chin!
'N that same day Jim licked a Baptis' preacher,
'N a barber, 'n a jedge, 'n a lop-eared singin' teacher.

VIII

———*Draft?*

Wal', yes—they fine'ly ketched 'im in th' draft
An' march'd 'im off t'camp—'n people laughed
T'see 'im kick, f'r 'e took it *speshul* hard
Jim did—'n they had t'put 'im under guard
F'r quite a while! He swore't 'e *wouldn't go!*
But w'en 'e saw 'bout 'leven doz'n 'r so
O' them sharp bay'nets shinin' in 'is face,
Meek as a little lam' Jim took 'is place.

IX

———*Git on?*

How'd Jim git *on*, ye say? Wal—pass'ble well
As far's I know—tho' of'en I've heerd tell
'Ut he was al'ays makin' lots o' noise
About 'is *grub*. They say't he told th' boys
'T ther' army rashuns wasn't fit t' eat—
'N he cussed th' guv'ment beans, 'n dam'd th' meat!
But *some* 'o them, 't happn'd t' know 'im, swore
'Ut Jim had never grubbed so rich b'fore.

X

———*Move?*

Oh, yes—th' rig'ment moved th' last o' May—
But Jim was too dern'd clumsy 'n big, they say,
T' march 'n the ranks 'thout duckin' down 'is head,
So they made 'im a *gen'ral!*—that was w'at 'e said
In one o' his letters home—"*Right gen'ral guide,*"
W'atever *that* is—good many tho't 'e *lied!*
F'r what 'n time 'd *he* ever know 'bout war?
'N what 'ud they 'pint Jim *Barker gen'ral* for?

XI

———*Front?*

When'd th' rig'ment git t' th' *front?* Wal—'long 'n Septemb'r
'R mebbe 'twas sooner 'n that—don't quite rememb'r—
'Twas 'bout th' time 't th' army was gittin' across
Th' Tenn'ssee river—*you* know!—*Rosecrans* was boss—
Jim *wanted* t' fight! 'N he 'lowed 't he wasn't afraid
O' th' hull reb'l army! He *knew* he c'd lick a *brigade!*
'N then, on th' left, th' *artillery* started t' firin'—
'N Jim w's took sick with a cramp—come nigh 'xpirin'!

XII

———*What then?*

Wal—Jim got better's th' firin' quit that night—
Nex' day began th' Chickamauga fight:
Lord, w'at a *muss* they did kick up all 'round!
Big bustin' shells come plowin' up th' ground,
'N cannons bang'd, 'n bullets kept a flyin',
'N right 'n left was wounded men 'n dyin'—
'Til after dark, 'n then th' boys got warnin'
T' lay down on the'r arms 'n wait t'l morning.

XIII

———*More fight'n?*

You bet y'r life! W'en Sunday mornin' came
They started in ag'in! Both sides was game,
'N both a try'n the'r best to win the fight!
Jim an' th' boys was posted to'rds th' right
F'r quite awhile—then later in th' day
They march'd 'em back a mile 'r two this way
'N put 'em in 'longside of Sher'dans men,
Not fur, they said, from th' house o' Widder Glenn.

XIV

Come *out?*

Wal, s'posed ye *know'd* how things come out that day—
Some time 'fore noon, our centre'n right giv 'way:
Th' lines got broke, 'n th' rebs come pilin' through
T'l th' didn't seem a blam'd thing left t' do
But face t' th' rear an' jes' git up 'n *git!*
'N, stranger, sum o' them rebs is crowin' yit—
Our boys was sartin', w'en the fight begun,
'T they'd come out best—but t'other fellers won.

XV

Blame?

F'r losin' the battle? Who'd I 'low's t' blame?
Wal, I don't really *know;* but's all the same
Now 'ts over. I'm dead sure it wasn't *Jim*,
Cos' *he wa'n't in it!* 'T wouldn't be like him
T' stan' up ther 'n a line, like kids at school,
'N be shot 'n killed, perhaps! Jim wa'n't no fool!
So 'e run a bay'net clear up through 'is ear,
'N cuv'r'd wi' blood went limpin' t' th' rear.

XVI

What's come o' Jim?

W'y 'is head swell'd up, 'n he got a hackin' cough,
'N th' doctors 'low'd ' his *mind* was sort o' off,
'N 't he wouldn't be no 'count f'r months t' come,
So 'e got discharged 'n started back f'r home.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Folks *thinks* a lot sometimes 't they never *mention*—
F'r nigh on thirty years he's drew a *pension!*
'N *they say:* Wal! *ther's Jim comin', sure as fat!*
Guess I'll be goin' stranger, 'ts gittin late.



AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR.

A LADY'S JOURNAL.

(*Commenced in January number.*)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

WE were now in a deplorable condition. All vessels avoided us as though the island was a pest-house; the gunboats had been ordered away and our isolation was complete.

The coming in of the U. S. S. *Galena*, with its pleasant officers, seemed to be just the stimulus we needed to break the spell the events of the past summer had woven about us, and we made a desperate effort at sociability. The officers were entertained by those on the island, and a fishing party made up for all who wished to go out into the gulf. The officers of the *Galena* gave an entertainment on board ship. It was moonlight, so bright and clear that every rope and spar was visible, and the gaily decorated steamer made an exceedingly picturesque ball room. It was an evening we looked back upon with extreme pleasure. The officers had left nothing undone, and we lingered into the small hours, rowing back in the soft, cool night, with the feeling that the cloud had lifted and this was a beginning of brighter days.

On the sixteenth of September a steamer arrived with seventy prisoners, and the news confirming the truth of the report of Sherman's characteristically modest dispatch: "Atalanta is ours and fairly won," on the second of September. Such news gave us hope that the end of the war might be near.

The first dress parade after so many weeks of quiet occasioned great excitement. All the ladies went out under the trees to show the soldiers their delight at their recovery and return to duty. On the eighteenth the *Galena* returned. Captain Wells and Doctor Wright took tea and spent the evening with us—a commonplace item to read, but to us then an event of importance.

The adjutant, Mr. Lowe, came over the morning following to ask us to join a party at Loggerhead, but we were engaged to dine on board the steamer—a greater pleasure, for it was almost like going from the island, where we had begun to feel the restraint of being prisoners in our own homes. I wondered if Captain Wells realized the pleasure he was giving us. Hardly, as he could not understand what the past four months had been to us; and as there was so little variety in the way of food, that even a Bermuda potato savored of feasting, and the very thought of cooking unlike our own, away from the inside of those sun-reflecting brick walls, was appetizing.

During the autumn, New Orleans steamers stopped occasionally at the island, and our three boats—*Non*

pareil, *Tortugas* and *Matchless*—kept us in communication with the outside world.

The nineteenth brought the steamer *Merrimac* with the news of the re-election of Lincoln, which gave great rejoicing. It brought a large mail and one hundred and thirty more prisoners. We could not but wonder what the people of the North considered the capacity of Fort Jefferson, bounded by the sea on all sides, but the new-comers were made comfortable, as it was cool weather.

The northers followed each other at short intervals. My husband went to Key West on business, and during his absence the mercury went down to fifty-four degrees, and people went about with their hands in their pockets and heads bent forward, as if they were breasting a northern snow-storm.

The gulf took on a cold, leaden color, and every one felt the benefit of the bracing change of temperature.

The New Orleans steamer now brought a few prisoners whom we took great interest in, as we understood their confinement to be a temporary affair. They were cotton brokers, and one of them especially attracted our attention. He used to sit under the trees in front of our quarters, looking so sad and dejected that one day my son approached him. He found that the man had a little boy about his age, and it led to many conversations about him and his home which enlisted all his sympathies, and I had no doubt were equally helpful to the stranger.

Very much to our satisfaction, these last prisoners were sent back to New Orleans in a few weeks. Many of them committed their misdemeanors through ignorance or unwillingness to submit to an over-bearing superior, who might have been a companion or neighbor, but who, invested with the brief authority, had not learned the art of using it wisely.

The doctor had such a nice appearing man (although they were all called boys) that I asked my house boy Ellsworth if he knew what crime the other had committed, as he was perfectly temperate and trustworthy. The reply was in the Yankee dialect peculiar to him: "Well, you see he was in the first battle of Bull Run, and when the commanding officer gave the order to retreat, he never stopped 'till he got clear to Vermont; and you see, that was a leetle too fur." I understood. Desertion in the early part of the war was treated more leniently than in those later days, and he could well be content with his punishment.

After awhile I had to change "boys" again, and Ellsworth advised my taking a friend of his named Charley. Many of them, I imagined, enlisted under fictitious names. "Charley" was a great stout fellow, weighing two hundred, who proved to be a treasure in many ways. As he was rather modest, he consequently often astonished me with some new talent in his capacity of cook and housework generally. One day I surprised him sewing, and asked him the secret of his many accomplishments.

He told me that his mother had no daughter; that they lived in the country, and she had taught him to do almost everything, and he had found it of great service while in the army. He blushed like a girl, while he admitted that he could sew very well, but he preferred to do other things.

The *Nightingale* on her return trip brought General Newton and Doctor Cormick, with the colonel of the regiment, on their way to Cedar Keys on a tour of inspection, and they invited my husband to accompany them. He had wished very much to go up the coast, and needed the change after such close confinement, so he joined the party, returning on the seventh of December, having had a delightful trip.

They brought us all the news of Sherman's march to the sea, as far as

Milledgeville, which he captured on the twenty-third of November. The excitement at the post was intense; the soldiers were wild with enthusiasm, for if the seaboard was ours, the cordon would soon be complete, and victory must be near. Nothing had given us such great courage as this news.

The first of the new year, 1865, we had a great deal of sickness in the form of chills, followed by attacks of fever. This may have been caused by having too many successive northers with rain, making it unhealthy, for the dampness was very apparent even in the houses, although at such times we kept fire on the hearth.

There had been rumors of a colored regiment being ordered to Tortugas, but no mention as a relief of the One Hundred and Tenth. We could not help being apprehensive and somewhat alarmed. From the manners of the officers, we knew they were anxious. Some surmised that it was to reinforce the guard over so many prisoners, and that the One Hundred and Tenth would not be disturbed.

My husband's labors on behalf of the prisoners during the epidemic brought pleasing recognition from Washington, making him feel that we were not forgotten even if on the jumping off place of the union.

He infused new life in both men and prisoners, inventing all kinds of devices for their occupation as so many workmen could not well be utilized. Realizing that there must be some more potent power used to rouse the men he resorted to amusement. Obtaining consent of Colonel Hamilton, he issued an order that every body that could sing a song, tell a story, dance a jig, perform tricks of any kind should report at his office the next morning. The motley forlorn, disconsolate-looking crowd that gathered the following day would have inspired an artist. They had no idea of anything pleasant for them, and were so wretched and hopeless they looked more as if they were going to an execution, than recruits as a nucleus of a theatrical performance.

The Doctor said it was most amusing to watch the expression of their faces as he began to divulge his scheme; and when they really understood that he was going to do something for their benefit, it was magical. Some who had crawled up the stairs as though they were literally on their last legs, before the conference was over had danced a hornpipe or a jig; others had shown their skill at gymnastics; songs were sung, and the talents displayed was almost an embarrassment of riches, while the crowd could scarcely be recognized as the moping, listless one that came in.

The Doctor told them they could form a minstrel troupe first, for which twenty-five cents admittance would be charged, the proceeds to be expended in better food and proper medicine. The result showed, however, that medicine would require a small part of the proceeds so great an effect had the mind upon the body. They went away talking and laughing, suggesting schemes and other men who could be brought into service, for it proved that there were men in the fort of every vocation—actors, trapeze performers and good singers, and the troupe that resulted from this small beginning was creditable for any amateur performance.

The Doctor was the manager, hearing all the rehearsals, so that everything was in good taste, and the result was a most satisfactory entertainment for everybody. One thing suggested another, and the outlook for many pleasant evenings for all the residents was inspiring. The energy and talent developed was quite overpowering, while the effect upon the health of these poor creatures was almost magical. A drop curtain was painted by the Doctor, which was a great success and very effective. It represented Loggerhead Light on the island; the lighthouse being made realistic by the

means of pin holes, showing rays of light from a candle, notwithstanding it occasionally gave the effect of a revolving light, probably caused by the unsteadiness of the support of the candle behind the curtain.

The long expected Negro Regiment arrived the afternoon of the 26th of January, 1865, and was packed away in all the available places, one company being in the casemates back of our kitchen.

The officers were fine looking men and the privates stalwart healthy negroes, more like real African than any colored people I had ever seen before; they came from Mississippi and Louisiana. They were constantly frolicking and playing games and tricks upon each other, always apparently in the best of humor and evidently very proud of being soldiers.

We occasionally had an excitement which brought home to us our isolated condition. Some of the negro troops became insubordinate; one resisting arrest was shot and wounded near our cottage. One morning I heard the call "Corporal of the Guard Post number three" shouted in loud tones and taken up rapidly by the others. The guard went in response, and upon reaching the rampart found the sentinel looking down upon a man who was apparently standing in the water in the moat. Investigation proved that he was dead. He had attempted to escape by jumping from the port, evidently hoping to reach a vessel in the harbor; but he caught his feet in the tangled weeds growing on the bottom and was drowned, and then his body floated so that his head was out of water, giving him the appearance of standing in it.

In a black silk handkerchief tied around his neck, was found a roll of bills, which must have been sent to him. It was never found out if he had accomplices; his sudden death may have frightened the others and they dared not go to his rescue even, for fear of being discovered. He was an Italian who had enlisted in our army, and, singular to relate, his release came in the following day's mail.

The tardy news that came to us was that the Spring would develop events of importance. It was in the air, yet we heard nothing tangible, and we were as forgotten and let alone, as though we had never been considered of such great consequence in the beginning of the war.

On the eighth of February a steamer came in with a mail from Key West bringing orders for the Ninety-ninth Colored Regiment to go up the coast. A norther came again, laden with icy breath caught from the snowy fields in the North. After it had subsided, a steamer came and took part of the colored troops away, the remainder going on the *Matchless*, while the *Albatross* brought thirty-six more prisoners; they arrived in less numbers as the war dragged its weary days and months along.

The coming of the boat was the incident of the day, always rousing the never-failing interest, caused by our peculiar environment, for there was constantly with us the impression that something decisive had happened; the war might have ended a week before we could know anything about it. Even a fishing-smack might have spoken a steamer and secured a paper or heard verbal news. Upon the arrival of the little steamer *Ella Morse*, on the second of March, 1865, with the news of the occupation of Charleston by our troops on February the eighteenth, the excitement culminated in a general tumult of rejoicing.

We remembered the day when the news of the first gun fired upon Fort Sumter reached our little island; how excited, indignant, and incredulous the small band of officers, who had been sent down from Boston Harbor to protect us, were; and then to fill up the gap with all the horrors of a civil war, and think of the desolate hearths over the length and breadth of the land, whose sorrows would be opened afresh by all this rejoicing that came too late to bring their loved ones

back, who had gone out in the pride of their youth and manhood to give their lives for their country, was heart-breaking in the midst of it all.

When we had guests from the various steamers we surprised and entertained them with all our theatrical stars, as we could announce a performance on very short notice. Some very good comic singers had been developed. One especially, who had served in that capacity in some small theater at the North, always proved a drawing card; and we listened to his funny songs again and again, not infrequently calling him before the tallow-candle footlights several times, when he would astonish us with something he had reserved for just such an occasion. When his time of imprisonment expired we gave him a benefit, and when his old hat, that had performed duty as part of his costume, was returned to him after some soldiers had started it through the "reserved" seats, it contained so many dollars that the comic song he gave in response was almost pathetic.

All this engendered good feeling, and the theater was a blessing in many ways. It had earned money enough to provide all the limes and sanitary food needed, that the hospital had not means or authority to provide, and the amusement had served a purpose that would satisfy a mind-cure scientist of to-day. It was an institution continued long after its real necessity had ceased to exist, for healthful amusements have their uses in prevention as well as cures.

It is hard to understand without some experience the difficulties engendered by the conditions naturally prevailing in such a place as the Dry Tortugas. The soldiers were a class of people ranging from farmers to city boys, naturally restless from the confinement and inactive life incident to a long stay in a fort. The workmen in the engineer department were negroes and white men from New York, who were not the best by any means, especially during the war, as many came to escape the draft, and were worthless, reckless men as citizens. Then came the prisoners, including all kinds of men—good, indifferent, bad, and some dangerous.

My cook told me once, when I asked him about some of the prisoners who were constantly giving trouble, that in the steamer that brought them down they were overladen, packed like emigrants, and there were some who had given trouble all the way, yet not enough to warrant putting them in irons. But he had watched them, as their actions seemed suspicious, and in the night heard them through a thin board partition planning to bore holes in the ship, so that it would sink or partly wreck it, and in the confusion they were to sieze the boats, as there were enough of them to manage the crew, and so escape. They were so reckless that they thought when near the Bahamas the chances might favor them. Some of them were murderers and the value of the lives of those on board ship, who would go down in such a case, counted nothing with them if they could only escape. But they were watched and finally suspicion was so strong against them they were imprisoned on board ship, and the other poor prisoners who had suffered mortal terror landed at Tortugas with feelings not easily described.

The influence such men would have under a long confinement, where there was not work enough to keep them from concocting mischief, on those who otherwise might have been fairly tractable, was always a dangerous element to counteract, and there was often insubordination in their manner, showing that the spark was only needed to create a disturbance not easily managed.

Kindness is a great power even with desperate men as many of those were, and my husband depended upon it mainly in his management of the prisoners. They knew he never carried a weapon of any kind and that he was not afraid of them. A visitor

once said to me in speaking of them, "I wonder you dare to stay here with nearly one thousand prisoners, so many of them desperate characters."

I replied that I had never thought of being afraid. I did not think our doors were ever locked, and even if there had been trouble I felt sure our family would have been protected, if for no other reason than my husband's kindness to them in their sickness and at all times.

There was one poor fellow who was always in trouble. He was simply mischievous in the first place, but was often used by bad men for their own misdeeds, while he bore the punishment as the principle culprit always. Now he was in the guardhouse; then out with a ball and chain, escaping in the most miraculous manner, for he was as supple and active as a monkey, and I think could no more, with his surroundings, have helped his petty thieving and other misdeeds than a monkey could refrain from his tricks.

What I am about to relate happened before my husband had medical charge of the prisoners and when he was voluntarily assisting. One day he found Harry Smith, as the prisoner called himself, in close confinement, chained to the floor. He had managed to slip through the iron bars, he was so small and agile, and had stolen articles of no value to himself, and destroyed and dropped them into the moat. As punishment they made a wheel of spokes without the tire, and put around his neck; when that was taken off he was chained to the wall. They could get no bracelets small enough to prevent his slipping his hands through them, and his tricks were monkeyish and provoking.

One day he wriggled himself through the bars. Near by, in the cool casemate, was stored a hogshead of molasses belonging to the commissary. He turned the spigot and let the fluid run, squeezing back into his cell again. When it was discovered he owned to what he had done, and how—a performance that seemed impossible. He was chained as a last resort, but was taken sick and would have died if left much longer. My husband's sympathies were aroused, and he talked with the culprit a long time before he could see any evidence of feeling except sullen stubbornness. "He didn't care; everybody was against him, and it was no use. He would not promise anything better, for he should not behave if he was released."

But after an hour the man showed a ray of human feeling, a tear came to his eyes as he was questioned about his home and mother, and finally he promised he would make one more trial.

It resulted in Harry's being taken to the hospital where he was told the condition of his release, and that as long as he behaved he was to be under the Doctor's special care. He was nursed until he was well, then he was given the care of the Doctor's office, where he was in his special service, sleeping there. For weeks a more faithful, trusty, devoted servant could not be wished for. The officers had ceased to chaff my husband about his protegé and we really thought Harry could be trusted. Unfortunately for him the Doctor was obliged to go to Key West on business two months after Harry's promotion, and having made him promise all kinds of good behavior he left him.

The other prisoners had been jealous of Harry's good treatment, and when they found his protector had gone, they formed a conspiracy for his downfall which proved too much for him; they dared him to join them in breaking into the sutter's for whisky, and of course he was caught while the others escaped. It was with real grief and disappointment that Doctor found Harry in the guardhouse on his return.

Soon after that he escaped, taking a stepladder, floating and swimming to Loggerhead where he intended to take the sailboat belonging to the lighthouse and escape; he was caught

and brought back to make another attempt later, when he with several others went to the bottom, as a gale came up so severe, that the boat they left in could not possibly have weathered it.

Among the last prisoners were some notable characters. Some of them were said to be hotel burners who had tried that as a weapon of devastation in the North, in Chicago and other places. One of them was a ferocious looking man, six feet tall, black hair, unkempt, long beard, with black eyes under very heavy eyebrows. He wore a red flannel shirt open low on his chest, showing a strong muscular figure, trousers tucked in his high boots, altogether having the appearance of a bandit; and, besides, he was wanting in a certain respect of manner that most of the prisoners observed to the ladies and officers whom they met on the walks.

Of course curiosity was aroused, and we found that report said he was the son of Sir Roger Grenfell of England. He ran away from his family, had been through all kinds of vicissitudes of fortune; had lived in the wilds of Australia and South America; been in the filibustering warfare in Central America; was brought to this country by the excitement of our war, and finally sent to Fort Jefferson for a term of several years, and the spirit of defiance stood out like porcupine quills in every look and gesture.

He violated all rules and regulations, so was naturally often in the guardhouse, which meant doing police duty during the day, going about under a sergeant. It seemed as if he took pains to be conspicuous by his disorderly looks, and the more menial his duties the more one saw of him. He carried his broom over his shoulder with as lordly an air as though he was a Viking with his battle axe. He was so belligerent that a watch had to be kept over him, fearing his influence over other and weaker men; he had money, how procured no one knew. After being there some months he escaped one dark stormy night, and as the boat was never heard from it was supposed that they all perished. He had evidently bribed a soldier, as one was missing from the post, which roused the garrison when no response followed the call "Post number one, twelve o'clock, and all is well!"

Some year or two after, Colonel Hamilton received a letter from Grenfell's wife, who had been for some time keeping a boarding school for young ladies in Paris. She had not seen him for many years, and wished to know the truth concerning his fate. The rumors concerning him were in the main correct, and it was perhaps a relief to know that his wild career was ended in no less terrible way than battling with the elements.

There was many a romance and tragedy, no doubt, imprisoned within those walls, could we have known the histories of many of the men.

During the first week of April, 1865, there were several vessels in, each with significant rumors, which kept us in a state of expectancy. The *Catawba* brought more prisoners, and on the twelfth, the *Tortugas* came in with another steamer and sixty prisoners and the news of the fall of Richmond, which we could scarcely credit. Sherman's march to the sea had been the exciting news that reached us in detached rumors, and in our excited condition, the intervening time, when we could hear nothing, was hard to fill in—certainly not always with patience.

On the twentieth of April, the steamer *Corinthian* brought news of Lee's surrender on the ninth, with his whole army. Two hundred guns were fired, and rejoicing was indulged in to the extent of our ability. There was a great celebration in Key West. One hundred guns were fired, and there was an illumination, with a procession; even the secessionists lighted their candles and hung out the stars and stripes. One prominent citizen gave the excuse that he had no flag to

unfurl, whereupon, a number of persons contributed and presented him with a Union flag, which he swung to the breeze over his store.

It was difficult to realize after the first delirium of excitement was over, that the joyful news we had looked and prayed for so fervently each day of the past four years had really come, for nothing was changed in our surroundings, while at the North news was flashing all the time; there were no long breaks to be filled in, as with us, and our simple every-day life seemed very dull and stupid when we thought of the joyful times and scenes that were being enacted in the North.

But while in the midst of our rejoicing, never dreaming of anything but continued cheering news, the *Ella Morse* came in with the flag at half-mast and the terrible announcement of the tragedy at Washington.

The officers always went down to the wharf when the boats came in, to get the mail and to hear any straggling news that might come from the main land; it was our little outside bulletin. When I saw them walking up the path so subdued and quiet, I knew something terrible must have happened to so change the joyous attitude they had worn the past few days.

Soon I heard a gun fired in quick, successive shots, and then saw officers and men scurrying towards the sally-port. I could hear angry voices and low mutterings, and anxiously awaited the Doctor's return, which was delayed some half hour, when everything seemed quiet again. Then he came and told me of the sad news, and that the disturbance was caused by some of the prisoners attempting to cheer and rejoice over the death of the President, when the sentinel fired his gun, and the men were tied up. After that there was no further trouble with them.

Half-hour guns and flags at half-mast pronounced it a day of mourning, and a weight hung over us for days; we could not, if we would, throw it off. Every joy and victory seemed dwarfed by this horrible act, and we could talk or think of little else.

(To be Continued)





Frau Lizel

An Idyl of an Alpine Farm.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

THE village of Schöna, so called because it is *schön*, beautiful, is perched upon a round hilltop on the lower slopes of the Eastern Alps, above the swift-flowing Passeier. Like all Tirolean villages, it is picturesque in the extreme. Low houses with thatched, projecting roofs cluster close about the inn, as in earlier days they nestled for protection under the castle walls.

Now, the castle stands higher up and apart from the ant-like village life, and is useful only as a showplace and object of pride. Artists like it because the yellow stain on the walls catches the sunlight on its broad surface, and warm, deep shadows linger in its nooks and angles, while behind and above it tower the mighty hills with their tips of snow.

Pedestrians with the walking fever upon them come up from the neighboring city of Meran to visit the old halls hung with armor and weapons and with trophies of the chase; and to intrude upon the silent old Hapsburgers who glare down upon them from their full-length tarnished frames and thrust out that hideous under lip of theirs, persistently, protrusively, as if to remind the frivolous, staring, modern world that it was a Tirolean princess who bequeathed to them her own famous and infamous Maultasch (Pockel-Mouth). Then the tourists, who always carry alpenstocks, as though they were doing real mountain work, cross the castle court, wind through a grassy footpath over the fields and drop a fictitious tear within the wooden Gothic Brummagem Mausoleum, so out of keeping with the stonework of nature's architecture all about, where rest the bones of Arch-duke John of Austria, who led the mountaineers against their French oppressors in the insurrection of 1800, and then came home to marry a pretty village girl of Schöna. After all this hard work of realizing the history they have never learned, the wearied tourists must needs rest and eat, and by such means the stout and beery Wirth (inn-keeper) not only turns many a pretty penny for himself, but is able to give additional benefit to his humbler neighbors, buying chickens and fresh eggs, butter and cream, wine and oil and fruit; even wood and charcoal when his own store proves insufficient.

The inn-keeper is the great man of a Tirolean village. Sometimes magistrate, always largest proprietor, representative of wealth, position and power. Occasionally he is a despot.

The Gasthaus is to a Tirolean village what the "Corners" are to a scattered New England population; place of resort and gossip where over their sour red wine and their long-stemmed pipes the worthy farmers discuss many a tangled point of national or local interest, and between whiles solace themselves with unlimited card-playing for kreutzer points.

Quite upon the edge of the village, in the depths of a muddy lane which was trodden into a slough of despond by the hoofs of the white Alpine cattle, stood a dreary, low-browed hut, from which the thatch had fallen off in patches, great crevices showed

through the weather-beaten walls, and the house-door stood always open to admit a prowling dog or a compassionate neighbor. Two rooms only it had, with a loft above, and those two rooms swarmed with children. So many of them there were—tiny, unkempt, uncared-for creatures, fed mostly on mountain air; with pretty rosy faces, soft, dark eyes, timid, like those of the Alpine fawn, and hair tumbling in wild disorder over brow and cheek. Most un-Tirolean is such want of neatness, where the cottages are scrubbed white with soap and sand, and the long sheenless hair of the women and girls is braided away from their foreheads so tightly, and twisted into such a very pugnacious knot behind, that each particular hair seems to be starting from its root in dumb protestation. The villagers shook their heads at the children in the muddy lane.

"The mother is a Wälsche," they said, for the mountain people are like the old Romans in that they designate "barbarian," all that lies outside and beyond their ken, and the weary woman who did not braid her children's hair had come, years ago, from the Italian Tirol. To the women of Schöna this explained, though it did not excuse, her shortcomings.

Only yesterday, Saturday, every house in the village had been scrubbed, the lanes and alleys no less than the highroad swept with long brooms, all signs of week-day toil put by, in preparation for the Sunday festa which Tiroleans hold punctiliously.

Only the cottage in the lane and the swarm of dark-eyed children escaped the weekly infliction.

But there was cause enough today in the dreary Häuschen.

Seppel, the father, had fallen from the hay loft in the Wirth's barn and broken his leg in two places. "Misery to be laid up like this now in the earliest spring, just as the busy days were coming and he with all that hungry brood of children to feed."

No wonder he was cross; so cross that no child of them all would stay within doors to hear him complain. On a thin mattress stretched on the bench near the stove lay one who never complained—"the Wälsche," as the Schöna women called her. For weeks she had lain there slowly dying, though no one thought it; least of all the man who had brought her from her Southern home and been a good husband to her, as husbands go. Her youngest baby wailed constantly in her arms, and the racking cough that was stealing her life away was rarely still.

The sounds fretted the strong man who lay on his own bed, helpless.

"If frau Lizel would but come!" he said again and again, but the sick woman made him no reply; she needed all her breath for coughing. The villagers were kind in their rough way, one and another coming in at times to do some kindly office. The Wirth, whose farm laborer Seppel was, sent daily a great kettle of good soup from his own abundant kitchen, to which Bas' Therese, the Wirth's sister and housekeeper, added a half-loaf whenever she could smuggle it under her apron.

Seppel tossed about in bed, and sometimes swore in his impatience; the feeble mother hushed her feebler babe and waited for the White Angel to release them both. Meantime the swarm of unkempt children scratched for themselves.

"If frau Lizel would come!" repeated Seppel; "if frau Lizel would but come!"

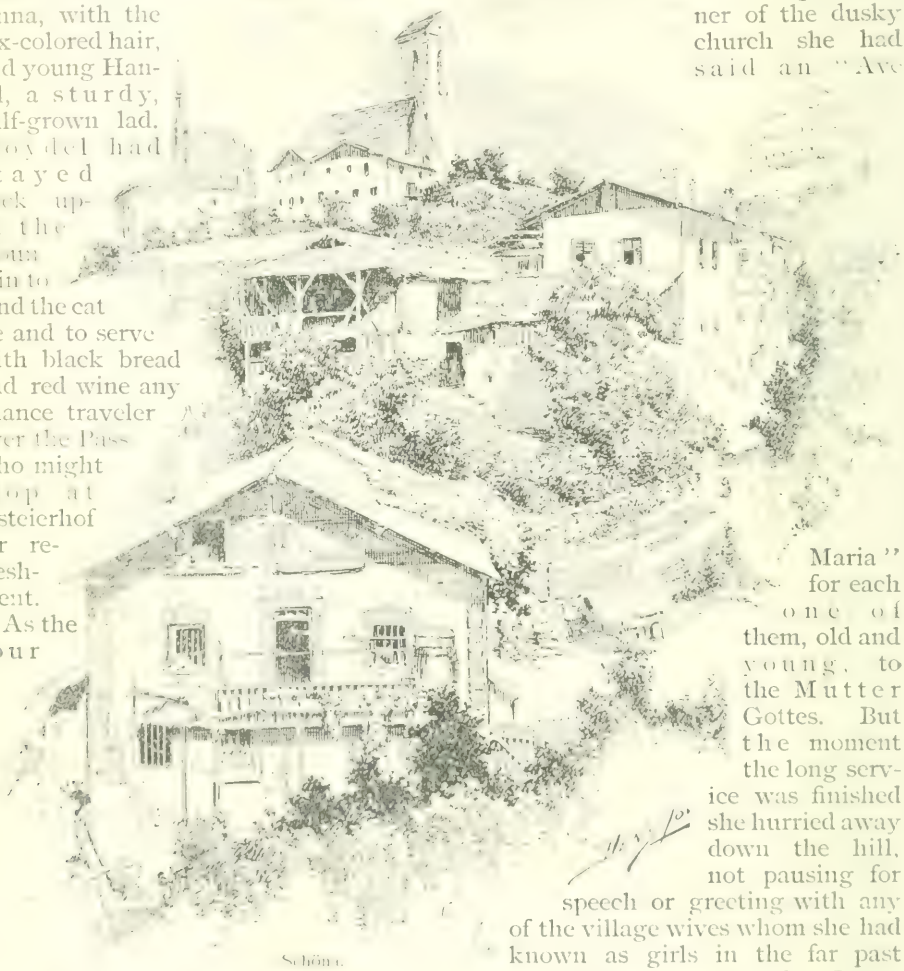
It was a cold clear Sunday in March, and from far and near over the curves and slopes of the hills came the Alpine farmers with their wives and their sons and daughters, brave in their holiday attire, the picturesque costume of the Passeier-Thal—the men with knee-breeches, homespun coats and broad felt hats that were twisted about with red or green cords and decorated with the glossy cock's plumes; the women with

heavy kirtles of homespun, bright kerchiefs crossed over the breast and wide aprons which fell almost to the ankles and spread in ample folds over the skirt.

From far up the mountain side, from the flanks of snowy Ifinger, came the family from Gsteierhof; frau Lizel, for whom her cousin Seppel was longing, and with her the vater, her gudeman for a quarter-century, and their children; Anna, with the fox-colored hair, and young Hansel, a sturdy, half-grown lad. Moydel had stayed back upon the mountain to tend the cattle and to serve with black bread and red wine any chance traveler over the Pass who might stop at Gsteierhof for refreshment.

As the four stepped rapidly along the steep ascent to the parish church, steady, industrious, pious folk, no one could have dreamed them akin to the shiftless family in the muddy lane.

Good frau Lizel bore them on her heart, but she would not turn one hair's breadth aside until mass was over, and until kneeling in her own quiet corner of the dusky church she had said an "Ave Maria" for each one of them, old and young, to the Mutter Gottes. But the moment the long service was finished she hurried away down the hill, not pausing for speech or greeting with any of the village wives whom she had known as girls in the far past days of her own youth. Down the long sunny road past the Gasthaus, and over the wooden bridge spanning the ravine. Once only she stopped for a few words with the



Schönau.

Krämerin, who danced her foster child in her arms as she made change—very small change—over the counter of her little shop.

Frau Lizel stopped in the doorway for a word or two.

"Guten tag, frau Lizel," spoke the Krämerin coming forward, "and have you brought more of your delicious sweet butter? The Englische say there is no such butter as that from Gsteierhof. And while they think it, I make them give a good price for it as well. Good butter brings a good price, nicht wahr, frau Lizel?"

Frau Lizel smiled.

"Right, right, neighbor! Something must be owing me, then. Is it not? Look! I will take it in coffee and cheese for the children of poor Seppel in the lane. It goes hard with them, nicht wahr?"

The Krämerin shrugged her shoulders.

"Seppel is a fool," she said grimly; "and the weib—what can you expect of a Wälsche?"

Frau Lizel had stepped behind the counter and was rapidly filling a basket which she reached down herself from its hook with the freedom of long acquaintance.

"She has many children," she said, expressively, but the Krämerin again shrugged her shoulders. She herself had eight and took foster babies to board besides.

Frau Lizel filled her basket and went her way without a thought of regret for the loss of her Sunday gossip with Bas' Therese, the Wirth's buxom sister, who kept the great soup-pot always going, made wonderful chicory coffee without a coffee bean in it, spun bales of snowy linen yearly and looked well, not only to the ways of her household, but to the ways of the village besides, and was equal to a society column any day.

Frau Lizel did cast one wistful glance up the road, just in time to see the vater lounging in at the wide open Gasthaus door. The vater was wont to leave most things to the discretion of his good frau, finding life and its problems made easier to him so, and now he stumbled into the stube, the Gasthaus coffee-room, and called for his viertel of red wine, as he had done every Sunday since he had been a man, and he puffed at his long-stemmed pipe in the ruminate way which he found restful after mass.

When frau Lizel stepped across the threshold of the lowly cottage, it was as though a sunbeam shone suddenly athwart the gloom and sadness. Seppel raised himself on his elbow and spoke a glad "good day." With a passing nod and smile, however, she went instantly to the sick woman's side, giving her first greeting to the Wälsche, who was not of her kin. She bent over the bed for a brief moment, then, with firm, resolute hands, she lifted the wailing infant from the mother's breast and cradled it in her own tender arms.

Within a few minutes the place was transformed. First she built up the fire and hung the Wirth's kettle of soup on the crane; then she gathered up fallen garments and hung them on various hooks against the wall; she brushed crumbs and remnants of former meals from the dingy table, spread over it a clean, coarse towel from her basket, and set out invitingly the black bread and goat-cheese she had brought from the Krämerin. The hungry brood of children gathered about her knees like chickens about the meal-pan, but she bade them wait while she fed the baby with warm milk, for which it was perishing. The tiny creature could take but a few spoonfuls, and when it fell asleep, she laid it flat upon her lap and began cutting the bread and cheese into generous wedges with the sharp curved knife she wore at her girdle.

She laughed to see how rapidly the wedges disappeared; the curved knife could not cut fast enough. Meanwhile the soup was heating for the invalids, and, laying the baby down across the foot of the mother's bed,

frau Lizel filled an earthenware bowl and brought it to Seppel with a wedge of black bread to dip into it.

"And the vater?" growled Seppel when he had drained the bowl. "Comes he not to see a neighbor and kinsman in affliction?"

"Tut! tut!" answered frau Lizel, cheerily: "Can you not leave him his festa gossip over his viertel? He, who is always a God-fearing man and a toiler on the mountain."

Perhaps Seppel felt an unspoken reproach for he looked up sidewise and said: "It's not over easy to lie here without the viertel."

But frau Lizel seemed not to hear: she was bending in tender ministration over the sick woman, feeding her with the broth she was too weak to raise to her lips.

"Thou art an angel!" murmured the Wälsche with a grateful glance from the dim eyes that had once been soft and bright.

Frau Lizel looked about at the unkempt little ones and her lips set themselves in a quick resolve.

She reached up her hand to the broad shelf over the window and took down the family comb—a cracked and battered structure of white horn. She seated herself upon a low stool and one after another took all those heads upon her knee while she combed out the tangles of weeks. She braided the unruly locks, bound them up with bits of faded ribbon or broken shoelace—whatever she could find—and looked at last with complacence upon the tight knots of hair on the numberless round heads though she remarked: "There did not seem to be so many of them when their hair was tidy." Then she sent them all out to the pump with a cake of yellow soap and a handful of coarse towels to scrub their rosy cheeks to the shining point.

Seppel watched the entire process.

"There are so many of them," he said at last rather wearily.

Frau Lizel turned her back upon him in disdain and lifted to her lap a tiny laughing maiden whom she had purposely left until the last. Wee Lizel, her namesake and god-child, who cuddled down in the motherly arms and laughed up into the sunny face and made her own place in her Göttel's heart.

Frau Lizel washed her and brushed her and fed her with the few drops of strong broth left in her mother's bowl and kissed her at last with a resounding peasant smack.

Just then the vater clattered in on his heavy hob-nailed boots and seated himself at Seppel's side but Seppel had no chance of a gossip, for many villagers and farmer-folk were blocking the low doorway. They were looking conscience-stricken and ashamed; they had not dreamed of such genuine misery in Seppel's hut.

"Something must be done!" said the vater slowly with a glance toward his frau who was sitting near the sick woman's bed with Lizel still cuddled in her arms.

She nodded her head briskly.

Tirolean-folk are taciturn; mountain dwellers rarely waste their words. No one spoke for a moment, then frau Lizel said:

"Seppel must go to the hospital at Meran; a woman must be found to tend the Wälsche and her babe. Then neighbors one and all," and a flash of her eyes seemed to light upon them constrainingly, "among you the children must be taken home—perhaps to stay always—"

Everyone looked toward the bed where there was a feeble flutter of the thin hands upon the coverlet but no one spoke; least of all Seppel, who looked surprised and awed.

"As for Lizel, we will take her ourselves, vater," said frau Lizel. The vater bowed his head and sucked his pipe-stem reflectively.

"She is right!" he said at last with a proud glance at his neighbors, the farmer-folk.

"My Lizel is always right! A rare brain has meine frau!" So it was arranged. Slowly, stolidly but not unkindly one and another stepped for-

ward and picked out a child until all the hungry, helpless brood was provided for.

They felt that it would be for always as frau Lizel had hinted; for the Wälsche—well—and Seppel had always been an improvident fellow. frau Lizel tossed over the bits and scraps of clothing, selecting them into bundles which the farmers tied up in their huge red cotton handkerchiefs and slung good-naturedly over their shoulders on the tips of their stout walking-sticks. One little mouth after another was pressed to the mother's cheek in farewell before the childish feet crossed the threshold for the last time.

Seppel was laid upon a rude litter and covered with the flowered counterpane from his bed. His face worked queerly as he too bent for one moment over his wife.

"Perhaps I've not not been good to her," he whispered brokenly; but she looked up at him with a tender smile and after that who could dare reproach him?

Four stalwart bäueren (farmers) took the litter upon their shoulders and strode down the highroad with it to the hospital at Meran and before night silence and order reigned in the dreary cottage. Frau Lizel went down upon her hands and knees and scrubbed the floor with a new brush from the Krämerin's and such hearty good-will that it could not help shining with cleanly whiteness. Then the scrubbing brush and the good will were applied to the walls, to the benches and stools, to the shelf which was black with neglect and lastly to the table where crumbs from the children's black bread were still scattered.

With the good-will softened to tenderness she now washed and dressed the baby, made the sick woman's bed afresh and again gave them food. Her task was all but finished and the afternoon's sun was already sinking below the giant hills above the village.

The woman who was to stay for the night arrived, frau Lizel gave her a few whispered directions, wrapped a warm shawl over little Lizel's head and shoulders, and held her up in her arms to kiss her mother good-bye. The child was gleeful enough, and the mother's sad eyes followed her wistfully as Anna and Hansel led her away. The Wälsche laid her wasted fingers upon frau Lizel's warm palm, and raised her eyes to her face.

"Thou art good; thou art an angel!" she murmured faintly; "but I am going. I shall never see my man. I shall never see my kinder again."

Frau Lizel only bent her snowy head and repeated a Vater Unser. It was not for her to deceive a passing soul.

Tiny Lizel ran merrily down the stony footpath toward Meran, with her small hand in Anna's broad, firm clasp. The vater and Hansel followed more slowly, glancing back up the path now and then, somewhat impatiently, for the coming of frau Lizel.

The early twilight of the Alps was gathering over the gray hills, from which the afterglow had already faded and a thick belt of dense pine forest lay between them and home.

"She comes at last, the mutter," said Hansel as frau Lizel's straight spare figure appeared upon the upper path outlined against the somber sky. They waited for her to join them, but no word of greeting passed among the three; that is not the peasant way.

With Anna and the child just before them, they jogged on contentedly enough, now that they were all together, walking with a long swinging stride characteristic of the mountaineer; with a certain sway of the hip and bend of the knee, impossible to describe and difficult to imitate; unhasting, unresting, but covering a goodly space with every step. It was a full hour's walk down the mountain before they reached the turn above Vernaun, and night was falling rapidly.

At a point in the path only discernible to those skilled in forest lore

they turned aside, doubling back upon the way they had come, but mounting constantly, zigzag fashion. The vater took the lead, and all followed him in single file, Lizel walking between Anna and Hansel. But the little one grew weary and breathless with the steep climb. She stumbled frequently and once she fell over a trunk stretched across the path.

"She is too little!" said frau Lizel compassionately.

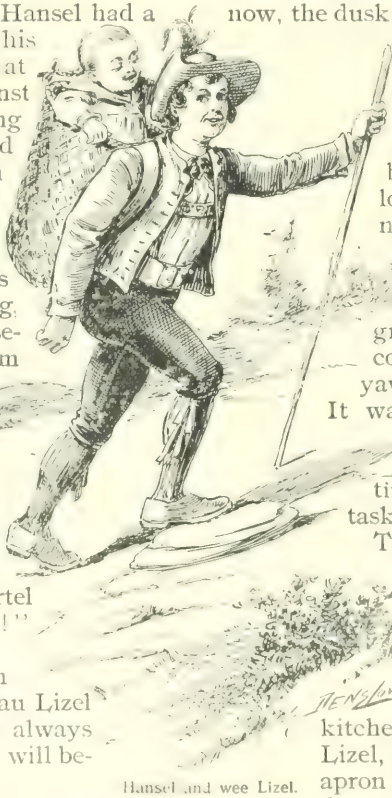
Now, sturdy young Hansel had a kraksen bound upon his back; a basket flat at one side to rest against the shoulders and slung over the arms by broad leathern straps. In these baskets, the Alpine folk carry hay and fodder for their cattle, pine cones and brushwood for firing, and any burden of household gear brought from the village.

"I might take her on my back," suggested the lad.

The vater chuckled grimly.

"My Hansel's viertel has opened his wits!" he said.

"He is not so dumm as he looks," said Frau Lizel resentfully. "I have always said it; some day you will believe."



Hansel and wee Lizel.

Anna was taking the bundles of coffee and sugar and calico from the Kraksen, and the child was stretching wide her sleepy eyes and wondering what they were going to do, when suddenly the vater lifted her lightly and deposited her in the bottom of the kraksen on Hansel's broad back. The child laughed, and the laugh went straight to Hansel's heart.

"I will take care of her always!" he said to himself.

He laughed, too, and then followed the vater up and up and up the steep, stony path, sure-footed and swift as the chamois of the Alps.

Lizel went fast asleep, and knew no more until the vater lifted her out of the basket and set her down in the house-place of Gsteierhof. Such a shining house-place as it was—shining with simple cleanliness and the whiteness of resinous pine wood.

But the evening shadows filled it now, the dusk of the great hills encircled the humble farmstead, snowsloped Ifinger held it safe in his fastnesses.

Moydel had long ago bedded the cattle and locked the stalls for the night. Now she emerged from a warm corner behind the stove and greeted the homecomers with a sleepy yawn.

It was nine o'clock, a full hour after their accustomed bedtime and their evening tasks yet waited.

The vater wound the eight-day clock, Hansel brought an armful of wood, Anna lighted a fire in the smoke-blackened kitchen hard by and frau Lizel, with an ample house apron tied over her holiday dress, began to prepare the evening meal.

From a huge cherry-wood chest she took an enormous loaf of black bread, baked so many weeks before—for the peasants bake only four times in the year—that it is almost as hard as the brown rocks it resembled. But frau Lizel put it into a wooden tray and cut it into bits with a sharp chopping knife, tossed it into a kettle of boiling milk into which she broke a couple of

eggs and then sifted slowly from one hand a portion of yellow corn meal while she stirred the whole with a long wooden spatula. When ready she set the kettle itself upon the snowy pine table, around which the family was already hungrily gathered.

Each took a wooden spoon from the table drawer and held it patiently in hand while the vater spoke a long, solemn grace.

Frau Lizel dipped out a portion into an earthenware bowl for the child, placing it on the low bench by the stove, whereupon Lizel crouched down on the floor and fell to with abundant appetite.

At the table, however, peasant etiquette was rigidly observed, because they of Gsteier are mannerly folk.

Frau Lizel took the first spoonful, the vater the second; then the younglings all together; and after that it was dip, dip, dip, silently, swiftly, until five cave-like excavations had been dug out under the spoons. Dip, dip again until only thinnest barriers divided each spoon's portion, and now the walls are down—the pulpy mass is rapidly disappearing—the spoons begin to collide—there is left only a small heap in the centre of the dish. In profound and unquestioning respect the younger spoons withdrew. Frau Lizel dipped once more, then with the gravity of acknowledged superiority the vater thrust in his patriarchal spoon and solemnly devoured the final mouthful.

Anna carried away the kettle and washed the spoons, frau Lizel strained the milk which Moydel had brought in from the stalls, the vater smoked his evening pipe and Hansel in the snug corner behind the stove played softly on his flute.

Lizel curled down on the bench beside him, laid her head on his rough fustian sleeve and watched them all with her bright dark eyes in which was no wistfulness of home-longing.

Her young heart was content.

When the homely tasks were finished the family gathered for evening prayer. In the corner over the table, screwed against the wall, was a great wooden crucifix, ghastly and realistic, with the agonized face, the crown of cruel thorns and the dripping blood from brow and palms and crossed feet—such as one sees in every home and Gasthaus and at every cross-road in Tyrol.

Below and about the crucifix hung cheap high-colored picture prints and cards of the Madonna and child, the apostles and the saints. This corner formed the Holy of Holies in the farmstead of Gsteier. Taking his rosary from its hook below the crucifix the vater knelt reverently and waited until each was in his place. Frau Lizel always hung her rosary on the window casement above her pans of milk.

"The holy Rosencranz will hold the milk from turning," she answered once when the boy Hansel had asked her why.

Hansel slipped to his knees, drawing his beads from his pocket but still holding his flute in his hand and ever and anon pressing down a furtive key, but Lizel went over to Anna, who beckoned her, and knelt between the sisters at a bench which they drew out into the middle of the floor.

Then began a rapid telling of beads in a high, monotonous sing-song, the shorter petitions interspersed with frequent Ave Marias and Vater Unsers. Lizel's shrill childish voice rang out loudly in parrot-like repetitions and responses.

With a complete change of voice, a lowering of tone, the vater led the Litany, to which the response rang out at intervals:

"Bitt für uns! Bitt für uns!"

To the Litany succeeded further Ave Marias and Vater Unsers, family prayer lasting fully twenty minutes. It was late, the room was overheated—peasant fashion—the sing-song was soothing, and when the devotees rose from their knees the child Lizel was discovered lying across the bench fast asleep, suspended as from a hook, her

head hanging low on one side while her clumsy hob-nailed shoes balanced her weight on the other.

Not untenderly Anna awakened her and helped her to slip off the heavy shoes and the long-skirted homespun gown made in exact imitation of her elders.

Frau Lizel made a bed for her on the wooden frame atop the stove and tucked her in under heavy quilts and a mountainous plumeau filled with downy feathers from her own pet geese.

Lizel cuddled down in her warm nest with a low laugh of content when frau Lizel assured her that she should be near by, just in the next room. The bed over the stove was deliciously warm. Frau Lizel's churn and the vater's old green, week-day hat stood upon the broad bed-frame and cast strange, distorted shadows upon the low, wooden ceiling, but the vater's stertorous snore sounded cheerfully from the inner room and the child was not afraid. She clasped her hands in the attitude of supplication as she had been taught to do, murmured a "Bitt für uns," and fell asleep.

The white snow lay deep and pure on the steep slopes of Ifinger, his giant crest reared itself undauntedly to the star-lit sky, his lowest outstretching flank held safely—as by the hand of a friend—the lowly farmstead of Gsteier.

Lizel was only seven and in her new, happy life on the Alpine farm she soon forgot the dreary cottage in the muddy lane at Sohöna, which had been her home. Only the faintest recollections remained to her of the sick woman with the racking cough whom she had called mutter; of the baby that had wailed continuously; of the father who had rarely noticed her among the many, even of the host of brothers and sisters in the midst of whom she had always been hungry and neglected.

Her red letter days had ever been those upon which her göttel, the good frau Lizel had come to her and lifted her upon her knees, given her caraway seed cakes from her capacious pocket and bade her be a good child and study her catechism.

To be frau Lizel's own little maid and live with her altogether was like a fairy tale come true and the happy child throve like an Alpine rose.

She was up betimes every morning long before the sun rose above snowy Ifinger. Kind Anna helped her to fasten, over her chemisette of linen, the heavy kirtle which fell in straight folds from shoulder to ankle, then led the child to the watering trough, to which the mountain kine came to drink, made her lave her face and hands in the ice-green glacier water as it ran straight down from Ifinger, and polished her off with a coarse crash towel of frau Lizel's own weaving.

Then came the question—a choice of delights.

Should she go with Moydel to her special domain, the stalls, and help cut the pressed hay and mix a warm mash for the cows; sit by her while she milked Crinkle and Wrinkle and the Moo-Moo; follow her to the house with the brimming milk pails and return once more to the stalls while Moydel swept them clean, and watch her curry the one horse and yoke the white patient-eyed oxen for their day's work?

Or, should she patter about the kitchen with Anna, getting breakfast, grinding chicory, and brown beans together to make coffee? Or hover near frau Lizel whose first duty was to skim the milk from over night with an eye to the fresh, sweet butter for which Gsteierhof was famous?

Lizel ran back and forth between house and stables lingering longest in the latter because she loved the sweet breath of the kine better than the odor of cookery; clattering to and fro on her small, noisy shoes in an ecstacy of indecision until Hansel appeared, caught up his heavy axe, which he wielded as though it were a plaything, and began chopping the

logs of white pine which lay piled in a ready heap along the house front.

Big, awkward Hansel, with his merry blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, his broad shoulders and strong hands, his cheery smile and piercing, bird-like whistle; Hansel who had borne her up the rugged mountain side in a kraksen on his back; yes, she liked to stay by Hansel best of all, to rub her round cheek against his sleeve and to pick up the splinters and chips as they flew from under the keen axe-blade head.

Life was one long dream of delight to the child, her simple tasks were play. Plenty to eat of coarse mountain fare, plenty to drink of rich, creamy milk; always to run and frisk and climb, like a goat over the great, bare granite rocks, or the bit of vivid green sward beside the Hof. Always to breathe the life-giving air of Ifinger, to watch the cloud tempest gather upon his flanks, the lightning quiver and fork in his ravines, the gentle rain vailing his slopes mistily, the white sunlight glittering on cliff and crest and high blue-cleaving peaks.

It was play to scamper after the vater and Hansel, as they drew the felled pine trees down the slope behind the creamy oxen; to follow the plow along the newly turned furrows, and scatter the seed with her own small hands from the heap with which Hansel filled her apron. It was play to be with Moydel in the stalls where all day long she fed and tended the cows. The child made friends with them all and a pet of each young bleating calf.

It was play to help Anna in the house, making the billowy beds, sweeping the wooden floors and washing Hansel's wooden spoon.

She learned to skim the milk, to wind frau Lizel's stocking-yarn, and to fill the vater's evening pipe.

Saturday morning was churning day in order that Frau Lizel might carry the sweet, fresh rolls of butter to Schöna on Sunday and sell them to her friend the Krämerin after mass; but regularly Saturday afternoons frau Lizel brought out her scrubbing brushes, her cake of yellow soap and bowl of sand to scour the house place. Walls and ceiling and floor; clock shelf and benches and three-legged stools; last of all the table—but there was a household joke about that table.

"I made that table myself," the vater used to say—indeed he said it every Saturday night at supper, immediately after grace.

"I made it myself when Lizel promised to be my braut. I made the table top *so* thick," measuring with his hands, "so thick! But Lizel has scrubbed it down a good half; Lizel has the elbow for scrubbing. And, oh, the sand she has wasted, nicht wahr, weib?"

That was the point of the ponderous joke—that wasted sand swept down on the free winds from Ifinger.

It was Lizel's delight to scrub that corner of the shelf where stood the eight-day clock, a lantern of perforated tin, a prayer book and one ancient leather-bound volume which told a little, both geographically and historically, about all the countries of the earth.

This volume was the vater's resource on rainy days when plowing and sowing were perforce interrupted. After all the odds and ends about the house had been hammered into repair, and the decrepit family shoes all duly cobbled; he would reach it down from the shelf with a certain gusto, open it flat on the table, take his seat in the corner under the crucifix, place his huge horned spectacles astride his nose, turn the broad leaves slowly and proceed to read edifying bits aloud, regardless whether he had an auditor or no.

At such times Lizel would creep into his lap to look at the woodcuts, as the broad leaves slowly settled into place under the vater's heavy thumb; scarcely noticing the child though he liked to have her there, he read on and on pausing only to comment in tranquil disbelief.

"They say the earth turns round," he said once confidingly to the child upon his knee. "But I believe it not; there are things I can never believe."

The child opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"The earth turns round!" she cried: "How terrible! Why don't we all fall off? Oh, I hope it will never turn over again."

"Et ist gar nit wahr!" called out Hansel indignantly from his cosy corner behind the stove. "It is not true! You need not be afraid, Kleine."

"The book says so!" pursued the vater.

Hansel put down his flute and made a long speech for him.

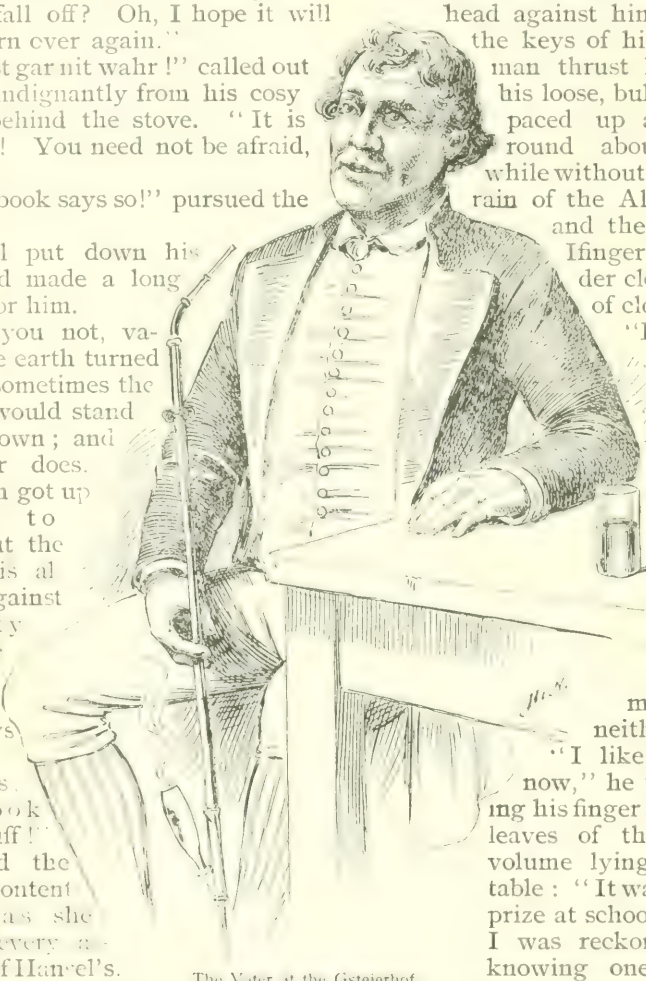
"See you not, vater, if the earth turned round, sometimes the Ifinger would stand upside down; and it never does. I've even got up o-nights to look, but the Spitz is always against the sky just the same.

"The book says stuff."

"Yes, the book says stuff!" echoed the child contentedly, as she echoed every assertion of Hansel's.

"The schoolmistress at Schöna used to say it!" interposed Moydel who had come in from the stalls to drink her four-o'clock cup of kaffee.

Anna tossed her head. She was sewing her new kirtle, hoping to finish it in time for the dance in the Gasthaus kitchen next festa night.



The Vater at the Gsteierhof

"I mind she did not half believe it herself!" she said: "Besides, she did not know much; she was only a bauer mädchen who had been to school in Meran."

The vater put Lizel down, and while she crept over to Hansel on the bench behind the stove, leaned her head against him and fingered the keys of his flute, the old man thrust his hands into his loose, bulgy pockets and paced up and down and round about the stube, while without, the fine, steely rain of the Alps fell drearily and the snowy crest of Ifinger was hidden under close, dun masses of cloud.

"Kinder!" spoke the vater impressively: "As ye go through the world there's a-many people as will tell you a-many things. It is better ye believe them not — they're mostly not true— neither the books. "I like that old book now," he went on, pointing his finger at the fluttering leaves of the wide spread volume lying open on the table: "It was given me as a prize at school; yes, kinder, I was reckoned one of the knowing ones. When we was married—Lizel and I— we laid it on that shelf, and there it has lain for five and twenty years steady, except for rainy days. I like it, yes, but kinder, do you think I believe it? Ah, no, I'm not so närrish. The book says lies; the earth stays still, else we'd all be in China this very minute."

He paced his round once more.

"Kinder, put not your trust in princes—also not in books—also not too much, in folks."

Moydel had been waiting respectfully by the outer door, but now, seizing her opportunity, she opened it softly and sped away to her work in the stalls.

Anna grinned slyly at Hansel, who was shuffling his feet about and longing for his flute.

When the vater got as far as the "Princes," all knew that his exhortation was virtually finished.

He returned to his place at table, re-adjusted his spectacles and pored over the book again until twilight fell; the short, sudden twilight of the Alps.

All the afternoon frau Lizel had been sitting at her spinning and I can see the dear old body now just as I have seen her many a day. Tall and straight and spare, with a bright kerchief crossed over her breast, bands of snowy hair brushed smoothly back under a red cotton handkerchief, folded shawl-wise over her head. A look of peaceful serenity on her face, a twinkle of mischief in the blue eyes, which, nevertheless still held the bride-love in them when they rested on the vater. The edge of her kirtle was lifted away from the foot in its broad list slipper, which worked the treadle, while the busy hands drew deftly out into long, coarse threads the clumps of black wool, which lay in a wooden trough at her feet.

Ever and anon her lips would part in some burst of song to which the whirr-whirr of the wheel formed musical accompaniment. They were the folk songs of Tyrol; love ditties she had learned in her youth or an occasional hunter's song with the wild jôdel echoes or even a drinking song with its merry chorus.

A sweet voice, albeit worn and cracked, and breaking wildly now and then, like some long unused instrument, which was yet too rare and fine ever to be discordant.

Her songs were Lizel's delight; her stories no less, for her memory was a storehouse of folk lore, not learned from books, but from her own gleanings; that simple mountain life spent between the lonely farm and the tiny village of Schöna which to frau Lizel represented the great world.

Sundays the family rose earlier in order to clear away their morning tasks in good season, don their festa dress and wind their long toilsome way over the hills to Schöna. For after mass, the vater would sip his viertel and learn in the smoky gasthaus stube if any new thing had happened to Austria since the week before. Frau Lizel did not fash herself about Austria. That was Franz Joseph's lookout, but she liked to measure her tale of spinning with Bas' Therese and to hear the Krämerin tell how the gentlefolk praised her butter and cheese.

Lizel was too young to toil over the mountain though I doubt not Hansel would willingly have carried her in a kraksen on his back every Sunday of her life.

But she gladly stayed at the farm and was as happy as a house cricket, either with Moydel who tended the kine, or with Anna, who, each alternate Sunday, tended them in her sister's stead.

When the child had been at the farm a month or two, Seppel, her father, released from the Meran hospital, climbed up the Ifinger to Gsteierhof, ostensibly to visit his little daughter, but he noticed the child not much more than he had been wont to do at home, where she had only been one among many; he talked constantly with his kinswoman, the frau Lizel, who shook her head at his grumblings and glanced now and then wistfully at the child.

"If I had had luck," said Seppel again and again: "If I could have had a farm like the vater. Ah, you did a good thing for yourself, Lizel, when you passed your poor cousin by for a hof-bauer."

The color mantled into the faded cheek.

"I loved him!" cried frau Lizel; "I would have married him without a kreutzer; and for you—you know well I never even looked at you."

"Well, well," said the man, half afraid of the storm he had raised: "It is long passed over; you need not be angry now, Lizel."

Thump, thump, went frau Lizel's foot on the treadle and whiz, whiz, whirr, went the spinning-wheel; but after a moment frau Lizel said quietly: "You have to think of your children, Seppel."

"Humph!" answered Seppel; and soon after he went slouching down the mountain:

"Without bringing the child even so much as a cotton kerchief," commented Anna indignantly.

The sick mother and the wailing babe were sleeping in one grave in the churchyard of Schöna; the brood of little ones housed and cared for in widely scattered homes; Seppel was free.

A few weeks later he led a bride home to the cottage in the lane and as the years went by another brood of children played about the doorway, driving out all recollection, apparently, of the first wife and her little ones.

Frau Lizel shook her gray head in scornful dismay and for a time forgot to sing over her spinning; the vater paced the floor, rubbing his hand over his scanty locks and muttering to himself:

"Put not your trust in princes!"

It seemed to explain things to him and to comfort him after the mysterious manner of texts, fitting or otherwise.

Thus Lizel stayed on always at the farm and grew to be the light and sunshine of the house. A merry, warm-hearted, contented creature who would never let farm toil or a dull routine weigh heavily upon her spirits. With the passing of the years Moydel went away to another home, hand in hand with a handsome young woodsman who lost his heart to the stall maid while hauling wood down Ifinger one long, cold, winter.

When Moydel was gone Lizel said; "I will be stall-madchen. I know the kine and their needs. Have I not watched Moydel all these years and helped her at times? Let me but try, vater, and you will see how they thrive, my pretty cows!"

Anna would not leave home though tempted sorely once when a well-to-do farmer from beyond Schöna pleaded bravely, standing up tall and handsome before her and accenting his arguments with sharp flicks in the air of his stout ox-whip.

"Nein, nein," she answered firmly. "The vater and the mutter are growing old; Moydel is gone; Hansel goes this summer to serve his three years in the military. There would be no one at home but the child Lizel. Nein, nein, I will not go!"

"But when the three years are passed, when Hansel comes home, when the child shall be grown?" pleaded the farmer.

Anna blushed until her face and throat rivaled in color the bright aureole of her hair.

"In three years you will forget me thrice!" she said, but let her hand lie in his and when he went away the kiss of their betrothal burned warm upon her cheek.

Lizel was growing up a beauty, though beauty counts for little on thrifty Alpine farms. Round and plump and fair, with dark eyes sparkling with mischief, and the touch of coquetry that drove Hansel wild; milk-white throat and cheeks like an Alpine rose, and a step on the hills that was light and swift as that of a mountain goat.

Hansel was heavy-browed and dull; dumm, as the Tyroleans say, and she teased him.

"Thou wilt stay always at home, Lizel, when I am gone?" he asked often and anxiously. "Thou wilt

stay tranquilly by the old people and tend the kine—and wait for me?"

She glanced up at him slyly from under her fine straight brows. "Three years—it is a long time!" she said, but at his look of delight she added quickly:

"A long time to be tranquil and to stay ever at home."

"Yes, liebchen, and if long for thee what must they be to me?

But I return to thee once each year for a little. Willst see me gladly then, kleine?"

"Perhaps," she answered carelessly as she tossed a bundle of hay into Crinkle's crib.

"And thou wilt stay ever at home?"

His persistency wearied her.

"Never go to Schöna—not even to mass?" she asked innocently.

"To mass, of course!" he assented reluctantly, "Since that must be; but I like it not that they stare at thee, all the farmer lads."

"I like it, rather!" Lizel said teasingly.

"I know!" He answered her so humbly and sadly that her heart softened.

"To the mass, of course; I should love thee less wert thou not a pious madchen, like the mutter. Often thou art to me as even as the mutter, Lizel."

She knew just how he meant it and it touched her—but she was perverse. "Oh," she cried, "So in thine eyes I am wrinkled and white-haired and old. Thank 'ee! The farmer lads do not tell me that!"

He looked at her imploringly. Thus she had teased him always.

"Bas' Therese says I may be kellnerin (waitress), at the Gasthaus if I will, and the Wirth says that Lizchen's bright eyes and saucy ways will bring many a kreutzer to his till."

Hansel looked at her sorrowfully.

"Promise me not, herzchen! Promise me not before I go."

He was to go that day and her true little heart yearned over him; but still she coquetted. Sweeping him a low courtesy so that the folds of her kirtle brushed the floor she said with mock humility;

"I promise you not."

He caught at her hand to kiss it but she pulled it away.

"I shall go to the festa dances!" she said with a little air of defiance. "One must have something in life besides mass on a Sunday and stall work all the week."

"Oh, Lizel!" he cried, dismayed. "No betrothed maiden goes to the wirth-haus dances except with her lover. Wait till I come back from the military and I will take thee myself."

"Three years!" she exclaimed. "And it is now that I am young."

He looked at her gravely.

"I know thou wilt not, but thou art a sorry tease and readier of tongue than I."

Something in his tone touched her. After all, this pleading lover was her Hansel, who had borne her to his mountain home in a kraksen on his back, and for whom, since that day, she had been the only madchen in the world.

She stepped to his side, drew his awkward arm around her neck and leaned her head against him—that pretty, sleek head of hers, with the smoothly braided hair.

"Lieber Hansel!" she said gently. "Fear not! I will do all that thou hast said. I will honor the vater and love the mutter. I could not do otherwise. I will bide at home and tend thy beautiful white kine. I will be thy faithful liebchen until—"

"Until I serve my time, and then thou will be my little wife, nicht wahr, herzchen?"

Love has its own way the world over, and Hansel's awkwardness fell away and was forgotten as he clasped Lizel in his arms. A moment later she freed herself from him with a low laugh.

"Thou makest that I say it all, oh, thou dummkoph Hansel!"

Toward evening, Hansel donned his new uniform and strutted about the



Coming from Work

room holding himself erect, as no one dreamed slouching Hansel could. Frau Lizel regarded him proudly with tears in her dimmed eyes and a quivery smile on her lips, while the vater turned him round about, fingered the smooth stuff of his coat and strutted a little bit himself; but when the moment came to say good-bye, he cleared his throat once or twice, slung the knapsack over his son's shoulder, raised his hand as if in blessing, and said huskily:

"My son, put not your trust in princes!"

To the mountain farmer, used to the steadfast silence of the hills, his one text served for all expressions of deep feeling.

Anna ran away to the stalls with her kerchief pulled over her eyes, but Lizel walked hand in hand with Hansel to the brow of the cliff, that in the moment of their parting they might be alone together.

She could not tease or repulse him then, with the separation of a twelvemonth before them. She let him have it all his own way, and when at last he tore himself away and went crashing half-blindly down the mountain side, she was dizzy with his kisses and her own fast-flowing tears.

Long she watched there where he had left her; watched while a hope remained of catching one more glimpse through the trees of his silver-braided cap and listening for the far-echoing jödel of his promised farewell.

Far into the evening she sat crouching on the edge of the cliff, while the weird shadows lengthened under the slender pines and night lowered over Ifinger.

Yet a little and the evening lights began to peep out and glimmer one by one and then by twenties in the town below—beautiful Meran, where Hansel was to join his company and sleep that night.

Yet a little, until as if in responsive greeting to the twinkling lights below, the fair stars came out first one by one, and then in twenties, and then by myriads in the deep, calm blue of the sky.

Lizel was comforted.

"The stars will watch above us both!" she thought.

The three years went slowly by, as years do go, when they are filled by an unvarying round of daily toil from springtime until harvest, and from harvest until springtime again.

The summer days were long and farm work laborious, Hansel's stalwart strength being sorely missed.

Lizel's merry face was often grave, but the creamy cattle never lacked the thought which should go with their tending.

Sometimes the entire family went out into the fields together, carrying their bit of midday lunch and locking both the stable and the cottage doors behind them. Though both Hansel and Moydel were far away, frau Lizel's smile was always one of peace.

During the short, bitterly cold days of winter, which Lizel spent chiefly in the stalls, the Haus-Mutter sat at her spinning-wheel singing the old songs and telling the old stories, while she spun wool and flax against the time of Hansel's marriage, for Hansel would inherit the Hof in his right as only son.

Anna did a man's work on the farm, hauling great trees from the pine woods over the crusted snow.

Between whiles both she and Lizel prepared their treasured stores of house linen for the happy years to come, for Anna never lost faith in her farmer lover, whose kiss had burned her cheek, though the three years went by without a sign.

Twice Hansel came home for a flying visit, when he was glad enough to lay aside his smart trappings, shuffle into his homespun again, and work all day long in the sweet mountain air by the vater's side.

But he improved by his military training and his glimpse of a wider world; he lost his peasant slouch, and there was no awkwardness now in the arm that slipped so naturally

round Lizel's waist of an evening in their old cosy corner behind the stove.

The tongue was still unsteady though the lips made up for that and Lizel was not ill-pleased.

"He has not learned soft speeches by whispering into the ear of the valley maidens!" she said.

But at last the three years were over and Hansel came home to stay. He had given his tithe of service to his country and was free to love and wed and till his mountain farm all the days of his life.

Lizel packed away his uniform, his silver-braided cap with his knapsack and canteen in a cherry wood chest strewn with lavender and wild thyme. But his gun she slung upon iron hooks in the guest chamber upstairs, proud to be questioned about it by an occasional Alpinist who sought the hospitality of Steiner over night.

The bans were published in Schöna three Sundays in succession and on the fourth Lizel slipped on her newest, heaviest kirtle over the snowy chemisette trimmed with wide linen lace at throat and sleeves; the latter being pushed above the elbows and tied with blue ribbons to match the bright blue silk of her fringed kerchief and the sky blue satin of her apron.

Truly she was a pretty mountain maid that bridal morn.

Hansel wore the Meraner costume common to the peasants of the Passeierthal; which the Empress of Austria likes so well that she has requested them not to discard it as of late, bitten with the desire of Parisian fashions, the younger peasants have seemed inclined to do.

On this, his wedding-day, Hansel wore knee breeches of chamois skin dyed black and decorated with pipings and lacings of huntsman's green, home-knit stockings of white lamb's wool gartered below the knee, a short-waisted coat or jacket of homespun, faced and lapelled with scarlet and hanging apart in front to show suspenders of green camlet running up over the shoulders and lapping cross-wise over the chest. A broad belt of dressed leather embroidered in gay silks and silver cords encircling the waist and fastened in front by enormous clasps of fine-wrought silver.

His close-cropped head bore a wide hat of soft felt which had exchanged its scarlet cord—emblem of bachelorhood—for one of green; sign manual of the benedict. Just where the broad brim tilted jauntly upwards was fastened a sheeny plume from the wild-cock's wing.

The ceremony was solemnated at six in the morning and followed by early mass as is customary in Tirol, one sacrament succeeding the other closely. Afterward the blushing bride and groom walked hand-in-hand down the village street to the inn, in company with the vater and frau Lizel and followed by many a simple village friend to wish the young couple joy.

The wedding breakfast was characteristic.

Sausage soup flavored with garlic; kneudeln—hard black balls of fried dough sprinkled with lumps of bacon, cutlets of veal, delicacy, *par excellence*, to the Tirolean; fried potatoes—because, why should you breakfast, just for once in all your life at a Gasthaus, and not have everything fairly swimming in fat? Finally, a Menlspeise, which was a thick pancake rolled over and over and filled with stewed fruit. With it all a stoup of good red wine.

The vater's face shone with oily satisfaction. Frau Lizel's blue eyes softened with mother pride; Hansel sheepishly disposed of a goodly quantity of viands and Lizel enjoyed everything just as on has a right to do on one's wedding day.

The Wirth cracked his time-worn jokes, Bas' Therese mourned over her lost kellnerin, the farmer lads envied Hansel his pretty bride and the village maids shot demure side glances at the pair who walked and sat about, hand-in-hand, all the afternoon.

But the day ended and while the

rosy Alpine glow still lingered on the hills, the vater climbed the mountain hand-in-hand with his Lizel, for in both their hearts was the memory of their own bridal eve and the young couple before them seemed like the re-embodiment of their own youth and joy and the love that had grown with the years.

Lizel slipped off her bridal attire and laid it tenderly away in the same sweet-smelling cedar chest with Hansel's uniform and cap. Then quickly donning her house dress, homely apron and hob shoes, she ran to the stalls to milk the cows, feed the cattle and tell Anna how beautiful it all had been.

But she started back and crept softly away with a smile upon her lips.

Anna was seated on the low milking-stool with her forehead flattened against Crinkle's placid side while under her deft fingers the white fluid streamed into the pail at her feet.

Beside her in the dusk of a deep, shadowy corner knelt her farmer lover from the hills beyond Schöna, flicking his whip gently in the air—it was a mere habit with him—and begging the reward of his faithful waiting.

That evening when the Litany had been said and the last Ave Maria still echoed through the house place, frau Lizel placed both hands on the shoulders of the little bride and the dimmed blue eyes looked long and lovingly into the shining brown ones.

"In the years to come when the vater and I shall both be gone—thou, little one, thou wilt be the frau Lizel."

Hansel standing near folded them both within his arms:

"Please God, it will be many a long day first, mutterchen!" he said.

But with the passing of the years the day came when the vater and frau Lizel were both laid to rest in the churchyard of Schöna, and thus it came to pass that the little maid who was first carried up the Ifinger in a kraksen upon Hansel's sturdy back became truly the frau Lizel to all the country round.

"If my life may be but as true and sunny and helpful as hers!" she said often—and when Hansel too had grown to be called the "vater" and to wear horn-bowed spectacles astride his nose, still ever his tenderest word to her, as she too sang at her spinning, was:

"Herzchen, thou art indeed the frau Lizel!"

It meant so much to them both—wife-love, mother-love—the loves of a lifetime.



"LIZ."

BY ADELE GLEASON.

MY little cottage at Pasadena possessed five rooms including the basement and the front porch: I intended to sleep in a white tent—blessed be its memory forever! I afterwards sold it second hand and its white wings have been divided by the four winds of heaven before now unless it has descended to some Chinaman who thought on first inspection "him make velly good shirt! Not good house, too much shakey shakey."

But it was, and warm, and the nights of February were as our June nights and the sleep in the tent was a new sleep for the tired frame and worn nerves. No upper room in the south corner, windows to the east and south can ever give tent air—and when the little bedside candle goes out, the white twilight of its canopy is like a protecting presence. Enclosed but not shut in, the tent dweller never longs for four walls again with a nasty draught from an open window. The perfume of the surrounding orange grove, the song of the mocking bird were part of the air, the air to sleep in.

Ah! what a home! Yet though home may be home without four walls, a door plate and a family, who ever imagined home without a servant? It may have been imagined, but has never been a reality! Where was to be found the one without whom a love of a cottage for the day and an orange grove for hammock dreams and sunset ecstasies, a white tent for the starlight night, were as naught!

The Native Daughters of California do not toil neither do they spin; and certainly Redfern and Worth have never arrayed any one even for presentation at court "like one of these" but they carry it off well, and have, I judge, a paradise of their own into which no Bostonian shall ever enter.

I have during my wanderings learned a precious secret. If you want a servant, go not and enquire of all your friends and relations and neighbors, who also want a servant, but go thou to some poor woman who does her own work and never "hired" a day in her life and she will tell you of some one whom "she can get to come to you or she will see if she can."

So when my laundress, a dark blonde, if one could say so of an African, promised to send me one of her people who "was not very peart, but good "'nough nigger." I agreed to take her without question.

Question! *Cui Bono*, indeed! What relation do the easy slippery evasions of that blessed race bear to questions, hard and fast they may be put? "I reckon an' I dun no," were all her eloquence. Yet her presence was acceptable. She knew her place. Rare and precious knowledge!

On looking the plantation over, she protested violently against my sleeping outside in "quarters like" while she occupied the house.

She considered this outrageous, though she admitted that nothing yet discovered, gold and diamonds included, could induce her "to sleep out do, or under a rag and a clothesline," (as she designated my fine big tent) "for fear of Chinamen and toads."

I explained that my health required tent life and that she must retire to the house, where she could lock and bolt herself in if she liked; that she must not make any noise in the morning for fear of waking me, but when she saw a handkerchief hung from the tent window she was to consider it



"The foolish African was surrounded by bold-headed dogs, large and small, that barked and bared their sharp teeth."

a signal that I was awake and wished coffee prepared and brought to me, etc.

My slave listened, arms akimbo, and spoke: "Now ma'm, I don't want to say nothin' right here on de start uv des yer 'rangements, but I can tell ye ef I get sleeping in that house dey ain't no handkercher hung out side of nowhere gwine to wake me up."

I may as well admit that this proved true. My next attempt to keep her in said house, when she was awake and I wanted to read or write in the tent, was an equal failure, in this wise. She would come pleadingly to the tent door with, "cay'nt I do nothin' for yer, Miss?"

"No thank you" (without looking up.)

"Don't yer want Liz to comb yer hair and do it up?"

"No, you know you combed it half an hour ago. Go into the house, please."

"I don wan'ter 'ter go inter de house, dey ain't nobody dar!"

"Well, go and take a walk then, its a nice day."

"Don't feel like takin' no walk. My shoes is down, and 'sides I'se 'fraid I'd meet a dog er somethin'."

"But, my dear, why are you afraid of dogs? Dogs won't hurt you."

An indescribable sideways glance from the whites of the eyes the only response. Again, the soft voice pleading, "Don' yer want me to put on yer other dress on yer, deys all busted."

"No, my dear Pussy, you know I never dress till four o'clock; now it's only half-past ten."

"Can't help dat, ma'm; ye don't look very good in dat dress; 'ta'int fit fer ye, an' 'sides that I'se so lonesome I can't sit in dat yer house nohow!"

"Well, sit on the porch, then."

"Now, Miss, yer know 'se quality every bit, an' ye don't want no niggers sittin' on yer front porch; an' dem hotel folks drivin' by every minnit."

"My dear Lizzie" (forced to laugh at last), I begged: "Can't you walk in the orange groves, and pick the blossoms and be quiet and happy a little while? I am very busy. I can't have you here."

"Ain't no grass under dem trees; never did like to walk on de ground lessen they was grass on it. I'se fetched up in old Kentuck, where the blue grass grows; can't speckilate as how comes dey ain't no grass in des yer kentry; 'peers like it dun got clean speckulated off the face of the yearth, mos' like. Nuff ter make the worl' bald-headed to whiz 'round like dey do here, gradin' and fixin' an' sellin' an' buyin'; can't tell where nuthin belongs to to-morrow; an' they ain't got no water lessen dey hunt it 'outer them big splits in de mountain an' haul it in pipes till it's biled 'fore it gets ter yer, and de lan' just over-run with the heathens from China an'—"

"Pussy, you must be quiet. Don't you want to write a letter home?"

(With a deep sigh) "Yes, mam, I been thinkin' uv that very thing; but laws, when I writes I jes get myself yink from head ter foot. It don't pay, cause ye can't read it anyway."

"Lizzie, you don't try to be good! Do get your sewing; your clothes all need mending; that dress has one sleeve almost torn out!"

"Ah, sho! What's de use of a nigger mendin' up a handfu' o' rags? 'Tain' no good sewin' em up; dey's dess sure to bus' out somewheres-else!"

When I insisted, she went to the house and returned with my work-basket, and, as a preliminary to work, turned its contents out on the floor, to look for "the needle," she said.

I could not write. Her attempts to force carpet thread through the eye of a cambric needle were too pathetic. When I had threaded a suitable needle and made a knot in the end of the thread, I turned away, but strange sounds of effort again distracted me. It was evident that the mending was being done on the clothes she wore, and that, as she had prophesied, the

rent was made worse by the struggle incident to the process.

She never borrowed my things; she possessed them. My white combs and brushes, my towels, fans, handkerchiefs and laces became hers. Once I asked for my button-hook. Her tone expressed reproof. "What yer want'er that yer hook, I like ter know? It ain' no use ter yer. Ain't I yere for ter button yer shoes and put 'em on ter yer feet? Don't 'spect to do it yerself, der ye?

I was silenced: the same argument applied to my postage stamps and family Bible, when, behind me on the floor she would sit, breathing hard over a book, or in sweet slumber. It reminded her so sweetly of "Kentuck" so to spend the long hours that I was obliged to submit to this dog-like companionship.

When thus at peace nothing but my voice would rouse her; the butcher's and baker's calls were not heeded and a short dinner would be the result.

On Sunday I in vain offered the best of bribes in ribbon and perfumery to induce her to go to church. "'Tain' no use, 'haint got no religion ever since I left ole 'Kentuck.' Don't car nothin' for white folks' relign', an' dey ain't 'nuff niggers in 'des 'sperimentin' little town to raise a Hallalulah!"

But she had her value; she was a cook—a real cook. Now and again an acquaintance came to lunch and asked me with tears in their eyes where I got such a cook, such a splendid cook.

My little impromptu lunches were served on the veranda (from necessity) and the guests knew not that I found the frying-pan on the gaslight blue plush sofa, nor the lace curtains trailing in the soup dishes! Nothing brought out my "Kentucky" "blue grass" nigger but "company," magic word! She "flounced" at once, turned her apron, made a cap from my best handkerchief, a tucker from a pillow sham, and even buttoned her shoes and served what she called a "course dinner," being fantastic relays of food served each time on a fresh piece of China, not always appropriate, and trading off the few nice pieces between hostess and guest with an eye to produce an effect of profusion, most laughable to see. She was a sincere devotee of appearance, and deplored on my account rather than her own, that she was not a "stylish nigger."

Her earnings or rather my spendings, I induced her to save, hoping to set her up in a room with a gasoline stove (a laundress' outfit for the summer) but alas, on an unlucky day, when I was away, a Chinese peddler came along, and, when I returned, all her three months' wages had been forwarded to China. My childish African was surrounded by bald-headed dolls, large red kites, blue teapots and Joss sticks.

She took my reproof meekly and made me still more unhappy by confessing that she had bought most of the articles as presents for myself.

I gave her notice three weeks before I left for the mountains, but the idea of "looking for a place" was not to be taught—her.

"Maybe yer want ter go away," was her only reply to my urging. "What's de use lookin for somebody else long's you'se yere."

When at last I went she said: "Cayn't I just stay here and eat up what you's left?"

I heard afterwards that she did, and the leavings lasted five days, then she began to look for a place.

Ah! sad to tell, nobody wanted such a shiftless nigger. Nobody but me whom she always spoke of as "the right sort, ye know, a jes' right down lady! Ought ter be in 'Kentuck' sted of takin' up with Californy ways an' speckulatin.'"

I believe the good Sisters of the House of Mercy, Los Angeles, took the last care of my "worthless nigger" and I some time think, that I, too, would like their white-winged faces over my dying bed.

THE CROWN OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY,

PASADENA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE musical intonation of a distant mission bell, a soft balmy air, the odor of the orange blossom, a wealth of flowers, a crazy-quilt of color, the rustle of banana leaves as of gentle rain, the melody of birds on a midwinter day; the silent reverence. Our point of vantage was in the San Rafael hills that rise to the west of Pasadena. We had reached the summit by forcing our horses through a forest of yellow mustard, the golden flower reaching above our heads, a sea of color, a literal field



Colorado Street, looking East.

gleam of snow on distant mountains—this is Pasadena, the crown of the San Gabriel Valley, Southern California, about whose hills, slopes, and among whose groves, there lingers the romance and mystery of centuries. No more gracious tribute to this land of the afternoon could be paid than that of my friend, the doctor, a true lover of nature, who as we reached a hill-top and looked out upon the wondrous scene of winter and semi-tropic summer face-to-face, sat motionless upon his horse and raised his sombrero in

of the cloth of gold to look down upon. Below us was the famous San Gabriel that might have been the valley of Sindbad, its floor strewn with priceless gems walled in by lofty mountains.

For twenty-five or thirty miles we trace it to the east—ranches, homes, vineyards, groves of oak and eucalyptus, telling of groves of orange, lemon, lime, hedges of pomegranate, fields of grain and stretches where the fruits of all climes meet in fellowship.

The valley is perhaps ten miles wide,



Public Schools of Pasadena

its southern border being the green-topped mission hills, while to the north rise the maze of mountain chains known as the Sierra Madre. From the valley the fronting ridge with its peaks from two thousand to six thousand feet presents an abrupt wall—and there is apparently but one range, but from where we sit in the saddle range after range appears—peaks and summits in endless number, until lost in the distance. The Sierra Madre

Among these cañons of especial beauty that face Pasadena are the Arroyo Seco, Milliard and Eatons shown in the present article. Los Flores, Rubio and several others. Upon the face of the range—light lines—represent the new trail that reaches Wilson's Peak—the white spots are the tents of campers where hundreds spend the time a mile above the Pacific looking down upon its waters thirty miles away, while the white tents below suggest an under-



Calla Lily Hedge at Dr. F. F. Rowland's.

range is a world in itself, a maze of mountains, that reach away from Pasadena for forty miles or more containing some of the finest scenery on the continent and abounding in picturesque cañons and flashing trout streams. The cañons are deep rivers of verdure winding down from the upper range representing the wear and tear of centuries, deep gorges, cut into the heart of the Sierras by purling brooks of summer and the rushing torrents and melting snows of winter.

taking of great magnitude the erection of a mountain railway by Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, which will whisk the tourist from orange groves to toboggan slides and sleighrides in sixty minutes.

Pasadena itself stands at the head of this Valley of San Gabriel, walled in by the Sierras, protected from harsh winds, and rarely visited by storms of any kind. The Sierra Madres, on the north, the Mission Hills to the south, the San Rafael range to the west, constitute an environment singularly



Courtesy of Kocherg[illegible], Locke, Architects.

Pasadena Homes.

1.—Residence of H. M. Singer, Chicago. 2.—C. S. Christy, Buffalo. 3.—Hon. Joseph Medill, Chicago (Veranda). 4.—A. A. Libby, Chicago. 5.—Dr. G. G. [illegible].

favorable to the production of an incomparable climate. The town stands at the very head of the valley, resting on the edge of the deep Arroyo Seco, extending away for three miles or more, breaking up into the towns of Lamanda, Alhambra and Lincoln Park, reaching up to the very

found all over the place. When the Spanish fathers wandered up the coast from San Diego and founded the old mission of San Gabriel, on the southern borders of the town, they found the Indians in possession and the plain of the valley covered with sagebrush and groves of live-oak.



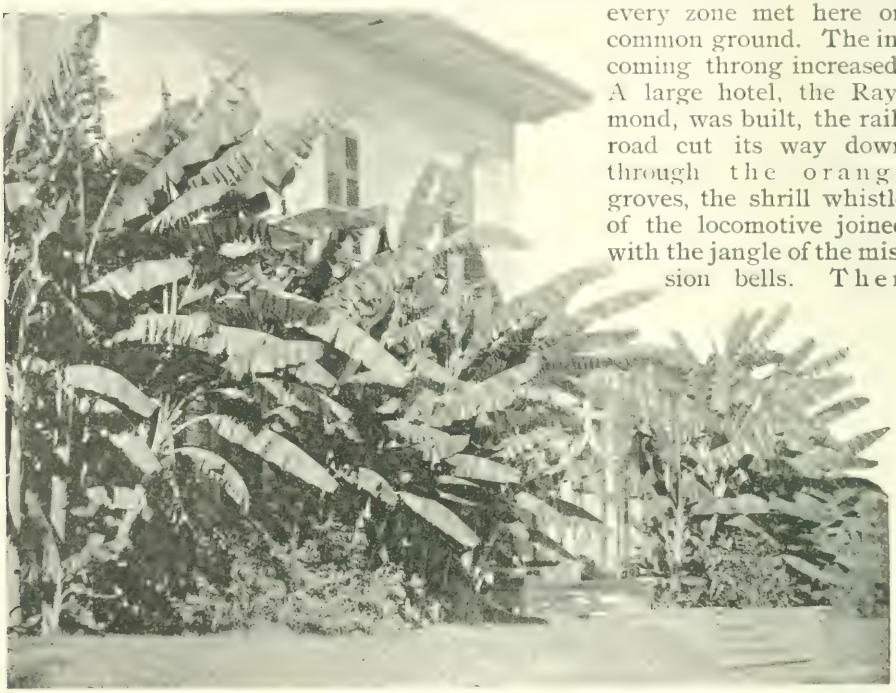
Universalist Church, Pasadena.

foot of the grim mountains. The original discoverers of the site were the Indians, who held the land centuries ago, and that they early recognized the location as one particularly favorable is shown by the numerous camp sites that have been excavated and the quantity of stone implements

The land passed into the hands of the great Spanish land-holders, and was used for herding purposes alone, and considered a little less than a waste, carpeted with brilliant flowers in winter, dry and dusty in summer. It was such a land that met the eyes of the pioneers of the Indiana colony



less than two decades ago—not a house in sight, not a field of grain; nothing but the pure air, the flowers and birds, the lofty mountains and a something that told of rest, peace and contentment. The representatives of the colony had examined all Southern California, and the present site of Pasadena was their choice. The land was divided up, and the Indiana colony became a town and was named Pasadena by Mr. Elliott, one of the original founders. These sturdy men and women planted the orange, lemon, apple, pear, the pomegranate, peach and palms; note the contrast. The virgin soil was planted with grain, every home blossomed as the rose and soon a veritable garden appeared, where sheep had grazed not long before. In five years this portion of the San Gabriel Valley was an orange grove, through which streets and avenues were cut, and of which the famous Orange Grove avenue of to-day is a type. The colony grew by having its virtues sung by stray visitors. Among the settlers and those who came later were many invalids who had come to Pasadena as a last hope. Rumor reached the East that these invalids had not only recovered, but were active business men and farmers. So Pasadena grew, its dwellers claiming for it the most perfect all-the-year-round climate in the world—a soil so productive that the products of almost every zone met here on common ground. The incoming throng increased. A large hotel, the Raymond, was built, the railroad cut its way down through the orange groves, the shrill whistle of the locomotive joined with the jangle of the mission bells. Then came the "boom." Thousands of speculators came to Pasadena, and its orchards, its orange groves were cut up into lots. The population reached almost twenty thousand at times, values increased, fine blocks rose like magic, palatial homes appeared, avenues were laid out with miles of stone walks, and the town became a beautiful city of homes. New schemes for improvement were constantly proposed, rapid transit came in the Terminal road, horse-car lines, and with the Southern



Bananas in a sunny corner of a Pasadena Home.



Presbyterian Church. Methodist Church.

Colorado Street, Pasadena.

Pacific on the south, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé running directly through the city and the Terminal passing through it to the mountains, Pasadena possessed remarkable railroad facilities which added to its wealth. There were those who prophesied ruin, as shrinkage always came after inflation, and come it did, but, owing to the substantial improvements that had been made, the town held its own, and after a brief period of inactivity, Pasadena took on a new growth. It was now known the world over as a pleasure and health resort. Thousands of tourists visited it every season, and every year wealthy men, attracted by the fair land, invested in homes, and apparently vied with each other in making their places attractive and beautiful. The result is, that nowhere in America can be found so new a place, with conditions so desirable. A century could not produce better results, the town having all that maturity can produce—social conditions that would be enviable in any locality in the East; in short, while cosmopolitan, its people have built up a community that is ideal, viewed from any point. Among its residents are distinguished men and women from every walk, and the life here reflects their influence in its affairs. There is an utter absence of border life. Pasadena might, so far as this is concerned, be on the Hudson or just out of Boston, as all the refinements of the East are here, with but few of the disagreeable features. Pasadenians here made a good fight against the open saloon. They do not object to the hotels offering the



Residence of Governor H. H. Markham

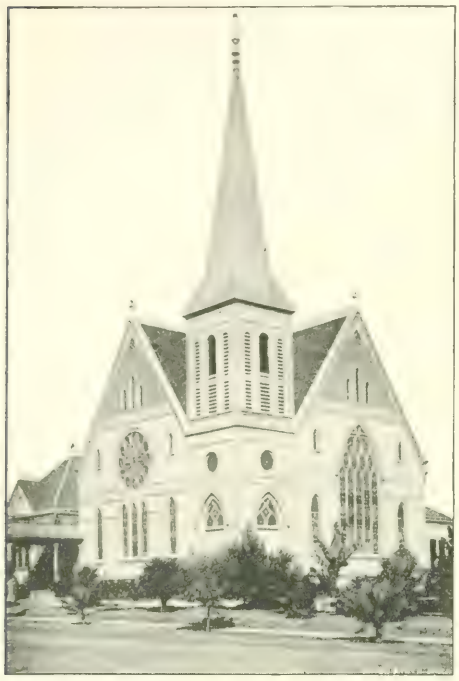
wines of their vineyards to tourists, but they have put their heel on the saloon, which debases youth and corrupts public morals, and as a result, the law is seldom broken, and the moral atmosphere is singularly fresh and pure. When to this we add the best of educational facilities; schools of all grades and equipped as California only equips its schools; institutions of learning from the kindergarten to Throop University; churches of almost every denomination; an intelligent and progressive press, we see why Pasadena has grown so in public favor, why its ranks are being reinforced continually by accessions from the best people of the East.



Public School, North Pasadena.

Pasadena is essentially a city of homes—yet almost every dweller here is a rancher with from a lot to one or more acres which produces something from guavas to peaches, or English walnuts to oranges. We pass down Orange Grove avenue lined with attractive homes—a street over a mile long cut through an orange grove that produces golden fruit and dollars to the dwellers therein. The houses are often embowered in roses, surrounded by palms, well-kept hedges, of Monterey cypress while the La France rose, the calla lily or the pomegranate is made to do similar duty to the astonishment of the tourist from the East. Fan and date palms line the sidewalk, the Spanish bayonet or century plant does duty as a gate post, while the grotesque yucca and the broad-leafed banana rustles in the gentle wind as we pass. Down this avenue we ride, the air redolent with the aroma of orange blossoms, the golden fruit gleaming in the trees; yet we see the snow banks of San Antonio and San Jacinto ever before us. On such a day I stood with my friend and

watched a snow blizzard on the former mountain. About us all was peace; the



The Congregational Church.

meadow lark was the only disturbing element, a day that butterflies might rest on the air, yet far above us on the upper range a mighty wind was blowing and we stood with the aroma of the orange in our nostrils and watched the snow fly. Up the north side of San Antonio it swept, now in flurries, gathering force, as it went, bowled over and over by the gale until it reached the summit where it shot upward, a gigantic snowy wraith hundreds of feet into the air to be borne writhing away and finally lost in the warm currents from the summer land below. Not a portion of Pasadena but has its attractions. Marengo avenue is of another type, its sides lined with the graceful pepper which forms a perfect arch. Colorado street with its churches and homes, avenues, lined with attractive places lead to the mountains and Altadina where we find residences that call to mind those along the Riviera in Southern Europe with conditions identical.

Pasadena being but nine miles from Los Angeles, a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, does not pretend to be a business center yet almost every commercial interest is found here. There are three banks, doing a highly successful business. The two national banks which have a capitalization of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, did a business in the past year amounting in volume to forty millions of dollars—a phenomenal showing—but explained by the remarkable sales of real estate that are taking place here continually and the profits in fruits. Pasadena saw some exciting events during the famous boom. Land then sold for speculation, but the Recorder's office shows seven hundred and fifty transactions during 1891, aggregating in value one million seven hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety-five dollars, the land being bought in



Eaton Cañon, Pasadena.



Opera House of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, Pasadena.

every case for actual resident purposes.

A large amount of property has been bought by wealthy Chicago men. Andrew McNally, of Rand & McNally, and Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Tribune*, two representative men of Chicago are found in Pasadena in winter and who own palatial places there.



The Cherokee Rose Gate at "Carmalita."

Pasadena is especially famous for its homes, among which, having grounds of especial beauty may be mentioned those of Governor H. H. Markham, Hon. P. M. Green, President of the First National Bank; Judge Magee, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, the well-known scientist; E. F. Hurlbut, Mr. Scoville, Andrew McNally and Joseph Medill of Chicago, Here is "Carmalita" of Dr. Ezra Carr and many more too numerous to mention in a magazine article. In almost every instance these homes are surrounded by a variety of verdure that is an enigma to the visitor. The Pasadenian steps into his dooryard and finds roses blooming every day in the year. He can pick oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, loquats, pomegranates, grapes, every small fruit according to season. The almond and the pear, palms and nectarines, olives and English walnuts, and a score or more grow on this same ten-acre lot that appears to have extraordinary productive powers. The orange ranks among the first in value and many of the most beautiful homes here are surrounded by groves that bring a goodly income to the owner who does not pretend to be a "rancher."

Statistics are dry reading as a rule, but the writer may be pardoned for introducing a few figures in this connection — facts of interest to the eastern reader.

The residence of the Hon. P. M. Green, President of the First National Bank, is surrounded in part by orange trees, the grove covering four and a half acres. The trees are fifteen years old and their care costs him two hundred dollars a year. In 1890, he sold the fruit from the four and a half acres for thirteen hundred dollars, and in 1891, for twelve hundred dollars. From six acres C. C. Brown realized one thousand and eighty dollars net. Butler Talmadge sold the fruit of nine acres on the trees for one thousand dollars.

Dr. G. Roscoe Thomas realized from an acre and a half about his house three hundred and fifty dollars. E. A. Bonine secured from one hundred Eureka lemon trees, five hundred boxes at from one to two dollars per box—suggestive figures for eastern farmers who make less on a much greater acreage.

Pasadena is in the heart of the orange belt and in and about the town there are planted two hundred and ten

thousand seedling orange trees over ten years old; six thousand trees from five to ten years old; twenty-eight thousand seven hundred budded trees over ten years of age; twenty-seven thousand nine hundred trees from five to ten years old; fifteen thousand trees under five years of age and ten thousand lemon trees. The total acreage in oranges is one thousand three hundred and fifty; in lemons, one hundred and fifty while the acreage in deciduous fruits is fifteen hundred acres, an interesting showing for a young town. Last year this district shipped to the east seventy-five hundred boxes of oranges or two hundred and twenty-five carloads; while of deciduous fruits, dried and otherwise, about two hundred carloads are sent out every year.

The orange picking begins in February and lasts late into the spring. Then comes the picking of the apricot, peach and other fruits. Last season the Pasadena Packing Company put up two hundred and fifty thousand cans of peaches, apricots and pears, and ten thousand pounds of strawberries. The Bishop Cook Crystallizing Company used over twenty-five tons of citrus and deciduous fruits last year, employing many people, illustrative of the work done in a town that is not professedly a business center, and suggestive of the possibilities of wage earning there. Pasadena has possibly been productive of more happiness, and has seen the renewal of hope in the human heart, to a greater extent than any other place in America. Here are scores of men and women, appearing in the best of health, who were given up in the East, and took Southern California as a forlorn hope; and hundreds of others who, if not cured, find here a renewal of life, its joys and pleasures. Pasadena is a health resort in the best sense. Its clear sunshine for days at a time, its varieties of climate from valley to mountain, from cañon to plain, afford almost every condition desired. It affords an opportunity for life the year around in the open air, with an absence of the trying conditions which hold in the East. It is almost impossible to describe the climate. The average



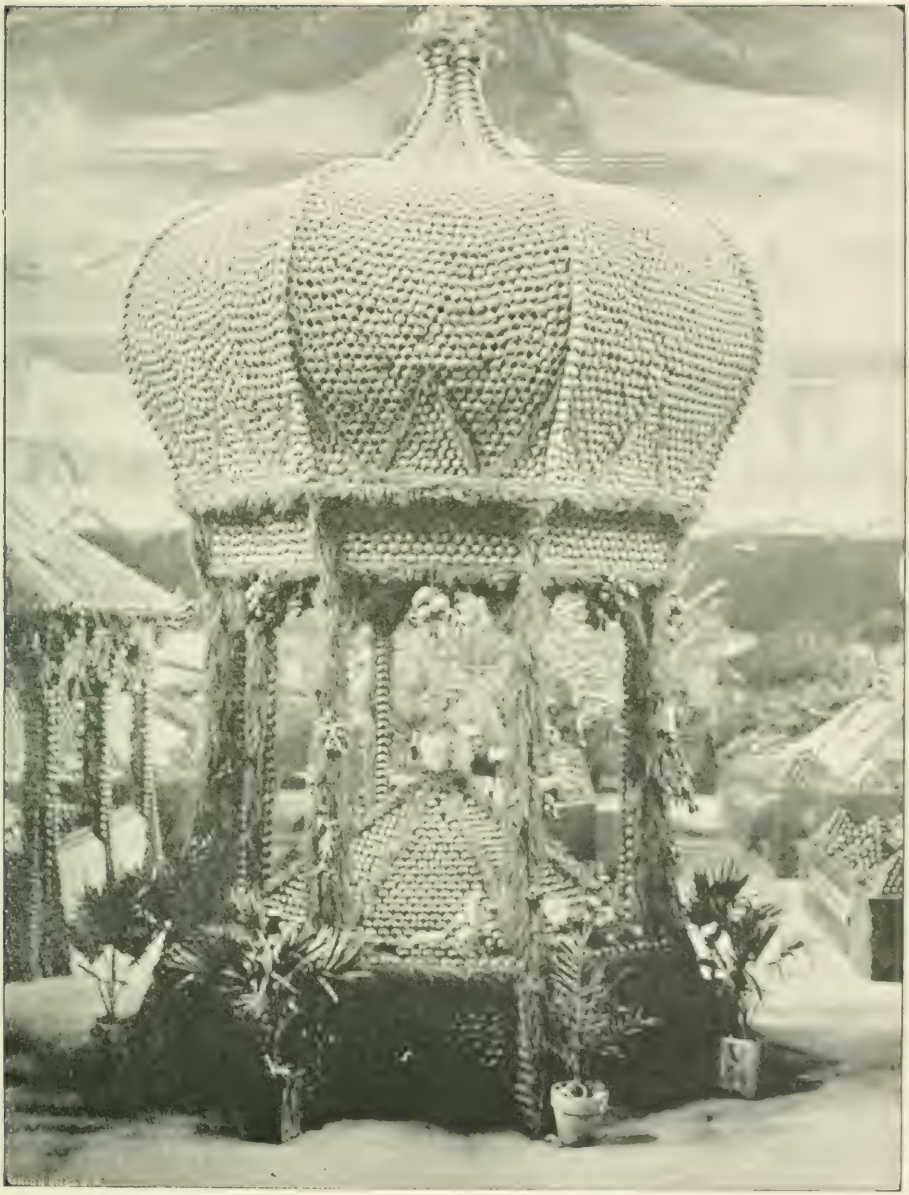
In a Pasadena Garden "El Retiro."

summer is cooler than that of any city of the East. Nights are always cool. During the summer it rarely ever rains, yet green lawns and a wealth of flowers carpet the city. Winter comes as a cool summer, and is heralded by the coming of rain and wild flowers. The land is covered with the latter—a grand and impressive sight. Rains fall every three or four weeks, in winter the yearly fall amounting to perhaps twenty inches, making

a rainy season much less than in the East, and so the seasons pass, melting into each other, without the striking changes from extreme heat to cold, which mark the seasons in the East. While Pasadena is famous for its cures, it is best known as a pleasure resort, its delightful scenery, its drives, walks and natural beauties attracting hundreds every year, making its winter as gay as many of the famous resorts of Europe. For the lover of out-of-door sport, the locality is unequaled. Horseback riding is in high favor! Here the famous Valley Hunt Club holds forth, its club-house, being a cozy, flower-embowered cottage on the borders of the Arroyo Seco. The club is devoted to the encouragement of out-of-door sports, keeps its kennel of fox and greyhounds, and includes in its membership some of the finest men and women cross-country riders in California. A winter day with the Hunt Club is a revelation to the Eastern visitor. The Valley Hunt at the first of the year gives a tournament of roses—a carnival of flowers—to celebrate the ripening of the orange, at which the town is thronged with visitors, who witness the revival of the old Spanish games of the tournament, and pelt each other with flowers. There are other clubs here, as the Pickwick, that has entertained many distinguished visitors; the Bait Club, that holds forth by the trout streams of the Upper Sierras; the Athletic and many more covering a wide field of interest. In a place where so many interests center, we may expect continued growth, and such is the outlook for Pasadena. It has the advantage of any health resort in permitting residence the year around, summer being considered the most advantageous period for the invalid. In the Riviera, the summer is one of intense heat, and the invalid corps retreats to Switzerland and other resorts to the north. In a residence of eight years, winter and summer, the writer is prepared to say that the summers at Pasadena are more comfortably spent than in any town or city in the East. True, there are warm days, but in all this period I have never heard of a case of sunstroke, while in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, the rise of the mercury to ninety degrees is followed by numerous tragedies among adults, while thousands of infant lives pay the penalty of the hot wave. In all these years, I have never experienced but one or two nights where the heat was uncomfortable. As a rule, a blanket is required. In this period, I have seen one thunder storm in the valley, and have heard thunder perhaps half a dozen times. A mad dog is an unknown quantity—a fact that may be enumerated among the curiosities of the climate. In brief, after a residence in Florida and a knowledge of all the resorts of the country, I consider that the invalid has a better chance here than elsewhere—not the



Walk at Andrew McNally's.



Pasadena's Crown of Oranges at the Citrus Fair, Los Angeles

invalid who sits around the hotel office, but the one who will go out into the country and occupy himself with something, and live the outdoor life. This is the secret of Pasadena's

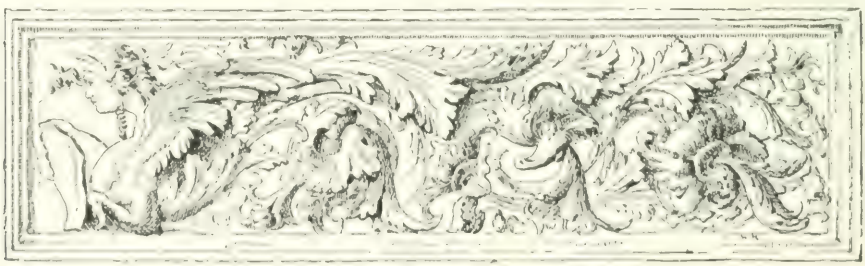
valids, and during the winter the hotels are filled with throngs, that have fled from snow and ice, and are taking their vacation among the flowers of California. Parties are made up for trips to the



Public Library, Pasadena

cure. It has a marvelous number of out-of-door, clear, sunshiny days, and more, there are a score of men and women living here who have traversed the entire globe, lived in the famous health resorts of Europe, who have selected Pasadena as their home—a telling argument in favor of California, one that is practically unanswerable, and suggests that this section is becoming the great sanitarium of the world. It should not be imagined that Pasadena has the appearance of a health resort. This feature is not apparent in the slightest degree, as pleasure seekers far outnumber the in-

old mission of San Gabriel, two or three miles away; to San Fernando, twenty miles; to the ocean, an hour's ride. To those who care for mountain climbing, San Antonio is within reaching distance—forty miles away—where a climb of nine or ten thousand feet awaits the tourists, and where the mountain sheep is the sole inhabitant, while Mt. Wilson, six thousand feet above the sea, is at the doors of Pasadena. Farther away is San Jacinto and other mountains, where a glacier may be seen, while the surrounding ranges afford endless attractions to the lover of nature.



MEN OF THE DAY—PROF. T. S. C. LOWE.

BY JAMES SPENCER BRAINARD.

THE period between 1835 and 1855 to 1860 was an exceedingly significant one in the annals of the United States. The generation then maturing into ripe manhood was to witness the most gigantic civil war ever known in history. On the shoulders of the then young men, there were to be imposed responsibilities, from the burdens of which, the strongest might well quail. Yet it cannot be asserted except from a strictly military point of view, that the nation was unprepared to meet the vast issues at stake. Deducting the colored element, one supreme source of power characterized the people of the United States then as now, *i. e.*, their splendid capacity which had become, as it were, second nature, an all prevailing national trait of self-confidence, and an ever-ready adaptability in the face of unexpected emergencies.

These qualities, as subsequent events thoroughly demonstrated, proved more valuable than arsenals or forts. Again, the nation had largely outgrown mere provincialism in all its phases, and was vigorously grasping the idea of one great nation with a destiny too noble to be frittered away in issues, mundane only to a portion of an imperial domain.

President Monroe, Senators Daniel Webster, Benton and Sumner had familiarized the nation with an intellectual conception of the future of the United States, that greatly enlarged and as well ennobled the nation's own ideals. While the "Great Pathfinder" stood before the country with the prestige of almost a Columbus on land, adding the physical supplement to the intellectual horizon, which the statesmen had given to the orators and poets of the period.

Into these broadening realms of national greatness Kossuth came, giving anew, as Lafayette had done before him, an international and forcible interpretation in his masterly oratory of what is implied in the moral hegemony of the Republic.

Dana, Emerson and Bryant were forcing recognition of American scholarship and culture among the most select circles of European students, while Hiram Powers loomed up on the horizon of the new world as its future Phidias. Then came the scientific triumphs of Morse and Field, increasing the debt already heavy, which civilization had incurred by the splendid services of Benjamin Franklin to electrical science. This was the picturesque and exceedingly suggestive setting of the great scene in the midst of which the subject of this biographical memoir found himself—an alert, ingenious young man, conscious of his own ability to play a legitimate part in the intense activity all about him.

It is often noticeable, in the domain of science as in all other directions, that when a new series of scientific achievements are about to be added to the equipment of mankind, the great institutions of learning, instead of "leading off" in furnishing a pioneer, are exceedingly apt to wait for the appearance of that worthy individual from some unexpected quarter, and dispute the value of his discoveries to be begun with, because it did not come through proper academic sources. Then subsequently establish a "professorship" for the promotion of those very same scientific enquiries which at first it resented through a sense of affronted dignity. This was of course more emphatically true a generation ago than to-day. Benjamin Franklin

in the department of electrical science, Watts in the application of steam to the locomotive, and John Erickson in the line of original applications of the sciences of physics and mathematics to naval construction, are a few of the innumerable examples that might be named.

In the period between 1850 to 1870, there was inaugurated on both sides of the Atlantic the most comprehensive researches in hydrographics. Out of the remarkable investigations through the Mediterranean, the Indian and Pacific oceans, there came much of the epoch making material of the "Origin of Species." From the equally important dredgings of the North Atlantic, came among other results the defined and explored route of the Atlantic "cable." "But," said the subject of this sketch to himself: "If the oceans of the globe are so well worthy of exploration, what of the ocean around us in which we live, move and have our being, as well as constituting the 'sea' in which the earth itself has moved in her eventful career for millions of years, perhaps? Why not investigate that as well?"

For reasons already given, no help was then to be expected from the "Seats of Learning." But the youth who had drawn inspiration from the same mountains that had nourished a Daniel Webster was not to be hindered by the absence of "proper" scientific encouragement from the recognized sources of instruction. If any one at that period had proposed to a staid professor of science at an established and well-endowed college, that a series of balloon journeys be undertaken for the scientific exploration of the ocean above and around us, he would have been promptly told "that since the days of Montgolfier, the balloons have been a toy, the medium of exploits of more or less hair-brained adventurers, and were destined to so remain." But this pioneer of science anticipated all such rebuffs from established authorities.

Prof Lowe went on with his ascensions, several thousand in all, including those for military purposes and the scientific results attained constitute the very foundation of that elaborate establishment, now known as the "Meteorological Bureau" of the United States government. It has rendered the country exceedingly valuable services; it has trained up under its own auspices whole corps of trained observers, and as part of the new Department of Agriculture, it is now represented in every Cabinet meeting, through the Secretary of Agriculture, to whose department it has been transferred. The meteorological division of the United States Department of Agriculture is now the recognized model for similar bureaus, which practically subdivides the atmospheric phenomena of the globe, between the trained meteorologists now stationed all over the world.

It is perhaps just to accord France the foremost position among European nations in this branch of scientific inquiry. And it is equally interesting to observe, that as France was the first among foreign nations to honor in unstinted measures the scientific attainments of Benjamin Franklin, which, as everybody is aware, started in experiments with flying kites, so the institution bearing his name was the first to recognize the extraordinary value of Professor Lowe's observations of atmospheric currents, obtained through actual aerial journeys. Appreciation now came very rapidly. The Smithsonian Institute requested the presence of the scientist and student of the upper air currents, the full significance and importance of which had begun to be realized by the world of science.

At the breaking out of the war, Professor Lowe was in the midst of many extremely important investigations, and naturally the attention of the government was attracted to them, and after the famous experimental trip, which was the longest and quickest in the history of aeronautics, taking him from Cincinnati to the coast



Prof. T. S. C. Lowe.

of South Carolina between 4 A. M. and 12 M. the same day, he was requested to organize the aeronautic corps of which he became the head, receiving the position and rank of Chief Aeronaut of the U. S. Army. This feature of the war history, when written, will make a volume of intense interest, productive, as it was, of important results in many engagements in which the United States forces were victorious.

The air above afforded the only unobstructed highway. And this, Prof. Lowe and assistant scientists improved to the utmost. When one remembers the exceedingly important part played by the French balloon service during the Franco-German war, only six to seven years later, more especially during the siege of Paris, and recalls as well, recent dispatches from the border of Germany and Russia, commenting on the audacious air-navigators, observing the manœuvers of the Russian troops, right above their heads within lines where the Russians considered themselves entirely exempt from all foreign inspection, one begins to recognize the exceedingly practical import of this so-called "toy," that so many "performers" have done their best to bring into disrepute. For some sixty to ninety days, the Parisians had no other mail service during their late war. Their city was absolutely "invested" in every nook and corner. If one could have had access to that "balloon correspondence," what an "inside view" one would have obtained possession of, relating as it would to one of the most tragic episodes in modern war history, the submission through bomb-shells and starvation, by the haughty invaders of the proudest city in the civilized world.

Among the many valued acknowledgments of Professor Lowe's service to science, the proffered offer from Dom Pedro, (probably the most enlightened man of the then reigning monarchs,) of the rank of Major-General, must have been the most appreciated, though the scientist found it preferable to decline the distinction tendered as well as the services involved; that of organizing a balloon service in connection with the Imperial Army in Brazil.

Professor Lowe's health had been put to a severe strain during the period of the war, and a temporary retirement for the restoration of health and vigor became imperative. Before doing so, however, he saw to it that the Emperor Dom Pedro's request was complied with to the extent of sending him a corps of assistants, that had been trained under his supervision. This corps rendered the Imperial Government very material service, more especially in the Paraguayan war.

The demand for gas, by the balloon service, led to a thorough and comprehensive mastery of all the chemical processes, incidental to the manufacturing of gas products. Chemistry being from the start among Professor Lowe's earliest and favorite studies. That there was ample room for improvements became evident enough in a very brief period of investigation. Everybody is familiar with the revolution caused by the introduction of "Natural Gas" in the manufacturing regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Professor Lowe is the inventor of a process of gas manufacturing for light and fuel which is doing for the country at large, more especially its domestic hearths, what mother Nature has done for the limited area referred to; *i. e.*, furnish a cheap and yet exceedingly serviceable and absolutely clean medium for all domestic purposes of heating, cooking or lighting. The saving involved over all previous known methods of gas manufacturing is as great financially as the product itself is of the highest economic value. That such a discovery proved a great financial success, is readily understood, but the fortune thus honorably attained, is a bagatelle in comparison with the immense service rendered mankind. Annually this



Residence of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe.

represents millions in savings, to say nothing of the domestic emancipation from the drudgery involved in ceaseless handling of dirt-producing material, intended to be converted into fuel and heat. This process, of which we can only touch the barest outlines in its economical and sanitary bearings, is one of the most important discoveries of the century. To make history in the department of untried and difficult paths of investigation, appears to be his fort, and he leaves to others the task of recording the same if so inclined. But its far-reaching importance from an economical or financial standpoint, can best be gauged by the simple statement, that nearly one-half of the entire incorporated communities of the United States utilize his water gas process at present.

These exceedingly practical and valuable services, rendered in behalf of the most expensive department of the home (that of fuel and light) in the temperate zone of the North American continent, is matched by one of equal and epoch making importance in behalf of the tropics of the world at large.

Some years ago an ambitious captain loaded his vessel with solid iceblocks from a glacier in Norway, and set sail for Calcutta, India. Remarkable to relate, he arrived with his cargo intact. He then proceeded to advertise his wares and its value, by mounting one of the largest blocks, which had been placed on a huge wagon, and seating himself on the top of it, he rode up the main street of that heated city in midday, in order to show the solidity of Norwegian ice. Needless to say, he disposed of his cargo at good rates. Delighted with his success, he returned another season, only to find to his disgust that a huge artificial ice factory was supplying the city at far better terms than he could offer for his long distant product. This now inestimable discovery is practically applied all over the tropical and semi-tropical regions of the globe. Professor Lowe is entitled to the distinction of being the earliest scientist to realize that the production of artificial ice, was a practical possibility; and the method demanded for its solution, was undoubtedly suggested to him in his journeys in the upper altitudes, witnessing, as it were, the hitherto secret methods in nature's laboratory, through which the dewdrop and the rain of earth, become the hail and snow in the higher atmospheric stratas.

That the Franklin Institute should take further cognizance of this remarkable series of discoveries by the scientist, whose worth it had been first to recognize, was but natural. In the latter eighties, it conferred on him the "Grand Medal of Honor," for inventions held most useful to mankind. This supplemented previous medals given for specific improvements in water gas, incandescent light, gas exhibits, etc. After thirty-five years of such services to science and humanity, the great majority of men would have considered themselves entitled to something akin to interrupted leisure, not so however in this case.

It was Edward Atkinson, it is believed, who said once: "Give me a country with pure running brooks and sweet grass, and I will prove it a good place to raise men in." New England answers this description most faithfully, and most assuredly it has proven Mr. Atkinson's assertion about it being a good place to "raise men."

It is indeed an open question, whether or not any corresponding area of the world has produced an equal group of distinct and forcible individualities. Their characteristics were all nurtured and sprung out of the fresh environments of a virgin region and new social conditions germane thereto. But their apparent circumscribed boundary proved exactly the "purchase" from which to wield an archemedian lever; the most effectual our modern era as yet acknowledged.

The well-manned and masterly con-

structed Yankee clippers, that left the New England ports in that era for every harbor on the globe, were a fitting material symbol of the fresh, vigorous ideas, inventions and experiments ceaselessly being launched in the land from which they sailed on their errands of commercial intercourse. To be born in such an atmosphere is to be well born indeed; and to grow up amidst such surroundings is to draw strength with every breath.

This was the very good fortune that surrounded Professor Lowe's childhood. Born in the shadow of the White Mountains, just sixty years ago the present month, at the town of Jefferson, New Hampshire, he was perhaps in part the unconscious heir to all the advantages briefly outlined. To be sure, there were some apparent drawbacks, such, for instance, as having to walk a hundred miles, more or less, with the object of securing better educational facilities. But stages were uncertain in those days; besides, money could be put to better use than riding around the country. So he walked.

Five years ago, Professor Lowe came to California. Like so many other discriminating travelers, he found in Southern California and in Pasadena all he sought: Change of scenes, occupation and a climate conducive to health and longevity. He "meant to rest," of course, forgetting that in such a climate, the sick only "can rest." The scientist improved his prospective leisure by organizing and assuming the presidency of one of the leading banks of Los Angeles, "The Citizens' Bank," by constructing a palatial home in that ideal "City of Homes," Pasadena, the largest and probably the finest home on the Pacific Coast, and finally, that not being sufficient to keep him regularly occupied, he also organized and became president of the Mt. Wilson Railway Company, building a railway up the precipitous slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where a location is already mapped out for what is expected to become one of the greatest observatories known—a region of delight and pleasure for the tourists of the world. Prof. Lowe is also a Yosemite Valley Commissioner and chairman of an important committee.

With all these tasks accomplished and before him, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, scientist and man of affairs, is probably the most approachable and the youngest man for his years in California. Such a career reflects as much honor on his native hills as it benefits our state to secure such a citizen, capable of adorning any station, yet asking none. Of such material have been all the true builders of American commonwealths.



BAPTISTS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. FRANK DIXON.

REV. O. C. Wheeler was the pioneer Baptist missionary to California. He arrived in San Francisco February 28th, 1849, on board the *California*, the first steamer that ever passed the Golden Gate, having sailed from New York on December 1st on board the *Falcon*. As the *California* entered the harbor of San Francisco she was saluted by the *Pacific Squadron*, under the command of Commodore Jones. Five men-of-war thundered their welcome, the flag-ship *Ohio* being last. As her first gun was fired she "manned her yards, fifteen hundred men springing into the rigging." The hearts of the missionaries and voyagers leaped to their throats, and no man felt ashamed as he looked through his own tears into the moist eyes of his fellows.

On the 6th of July the First Baptist Church was organized with six members—Rev. O. C. Wheeler and wife of the First Church, Jersey City; Mr. C. L. Ross and wife of the Laight-Street Church, New York; Lemuel P. Crane, Galway, New York, and William Lailie of Columbia, S. C. By August 2d the first Protestant meeting house in San Francisco was completed by this organization. It stood on the north side of Washington near Stockton. This church was not of the regular ecclesiastical style of architecture, as the First Presbyterian Church, built afterwards, seems to have been, but it was, nevertheless, erected as a church, especially for Christian worship. The first accessions to this little flock were received September 2d of the same year, 1849. They were: Rev. John Cook and wife, and Mr. John F. Pope and wife. Mr. Pope still lives, an honored member. The baptism of Col. Thomas H. Kellam, of Accomac county, Virginia, the first to unite with any Baptist Church of the State by this ordinance, occurred at North Beach, San Francisco, on Sunday morning, October 21st, 1849. The scene was characteristically described by Dr. Wheeler in a paper read before the "California Baptist Historical Society," at its session in Sacramento, 1889, a year or two previous to his death.

"On the following Sabbath morning, it was the 21st of October, 1849, one of those lovely mornings that characterize San Francisco climate in autumn—clear, still, warm and cheerful to the fullest extent—we assembled at our humble sanctuary, on the north side of Washington street, one door east of Stockton. We had such a congregation as perhaps never assembled at any other time or place. The other churches in the city suspended their morning service. Their pastors, with their officers, and the body of their congregations, were present and joined in the procession. The Mayor and other municipal officers, and several of the officers of the State, and officials of the general government, resident on the coast or here temporarily on business, also Commodore Jones, commanding the Pacific squadron, U. S. N., and his staff, together with a large number of marines, all in full uniform, the chiefs of the medical staff of the Pacific division of both the army and navy, with their assistants, swelled our numbers and officially gave endorsement to our proceedings. We also had with us Dr. Judd, Prime Minister of the Hawaiian kingdom, then on his way as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the United States, England and France, having with him the heir-apparent and his cousin, who, under Dr. Judd, were

receiving their royal education, and each of whom afterward became king, preceding the present ruler of the nation. We had also with us large numbers of visitors from nearly every civilized nation on earth, who had been drawn here by the gold excitement, and hundreds of the citizens of San Francisco.

"We formed with due deference to the rank and standing of our guests, and marched down Stockton street to Union, to Powell, to North Beach, where the water was shallow with sandy bottom. There was no wind that morning, and the water was clear and calm as a pond in the country. The whole train, from the church to the beach (about three-quarters of a mile), marched with all the decorum and precision you would expect to see in a platoon of the regular army or navy on dress parade. At the water each department of the long procession took its assigned position in silence, and gave to all the exercises the most undivided attention. Rev. S. H. Willey, of the Presbyterian mission at Monterey, who had been a fellow-passenger with me from New York to that place, was on my left, and, at my request, read portions of Scripture and announced the hymn. Rev. Mr. Hunt, of the Congregational Church, was on my right and offered the baptismal prayer. On his right were Commodore Jones and staff, while all around us was the official and unofficial multitude of spectators, every one of whom seemed to be as fully interested as if a personal participant in the exercises.



Rev. Frank Dixon, Pastor of the Tenth-Avenue Baptist Church, Oakland.

"When all was ready, the candidate took my hand, and we walked about one hundred yards before reaching a depth of water sufficient for the ordinance. While we were thus going 'down into the water,' according to previous arrangement, the hymn was announced and the first two stanzas sung by the whole concourse; the last two as we were 'coming up out of the water.' And such singing I never elsewhere heard. It seemed as though every professional and every layman, every soldier and every marine, every officer and every subordinate, every citizen and every foreigner of that vast throng was suddenly and specially inspired by the holy grandeur and the spiritual significance of the divine ordinance which we were administering, to sing for that once, if never again this side of heaven, with the fullness of both his spirit and his voice.

The hymn was that written by Dr. Adoniram Judson, to be sung at the first baptism in the Burman Empire, at the beautiful pond on the bank of the Irrawaddi, at Rangoon, June 27th, 1819:



Tenth-Avenue Baptist Church of Oakland.

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine.

"As we reached the shore, Commodore Jones came forward, and, giving me his warm, earnest hand, expressed his extreme delight and gratitude for the privilege of attending that most solemn and interesting service of our


OAKLAND
TENTH
AVENUE
BAPTIST

denomination. We then re-formed and returned, in the most perfect order, to our sanctuary, where the assembly was dismissed."



Rev. O. C. Wheeler, D. D., LL.D
Pioneer Baptist Missionary of California, and Pastor of the First Protestant Church Erected in this State.

The number of baptisms in the State has increased from one in 1849 to eight hundred and twenty-two in 1891; the number of churches, from one in 1849 to one hundred and seventy-eight in 1891; the value of church property, from sixteen thousand dollars, the cost of the structure erected in twenty-five days in 1849, to eight hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred and seventy dollars in 1891. Probably the most striking progress has been made in Southern California. In 1867, Dr. Wheeler reported the organization of one hundred churches since his arrival in San Francisco, fifty-five of which had become extinct. The remaining forty-five, with a membership of two thousand, were all situated in Northern and Central California. A vast territory of one hundred and twenty-six thousand square miles, including San Diego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Tulare, Mono, El Dorado, Sierra, Plumas, Shasta, Siskiyou, Butte, Monterey, Napa, Nevada, Placer, San Mateo and Sutter counties, with a population of one hundred and ten thousand souls, had not a single Baptist minister in active service. Now the Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Tulare associations have sixty-seven churches and a membership of four thousand six hundred and seventy-two, out of a State membership of eleven thousand three hundred and sixty-six. The leading towns and cities of Southern California are occupied by Baptist churches, which are led by an able ministry. Men like Drs. D. Read and W. H. Pendleton, of Los Angeles, and A. J. Frost, of San Bernardino, C. Winbigler, of Riverside, C. E. Harris, of Pasadena, E. R. Bennett, of Pomona, Rev. H. G. De Witt, D. D., of Fresno, and W. W. Tinker, state missionary for Southern California, have greatly enlarged the sphere of Baptist activity and influence in that section of the State. Alhambra, Azusa, Downey, Monrovia, National City, Palms, San Diego, Santa Ana, all have been touched with the influence of Baptist denominational life.

Of the forty-five church organizations in Central and Northern California in 1867, twenty-three were served by twenty-one pastors; the remaining twenty-two were pastorless. Dr. Wheeler had little difficulty in organizing churches, but great difficulty in securing pastors to serve them. During the first six months of his labor in San Francisco, he hailed more than forty men who had served in the Baptist ministry, as they hurried towards the mines, mad with the

thirst for the treasure that perishes. It was probably fortunate for the cause that these men kept right on to the mines. After waiting a year and a half for re-enforcements which had been promised him monthly by the Missionary Society in the East, but which had not come, for the simple reason that the society could not induce such men as it desired to undertake this pioneer work, Dr. Wheeler was at last cheered by the arrival of Rev. L. O. Grenell and wife, and Rev. F. E. Preveaux and wife. Mr. Grenell took charge of the church in San Jose and Mr. Preveaux soon opened a work on Pine street, San Francisco, which, however, was speedily abandoned. Rev. J. W. Capen arrived from the East in 1850, and assumed the pastorate of the First Church, Sacramento, which had been organized in the same year.

From the church of six members established in San Francisco in 1849, the denominational development has reached more than one hundred churches in Central and Northern California, besides those already mentioned as being in the South. These are at present in the hands of a ministry generally recognized as being the most competent body of men, as a whole, that have yet served the Baptist churches of this part of the State. Certainly the record of the past five years, from '86 to '91, is gratifying. In this time the denomination has increased eighty-eight per cent. The development of the State socially and politically has doubtless been favorable to this growth.

The towns and cities surrounding San Francisco, north, east and south, are manned by a force of pastors who have displayed great energy and ability in holding ground already gained, and in enlarging the boundaries of denominational usefulness. Rev. J. Herndon Garnett, formerly editor of the *Leader*, the Baptist paper of the State, now pastor of the Tabernacle of San Jose, is a young man of more than ordinary pulpit power, sufficiently liberal in orthodoxy to impress the public that he is not seeking the living among the dead, yet "after the most straitest sect of his religion," he lives a Baptist. No man is heard more gladly in the general meetings of the denomination, and few pastors in California preach to larger congregations. Rev. W. C. Spencer, of Alameda; Rev. E. T. Whittemore, of Berkeley; Rev. S. S. Fisk, of Santa Rosa; and his son, recently ordained, Rev. Henry A. Fisk, of San Pablo; Rev. W. T. Fleenor, of Ukiah; Rev. J. B. Saxton, of Vaca-



Rev. G. S. Abbott, D. D.
Sunday-School Missionary under the American Baptist Publication Society.

ville; Rev. S. B. Randall, of Los Gatos; Rev. A. M. Russell, of Willows; Rev. Ray Palmer, of Stockton, Rev. W. T. Jordan, of Dixon—these have done an honorable work, many of them in the face of appalling difficulties.



Rev. J. Herndon Garnett
Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, San Jose.

Oakland, with more self-sustaining Baptist churches than any other city in the State, has, as might be inferred, carried on an aggressive evangelization. The pastorate of Rev. C. H. Hobart in the First Church has been prosperous. The church has the largest membership of its history. Rev. Geo. B. Rieman, recently deceased, of the Twentieth street; Rev. I. D. Fleming, of the Twenty-third avenue, and Rev. J. Sjolander, of the Swedish Church, have rendered excellent service to the denomination in their several spheres. The Tenth-Avenue Church, corner of Tenth avenue and East Fourteenth street, Oakland, believes itself to be the most happily conditioned Baptist church in the State, as it is certainly the most attractive interiorly about the bay. Its pastor is Rev. Frank Dixon.

San Francisco deserves especial attention, both because of its destitution and because of the present hopeful condition of its religious life. There are six Baptist churches in the city, including the German, Rev. H. L. Dietz, pastor, the Swedish, and the Colored, of which Rev. Geo. E. Duncan is pastor. The First Church, which now stands on Eddy street, between Jones and Leavenworth, is under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. Q. A. Henry. With its complete organization and energetic spirit of evangelism, it moves rapidly towards a position of commanding influence in the city of San Francisco. The restless life of an aggressive pastor has been imparted to the church with most happy results. Mr. A. B. Forbes of this church is a splendid type of liberal Christian gentleman. Rev. A. W. Runyan of Hamilton Square Church contends with the discouragements of a difficult field with heroic persistency, and not without evidence of progress. Rev. Frank B. Cressy, of the Immanuel Church, is scarcely known in person yet to the Baptists of California, so recent is his settlement, but the influence of his coming has been wholesomely felt. He is ably supported by Deacon P. D. Code.

Very prominent among the leaders of the Baptist cause in California are Rev. G. S. Abbott, D. D., whose brave and gentle utterance of denominational conviction has won for him the warm respect of his fellow laborers, and Rev. W. H. Latourette, the former, State Sunday-School missionary, and representative of the Amer-

ican Baptist Publication Society, the latter, the State Secretary of the Home Missionary Society, under which Dr. Wheeler came to this coast. These two men have been closely identified with Baptist history in this State for a number of years, and present results in the missionary realm are largely monuments to their zeal.

WORK AMONG CHINESE.

In 1854 Rev. J. Lewis Shuck came to San Francisco under appointment of the Southern Baptist Convention, and inaugurated mission work among the Chinese. Some progress was made, but the civil war came on, and, in 1861, Mr. Shuck withdrew to the South. This work was renewed under Dr. Graves in 1871, and continued until 1876, when again it came to an abrupt close. It was re-opened in 1879 by Rev. J. B. Hartwell, D. D., who, as superintendent of Chinese missions on this coast, has charge at the present time of thirteen missions in a territory extending from Port Townsend, Washington, to Los Angeles. There are fifty-four members of the church in San Francisco immediately under Dr. Hartwell's care, thirty-three of whom are resident. Sixty-five Chinese on an average assemble in the school-room of the Baptist Mission on the corner of Sacramento street and Waverly place, to receive instruction in the Scriptures, in the Chinese classics and in English.

Few, who are unacquainted with the Chinese in California and the American antipathy for them, can appreciate the warfare which Dr. Hartwell has waged against pagan iniquities and Christian indifference or hostility. He is made of martyr-stuff and is absolutely without fear, save of Almighty God's disapproval. The circumstances have needed just such a man for his peculiar mission in San Francisco, a man not likely to be driven from his work of preaching the gospel to the Chinese upon the streets of the city by howling hoodlums. Opposition upon the part of American Christians grows weaker daily, which fact is not the least gratifying result of his devotion. Two years before his arrival in San Francisco, Mrs. J. R. Bradway, of Oakland, began work among the Chinese of that city. A woman of singularly sweet character, beautiful in her consecration, she has taught a score and a half Chinese to love and serve the God in whom she trusts. In Fresno and Chico the Chinese have not been forgotten.

Seven converted Chinese have returned to China as Christian Missionaries from the territory under Dr. Hartwell's supervision.

EDUCATIONAL.

The public school system of California had its beginnings in the First



Rev. J. B. Hartwell, D. D.
Superintendent of Chinese Missions

Baptist Church of San Francisco. The first free public school in the State was opened there on December 26th, 1849, with three pupils in attendance, by Mr. John Pelton and his wife. On March 25th, 1850, the Council of San Francisco passed the following resolution :



Hon. H. E. McCune of Dixon.

" Resolved, That from the first day of April, 1850, John C. Pelton and Mrs. Pelton, his wife, be employed as teachers for the public school at the Baptist Church which has been offered to the Council free of charge, and that the average number of scholars shall not exceed one hundred ; and that they shall be entitled to a monthly salary, during the pleasure of the Council, of five hundred dollars per month, payable each and every month."

None have greater cause for feeling proud of their historical connection with the system of public instruction of the State than Baptists.

Within the past two years a summer resort has been acquired by the Baptists at Twin Lakes, near Santa Cruz. Thirty-five thousand dollars have been spent in improvement upon the grounds. A tabernacle has been built in which the State Convention meets annually and in which summer schools are held. Twin Lakes is destined to become speedily a center of educational life in the summer.

The Baptists of Southern California have a university at Los Angeles. The institution, however, which probably represents the best endeavors of the Baptists of the State in the educational field is California College, situated at Highland Park, Oakland. It was formerly located at Vacaville, at which place it languished hopelessly. In early days the staunchest friend this institution had was Deacon Isaac Lankershim, whose widow now lives in Los Angeles. He laid the foundation of a permanent endowment in a gift of two hundred acres of land near Vacaville, for which he had paid ten thousand dollars. The college received this property while Rev. A. S. Worrall was president. Another true friend of the cause has been Hon. H. E. McCune, of Dixon. When it was located in Oakland six years ago, Mrs. E. H. Gray, of Oakland, a noble Christian woman who has contributed thousands, indeed, tens of thousand, to missionary and educational enterprises, gave the site, valued at ten thousand dollars upon which three good buildings now stand. A farm of one hundred and sixty acres at Milton, the Stuart fund of ten thousand dollars, and a partial endowment of the President's chair, twenty-eight thousand, complete the assets of the institution. Rev. S. B. Morse, D. D., has been

president for the past five years. Possibly no other man in the Baptist ranks in the State could have maintained the work with equal success. For what he has done in the way of raising funds toward an endowment he merits the gratitude of the Baptists of California.

To the further liberality of Mrs. E. H. Gray, Baptists are indebted for about thirty-five thousand dollars, the nucleus of an endowment for a Theological Seminary.

The friends of Christian education are surveying the field in California at the present time with much anxiety, lest steps be taken in the wrong direction, and the situation, educationally, become hopelessly involved. The crisis in religious education—that such is at hand is patent—opens no difficulties to such minds as have a serene faith in the adaptation of methods which have been partially successful in Eastern States to the conditions which prevail in California. But one need not be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to see quite clearly that there is no room in California for colleges. The University at Berkeley and the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto more than occupy the ground. Both have splendid financial support, and, in order to justify the heavy expenditures of their establishment and maintenance they will be driven to search for students through every village and county on this coast. They have able faculties; they charge no tuition; they have reduced expenses to a nominal figure. Henceforth ignorance on this Western coast will have no shadow of justification. To compete in collegiate work with these institutions would require a permanent endowment of three million dollars. Such an endowment cannot be raised by any religious body on this coast. If it could, to establish another high-grade institution would be a reckless waste of money. What is to be done by those who desire to place their sons and daughters under religious influence at school? No rational thing can be done, save this: Establish and endow liberally first-class academies. These are in demand. The religious influence of an academy is worth as much as that of a college. To build any other educational institution than an academy on this coast for the next fifty years would be madness. The truest friends of education among Baptists will not fail to see the wisdom of this policy. The responsibility of a father to his son forbids that he should sacrifice his education by placing him in a third-rate religious school out of a mistaken loyalty to sect. His first duty in this matter is to his son. The advantages of the State University and the Stanford



Rev. C. Wittig, Pastor at Riverside.

University are overwhelmingly superior to any that can be offered by any denominational college in California. Yet the academic field, equally important, and in the judgment of many wise men, more important, religiously, is comparatively undeveloped. A magnificent opportunity presents itself to Baptists, and they will surely seize it.

In the sphere of theological instruction the actual condition of things dictates a policy different from that of the excellent work done by the seminaries of the East, there are enough incompetent men in the ministry. Christians cannot afford to impose upon the patience of their God. The best course to be pursued by Baptists, under the circumstances—possibly it would be best, even if their capital were unlimited—is to endow a theological chair in the State University, and send their young men there. The trustees of the University



Rev. Geo. L. Duncan.
Pastor of the Third Baptist Church (Colored), San Francisco.

pursued by some denominations in the State, and in danger of being pursued by Baptists. They have a fund of thirty-five thousand dollars, generously donated by Mrs. Gray, with which to begin, but it would require at least one million dollars to found a seminary whose advantages would be great enough to justify a young man desiring to enter the ministry in not going East. Education is too serious a thing to be trifled with. In spite would probably consent to such an arrangement. A stronger element of Christian influence would thus be introduced into the life of the University, and theological students would be brought into contact with men whom they are to meet, and with whom they are to deal in practical life. Such an acquaintanceship would be incalculably beneficial to the clergy of any denomination. The Christian denominations of the State, by such a

policy, would free themselves from the reproach—strangely and unjustly flung by them at the University, however—of having tried to make the instruction "godless" by their ungenerous opposition to the institution.

If it be deemed wise by Baptists to carry their educational work beyond the academic stage, permission could easily be obtained, no doubt, from the authorities of the State University, to build a Baptist dormitory in Berkeley to be placed under the religious supervision of an endowed Baptist professorship. It would be possible for Baptists thus to avail themselves of the advantages of a great institution with a comparatively small outlay of money. If every Christian denomination of the State should thus identify its interests with those of the State, who can doubt but that the result would be to give pre-eminence to our State University, in which every true Californian feels a patriotic pride, and to develop a university life which would have all the intellectual freedom of secular surroundings, with the wholesome restraint of Christian conviction? It is quite probable that Stanford University, notwithstanding the fact that its royal endowment insures it a position of unlimited influence from the very first, would welcome a similar affiliation with the religious organizations of the State.



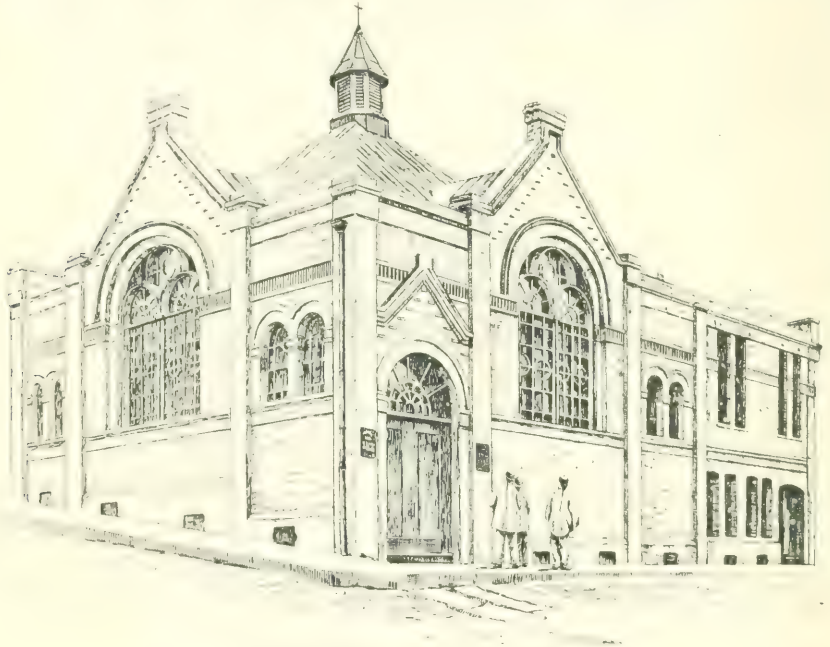
First Baptist Church of San Francisco Built in 1851.

THE BAPTIST STATE PAPER.

From the time when Rev. O. C. Wheeler edited *The Baptist Banner*, the first paper published by the denomination west of the Rockies, it has been found exceedingly difficult to maintain a paper. That early effort cost Mr. Wheeler three thousand dollars over and above all receipts. Probably the best paper yet published is that now in the field—*The Leader*, of San Francisco. This paper, known at the time as the *Herald of Truth*, passed into the hands of Mr. Garnett in the year 1889, and its continued existence is largely due to the readiness of himself and Rev. C. H. Hobart to invest thought and money in an enterprise from which there have been

no returns, save an increased interest in the life of the denomination throughout the State.

The problem of religious journalism in California is yet much involved in the minds of Christian people. Nothing need prevent Baptists from solving it. With the present mail facilities, there is little demand for more than one or two strong Baptist denominational papers in the United States. Local church news, State news, could easily be disseminated through the daily and weekly press. No worthy effort has as yet been made by the Christian Church to avail itself of the secular press for developing its interests. In this day there is scarcely a family that does not take a daily paper—none that would confess itself too ignorant to take at least a weekly. How small is the space devoted in these papers to religious news, in which at least one-fifth the population is presumably interested! Scandalous phases of religious life are noticed faithfully enough, but religion itself is practically ignored. The time is ripe for such method as is being now studied by a few Baptists of this State. An effort is soon to be made to induce the denomination to arrange with one of the leading dailies of the State for the editing, religiously, of half a column or a column, in each issue by an editor selected for that purpose. At least the weekly issue of such a paper would go into every Baptist home in the State, and the influence of Christian thought upon the minds of thousands who never glance at an exclusively religious paper would be vastly augmented.

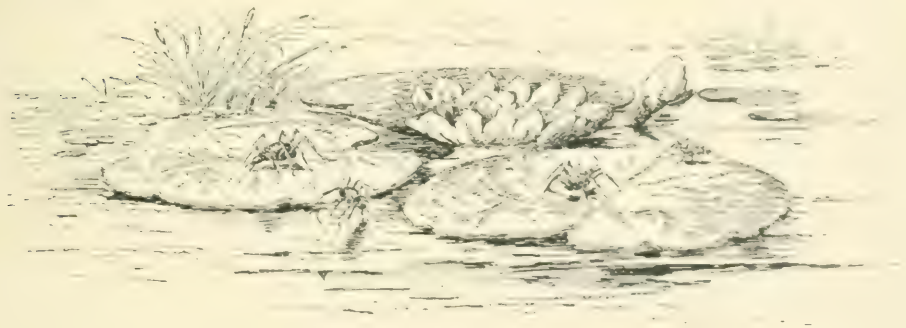


Chinese Baptist Mission, San Francisco.

THE FUTURE.

The experience of Baptists in the past has been much like that of other Christian denominations in California, possibly a little more restless. This is easily understood, when it is remembered that their polity is Democratic. Wherever Democracy fails, their polity is affected unfavorably. In the early days, government

in California was chaotic, hence Baptist life was more or less turbulent. Since, however, the political institutions of the State have begun to crystallize into the forms of a purer Democracy, Baptist life has grown more placid, and the progress of the denomination has been correspondingly rapid. The lessons of the past have been learned with much pain and discouragement, but they will never be forgotten. The March winds of trial have shaken the denominational tree with great violence, and tugged at its roots with gigantic force, but it stands. Spring has fully come; the sap rises freely, and luxuriant branches stretch their shady welcome to the soul exhausted by the heat of early struggle. And now, many wonder how the turmoil of the past was possible. It would not have been, had the Baptist polity been faithfully enforced; had the Democratic right of each church to govern itself been respected at all times; had councils upon matters of discipline, which have often and sadly distracted the churches, been avoided, and had ministerial unions, which are in no sense a part of the organic life of the denomination, scrupulously refused to concern themselves with any matter beyond their jurisdiction. But these are unhappy features of a past from which there has been a triumphant escape. The future is secure, and Baptists look towards it eagerly. Their simple ecclesiastical machinery makes it possible for them to adjust themselves to the new civilization so rapidly developing on this coast, and control, in some measure, its inner life. The energy of progressive men is breaking traditional fetters, and gaining fullest freedom for Christian activity. Young men of broad culture, among whom Rev. H. B. Hutchins, pastor of the Immanuel Church, of Sacramento, is worthy of mention, are concerning themselves with the educational life of Baptists, and their influence will be felt in future policies. Some have laid firm hold upon social and industrial problems, and are determined to bring the church into contact with the masses. Preachers of persuasive power strive to convince the people of California that that nation is blessed whose God is the Lord. The hour is full of hope for Baptists, and they hasten towards the future with eager hearts, to possess it—not in the name of sectarianism, but in the name of Him who respecteth no person, but accepteth every man that feareth God and worketh righteousness.



PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

EVERY century of the Christian era has had its reformer. Savonarola, Peztollozi and Luther, each in his own sphere, have left the imprint of their master minds upon the human family. The nineteenth century has been replete with social, political and religious renovators, many of whose theories, while indisputably good and rational, are far in advance of the times, and therefore impractical. But such is not true of the social reformer of Dwight; for since the days of Charlemagne, drunkenness has been the curse of nearly every land. Temperance advocates have been striving to check its advance, yet it has been progressive. It has moved steadily onward, filling the jails, almshouses and asylums.

It is evident, then, that the crusade of temperance, so far as practical results are concerned, has been an ineffectual one. This conclusion was the lever of thought that brought about the great discovery at Dwight.

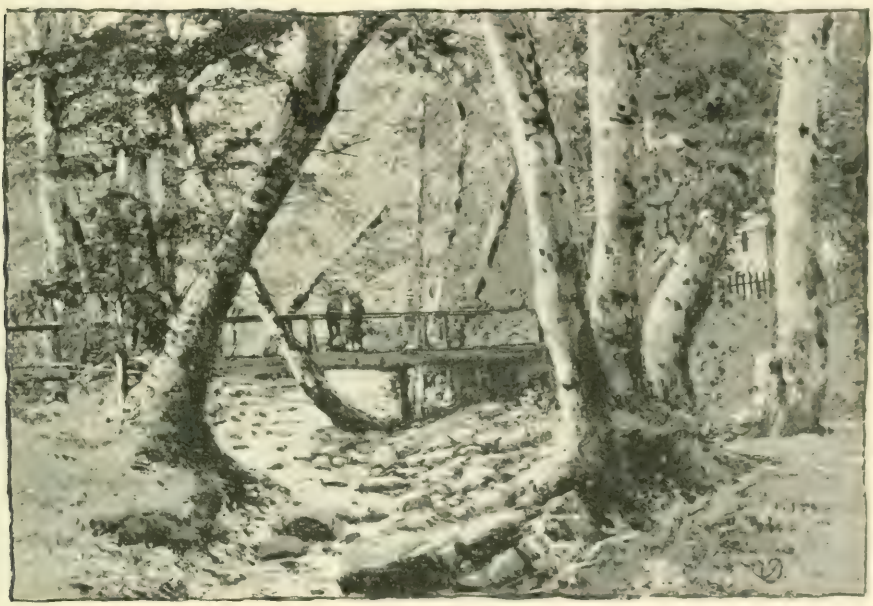
"Why not eradicate the root of the evil—the desire for strong drink," thought the physician; then, by assiduous study and work, he evolved certain pathological facts, from which it was evident that drunkenness was not an evil to be shaken off at will, but a firm-seated disease, needing medicinal treatment as much as pneumonia, typhoid or any other malignant disease. Now came the diligent study for the remedy that was to revolutionize the world. Sleepless nights and thoughtful days were spent in pursuit of it, until at last, by research and endless experiment, the reward came. The remedy, which was to neutralize the alcoholic poison and cure the diseased nerve centers, became known as the double chloride of gold, or chloride of gold and sodium. By its action, the nerve center and brain tissues are freed from the foreign matter that has collected there, which is eliminated through the natural channels of discharge. Then ensues the work of regeneration, or building up of new nerve tissue, which, when complete, destroys the longing for drink by removing the cause, and the patient awakens to find himself snatched from a drunkard's grave, no longer a parody upon the handiwork of God—a man in all the term implies.

What must be the feelings of this reclaimed one toward the man who made his cure possible? He was no more able to resist the demand for strong drink than a well person to resist the cravings of hunger! No longer does he think of drink; his brain has become clear, his eye bright, and his cheek glows with perfect health, as with a light step, he turns homeward from the sanitarium, a new being, his entire system renovated. His mind has assumed the absorptivity of his early youth, its retentive power amazing him. The blue sky, the flowers and the birds all awaken the same innate joy that he felt in his boyhood days, and with a parting "God bless you" to his benefactors, he re-enters the battle of life, proud to bear on his breast the badge of restoration to manhood, the Keeley button, and points with pride to it, advising his friends who had imbibed with him to investigate the cure. He becomes, in fact, a most zealous missionary in this new temperance cause.

Now the question arises, "Can every drunkard be cured?" By close personal investigation I find the answer to be in the affirmative with the proviso, "If he prefers sobriety to drunkenness." There are a few

drunkards who drink from sheer viciousness as much as from disease; but a man who volunteers the information that he would rather be drunk than sober is morally, as well as physically diseased, and is beyond redemption. But the vast army of drinkers indulge in the wine-cup simply because they cannot help it after the habit has become once established.

Since the great discovery at Dwight, Illinois, there have been sixty institutes established in the United States for the reclamation of the drunkard, but there is now established at Los Gatos, in Santa Clara County, a branch institution under the management of Dr. G. E. Sussdorff, an eminent physician of the east, and Mr. O. N. Ramsey, a man of wide culture and extensive travel, coupled with a thorough knowledge of human nature. A location better adapted to the work could scarcely have been selected. Sixty miles from San Francisco, and ten from San Jose, it is most delightfully situated in the foot-hills of the Santa Cruz mountains, whose chaparral-clad



A Los Gatos Trout Stream.

and not only of him, but of his more unfortunate brethren—the morphine and opium users. Of these sixty institutions, Dr. Keeley himself keeps vigilant supervision, forwarding the double chloride of gold directly from his laboratory at Dwight. Each of the institutes, as he chooses to call them, is under the direct guidance of an able physician and a manager chosen with great care for his adaptibility to the work in hand.

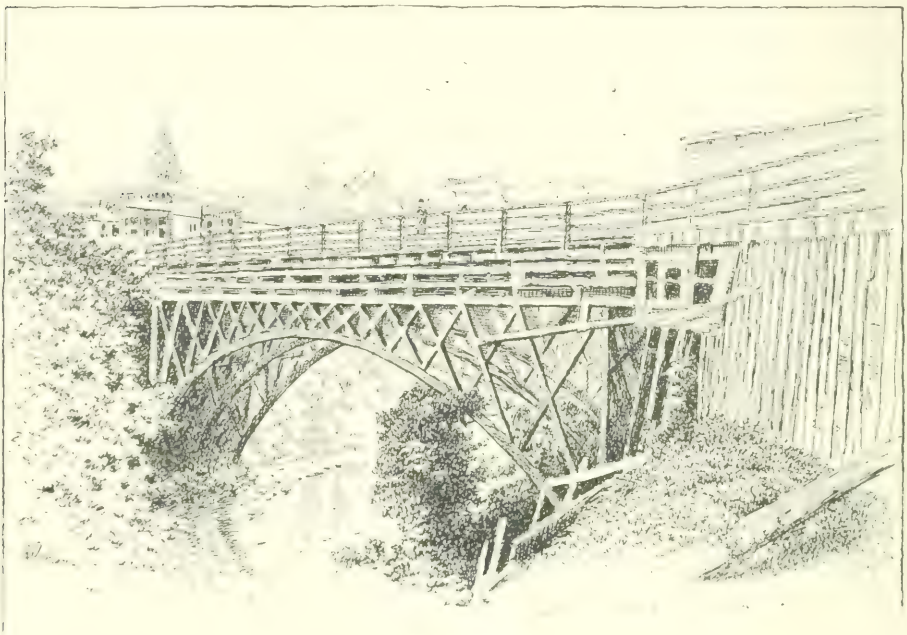
Until recently, California had not received attention from the reformers, sides protect the valley from winds and fogs, making it a natural sanitarium. Under California skies, with gently blowing winds that breathe of neighboring orange groves, gardens teeming with roses and eglantine, a gently purling stream reflecting through the cottonwoods the clear blue dome overhead, a fitting place indeed for the regeneration of man.

A day spent at this great sanitarium is particularly interesting, noting the different types of humanity that come here seeking relief, and the peculiar

circumstances that brought them to need it. The most interesting cases, perhaps, are those treating for the morphine habit. The treatment for both is practically the same, except as to duration of time. When the patient applies for treatment, he is received by the manager, and examined thoroughly by the physician. If found to be without organic disease, he is accepted, and a cure assured in from three to five weeks ; that is, they will guarantee to *remove all desire or need* for either liquor or the alluring drug, but cannot promise to create a new will, as that is a production of superhuman power. A patient may go forth entirely cured, but, on disaster overtaking him, may deliberately seek to drown his discomfiture or sorrow in the wine-cup ; he is beginning the habit afresh that will again bring him down. But of the sixty thousand "graduates," less than five per cent have fallen back into the old habits from which they had been released.

On questioning Dr. Sussdorff, as to whether the cure would result seriously to sufferers from an organic disease, he replied, that of itself it would not ; but that the reason for rejecting applicants with organic heart or lung trouble was, that, stimulants being an actual necessity to the prolongation of life, it would be wrong to withdraw from them their stimulant support, and thereby shorten their already allotted days. Again, it furnishes material for unwarranted attacks.

To illustrate the utter harmlessness of the preparation and the absence of atropia or strychnine, the doctor related an incident of a gentleman who went to Los Gatos several months ago. He came, accompanied by an attendant, to whom was intrusted an eight-ounce bottle of the preparation, and a four-ounce flask of whisky, with instructions to administer the medicine every two hours, but the whisky, of course, as sparingly as exigencies would permit ; but, as the night grew apace, sleep overcame the attendant, and the patient, finding himself un-



The Bridge.

watched, lost no time in securing and emptying the flask. Being then in hilarious mood, the second bottle containing the preparation caught his eye, and that, too, disappeared.



A bit of Los Gatos.

When the attendant at last awakened, he was horror-stricken to find his patient senseless, but it was due to liquor, and in a few hours the victim had recovered from it and felt no bad effects from the extraordinary internal dose of the famous cure.

The patients are drawn from all walks of life—the professional man, the capitalist and the business man standing side by side with the social outcast, each ready with bared arm to receive the injection of the fluid. But whatever be the social status of the patients, when they gather at the institute for treatment, they meet on a common ground, each with a common cause, and, like Damon and Pythias of old, with common sympathies. Recently an organization known as "The Keeley Club" was effected in San Francisco, composed only of the Keeley "graduates," the officers of which are some of the prominent business men of this city and of San José. The objects of the club are numerous, but the most laudable one is its determination to help the unfortunate fellow who desires to take the treatment but has not the wherewith for expense. Any victim of either morphia or liquor, really desiring to be cured, applies to the secretary of the club, and states his case; then, being satisfied that the applicant means to reform, he is furnished with sufficient funds to carry him through the entire course of treatment; he gives as security, a note, in which he agrees to repay in monthly or weekly installments the money then advanced, on being restored to his former condition and on obtaining employment. Long may the club live! With such noble aspirations, it deserves the commendation of everyone.

The morphine habit requires more patient treatment than does dipsomania, five weeks sometimes being allotted for an entire cure—regeneration being somewhat slower. But in a week, the eye begins to lose its glazed appearance, the pasty skin assumes its normal condition, and the nerves begin to relax and grow stronger. During my first visit to Los Gatos, I met a gentleman from Southern California, of high character and attainments, accompanied by his

wife. She informed me that some two years since her husband sustained serious injuries in a railway accident—his left foot being crushed almost to a pulp. Sternly refusing to submit to amputation, he submitted to a course of treatment that was one prolonged agony. Morphine was prescribed to allay his sufferings, and then ensued the old, old story. When the cause for resorting to the drug no longer existed, the poor fellow awoke to find himself held firm and fast in its relentless toils; with horror he was forced to acknowledge his complete subjugation to the remorseless tyrant. Terror-stricken at the awful truth, yet absolutely powerless to escape, he heard of the discovery of the great reformer, and came to Los Gatos, half-incredulous, to try it. In his own words: "It can but kill, and God knows death would be merciful, held as I am a prisoner." It was during his second week that I met him, and a more self-satisfied or a more grateful man would be hard to find; the chains that held him so long a captive were forced asunder; indeed, he had completely triumphed over the remorseless tyrant, and telling of his emancipation, his eyes grew dim with gratitude, blessing a thousand times the great man who had made his reclamation possible. Turning to Mr. Ramsey and Dr. Sussdorff, he asked sadly: "Can mere dollars repay these good men? My gratitude to them is immeasurable."

Dr. Keeley, like all reformers, has been subject to unjust criticism. The medical fraternity claim that professional ethics demand that he make known his formula. Granted that he did so, what assurance has he that some indifferent or ignorant practitioner would not commit error in compounding or administering it? One can readily see the result of such an act; the cure itself, and not the blundering physician would be condemned. Hence I hold he has a right to bide his time till the world shall see abundant proofs of his wonderful cure, and shall ring from pole to pole of its potency. Then can he safely say to the world: "Here is the Elixir of Life. Take it and let drunkenness, the curse of all lands and ages, disappear in the darkness of the past."

Since the establishment of the first sanitarium at Dwight, sixty thousand have been cured. Each of these consumed with ease five hundred dollars' worth of liquor or morphine annually, hence, there is thirty million dollars already diverted into other channels than those of degradation. If the "graduates" increase proportionately in the next ten years as they have since the establishment of the institute, which is more than probable, six hundred thousand grateful fellowmen will have been reclaimed to fulfill properly the life duties allotted them; and three hundred million dollars will have been diverted from pernicious uses to education, commerce, manufactures and other legitimate sources. Who, then, can deny that the savant of Dwight has at last solved the question of temperance in a practical manner?

Already the United States government has taken some cognizance of the value of his discovery by introducing the treatment into the "Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers." Now follows in the mind the possibilities of its introduction into other public institutions. Go, some day, to the Police Court, and note the number of blear-eyed, disheveled, unkempt and ragged creatures crouched in the dock, awaiting sentence for "drunk." Most of these, you will learn, bob up serenely every few days or weeks, sometimes with some other petty charge added for variety. They will be "sent below" for twenty-four hours, then liberated, to return again in a short time. Sometimes three months' incarceration is given them, but again they come with unceasing regularity.

How much wiser policy it would be to deal with these poor wretches,

once for all, when sentencing them, and send them where they could receive treatment, enabling them to reform and become self-supporting. It is safe to say that at least eighty per cent would gladly avail themselves of the chance to lead better lives, and that fifty per cent could be disposed of once for all, to join the ranks of honest, law-abiding wage-workers. This, you might conclude, is impractical in consideration of their hitherto low lives. But therein lies the magic of the great elixir. By regenerating the brain and nerve centers, it elevates the mind and consequently the actions. By the government's adopting the treatment, the army of petty offenders could be reduced to a minimum, the moral atmosphere of the community purified, and the possibilities of crime greatly reduced.

Viewing the matter from another standpoint—from that of political economy—consider the fact that there are in San Francisco, and it is safe to say in every other large city, perennial drunkards, who confess to having spent the greater part of their existence in jails and houses of correction. Had these, or even a part of these, been disposed of in the beginning of their career, the community would have been relieved of their care, and their evil example been removed from the eyes of our youth.

A visit to the penal institutions of California will readily convince the reader that liquor, morphine and kindred drugs have brought a larger percentage of the inmates there than all other causes combined.

The next century will reap the material fruits of the seeds Dr. Keeley and his co-laborers have sown; and as the reformation goes on, the theory of temperance will have been practically solved.



Los Gatos from the Foothills

Questions of the Day.

RE-ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT.

THERE is much spoken and written in opposition to giving a president a second term. Two reasons are urged against it. One is that in the distribution of patronage a president makes enemies which impairs his strength as a candidate, and the other is that he may use his power to promote his own nomination against the wishes of the majority of his party, and his election against the wishes of the people. The first point is not as potential as is supposed. It is true that men now and then become disgruntled if they do not get what they want, but the people have no sympathy with them. No man has a right to an office, nor a just claim to one. Every man is presumed to act for the promotion of the public welfare and not his personal interests. Disgruntled office-seekers have never had influence enough to imperil a national election; in fact their opposition generally has the effect to strengthen rather than weaken, for their childishness embarrasses the party to which they give their support. More noise is made by the bosses, who desire to have their machines kept in good running order by the control of patronage. The people have become tired of machine politics and boss rule.

Andrew Jackson adopted the maxim of Governor Marcy that "to the victors belong the spoils" and made use of patronage to advance party interests. Patronage was used with liberality and effect in procuring the nomination and re-nomination of Martin Van Buren, but since then its power has been steadily on the decrease, and no other presidential candidate has been nominated through its influence. Under the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan patronage in the north was unblushingly employed in aid of slavery, but it had the effect to increase anti-slavery sentiment. The very fact that it was so used alarmed the country and since then the people have been jealous and have watched the use of patronage with the greatest vigilance. Undue interference by office-holders is always met with reprobation, and generally with defeat. The law forbids levying assessments upon officials of all grades, and a large number of officers are appointed and maintained in place under the civil service law and regulations. The fact is that public sentiment has almost reached the point of denial of citizen rights to the office-holder. The theory of our institutions is that the people possess all power and consequently the unabridged right to choose persons to the same offices as often or as seldom as they please; and any law or custom which prescribes by other rule implies a distrust of the intelligence, independence or integrity of the people.

Experience in the professions, and in all the affairs of life, is regarded as valuable, and there is good reason why those who have had it should be preferred to those who are inexperienced, and why the principle should not be applied to the public service is not easily comprehended. Constituencies have been best served in Congress and legislatures who have continued to re-elect their representatives so long as they are able to render acceptable service. The very worst governments are those where changes are most frequent, for they lead to fickleness, sedition, revolution and bloody disorders which have so often appeared in Spanish-American countries. Despotism is never so bad as anarchy. There is a wide-spread ambition in this country to hold public office. To pass favors around may oblige aspirants, but it affords no assurance of better manage-

ment of public affairs; on the contrary we have abundant evidence that the reverse is the case. Change merely to oblige the ambitious leads to unseemly scrambles, combinations and not unfrequently to corrupt practices. Change should be made only to produce better results, or when circumstances necessarily require it. John Randolph of Roanoke said, "all change is not reform."

The Constitution in no way indicates a limitation of the power of the people, or that it is unwise to re-elect a president for any number of terms. For reasons largely personal Washington declined to stand for a third term, and Jefferson followed his example. Nobody at that time appears to have regarded it dangerous to re-elect either of them the second time. After Jefferson, the idea of a third term was never suggested to one who was, or had been president except to General Grant, and by that time the limit prescribed by Washington for himself had come to be regarded as the unwritten law of the land. It was asserted in 1880 that if the third term were given to Grant a precedent would be set that would endanger our republican form of government. Such a view is a reflection upon the people. The inference is that they can be induced or forced to submit to a destruction of their liberties by the blandishments or power of a president who succeeds himself for any number of times. That there can be a monarch in this country is inconceivable and a monarchy is impossible.

There has been no case when a president has held for eight years, that his administration during the second term has not been better or as good as during the first term. No president has ever been able to dictate to his successor except Jackson, and no other one has ever attempted it. There is an objection to a third term which does not lie to a second. In all cases, except three, men about fifty years of age have been elected to the presidency, and such is likely to be the rule in all future time. Eight years' service in that responsible and laborious office advances a man well on in age, and towards worn out physical and mental powers. Few presidents have long survived their terms, and the period of survival seems to be decreasing as the labors of the office are increased by the growth of the country. It requires a sturdy constitution to endure the strain upon it. We are in more danger from boss ring and machine rule outside the government than from abuse of patronage within it. Whether a president should be re-elected depends upon how he has administered the government and whether the policy of which he is the exponent meets the views of the people. It is wisest to let the law stand as it is, and leave the people free to regulate their own affairs in their own way.

THE GROWTH OF URBAN POPULATION

THE census of 1890 discloses the fact that increase of population in the cities is in larger percentage than ever before over that of the country. In some cases it seems abnormal. In the State of New York the increase during the preceding census decade was eighteen per cent, while in the City of New York it was twenty-seven, in Brooklyn, forty-two, and in Buffalo sixty-five. Illinois gained twenty-four per cent, but the increase in Chicago was one hundred and eighteen. Ohio's growth was fifteen per cent and that of Cleveland was sixty-three. Maryland's was eleven, and Baltimore's thirty-one. Minneapolis gained two hundred and fifty-one per cent while Minnesota increased but sixty-seven. Nebraska's growth was sixty-seven and that of Omaha was two hundred. Kansas City increased one hundred and thirty-eight per cent and Missouri twenty-four. Growth in Pennsylvania and Philadelphia were about even. New Orleans fell below Louisiana, and San Francisco hardly kept up with California. The increase of population in the country and some of the cities of this state was remarkable. Los Angeles gained almost five hundred per cent and the increase in the six southern counties was about two hundred. In the southern states increase in the cities and country was about the same, but nearly everywhere else the increase in the cities was largely above that in the rural districts. In the nation as a whole the cities outstripped the country by a considerable percentage.

This tendency to concentrate in cities and towns has elicited discussion and is a subject for thoughtful consideration. The natural inquiries are what are the causes, and what will be the consequences? One of the causes

is there is a high degree of material prosperity, and another is that the social instinct prompts people to congregate. Cities are attractive to men ambitious to gain fortunes whether by legitimate or illegitimate means. They also have become industrial as well as trade centers. When merchandise had to be transported in wagons it was a saving of time and money to have manufacturing widely distributed and done in small plants. Railroads are concentrators because they transport large quantities and with speed. Distributions of merchandise is not only speedier but with less cost. This enables manufacturing to be done in large plants and at great centers of trade. Telegraphs and telephones afford facilities for quick communication. New means of transportation and facilities for inter-communication have revolutional conditions. Cities of the same population cover more space than they did fifty years ago, especially is this true of those that have been recently founded. Formerly the shopkeeper, the watchmaker and the tailor lived, did business, and worked under the same roof. Since electricity, the cable and steam have been used in street transportation, business men and artisans have their residences more or less distant from where their work is done. They enjoy the advantages of the city in attending to their affairs and almost those of the country at their residences. In the newer cities residence grounds are larger as a rule and many of them are embellished with flowers and shrubs.

This tendency to concentration in cities will continue until they so outgrow the country that they cannot be supplied with food and clothing at a cost that can be endured. Cities line upon the country and between them a certain equilibrium must be maintained.

During the reign of Augustus there was such a concentration of people in Rome and other cities that agricultural productions were insufficient, and danger of famine alarmed the government. The destruction of the equilibrium between cities and the country have many times resulted in famine, and should there be a succession of stint crops in this country an increase of urban population would be checked, and probably it would turn the other way. Such an event is not liable to happen because our country is so large and climatic conditions and productions are so various.

A serious feature is that of government. Cities are turbulent and their governments are always expensive and not unfrequently extravagant and corrupt. They are the homes of bad men as well as rich men, and the former are ever willing and ready to loot the latter. The bad element is greater in the city than in the country and whenever the votes of the cities can control the state, the power of legislatures to regulate municipal governments will be gone. Reliance heretofore has been placed upon legislators from the country to check the extravagance and corruption of city governments.

The moral aspect is still more serious. Cities are the centers of debauchery and immorality. The chief work of reformers and philanthropists has always had to be performed among urban people. It is a natural result that vice and crime should be somewhat proportionate to the magnitude of cities. It may be that our schools, churches and moral institutions will be able to so arrest the growth of vice that there will not be the evil consequences of concentration in cities that good and thoughtful men so much fear. L. A. S.

THE GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the articles in the present number, the one on San Francisco by the well-known banker, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., well illustrates the rapid strides which California has made in the past two decades. San Francisco is the most important city west of Chicago. Its possibilities are infinite, and in the future it will become one of the great cities of the world. The opening of the Nicaragua Canal, which must come, will be epoch-making in its effect upon San Francisco as well as the entire Pacific Coast.

NEW BOOKS

PHYSIOGNOMY is not a new theme. What time the early Greek philosophers were founders of a fresh civilization, attention was given to this always interesting topic. Among the more celebrated of the Greeks, Plato, Aristotle and Ptolemy had much to say on this subject, and their utterances are still heeded. It is comparatively recent history how Porta, Lavater, Dr. Gross and Dr. Redfield made this subject their own, and brought it within the scope of popular vision. Even now their books are read, although they injured the general effect of their work by undue attention to a variety of fads and misconceptions, while other authors introduced superstitions like alchemy, fortune-telling and even the follies of the old astrologers and sorcerers. It was left for Dr. Joseph Simms to scatter the once uncertain dogmas of physiognomy with his original discoveries of signs and principles placed on a true scientific and exact basis. Champollion, the French savant and linguist, taught archæologists and Egyptologists to read the hieroglyphics on the historic stones of Egypt, and in the same manner has Dr. Simms taught us how to read men by nature's hieroglyphics and their external conformation. This is the purpose and use of his large work entitled "Physiognomy Illustrated," in which the laws of the features, lineaments and bodily forms are explained and formulated in well-defined, exact system free from whims, omens, illusions and other vague superficialties and isms. This is a deeply interesting book of six hundred and twenty-four pages, handsomely and accurately illustrated with three hundred engravings making clear in what way the predominant bones betoken the shades of human character and the force and scientific value of the regnant muscles.

This last is a branch of the subject first dealt with by Dr. Simms. A vital distinction is drawn with the aid of careful discernment between personal character as shown by an abnormally large thorax, and that of which an excessive development of the abdomen is the sign. Dr. Simms is the first writer to classify ears in such a lucid manner as to show the musical, linguistic or oratorical capacities of the owners. The ingenious author makes plain to all how love and social qualities are manifested in the eyes; in what manner the mathematician, the mechanician and the miser are marked with characteristic features, as well as the refined and pure, and those whose inclination is to do good. He shows how to discover persons who would dwell in harmony with their associates, and to what degree the face denotes ability for spoken or written language. He even describes a cautious and an incautious nose. Dr. Simms is known as a popular lecturer on science and a vigorous writer, by all the English-speaking peoples. He does not fall into the common error of many writers on this subject who advocate the theory that a large nose, a massive head or a full forehead invariably betokens a great mind. Several hundred signs of mental and moral qualities are philosophically described and included in a practical, cogent and wholly new system of character reading, which goes far in advance of other known methods. The underlying principles are brought forth with a notable power of luminous exposition and originality tempered by scientific exactitude imprinted on every page of the book as well as by a delicacy of treatment and an entire absence of egotism. The book is a rich treasure to those who desire a thorough understanding of the characters which daily pass in review before them. Published by the Murray Hill Publishing Co., 129 East Twenty-eighth street, New York; price two dollars.

THE BRIDE OF INFELICE, by Miss Ada L. Halstead, a San Francisco author, already quite favorably known, shows the advantage of telling a Massachusetts story under the inspiration of Pacific Coast sunshine and breezes. Our author has treated her subject with sustained interest, and in a style remarkable for its flexible and picturesque diction.

ON A BUHACH PLANTATION.

BY E. S. LAWRENCE.

IN savage life nature kindly adapts capability of endurance to the amount and intensity of annoyance, and uncivilized man is undisturbed under degrees of aggravation that would be intolerable to his more progressive brother. There is an equilibrium maintained—a balance of power, as it were—which enables the human being of primitive conditions and habits to gain a fair share of peace and comfort. As man progresses, however, in civilization and intelligence, nature seems to withdraw the protecting provisions made by her for his welfare and leave him to his own wits and ingenuity to devise means of comfort. The comforts and luxuries as well as the necessities of life are incessantly increasing, and, with these increasing demands upon her, nature plainly proclaims that she will have nothing further to do with them than to supply the raw materials which civilized man must first discover and then adapt to his use, as well as find his antidotes to discomfort. Here, then, enterprise must step forward to devise ways and means.

Perhaps nothing causes mankind more irritation, considering the diversity and wide scope of their operations and their countless modes of attack, than insect pests. Whether our sleep be disturbed by the ubiquitous and gluttonous flea, or our flower gardens and orchards be devastated by aphides, whether the phylloxera destroy our vines, or flies render our meat uneatable, or a predatory incursion of ants causes us to empty our sugar basin into the ash barrel, or vermin harass our domestic animals, the annoyances and losses proceed from members of an infinite host of independent armies of *hostiles*—visible and invisible—that wage eternal war on man's necessities and comforts. Against such persistent foes invention, discovery and enterprise must be brought into operation, and science must lend her aid.

It is an old saying that the remedy for an evil may be found close at hand. The snake-bitten Indian finds the curative herb growing in the habitat of the poisonous reptile, and the obnoxiousness of some pests is frequently disposed of by the presence of natural exterminators or dispersers. With regard to insectiferous regions such effectively neutralizing factors in the economy of life are few and infrequent, and few are the regions on Earth in which numberless armies of the insect class of invertebrates with its more than two hundred thousand species, do not carry on their depredations. It is true that they furnish food for numerous other animals, and certain genera of them assist in the fertilization of plants; but there are others whose sole occupation is aggression and destruction without apparently rendering any service to either animal or vegetable life. The most fertile imagination could not invent a hypothesis that would lead to the proof that the flea and the bedbug, the aphis and chicken louse, the grasshopper and the wheat weevil are contributors in any degree to the welfare of their fellow inhabitants of this globe. It is against these and such like pests that man has to direct his energies, science and skill.

To the Persians is due the credit of having first discovered the insecticide properties of a plant, a native of their country and related to the camomile. Its botanical name is Pyrethrum roseum, and in all probability it will prove eventually to be one of the greatest blessings which *discovery* has conferred upon mankind since its pos-

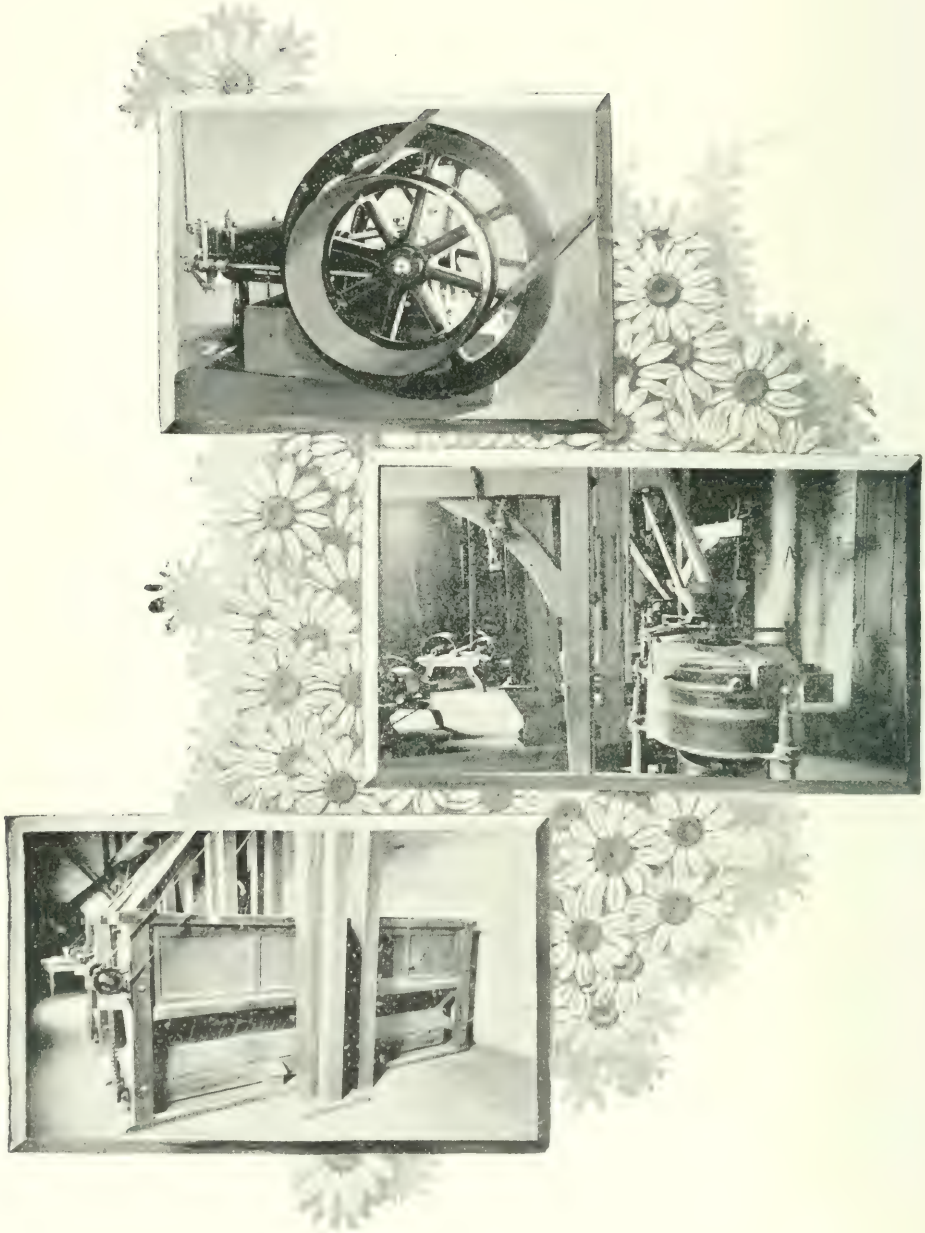
sibilities as a contributor to successful agriculture in all its varied branches, to the comfort, happiness and welfare of all classes, are beyond speculation. From Persia the plant was introduced into Dalmatia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, in which provinces it was cultivated, for many years under a jealously protective system, special efforts being made to prevent the sale of plants or seed. Its importance and value as a staple article of production were ample excuse for these precautionary attempts to secure the monopoly imported during the last thirteen years one hundred and fifty tons of the flowers and powder annually.

Of Dalmatia, one of the few homes of the plant, Mr. G. N. Milco, late of Stockton, was a native, and to him Californians are indebted for the introduction of it into their State. The difficulties which he had to contend with were on a par with those which the traveler to China long years ago encountered in getting possession of a few silkworm eggs—the germs of a large industry in Italy



Gateway and Avenue.

of it. To the Dalmatian plant was given the name of Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium. In 1850 the powder prepared from it, was first introduced into France and its effectiveness as an insect destroyer was speedily recognized. From that date the demand for Persian or Dalmatian Insect Powder has yearly increased and immense quantities of both the powder and the flower from which the preparation is manufactured are shipped from Trieste, Austria, the great market for the product, to all parts of the world. A single house in New York has and France; were on a par with those which long baffled the English farmer in his attempts to procure the Alderney stock; and were of the same nature as those which kept the Guatemala cochineal for three centuries from the outside world. But his perseverance, determination and enterprise overcame all obstacles, and in spite of the watchful opposition of officials, he finally succeeded in getting a small quantity of the seeds of the Pyrethrum smuggled from Gravosa. This was about 1876. His work, however, had only begun.



Interior of Factory.

He confidently believed that California possessed both the soil and climate suitable for the successful cultivation of the botanical alien, but it cost him three years of patient experiment before he succeeded in discovering the particular kind of homestead that was congenial to the stranger's taste and thriftiness. Different kinds of soil were tried in the balance and found wanting; the climates of first one section and then another were appealed to, but did not respond with encouragement. The plants from his nursery beds, which were watched over with incessant care, did not thrive at first on an unaccustomed diet and drooped under the lash of winds they could not withstand. But Mr. Milco found at last the proper conditions for the Pyrethrum's growth and associated himself with Mr. J. D. Peters and Mr. A. C. Paulsell, under the business name of the Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Company, Buhach being the trade mark name under which Mr. Milco introduced the insect powder into this State.

Eight hundred acres of suitable land in San Joaquin Valley were procured and a Buhach plantation on a large scale was started. The tract of land is situated near Atwater, Merced County. Mr. Paulsell soon retired from the association, but Mr. Milco and Mr. Peters had perfect confidence in the undertaking and continued the business together until the death of the former in 1886, from which time Mr. Peters has conducted it. While we are indebted to Mr. Milco for the introduction into California of the Pyrethrum and his untiring perseverance in acclimatizing it, praise and gratitude should be extended to Mr. Peters for his unfaltering confidence in a new undertaking and for supplying the capital necessary for the inauguration of a new industry.



Vineyard from Railroad.

By 1888 the company had three hundred acres under cultivation in the Pyrethrum at Atwater, and an extensive brick building had been erected at Stockton for the manufacture of the insect powder from the flowers of the plant. From that time the area of this Buhach plantation has been annually increased, and during the busy months of the year from one hundred to two hundred men



Peach and Almond Orchard.

are employed thereon in the work of gathering, preparing and shipping the flowers to Stockton. In addition to their "Buhach Plantation" the company planted out an orchard and a vineyard, and engaged in the three industries of buhach, wine, brandy and fruit production.

With this brief historical account of the Pyrethrum and its introduction into this State we will proceed to give some particulars regarding its cultivation and harvesting, its comprehensive usefulness as an insecticide, and its death-dealing properties.



Drying Pyrethrum.

There are various species of the plant, as for instance the Pyrethrum carneum and the Pyrethrum roseum, but we are only concerned with the Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium, derived from Dalmatian stock. The plant is perennial and grows to the height of about thirty inches. It does not produce a paying crop of flowers until it is at least three years old, and is most productive at the age of from four to six years, when it may be regarded as being in its prime. The cultivation of it must be conducted with care and intelligence, and as moisture is a sine quâ non with regard to its vigor and productiveness it cannot be grown successfully in the San Joaquin Valley, or, indeed, in any region subject to long periods of dry weather, however suitable the soil, without irrigation. On the plantation of the Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Company miles of lateral ditches distribute water from the main irrigating canal, and such is the nature of the soil that the water readily percolates through it, moisture being found not only on the surface but at a depth of three feet below it at a distance of a hundred yards from the ditches. On this plantation the plants are placed in rows four feet apart, and are distant from each other in the rows about twenty inches.

The harvesting time is generally the end of May, when the stalks are cut off at the roots of the plant with a sickle; the flowers are then stripped off by passing the stems through a coarse kind of comb which detaches



them and allows them to drop into a box in front of the gatherer. As each box is filled, its contents are carried to the drying ground where the flowers are spread upon sheets and exposed to the rays of the sun, being frequently turned over. At night they are carefully covered to prevent them from absorbing moisture. This is an indispensable precaution, because the more quickly and thoroughly the drying process is performed the better the quality of the *buhach* obtained from the flowers. The volatile oil

other countries where the plant is cultivated for exportation. There are flowers, utterly valueless ones, which so closely resemble the Pyrethrum that when dried and mixed with the true article experts may be deceived, and the presence of the false flower be undetected until the weakness and inefficiency of the powder manufactured from the mixture reveals the fraud. The Hungarian daisy is one of these flowers, and in 1888 a large quantity of heavily adulterated insect powder, manufactured from a mixture of that



Wine Cellar and Wine House.

which gives the powder its insecticide properties is then retained as fully as possible, whereas, if the least dew is allowed to fall upon the flowers while drying they become discolored and their properties are weakened. When the flowers have been thoroughly dried they are shipped to the mill at Stockton where they are reduced to powder.

It will not be out of place here to make mention of certain methods of adulterating the flowers of the Pyrethrum, employed in Dalmatia and

flower with a small proportion of the true Pyrethrum, was sold. No wonder that the purchasers of the adulterated article are inclined to put little faith in insect powders. Another mode of defrauding the public is by manufacturing the powder from the whole plant, stem, leaves and flowers. This plan can hardly be classified as adulteration, inasmuch as both stem and leaves contain a certain small amount of the volatile oil, but it supplies an article far inferior to pure *buhach*, in the prep-

aration of which only the flower is used.

There are three ways in which our insect enemies can be attacked and conquered by means of the Pyrethrum, each way being the best and most efficacious in its particular direction, and best adapted to reach particular classes of insects. For household purposes, where the fly and the flea are the most frequent insect annoyances, the dry powder ejected from an insufflator, as Mr. Milco named the popularly yclept *powder-gun*, will be found convenient. But this mode of application is by no means confined to the narrow limits of the kitchen and the bedchamber; it has been proved to be equally serviceable in the garden and the greenhouse. Years ago a test was made for the purpose of deciding upon the capability of *buhach* to destroy the green aphis, so troublesome to flower-gardeners. A tree was selected swarming with the parasites, and one evening the powder was applied, a white paper having been previously spread upon the ground beneath. In half an hour five hundred aphides were lying on the paper and in the morning the tree was found to be free of its assailants. The museum is another place where *buhach* administered in this way will be found to do its duty. Insects which make their homes in the skin of a stuffed lion, or in rare specimens of the avifauna of a country, and proceed to increase and multiply, eating everything they can devour, can be exterminated by *buhach*, and there is no reason why collections of animal or vegetable rarities should sustain injury from such pests. Other places where the "powder-gun" is successfully used are the merchant's warehouse, the retailer's shop, and private shelves and wardrobes. The lady can preserve her sealskin sacque; the tailor and the storekeeper their woolen goods and furs and feathers; and the wholesale merchant his wheat and hides and other articles of commerce. Years ago *buhach* was tried on wheat affected by weevil and "proved an effective remedy in saving wheat from injury or destruction by the weevil in a warehouse." The birdcage in the parlor and the chicken-house in the poultry-yard can be alike kept free of vermin by this mode of application.

The second method of administering this insecticide is by fumigation. *Buhach*, burned or roasted on a saucer, fire-shovel, or any convenient vessel, emits fumes deadly to insect life. In a room they penetrate crevices and hiding-places which the powder may fail to reach, and lurking bedbugs, ants and spiders, roaches and moths cannot escape. This plan is the best way of getting rid of mosquitoes and gnats.

Destruction of property and annoyance to the person constitute the two broad effects by which the countless multitudes of these insignificant, but terrible, insect activities make themselves felt by us. The losses entailed by the former method of procuring food exceed beyond calculation the aggravation caused by the latter, and our third way of using *buhach* applies exclusively to the protection of property in the field, the plantation, the orchard and the garden. The two methods previously described are not so effective—especially the latter—in the open air, since a slight breeze operates strongly against their effectiveness. A more convenient form of administering the insecticide was sought, and it was soon discovered by experiments made by Professor E. W. Hilgard, of the University of California, that a tea or infusion prepared from the flowers of the Pyrethrum is as effective against out-of-door insects as the powder and fumigation are against the in-door pests. The infusion should be applied in the form of a spray, and not as a wash or by drops, and spraying machines or "atomizers" have been invented for the purpose.

On how large a scale the depredations of noxious insects are carried on, and how excessive is the damage caused by them to crops will be seen

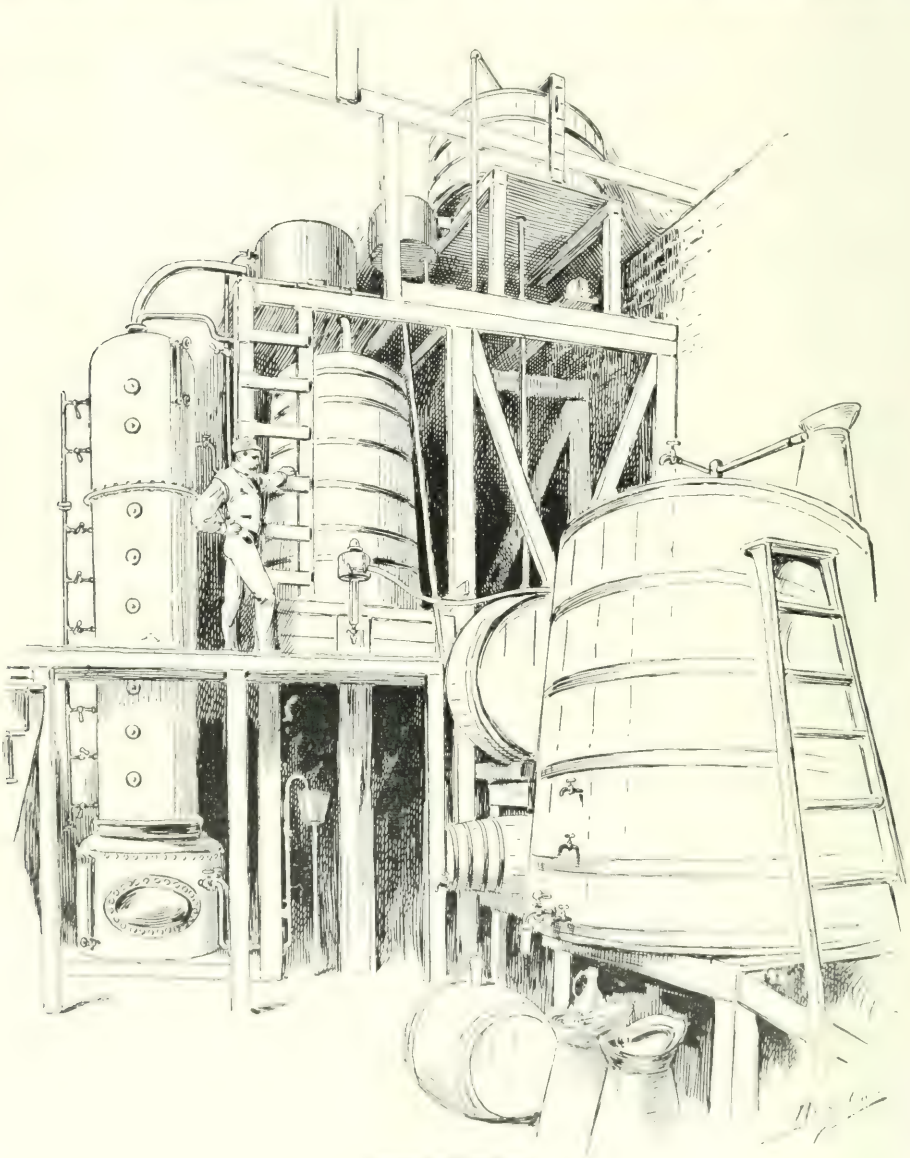
from the two following quotations from men of competent authority to speak on the subject. Professor Riley, Chief of the Entomological Department at Washington, in one of his reports to the government, writes thus: "To give some idea of the immense loss caused by noxious insects, Mr. Walsh calculated that the United States suffer from injuries of noxious insects to the annual amount of three hundred million dollars, and adds, that he is by no means claiming that it is possible to save all this enormous sum, but if diminished only one-half per cent the nation would gain every year a million and a half dollars." Mr. J. P. Dodge, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, makes this remark: "A low average of the value of the cotton crop for many years past would be two hundred million dollars, and twenty per cent would not be too large an estimate of loss from insects, when most prevalent, involving a destruction of forty million dollars, and when prevalent with only five per cent of loss, a waste of ten million dollars would result." Now, *buhach* applied as a spray—or for that matter as a powder in a cotton plantation, where little or no waste would occur—will destroy the cotton-worm.

Professor Riley, already quoted, remarks: "A series of experiments, which I made in the summer of 1878, with the same powder," (Persian Insect Powder) "on the cotton worm showed it to have striking destructive powers, the slightest puff of powder causing certain death and almost instant dropping of the worm from the plant." * * * Diluted with flour in varying proportions from one part of each up to one part of Pyrethrum and ten of flour, it produced equally good results as when pure. * * * An alcoholic extract of the powder, diluted with water, at the rate of one part of the extract to fifteen of water and sprayed on the leaves, kills the worms that have come in contact with the solution in a few minutes." After describing the manner of making this alcoholic extract, he adds: "Carefully estimating from the results of experiments made, it will require about one and three-quarters pounds of the Pyrethrum powder to go over an acre



Exterior of Distillery.

of cotton at medium height ; in other words, that quantity of Pyrethrum to twenty pounds of flower or other diluents will answer the purpose."

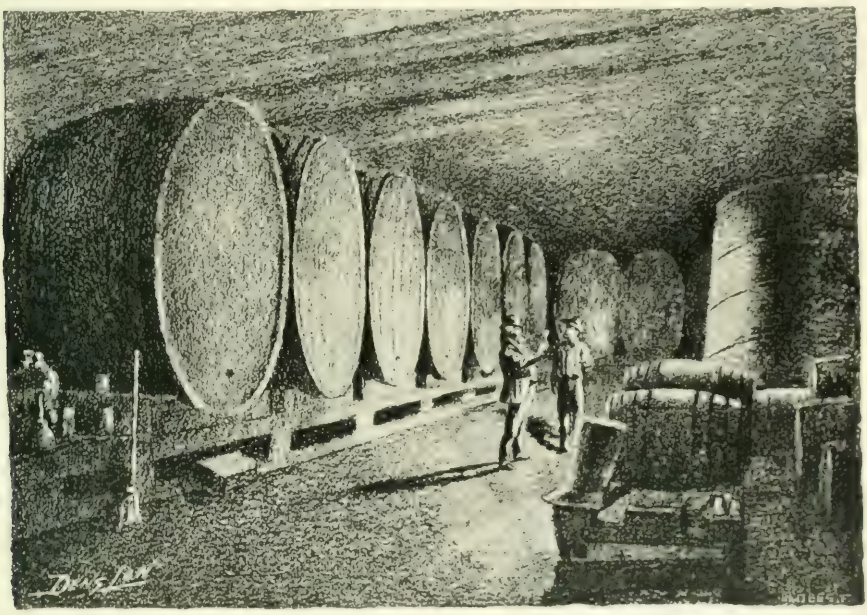


Interior of Distillery.

Now many of these experiments were made with *buhach* that had been sent to the professor by Mr. Milco, and which had been manufactured from flowers of the Pyrethrum grown in California. This is what the professor said in a letter to Mr. Milco regarding the properties of the plant grown in this State : "I do not hesitate to say that your powder is stronger and more effectual than the imported powder which one gets in the shops. There

is nothing that more quickly kills the dreaded cotton worm."

So much then with regard to the thorough effectiveness of the Pyrethrum as an eradicator of the worm, which is the curse inflicted upon the cotton plantations; it remains to be seen what its effect would be on the grasshopper and the potato bug, and we shall then have brought within the scope of its usefulness all the larger areas of cultivated land that are subject to ravages by insects. Professors



Wine Cellar.

Riley, Packard and Thomas were members of the Commission sent by the government to investigate the devastations committed by these pests, and report upon such means of extermination as their experiments induced them to recommend as the best. They tried *buhach* most thoroughly and pronounced unhesitatingly in its favor.

From Professor Hilgard we obtain information of the properties of the plant which render it so deadly to insects. The active insecticide substance is a volatile oil or "essence" which can be extracted either by the usual method of steam distillation, or by extraction with solvents such as ether, alcohol or benzine. This oil, under the influence of air not only volatilizes, but is also subject to rapid oxidization, whereby it is converted into a greenish-black, inactive resin. It follows from these premises that the powder cannot act to advantage where there is a rapid and frequent change of air, and that it is of the greatest importance that the substance should be fresh and kept tightly packed to exclude access of air as much as possible. It is this volatile oil that is death to insects. And every species of insect is susceptible to its mortiferous effect in an extraordinary degree. It kills the scorpion with the same certainty as it does the tiny aphis, and the deadly tarantula dies in convulsions under its action as readily as the diminutive red spider that infests the hothouse. *Buhach* has no discrimination in its action. So thoroughly impartial is it in its

treatment of every species of the class, and so unerring is it, when pure, in dealing destruction that it is within the bounds of possibility to supply it successfully against those minute beings which are now known to be the cause of various diseases. Its fumes may be made to reach even the microbe.

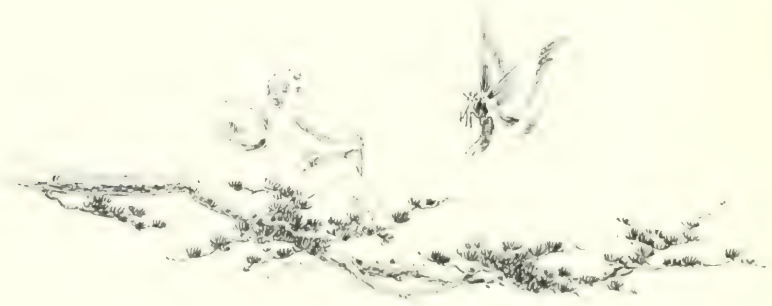
But the most remarkable thing in connection with the properties of this wonderful plant is the fact that while it is death to insect life, to animal life it is entirely harmless. Indeed, it causes no inconvenience, and even when roasted its fumes are not disagreeable, and the occupant of a room in which *buhach* is being burned may read on or sleep on, undisturbed, while the volatilized oil is doing its deadly work among mosquitoes and other night fiends. It is a matter of remark and a puzzle that a person can sleep without the slightest injury in a bed powdered over with *buhach*, "the penetrating odor of which would be death to the stoutest bedbug and the nimblest flea." "The precise nature," says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, December 14th, 1878, "of the influence exerted upon the insect world, while not affecting man in any manner, has been a problem." Professor Hager considers this to be due to two substances: the first, a body related to trimethylamine, present in the flowers of the plants in combination with an acid; and the other—the more important and active part—the resinous dust from the petal, together with the prickly pollen. The trimethylamine component is difficult of isolation, and has been hitherto obtained only in small quantities and associated with an acid. Moistening this with potash, and holding a fly over it, it exhibits convulsive motions. The dry powder appears to be more efficient than the tincture.

Pyrethrum is a unique plant in the botanical kingdom, and occupies the



The Observatory.

position of a benefactor to mankind. California may feel proud at being the first country in the Western world in which the European plant has found a home, of the man who introduced it and those who have been connected with its culture and the intelligent care and supervision which have secured it in its new home, thereby opening the door to a new industry.



A SUMMER IN THE EAST.

BY WM. E. GRAFTON.



Hudson River Railroad.

AT six o'clock the *Piedmont* moves from the Market street pier, bearing us on our eastward journey. We are leaving San Francisco, the city of a thousand hills, for a summer sojourn in the East. The bay is lighted up by the evening sun, and the foothills are gilded by his mellow light. Twenty minutes, and Oakland pier is reached, where we find our Pullman sleeper "Sancho." Oakland, Berkeley and the foothills pass by in quick succession, and at eight we have reached the straits and are ferried across to Benicia. A few hours later and the moonlit Sierras are before us. Summit is reached and the sun steals into the eastern horizon before sleep again overtakes us. At Truckee we are awakened for breakfast. Move across the plains to Humboldt for dinner and take our evening meal at Elko.

On the following morning the train arrives at Ogden. Here we leave the Southern Pacific and its pleasant associations for the Rio Grande Western, and after a short run find ourselves in the city by the Great Salt Lake.

Its broad avenues, shaded walks and well-kept lawns are delightfully refreshing and restful to us.

The temple enclosure of ten acres is the central point of interest. The magnificent white granite structure with its massive unfinished spires. The turtle-topped tabernacle and the assembly hall make a lasting impression upon all.

Then a visit is made to the Great Zions Co-operative Institution. Here again we are surprised, not only by the magnitude of the business, but the harmony which unites all the departments as one, transacting nearly six million dollars annually. At noon the following day we leave this beautiful city by the Rio Grande Western for Denver via Grande Junction.

Passing south and eastward through the beautiful Jordan Valley and over the fertile plains of Central Utah, we at length approach the mountainous regions. The Castle Gate is before us as it seems to guard the entrance to the Prince River Cañon.

A sudden surprise; so narrow is the opening, it is necessary for the train to hug the river very closely. Now one is all attention. Mountain, valley, brook, stream and fall pass in quick succession.

The Black Cañon with its celebrated Curecanti Needle and Chippeta Falls and numberless other wonders of nature, command our deepest admiration.

We are soon laboring over Marshall Pass. Nothing is more enjoyable perhaps, than to sit in an open observation car, with the blue heavens above you, and mountain peaks your companions, with the balmy early summer air invigorating every nerve.



Prince River Cañon.

The valley becomes lost in the depths below and soon after the summit is reached. We enjoy the eastern slope as we more rapidly descend.

As one for the first time views the Mount of the Holy Cross, with its outline of snow, marking so indelibly the emblems of christianity and freedom in the heavens, he is impressed for life.

On and on our team of iron steeds bear us, till gradually we approach the "Royal Gorge." It grows in greatness upon us till we cross the hanging bridge between those mighty walls, when we become lost in our nothingness. Reader, have you passed o'er this portal? If not no language can express to you its wild grandeur, no picture can accurately convey the wonder of the scene. Now we come upon undulating hills and rich valleys bearing a marked contrast to the fastnesses just left behind.

We arrive in Denver in time to make close connections with the Chicago and Rock Island Road for Chicago.

We are soon hurrying over the plains of Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois, and before we are aware of it reach the Lake City buildings and busy streets.

As time is limited, we can see very little of the city, and a drive through the business portion of it gives us some small conception of its greatness, the magnitude of the buildings and extent of its enterprise.

Just after sundown we move out of the Michigan Central Depot, foot of Lake street. The city is fast becoming lost in the evening twilight. All is silent save the bell of our engine as it crosses the many city roadways. Now we come upon the massive World's Fair structures as they loom up against the eastern sky. Then Lake Michigan appears again, as a mighty sea stretching to the north and eastward, even to the horizon.

Darkness creeps over the scene and our attention is turned inward to our parlor surroundings. The Wagner sleeper is complete in all its appointments. In fact, it is interesting to note the rapid progress there has been in matters pertaining to the comfort

and safety of the traveling public in the last ten years.

Soon our Wagner tickets are exchanged for berth checks, and we disappear till morning.

"Breakfast is ready in the dining car on the end of the train," is a welcome sound.

The carefully vestibuled platforms protect us as we pass from car to car, and the "diner" is almost immediately reached.

It is indeed novel as well as pleasing to breakfast or dine while in transit, and at the same time enjoy the fast moving panorama. Trees, fences, farmhouses, brooks and rivers fly by as if running a race, and an hour is passed most delightfully. During the morning attention is directed to the thrifty farming districts of Southern Canada.

After a late dinner "Falls View Station is reached." The great cataract bursts suddenly upon us! Five minutes is given to leave the train at this point. The view is grand. The Canadian and American Falls with Goat Island between the raging, white-capped rapids above and the boiling, foaming mass below with a cloud of spray capping all and reaching skyward making a beautiful bird's-eye picture for memory to dwell upon.

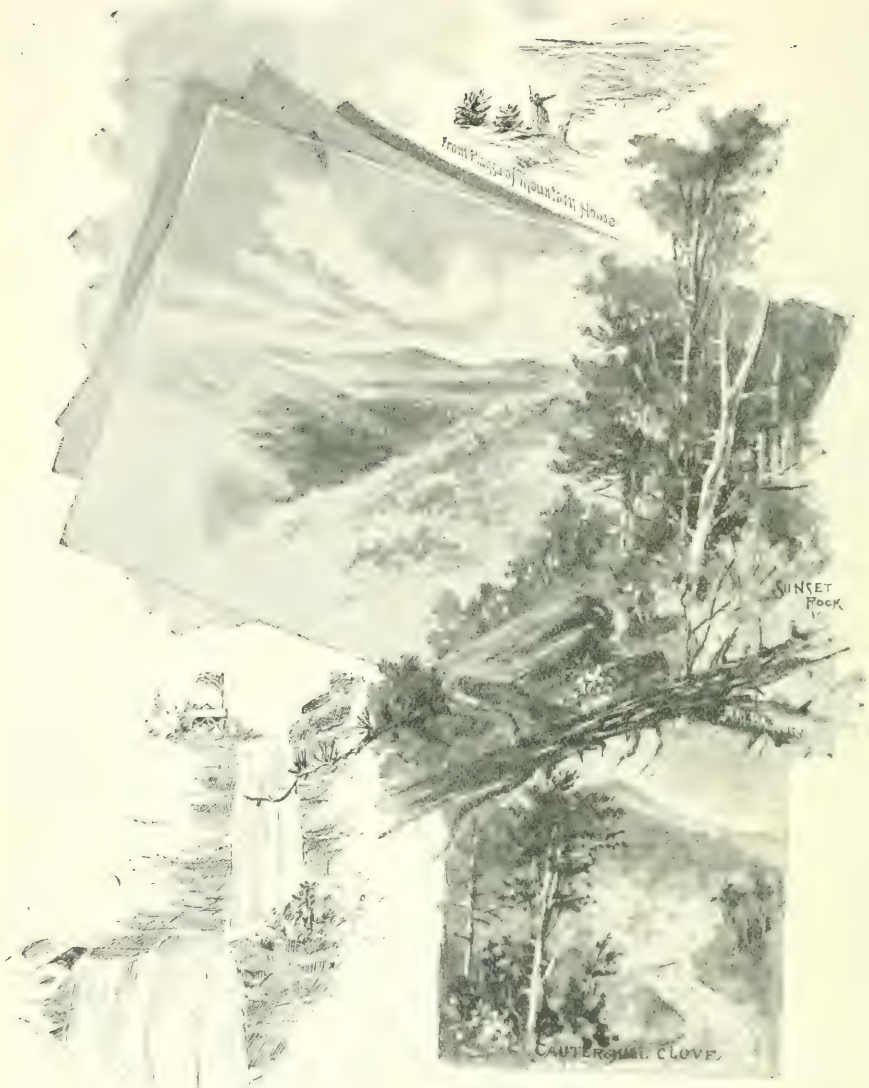
Crossing the river on the great cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central Railway, we arrive in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

It is evening again when we start for Buffalo, arriving a few hours later. The West Shore train is in readiness, and starts soon afterward for New York. The next morning finds us beside the beautiful Hudson. As the train winds in and out on the curves of the western shore, the eastern slope, with its carpet of green and its varying foliage, blend together in perfect harmony and complete the picture.

At Kingston, some of our party leave for the Catskill Mountains. Some are bound for the Grand Hotel, while others go to the Kaatskill or Mountain House. From Kingston and Rondout we pass down the river through Newburgh and West Point, between Anthony's Nose, on the east bank of the river, and Bear Hill, to



The Royal Gorge.



KAATERSKILL FALLS

the west. Round the base of Dunderberg Mountains and into Harverstraw, here we pass the great brick yards, and an hour later finds us in the great metropolis of the East.

We leave the next day by the Fall River line for the White Mountains.

A very commodious stateroom is provided on the *Plymouth*, one of the handsomest steamers afloat.

It is a delightful sail up the sound, on a summer evening, with moonlight and music to add to the enchantments.

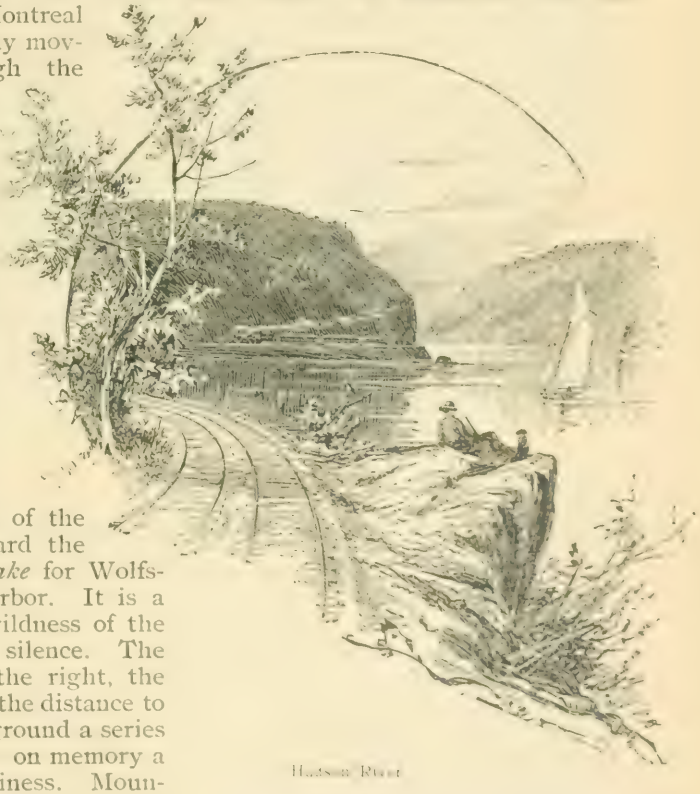
The table is excellent, and in keeping with all the other appointments of the "Fall River Line." Early in the morning a stop is made at Newport, and shortly afterward the steamer is at the Fall River pier. Finding seats in the through drawing-room car run to the mountains via the Old Colony and the Concord and Montreal Railroad, we are shortly moving northward through the thrifty farming country of New England, with the many busy manufacturing towns and mills swarming with operatives. At Concord Junction, we leave the Old Colony, for the Concord and Montreal Railroad. Shortly, Nashua and Manchester tell us that we are in the old "Granite" State. We get stopover checks at Neirs Station for Lake Winnepesaugi ("the smile of the great spirit") and board the steamer *Lady of the Lake* for Wolfsborough and Center Harbor. It is a perfect day, the rich wildness of the landscape awes us into silence. The Ossipee Mountains to the right, the Twin Belknap Peaks in the distance to the left, and in the foreground a series of summits seal forever on memory a picture of lasting loveliness. Mountain dome and peak pass in quick succession, as we steam toward the head of the lake. Here the Center House, of Center Harbor, gives of her hospitality. The afternoon is spent on Red Hill, with its mountain views and restfulness.

On the morrow we reluctantly bid adieu to this charming spot, and sail down to Weirs and take once more the north-bound mountain express.

Four hours pass as if by magic, and the train arrives at Labyan's.

An hour later we reach the foot of Mt. Washington, where the seemingly broken-stacked locomotive is waiting to take our party up what seems to be a great iron ladder, but in reality is a strongly-constructed railway.

An hour and a half of panting and puffing through the gradually falling temperature at length lands us at the Summit House, on its perch of ice and snow. A delightful fire and bountifully spread table greet us and are most welcome.



The moon is shining brightly and the view is something weird and unnatural. In the morning the gong calls the sleeper to see the sun rise, which on a clear day is beyond description.

Soon we are descending behind, or, as it seems, upon the top of our odd-looking engine, and are safe once more at the foot of this great mountain. After spending several days at the Mt. Pleasanton House we start for Bethlehem, where we spend a number of enjoyable weeks at the St. Clair House. Our walks and drives to Maplewood, Profile House and Franconia Notch, and rambles among the brooks and glens and in the shaded forests are as refreshing as they are restful.

We return to Boston by way of the Concord and Montreal and Maine Central railroads, stopping at the Crawford House and Glen House, through North Conway, by way of the Boston and Maine, to Boston.

We will not attempt to give our impressions, so many and varied as they are. Boston, thou home of the poet, bard and sire, and parent of the wise and good, we greet thee, and, going back to the time of cocked hats and wigs, follow Washington in his movements at Cambridge, visit Bunker Hill and the Old South Church site in the Common, watching the multitudes flocking to and fro.

With electric cars in long line upon Tremont street, past and present are strangely mingled.

New York is reached again, and as the hot season still continues we will spend several weeks at Saratoga and Lake George.

Taking an evening train on the West Shore road we are in Albany in time to make connection with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Railroad for Saratoga, and arrive there before noon.



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A week amid its busy bustle, and we go northward to Lake George, crossing the Hudson at Fort Edward via Glen Falls to Caldwell, and arrive at Fort William Henry Hotel at the head of the lake, where we remain until cooler weather comes in the great cities.

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By Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D.

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*11:00 a m	*1:00 p m
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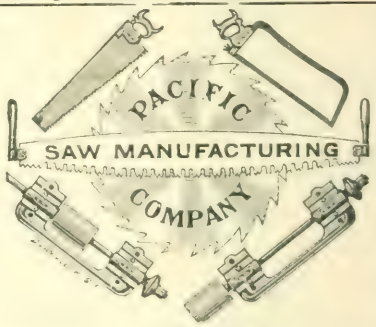
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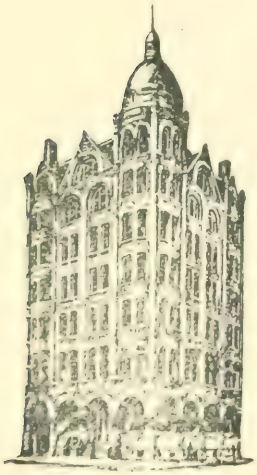
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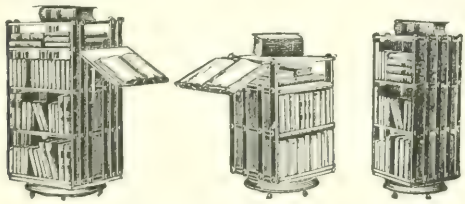
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CAN GHOSTS BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

BY PROF. ELLIOT COUES.



THIS curious question would be met by most persons off-hand, in Yankee fashion, by asking another. Can ghosts be? But it begs the whole question to say that ghosts cannot be photographed because there are no ghosts. This is a matter in which we must assume a ghost, if we have it not, at the outset of any inquiry into so-called spirit photography; otherwise all inquiry would be absurd. The fact is, there are certain natural phenomena which have given rise to our notion of ghosts, be that notion a whole truth, or a half-truth, or no truth at all. We all mean *something* when we say "ghost." Different persons have different ideas about ghosts. For some, ghosts are naturally impossible, but supernaturally possible and practicable and actual, for they are the souls of the dead, temporarily apparent to our senses; they are veritable apparitions from the spirit world. For others, ghosts are neither natural nor supernatural actualities, but sheer subjective phantasms, mere hallucinations, the self-evolved delusions of a disordered imagination, as baseless, in fact, as a dream of the shadow of smoke. For others, again, ghosts are objective realities, having substantial or even material bodies occupying space-relations outside our minds, leading their own lives as we lead ours, coming at times under the observation of our physical senses, and susceptible of scrutiny like other natural objects. Into whichever of these categories, or into whatever other category, ghosts may come, or be put, it is obvious that the real question is not whether ghosts are or can be, but *what* are they? It is idle to deny that scientific investigation of the "whatness" of ghosts is futile. Anything can be investigated, if only to discover that it is not what it was supposed to be. If a ghost, supposed to be an objective living entity, turns out on investigation to be a figment of the imagination, resulting from a delusion of the senses, it has certainly been a subject of investigation, and has been investigated with satisfactory result. It is as much of a ghost as it ever was, but a different sort of a ghost from that which it had been mistaken to be. If every ghost that ever was "raised" could be "laid" in the limbo of hallucination, that would not do away with ghosts; it would simply show what they are; the fact of phantasmal hallucination would remain as the result of the investigation, and as a very interesting field for further inquiry into the pathology of the human mind. Disorders of the mind, like disorders of the body, and like the orderly operations of both mind and body, have their causes, their processes and their

results; they depend on natural principles of the human constitution; they are subject to natural laws, and all these are matters of legitimate scientific inquiry, of great interest in themselves, and of still greater practical consequence.

Obviously, therefore, as I have said, we must assume a ghost, whatever he, she or it may turn out to be. Obviously, also, that something, that unknown quantity—call it x to the *nth* power if you please—can be and should be investigated. It cannot be eliminated from the equation of human belief in its function. The real point is, can its function in the equation be determined? The ghost problem has been attacked on all sides, by all sorts of methods, by all sorts of people, with all sorts of results. Ghosts have been evoked and exorcised with ceremonial magic, with prayer and fasting, with the assistance of angels, with the help of the devil. Their presence has been provoked by a considerable class of persons, the professional mediums, who make it their business to materialize the spirits of the dead, or otherwise to communicate with, by or through ghosts. Mechanical devices have been invented and used to facilitate intercourse with ghosts, as planchette, the psychograph and various others. Science has entered the field, booted and spurred, and mounted on the hobby of Psychical Research in the view-hilloa of a ghost hunt. Psychical societies have invaded ghostland with a determination that reminds one of the famous direction for cooking hares,* and that may be paraphrased "first catch your ghost, and then cook it." Among the means used to take ghosts in the very act of their ghostliness, is photography. The camera has been brought into requisition for thirty years or more, and thousands of alleged, if not actual, "spirit photographs" have been produced. I have myself examined hundreds, in England and in America. Many have been pronounced genuine by men of great eminence in science. Nearly if not all spiritualists believe that photographs of spirits, invisible to us at the time, can be and have been secured. However insuperable the actual obstacles may appear to us to be, however invincible may be our skepticism in any case in which the result is alleged to have been actually effected, we should not have the hardihood to say that a ghost cannot possibly be photographed. That would be to imply that we know all the possibilities of sunlight and spirit-life, which would be absurd, for we certainly do not possess that knowledge. But a few years ago, photography itself was unknown; the making of sun-pictures of natural objects was unthought of. Another Daguerre may even now be living—who knows? There is no natural impossibility here; there is no logical improbability. If something —our assumed x to the *nth* power— can so act on the molecules of the brain as to make a man think he sees a ghost, there is no à priori reason why that same something may not interfere in the processes of photography with the inter-action of light and shade to the extent of producing a recognizable picture. The argument in the abstract is very simple and very logical; it is this: It takes a substance to cast a shadow. A shadow is cast, in fact. That shadow is cast by no known substance, and is cast in the recognizable likeness of a dead person, in the absence of that person's dead body. Therefore, a substantial "something" connected with that person has been present, has been operative, and has effected an evident result; as it is evidently not his body, it must be his soul or spirit, which is as much as to say that his ghost has been photographed. Mind, I am not com-

*Queerly enough, this very saying, in everybody's mouth, is itself a ghost, having no foundation, in fact. It occurs only in later editions of a certain cookery book of uncertain authorship, but commonly attributed to Mrs. Glasse. In the sentence, "first catch your hare," "catch" is a misprint for "case," case meaning "to skin." The sense of the direction is: "First *skin* your hare." The laying of this typographical ghost turns a feeble witticism into a very reasonable and matter-of-fact statement of what to do first in proceeding to cook a hare.

mitted to this theory; I simply state it for what it may be worth. If I do not believe it, neither do I disbelieve it; I neither affirm nor deny it. I am simply agnostic; I do not know. I do not deny the possibility of spirit photography; to do so would be rash, and very unscientific. But it is a question of fact, and of the evidence in the case. That evidence — direct and demonstrable evidence—in my own person, I lack. Evidence at second hand, in the testimony of many persons of unimpeachable veracity, is abundant and easily accessible. This I accept as going far to show that genuine spirit photography is practicable, and has, in fact, been accomplished. I have been shown many ghost pictures which were said, and fully believed by the sayer, to be genuine. But I have yet to see one which, when I had ascertained all the facts in the case, did not prove to be bogus—a mere sham; a trick of the operator—in a word, a fraud.

Yet the reader must not be misled into hastily assuming, on the strength of this, that spirit photography is all a delusion and spirit photographs all fraudulent. The fact that I know, and can prove, all those which I happen to have examined with the necessary care, to be bogus, by no means warrants the sweeping assumption that all of those which I have not thus examined are necessarily also bogus. The logical inference—if any there be—is rather the other way, since the existence of a counterfeit



Fig. C—Portrait of Mr. X—'s Father. Keeler's work.

implies a genuine coin; and the stanchest supporters of spirit photography are among those to admit the most readily the ease with which spurious spirit photographs can be produced. The case is a very curious one, of which the more one sees the more bewildering it seems, and the more one learns, the less likely he will be, if he be wise, to assume infallibility either pro or con. Let him but turn to his authorities, in default of personal knowledge, and he is soon at sea in a fog; his perplexity grows hopeless, and he is likely to throw up the subject in sheer disgust. The literature of spirit photography has grown so voluminous that I should hesitate to add to its bulk, had I not some new material to contribute as the result of my own investigations. My main object in this article is to exhibit some spurious specimens of spirit photography, show when, where and by whom they were executed, and to explain the trick. It is obviously impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to traverse the whole ground. Much will be gained if I can clearly detect and expose the sham, without undertaking to adduce the genuine. Our search for the latter will be facilitated if we first familiarize ourselves with the former. What a genuine spirit photograph is, or is supposed to be, has been well defined by Mrs. H. Sidgwick,* in terms which every spiritualist and every skeptic will admit to be fair. "Spirit photographs, or at least those species of them which I propose to deal with here† are photographs representing figures or objects which at the moment the photographs seemed to be taken had no apparent counterpart in the field of new discoverables by the normal sight. A photographer with the faculty of producing such photographs would in taking a portrait of a human sitter sometimes obtain that of some other person on the same plate. If the sitter was fortunate, it would be that of a deceased relation. Sometimes persons possessing, or supposed to possess, the faculty of seeing spirits, said that they saw the form which ultimately appeared on the plate, hovering near the sitter, though invisible to ordinary eyes."

These propositions put the whole problem in a nutshell. Mrs. Sidgwick's review of the evidence in the case is, as we have seen, unfavorable. Upon the elimination of proven fraud, she finds the residuum hardly sufficient to establish a case to be tried, let alone proved. But now let us look at the other side, in support of which I will adduce the famous naturalist, the profound philosopher, and the pronounced spiritualist, Alfred Russell Wallace, who is one of the stanchest and most unflinching defenders of the proposition that genuine spirit photographs can be and have been obtained. He has advocated and upheld the affirmative side of the case for many years (to my own knowledge from 1874 till now). While I was in England in 1884 I had the pleasure and the honor of being a guest at his house in Godalming, near London, and was shown a large series—I think about forty—alleged spirit photographs, most of which Professor Wallace

*Wife of Professor H. Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England, president of the London Society for Psychical Research, in a careful article contributed by her to the "Proceedings" of this society, Part XIX, July, 1891, pp. 268–289. The article is a critical review, destructive rather than constructive in its tendency, and mainly negative in its conclusions. It is well written and historically valuable, both for those who assent to and those who dissent from her views. The writer's position is fairly put by herself in her opening paragraph, where, after stating that she had not before offered the paper for publication to the society, because its attention had not been specially called to the subject, and because her conclusions were on the whole negative. She adds: "It appeared to me that, after eliminating what might certainly or probably be attributed to trickery, the remaining evidence was hardly sufficient in amount to establish even a prima facie case for investigation, in view of the immense theoretical difficulties involved."

†"Mr. Wallace applies the name also to photographs of so-called 'materialized' spirits. In the case of 'materializations' however, it is not usually the genuineness of the photographic process, but merely the spirituality of the figure photographed, which the skeptic calls in question" It is important to bear this in mind. I am dealing in this article only with alleged spirit photographs which come within Mrs. Sidgwick's definition, and hence do not touch upon any such as those obtained with his own hands by Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., from alleged spirit materialization visible to the ordinary eye at the time the pictures were taken.

believed to be genuine, and some of which he knew to be fraudulent. We examined and discussed the pictures together, and my good host took pains to point out to me what he considered the proofs of genuineness in the one, and the evidences of fraud on the other set of photographs. This discrimination rested on the face of the several pictures and was independent of his knowledge or belief respecting the history of the process of production in the respective cases. That is to say, Professor Wallace seemed to me to be able to tell the genuine from the spurious on sight. But I fear I must add just here—as I do with unfeigned regret—that I have since satisfied myself that the signs of genuineness on which the eminent scientist seemed to rely, are actually fallacious, as I shall show in the sequel. From the vantage-ground of my own subsequent investigations I am convinced that every so-called "test" of genuineness can be fraudulently imitated to perfection. It gives my sense of the amenities of hospitality a twinge to say this; but it should be said, and Professor Wallace would be the last one to wish it unsaid, if I believe it to be true. Examination of this series of pictures excited my liveliest interest, and led me to further studies in spiritualistic phenomena; but it has convinced me



Fig. D—Portrait of Mr. X—'s Brother. Keeler's work.

of nothing so much as of the scientific spirit, the transparent sincerity, and the robust faith of one whom I am proud to call friend. Passing by this episode, let us hear Professor Wallace's own statements of his mature conclusions on the subject of spirit photography. In a remarkable article, entitled: "Are There Objective Apparitions?" which appeared in the *Arena* for January, 1891, pp. 129-146, and which called out the courteous, though caustic, criticism of Mrs. Sidgwick's before cited, the distinguished naturalist adduces five different categories of evidence which either distinctly suggests or affords direct proof of the objectivity of apparitions. His fifth kind of evidence is, that phantasms can be and have been photographed. His words are exactly as follows:

"(5.) *Phantasms can be photographed, and are, therefore, objective realities.* It is common to sneer at what are called spirit photographs because imitations of some of them can be so easily produced; but a little consideration will show that this very facility of imitation renders it equally easy to guard against imposture, since the modes by which the imitation is effected are so well known. At all events it will be admitted that an experienced photographer who supplies the plates and sees the whole of the operations performed, or even performs them himself, cannot be so deceived. This test has been applied over and over again, and there is no possible escape from the conclusion, that phantasms, whether visible or invisible to those present, can be and have been photographed." (*Arena*, January, 1891, pp. 141, 142.)

This is Mr. Wallace's contention, in support of which he adduces much evidence, in part as follows:

"Perhaps the most remarkable series of experiments ever made on this subject are those carried on during three years by the late Mr. John Beattie of Clifton, a retired photographer of twenty years' experience, and Dr. Thomson, M. D. (Edin.) a retired physician, who had practiced photography as an amateur for twenty-five years. These two gentlemen performed all the photographic work themselves, sitting with a medium who was not a photographer. They took hundreds of pictures, in series of three, taken consecutively at intervals of a few seconds, and the results are the more remarkable and the less open to any possible suspicion, because there is not in the whole what is commonly termed a spirit photograph, that is, the shadowy likeness of any deceased person, but all are more or less rudimental, exhibiting various patches of light undergoing definite changes of form, sometimes culminating in undefined human forms, or medallion-like heads, or star-like luminosities. In no case was there any known cause for the production of these figures. I possess a set of these remarkable photographs, thirty-two in number, given me by Mr. Beattie, and I was personally acquainted with Dr. Thomson, who confirmed Mr. Beattie's statements as to the conditions and circumstances under which they were taken. Here we have a thorough scientific investigation, undertaken by two well-trained experts, with no possibility of their being imposed upon; and they demonstrate the fact that phantasmal figures and luminosities quite invisible to ordinary observers, can yet reflect or emit actinic rays so as to impress their forms and changes of form upon an ordinary photographic plate. An additional proof of this extraordinary phenomenon is, that frequently, and in later experiments always, the medium spontaneously described what he saw, and the picture taken at that moment always exhibited the same kind of figure." (*Arena*, January, 1891, pp. 143, 144.)

These are strong statements, and these are the experiments on which, as Mrs. Sidgwick remarks, more stress has been laid than on any others which have been reported up to

this date. Professor Wallace introduced them in his *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, p. 193 (1874), saying then, as he still says in substance, that spirit photography "is that which furnishes, perhaps, the most unassailable demonstration it is

British Journal of Photography, 1872 and 1873. An account by the Dr. Thomson mentioned is given in *Human Nature* for September, 1874, by "M. A. (Oxon)." This is the well-known pen-name of my friend, W. Stainton-Moses, editor of *Light*,



Fig. 1.—Fraudulent Work of Mrs. F. V. Foster.

possible to obtain of the objective reality of spiritual forms." The Mr. Beattie mentioned had already published his own accounts in the *Spiritualist*, July 15, 1872; in the *Spiritual Magazine*, September, 1872 and November, 1873; and in the

president of the London Spiritual Alliance, and one of the foremost spiritualists of the world, whose good faith and vast experience in every department of psychical research no one could have the hardihood to call in question. Mr. Stainton-Moses has

in many places besides that cited, and for many years, adduced evidence for genuine spirit photography. Replying to Mrs. Sidgwick's strictures on the general credibility of this evidence, he says that this lady "sets forth to damage as much as possible the evidence on which spiritualists rely;" and, referring to her criticism of his own share in adducing the evidence, he maintains his ground, stating, with regard to what he wrote in *Human Nature* in 1874: "I have no desire to withdraw anything that I then wrote, and to minute criticisms on a subject respecting which we are all confessedly ignorant there is no reply to be made worth the making." These declarations are in *Light*, September 26th, 1891, p. 462, in an article by "M. A. (Oxon)," which cites and defends the Beattie-Thomson results on which we have seen that Professor Wallace relies so strongly, and which proceeds to comment upon and extract at length from a pamphlet publishing a lecture given before the Adelaide Spiritualistic Association by E. A. D. Opie.* The Beattie-Thomson results are also taken up by the great Russian spiritualist, A. N. Akhasof, of St. Petersburg, who, in his *Animismus und Spiritismus* (Leipsig, 1890), devotes a long chapter to spirit photography, and who, in *Psychische Studien* for May, 1886, p. 210, regards these results "as the foundation stone of the whole phenomenal region of mediumistic materializations in general and of transcendental photographs in *particular*."† This is stronger language than I have anywhere found even Professor Wallace using, and justifies us in at least listening to the demurrer Mrs. Sidgwick has filed. It appears from her account that there were concerned in these experiments, besides Mr. Beattie and Dr. Thomson, several other persons. Two of these were Mr. Butland, "a good trance medium," and Mr. Josty, "a professional photographer." "This Josty was tracked to the workhouse;" "he was drunken, insolvent, and in money matters quite unscrupulous." "Under these circumstances," continues Mrs. Sidgwick, "deceit by Mr. Josty appears to me to be too probable to make it possible to attach much importance to Mr. Beattie's experiments in spirit photography."

I have dwelt on this case for two reasons: First, it seemed necessary to bring the whole subject upon the reader's horizon by citing the evidence upon which the strongest reliance has been placed by some, and to which the most strenuous objections have been urged by others. Second, it is a fair sample of the literature of spirit photography. No one magazine article can more than touch upon a tithe of what has been written. But it is all pretty much alike—a mass of minute descriptions of scenes, incidents, processes, results, precautions against trickery, affidavits of witnesses, and perfect reliance on the genuineness of the phenomena, on the one hand; of the proof of imposture in many cases, and the picking to pieces of all the evidence in the rest of the cases, on the other hand; of declarations and denials, of claims and counterclaims, of explanations that explain nothing, and of theories that count for nothing. By the time one has waded through it all, as I have, he may seem to himself to have chased an *ignis fatuus* in the night of his own ignorance, and perhaps conclude, not that a phantom can be photographed, but that spirit photography is itself a phantom of the mind. Yet what are we to make of the following case, cited by our most skeptical critic, Mrs. Sidgwick herself?

"I have still to speak of one series of experiments, that of Dr. N. Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy at St. Petersburg,

*Mr. Opie describes a case, which M. A. (Oxon) calls "a crucial piece of evidence," and in which is concerned a certain Mr. Hartman of Cincinnati, some of whose work is before me as I write. See the picture beyond.

†Quoted from Mrs. Sidgwick's paper. I have not myself seen the article in *Psychische Studien*. From her paper it also appears that sixteen of the Beattie photographs are reproduced in *Psychische Studien* for April, 1886, and in Akhasof's work above named.

made in 1881, and described in *Psychische Studien* for May, 1886, and in M. Akhasof's *Animismus und spiritismus*. Professor Wagner was making experiments in the hopes of proving a theory of his that when a person is hypnotized a psychical self can separate itself and assume a form which, though invisible, can be photographed. He was entirely unsuccessful in this, but in the course of the experiments he obtained on one plate (out of eighteen taken under the same conditions) a white mark, resembling a hand, with part of a full sleeve, some distance on the plate, above the portrait of the hypnotized sitter, Madame de Pribitkow."

Whatever may be thought of this or of anything that has preceded in this article, the rest of our way is perfectly plain and easy. It is simply the description, illustration and explanation of spurious spirit photography. All the pictures before me, about fifty in number, by various artists, are bogus. All are also frauds, made by swindlers, to impose upon



Fig. 6—Done by Mr. S. W. Fallis in imitation of the Foster Frauds

the credulity of their customers, excepting those by Mr. Fallis, who honestly made his pictures to show how the trick is done, and who has himself told me about his work. I owe nearly the whole of this collection to the kindness of Colonel John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, who, some years ago, went to the bottom of the whole business of bogus spirit photography, and who generously



Fig. A. Mumler's Work.

placed all of his material at my service. No one in America knows more of the inside history of spiritualism than Colonel Bundy; no one else has done so much to denounce, expose and punish the frauds that operate under the name of spiritualist, and no one else has done so much to proclaim, uphold and defend whatever of truth there may seem to be in the theory and phenomena of spiritualism. I have never known Colonel Bundy to be mistaken but once, in believing something to be a fact, which turned out to be a fraud; this was under peculiar circumstances (they must have been very peculiar to have deceived him!) and the mistake was promptly acknowledged, with explanation and apology that did honor to his candor and courage, in his own paper. He was mainly instrumental in breaking up the business of the notorious Fosters (man and wife) of Chicago, who made bogus pictures that Colonel Bundy succeeded in tracing and identifying with cuts published in certain magazines now before me, as I shall presently show. I assume that the reader who has had the patience to follow me thus far has not been left in such innocence that he cannot see that nothing is simpler than to get a good ghost picture of any historical person, or of any notable contemporary, from published prints; or that the actual photograph of any living sitter can be easily manipulated into a shadowy likeness, with a halo and all that. In the collection before me I recognize several persons I know who were alive and well at last accounts, and several other likenesses in the lot are of historical characters, which I should suppose most persons would recognize at a glance.

The oldest spurious photographs in my possession are a series of six which bear on the back this legend: "Specialty by Mumler, 170 West Springfield St., Boston, Mass." This Mumler began operations in 1862 in Boston, and I judge from the faded appearance of these samples of his swindle that they are some fifteen or twenty years old. As will be seen from the one selected for reproduction here (see *Fig. A*), they are very stupid impostures—merely a female figure in white standing by a center table on which is a glass case of artificial flowers (or something of the sort) against which rests the reduced actual photograph of somebody to whom she points. Such work as this should deceive no one; it probably represents

the infancy of the art of fooling people with ghost pictures. Mumler seems to have been the pioneer in this kind of fraud. At any rate I know of no one prior to him. He was caught at his tricks before the year was out, when it was discovered that some of his "spirits of the dead" were photographed from living people. He was, in 1869, in New York, arrested and tried for swindling, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, but got off by some means. The reports of the case were published in the New York *Times* of April 22, 1869; in the *Spiritual Magazine* for June, 1869, and in many other places. An abstract of the evidence appears in Dr. Crowell's "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I, pp. 478–482. Professor Wallace and Mrs. Sidgwick in their respective papers already cited, both notice Mumler's case—the former the more mercifully, the latter the more judicially. Of his subsequent career, if he had one, I know nothing.

Fig. B, herewith shows the crude work of a bungler or tyro at the business of cheating by means of ghost pictures. It bears on the back this legend: "Specialty. By Jay J. Hartman. Proof of immortality. Individualized spirit existence. Power to return and show themselves [sic !] proven beyond a doubt by Spirit Photography. No. 100 West Fourth street, Cincinnati." It exhibits a blotched likeness of a man with a shadowy female figure in the background. I have seen much better photographs by this same artist, who is the Hartman earlier mentioned in this article as cited in the Adelaide lecture by Mr. Opie. Those who wish to see what can be said in Hartman's favor or defense may consult the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of date 1876, or *Light* of September 26, 1891. I judge the picture here reproduced to have been taken somewhere about the earlier date said, as it is much faded. I have no further information about Hartman to offer.

We come now to *Figs. C* and *D*, which I know all about, and which are among the best samples of ghostly (and ghastly) camera tricks that I have seen. They were kindly given to me by a friend, who authorized me to make such use of them as I pleased, but who, on my determination of them to be fraudulent, desired me to withhold his name. This gentleman, no longer young, and in sadly failing health, is a spiritualist;



Fig. B. Hartman's Work.

a braver man never fought for his life against the Apaches in Arizona; a more honest man I never knew. He freely believed these photographs to be genuine; he identified some of the faces that appear with deceased relatives and friends; he prized and cherished these pictures as evidences of a future life beyond the grave, and as proof of the communion between souls in this world and the next. He parted with them

to me in the sincere hope that I might through them reach the same conviction and consolation, and in return for this kindness, what could I do? Nothing but deliver a crushing blow to his most sincere beliefs and hopes. He took it with composure and thanked me for undeceiving him; for his stuff is of the sternest and he wants no nonsense. Yet I know he must have felt as he did once, many years ago, when a shot from ambush unhorsed him, and stretched him wounded in the dust of the road, and he sat up, unable to rise to his feet, whipped out his six-shooter, stood off the whole band of murderous Indians, covered the retreat of one of his companions (the other was killed already) and barely escaped with his own life. That is the pathetic side of this miserable, this cruel business of spiritualistic fraud, whether with camera or cabinet, or by what means! But to my story. *Fig. C* is the portrait of the father of my friend. *Fig. D* that of my friend's brother. I will call my friend Mr. X. He sent the two pictures with a letter I will quote in substance, for the information it gives, and for the purpose of showing how fallacious are the "recognitions" of deceased relatives or friends.

"CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA,
Jan. 12, 1892.

Dr. Elliot Coues—DEAR SIR: I send you the photographs of my father and brother, on which appear some spirit pictures. My father was a skeptic in those things and some time after he had his picture taken, my brother went to the same artist to see what he would get, and was as much surprised as my father had been. The upper picture over my father's left shoulder [see *Fig. C*] is my old grandmother and the one under her is R. S. Storrs, for sixty-two years pastor of the first parish of Braintree, and the father of R. S. Storrs, the Brooklyn divine. The picture on the right arm is the likeness of an old neighbor, who had been dead over twenty years, and was at once recognized by his widow upon my mother's showing her the photograph. I have got the grip too badly to write much, but from what I know of the case and from what my mother and others of the family tell me, the pictures must be genuine.

"Very respectfully,
"W—— X——."

If the reader will now study *Fig. C*, the portrait of Mr. X—'s father, he will make out the three faces "identified" in the above letter, also, a second face, quite obscure, on the right arm of the sitter; also, a non-committal face low down on the left arm of the sitter; also, and especially, a well-developed portrait of a heavily bearded and moustached man, directly on the sitter's breast. The two faces, Mr. X—'s "grandmother," and "Rev. Mr. Storrs" are in the background. I call special attention to the faces *on* the person of the sitter, because I have often been told and find it to be generally believed, that one test of "genuineness" is the appearance of ghostly figures *upon*, as if in front of, the actual sitter's person. But this is emphatically not so. Whether you see the sitter through the "ghost," or see the "ghost" through the sitter depends entirely upon which is the darkest and which is the lightest of the two pictures in the parts where they are superimposed by the operator in the successive exposures required to produce the fraud. The operator can of course plant his ghost figures anywhere he pleases on the plate, and put as many of them in as he pleases. I have samples of more than twenty thus put in one photograph, but those which he places anywhere within the boundaries of the actual sitter's figure will show in front of, or behind, that figure, according to their relative lightness or darkness. Still it is quite a trick to impose a spirit face *on* the person of the sitter. It was some time before the imposters "caught on." The spirit forms were generally hovering shadowy over or to one side of the actual form; and when they were fixed apparently in front of the figure of the sitter, this arrangement was studiously paraded as a "test" of their genuineness. The scamp who executed the frauds of *Figs. C* and *D*, became expert in this particular. Examine *Fig. D*, for example and see how squarely he has planted a

large, strong full-bearded face on the breast of Mr. X—'s brother. Observe also, another large but dimmer face on the right shoulder and a sharp small face on the left shoulder, apparently of a woman or child; and compare the large, blurry face, quite dim, off the left shoulder (on your right as you look at the photograph.) There is here yet another face, slyly tucked away, making five in all on this photograph, besides the sitter. Can you discover it? And can you puzzle out a seventh and an eighth face, besides that of the sitter, in *Fig. C*, the photograph of Mr. X.'s father? They are there!



Fig. H—A Fair Anonyma and her Attendant Spirit.

When I received these two photographs, at Prescott, Arizona, in January of this year, I thought they looked familiar, and I was sure I could identify the artist. I had some years before seen the same handiwork in the possession of my brother, Medical Director S. F. Coues, U. S. Navy; and some time before that had seen pictures like these in a large miscellaneous lot owned by a certain camel-swallowing ghost hunter in Washington, D. C. Among them were ghost pictures of George Washington, obviously taken from one of his best known historical portraits, and others as obviously reproducing that wood-cut of "Lydia Pinkham," whose medical advertisement, in half, if not all, the newspapers in the United States, has familiarized everybody with her features! The following March I was in Chicago, and found that Colonel Bundy had a literal "rogue's gallery," (the rogue

being the artist) of a dozen or more photographs identical with these two of mine, in every particular of style and make, and certainly by the same hand. The artist is a fellow calling himself "Dr." William Keeler, who operated for years in Boston and elsewhere. I have seen him perform some of his cabinet tricks in Washington. He has a brother, styled "P. L. O. A." Keeler, who has long lived comfortably in Washington, on a varied repertory of tricks, which includes the slate-writing trick, the cabinet materialization trick, and a peculiar modification of the latter, which he works to great advantage, but which it would take too long to describe here. I was therefore not surprised, after I had made this identification of the Keeler frauds, to receive, at Chicago, the following letter from my friend X——:

"CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA,
March 15, 1892.

"*Dr. Coues*—DEAR SIR: In regard to those photos, my brother says that the artist's name was *Keeler*, and that he was located on Dover street, near Shawmut avenue (in Boston). * * * The photos were taken six or seven years ago. * * *
I am, yours, etc., W—— X——."

Dropping Keeler now, let us take up another candidate for our own rogue's gallery. *Fig. E* resembles *Figs. C* and *D*, but has a style of its own, particularly as to the grouping of the faces about the sitter's face, and the management of the halation of light around them. Besides the eight heads arranged around the sitter, there are several others imprinted on his coat, as in the Keeler pictures. The sitter I do not know, neither do I recognize any of the "ghost" faces. Perhaps some reader of the magazine may be able to identify one or more of them. They are likely to be the portraits of several now or lately living persons, taken from actual photographs of these persons, or else from prints in some periodical. This photograph is the work of one "Dr." Stansbury, late of San Francisco, late of Chicago, late of elsewhere. The first and last time I saw him was at Onset Bay, Mass., in the summer of 1889. He had a sign out "From here to heaven by telegraph," or something to the same effect, advertising some huggermugger business he worked inside, though his forte just then was the production on closed slates of spirit messages and spirit drawings in colored pencils, said drawings being prepared for him by a confederate who lived on the same street. This swindler came to Chicago in or about 1888, practiced spirit photography for awhile, and then made over the trick of his trade to certain parties I shall speak of next. I should not have mentioned so obscure a scamp as Stansbury except for this connection of his with the operations of the Fosters. The balance of the lot of photographs in my hands, over twenty in number, consists: First, of Stansbury's frauds, like the one I have selected for illustration; second, of frauds perpetrated by Mr. F. N. Foster and wife, after learning the trick from Stansbury; third, of honest imitations of the Fosters' work, done by Mr. S. W. Fallis, of Chicago (residence, 587 West Ohio street, office Baker & Co., engravers, corner Clark and Monroe streets). With a letter of introduction from Colonel Bundy, I called upon Mr. Fallis, in Chicago, last April. He was very communicative, and told me all about these photographs, with permission to make such use of the information as I might wish. He spread before me perhaps fifty of his own make, similar in all respects to the Foster frauds. He laughed at the simplicity of the trick, at the same time stating that easy as an ordinary photographer might think it to be to produce just these effects, it was not so easy after all, unless one had learned how to manipulate the plates. But that is a matter of photographic technique into which, for obvious reasons, I do not intend to enter. My reader must rest upon my assurance that it is easy enough, si scias artificium, if you

"catch on." It is a matter of prepared plates, repeated exposures and peculiar management of the lights and shades. Any one can do it who can catch a live sitter for the center-piece, acquire a number of photographs or printed cuts of other people, and apply



Alleged Spirit Photos by Dr. Stansbury of San Francisco

Mr. Fallis' methods of manipulation. To show how utterly worthless (as worthless as my friend (X——'s "recognition" of deceased relatives) are affidavits and the like in this case, I will adduce a printed statement lying before me, sworn and subscribed to before a notary public, by three persons, one of whom is Mr. Fallis himself. It is headed thus: "At the request of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster, special photographers, we held a STRICT TEST SEANCE with them, November 18th, 1888, of which we make the following statement:" The statement which follows, a page long, is so worded as to make it appear impossible that any fraud had been perpetrated—the pictures must

be of ghosts. On questioning Mr. Fallis about his signing such a statement, he explained to me how every word of it could be and was literally true, and yet the fraud could be perpetrated, as it in fact had been, on the very persons who subscribed the affidavit; he simply had not learned the trick then. But he soon found it out for himself, and produced a great many pictures, just like those with which the Fosters cheated their customers, for the amusement of himself and his friends. The public exposure of the Fosters' fraud followed promptly in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and doubtless in other papers.

The very large series of the Foster shams, and of the Fallis imitations in good faith of these shams, which I have inspected, enables me to speak with absolute confidence. Here are hundreds of faces of historical personages, authors, artists, actors, soldiers, reformers and others of the world's great people, all taken from known printed pictures, and all recognizable by those who have seen their portraits or have known the originals in life. Here are scores of ordinary mortals, some lately dead perhaps, but some certainly alive still, and all retaken as ghosts from their ordinary photographs. Here are Lowell and Longfellow—here Thackeray and Byron. Here is Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, whom I have known for years, whom I met in San Francisco last December, and who was very much alive last March when she had that dreadful time with a wicked newspaper man in Kansas City, Missouri. Here I find my quondam friend, Mr. McDonald, formerly of Chicago, whom I last saw walking down the street in Washington, some months ago. One venerable "ghost," whose name I have forgotten, though Mr. Fallis gave it to me, appears repeatedly with his flowing, patriarchal beard; he was evidently kept in stock to do duty as the deceased ancestor of numerous customers. Here on one of the fraudulent pictures, along with the standard graybeard just mentioned is the ghost-photo of the saint-like Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, a noted character in her day, taken from the cut on page 399 of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1882, illustrating the article entitled "Some Worthies of Old Norwich!" Here is Adelaide Varese Pedrotti, taken from the cut on page 696 of the *Century Magazine* for March, 1882, illustrating the article "Opera in New York," by Richard Grant White. Mrs. Austin is here, too, from page 694 of the same article. Here, again, is Parepa Rosa, from the cut on page 199 of the *Century Magazine*, for June, 1882. Here, once more, on a bogus photo, by Foster and wife, taken in 1888 in Chicago, is the portrait of the ghost of the "Indian maiden, Marquette," from the cut on page 339 of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1882*. She appears in company with a Mr. G. S. Hubbard, an old Chicagoan who died recently, but was alive when he sat for the photo from which this portrait of his ghost was taken, and with three other ghosts who hover about the actual sitter, the latter being a Mr. Dresslein of Chicago. But why protract these desultory remarks? They only occur to me as my eye roams over the rogues' gallery that nearly covers my desk. Space presses and I have yet to call the reader's attention in particular to two "spirit" photographs, which I select from the lot as good examples of the whole.

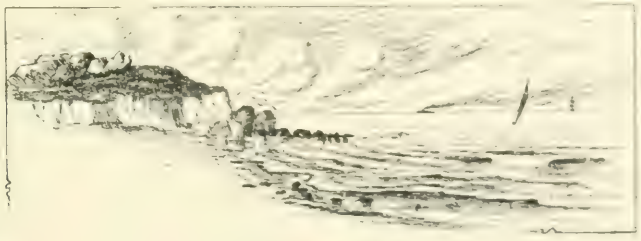
Fig. F is an egregious fraud perpetrated by Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster in Chicago, in 1888. The actual sitter is a Mr. Martin of the firm of Case & Martin, pie-bakers, corner Wood and Walnut streets, Chicago. He is supposed to be surrounded by his "spirit-band" of Indian "guides" and "controls." Now, if the patient reader will turn to the *Century Magazine* for August, 1882, he will find, on page 526, an

*Col. Bundy was put on the track of these published originals by a friend who took unwearied pains to hunt over old files of magazines for the purpose. He handed the magazines themselves to me. They are before me as I write, and I have examined and verified each reference.

interesting article entitled "An Aboriginal Pilgrimage," in which my excellent friend Mr. Frank H. Cushing and the Zuñi Indians, which, as everybody remembers, he exhibited all over the country, are written up by my other friend Sylvester Baxter. On page 528 stands Cushing at full length in the Indian tog he affected on occasions of ceremony ; and on pages following are the portraits of several Indians of the tribe of Zuñi, used by Foster and wife as the original of these "ghosts." The pretty female face, marked "1," over the pie-baker's right shoulder, is the same Maiden Marquette already mentioned in connection with a different photograph, as taken from *Harper's* for August, 1882, page 339. The hideous face which looms up over the head of Sitter Martin is simply an enlargement of a small portrait like any one of those of the other Indians. The enlargement leaves it irrecognizable, but has this advantage, that it clearly shows in the dotted lines, the marks of the tooling of the wood engraver, who executed the original of the cut from which it is copied ! Sometimes I wonder which is the bigger fool in these cases—the sitter, sure to be cheated, or the operator, sure to get caught.

Fig. G is one of the great many pictures made by Mr. Fallis, in good faith for the purpose of exposing Foster's fraud, by showing how easily it could be imitated. It is beautifully executed. The sitter wears an immense rose on his chest, partly *over* his coat and vest, partly *under* his turned-down collar, verifying something that I explained earlier in this article about the relative positions of lighter and darker shades when superposed. Over his head is a spiritualized and very pretty face, artistically managed. The young man's face, marked "1," is that of one John Slater, a reputed medium, now or lately living. The face marked "2" is that of the noted medium, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, of whom I have already spoken, in connection with a different photograph. These, and all the rest of the "ghost" pictures are taken, as I need scarcely repeat, from actual photographs of the living sitters.

I cannot bring this article to a better close than by noting my own humble share in the line of promoting spirit photography. I happen to have, in Chicago, a young relative who shall be nameless, though he sometimes dabbles in amateur photography. This young gentleman has a young lady friend, and this fair Anonyma, no doubt, has a guardian angel somewhere in the spheres. After looking over my gallery of ghosts they seemed to be suddenly seized with a mutual idea, which caused their abrupt disappearance together. There is an amateur camera club, or something of that sort, in Chicago, I believe. At any rate, my young relative returned that day with the portrait of a very pretty girl, attended by a very nice spirit. I am not in the secret of this mysterious affair, and I would not tell if I were. But here (*Fig. H*), is the portrait, to speak for itself, and if the attendant spirit could do the same, perhaps we should hear the rest of the story.



YACHTING AROUND SAN FRANCISCO.

BY CHARLES G. YALE.

ON the Bay of San Francisco every Saturday and Sunday may be seen the white sails of the fleets of the local yacht clubs, and on board of these craft are the yachtsmen, whose chief enjoyment is away from the busy city where the breezes blow and the spray flies, free from care, and indulging in a sport which brings exercise, health and pleasure. To many, the simple mention of sailing brings thought of unpleasant motion and loss of appetite, with attendant discomfort in a general way. Those who are apt to get seasick can seldom be induced to go yachting, and as that class is a very large one, there are fewer yachtsmen at this port than one would suppose, in a place where there are such excellent facilities.

But those fond of the water, and with opportunity to indulge their tastes, are not apt to experience any disagreeable sensations while sailing. A calm is much more to be feared than strong breezes and rough seas, for the charm of yacht sailing is swift motion and the feeling of independence in the ability to come and go at will. The traveler on steamers or cars is tied to schedule time, and must start and arrive at certain prearranged and unchangeable periods. The yachtsman, on the contrary, starts when he gets ready, and stops where he pleases, and, while sailing, can change his mind if he wishes and go in any direction. This independence of action is pleasant to man in any sphere, and is one of the great features of certain outdoor sports, especially yachting. On a yacht a man is not troubled with baggage, hotels, porters, or other nuisances of travel, but has everything with him, always the same, changing only the locality.

Yachting in San Francisco bay is not indulged in upon the same scale as in the larger cities of the East. We have no very large vessels with uniformed crew, sailing master, etc., kept in commission at a cost of thousands a month. There are several sea-going yachts, however, with accommodations for a dozen or more guests and moderate crews, but in all instances the owners are the captains, and know how to handle their own boats.

The conditions here are hardly favorable for very large yachts, since, while the bay is large, the coves and rivers are shoal, and there is a limit to the inside sailing area. On the Atlantic Coast, the sounds and ocean are available in summer for yachting parties on even small yachts, for there the breezes during the yachting season are apt to be light, and, what is more to the point, the harbors are numerous and close together.

In these latitudes, the Pacific Ocean hardly deserves its name. Strong winds and heavy seas are the rule, and fogs are apt to prevail in the summer. Then to go outside the Golden Gate, the bar must be crossed, and that is not always pleasant. But even when across the bar and out in blue water, anywhere within a hundred miles of San Francisco, rough seas are more apt to be met with than anything else, and there is general discomfort unless in a good large vessel. And the worst of it is, no matter what the weather, there is no snug harbor under the lee where shelter may be sought. If one goes to the Farralones for a fishing trip, he cannot well anchor, and there is not the slightest shelter from the seas. Whatever comes must be met. True, the yachts go to Monterey Bay, but at either Monterey or Santa Cruz,

when at the anchorage, there is a constant roll and swash which cannot be avoided. And even those used to the sea sometimes get sick lying at anchor in a swell.

Then again outside or ocean sailing hereabouts, in summer, meets a drawback in the prevailing fogs with their attendant danger. There is not a single good harbor up the coast for some hundreds of miles, that is a quiet and safe one. The swell rolls around the point into Drake's Bay, and the lumber ports further up are all small and only protected from one side. Moreover, they are rocky and one must know them to venture in. Tomales Bay has an entrance which is not very safe and the bay itself is too shoal for deep draught boats.

To the south, the first place where a yacht can find shelter is Santa Cruz, and there they cannot go alongside the wharf to lie. They must anchor a short distance outside the surf where there is a constant swell. Of course, if a yacht goes as far south as the Santa Barbara Channel, fine cruising grounds will be found, but it takes time to go that distance. South of Point Conception, ocean sailing may be indulged in with comparatively small yachts, for the winds are lighter and seas smoother than north of that point. There are islands to be visited where there is good fishing, and the sailing thereabouts is delightful. At Santa Barbara there is protection from the northwest or summer winds; and at San Pedro there is good outside anchorage and an inner harbor. Of course at San Diego there is a beautiful bay completely landlocked. The various seaside resorts between Santa



A Chinese "Yacht" following the Race.

Barbara and San Diego have mere roadsteads as "harbors" and are not much visited by yachting parties, owing to poor facilities for landing and exposed anchorage.

A few years ago, during the height of the boom in Southern California, a number of San Francisco yachts were purchased and taken down there, and some have since been built at the southern ports. Few of these, however, are kept as strictly private yachts, but may be chartered by sailing parties. There are some, though, which are used only by their owners for yachting. Most of the yachts along the coast, as far down as San Diego, fly the San Francisco Yacht Club flag, their owners being members of that organization.

It will be seen from what has been said that for good and sufficient reasons, ocean yacht cruising is not so popular on this coast as in the East. To speak truth, even on the frequent short cruises to Monterey Bay, the parties who go down on the yachts usually return by train, letting the "men" have the job of beating back against the wind and sea. The passage down before the wind is a very different thing from coming back against it, both in the matters of time and enjoyment.



Nip and Tuck with everything set.

But if the yachtsmen of the East have the advantage in the extent of



Letter the Word as a Rock Back from the Heart.

available cruising ground, over their California brethren, those here have some other favorable features not enjoyed on the Atlantic coast. There they are bothered with calms and light winds; while here the summer breezes are constant and strong all along the coast, at sea and in the harbors. Both in cruising and in racing there is with us seldom any lack of wind.

Our regattas are never, as often in the East, failures for want of wind. We usually have all we want and sometimes more. As a general proposition, in yacht racing, everybody wants more wind, no matter how it blows. But that we usually have plenty is shown by the fact that we do not fit out our yachts with the immense spreads of "balloon canvas," common in Eastern waters. Plain sail is the rule with us. Moreover, such is the strength of the local summer winds that the ordinary working sails of our San Francisco bay yachts are about one-third less in area than are used on yachts of corresponding size along the Eastern coast.

The Eastern yachtsman visiting here is apt, at first, to poke fun at the short spars and small sails he sees, having been accustomed to greater dimensions; but one or two trips across channel or down San Pablo Bay brings him to a realizing sense of the fact that craft sparred like the Eastern yachts could not sail here except with reefed canvas.

Several attempts have been made by enthusiasts who imported Eastern yachts, to make them carry sail according to the original spar-plan, but this has always had to be given up, and the sail area reduced. Our yachts, therefore, are not as handsome as those in Atlantic waters, for no such clouds of canvas can be spread to our summer winds.

The currents of the bay, too, are swift, and, when running in the opposite direction to the wind, a sea is "kicked up" which it takes good boats to stand. All over the lower bays these rapid currents prevail, especially on the ebb tide when the waters of the great rivers are added to the tidal flow. In Suisun and San



The "Casco" going through Golden Gate

Pablo Bays it is always rough on the ebb when there is much wind; and in the main channel, between this city and the Marin county shore, the sea is too heavy for any but able boats. And on a foggy, windy afternoon people with no love for the water wonder what pleasure any one can take in sailing under such circumstances.

But after crossing the channel, from the city side, the wind is more tempered, coming across the land, and it is often calm in Raccoon Straits, or Richardson's Bay, while blowing freshly on this side. Then all along the Marin county shore up as far as San Rafael, or the Marin Islands, there are rocky points for fishing, or quiet coves for a lunch on the beach, much frequented by the yachtsmen.

The most frequent yachting occasion is the Saturday afternoon sail, remaining at some good anchorage all night, and returning next day. When a number of yachts go together they usually rendezvous at Mare Island or Martinez, and "try rate of sailing" from those places back to the club houses. This trip is never made in a day. In fact, it takes the



One of the Corinthian Yachts.

best part of a day to come down San Pablo Bay, especially for the smaller yachts.

Yachtsmen do not use the bay south of San Francisco to any great extent. The long stretch of water is bordered by marshes and shoals, and heavy squalls come in through the wind-gaps in the hills. There are no towns to visit on the bay shore, and the shore itself, being mere marsh, is unattractive.

The upper bays, rivers, creeks and sloughs are the most frequented, and each yachtsman has his favorite anchorage. The deep-draught boats must keep in the channels, but the smaller ones may go up the numerous sloughs and creeks in the marsh lands bordering the bay, and seek quiet retreats.

Corte Madera, San Rafael, Petaluma and Sonoma Creeks are only occasionally visited; but Napa Creek is a favorite resort of the yachtsman. The annual three-day cruise, on the holidays about the Fourth of July, is generally taken up Napa Creek. The yachts of the fleet race to Mare Island Navy Yard; the head ones there wait for the slower ones; and again they start for a race to Napa, taking the flood tide so as to reach their destination at high water. At Napa the yachtsmen and their guests ride, drive and have sports on the water, such as swimming and boat races. In the evening they have fireworks, a concert or a ball—for this is a ladies' cruise. Returning from Napa the yachts must be towed in line down nearly to Mare Island for the creek is too narrow to tack in and the wind draws ahead on the down passage.

The creeks or sloughs in the Suisun marsh are often visited in winter for the duck hunting, but in summer the mosquitoes keep the yachtsmen out in the open bays.

Cruises are often made up the river as far as Sacramento, or to the fruit ranches this side of that city. On the return trip, instead of coming back the same way, they can pass through Georgiana Slough into the Mokelumne River, thence into the San Joaquin River and back home past Antioch and New York Slough into the main bays again. This trip is a very pleasant one, but cannot well be made in less than a week. It is usually better to count on two weeks for any enjoyment.

The up-river cruises are pleasanter in the fall of the year, for then the nights are cooler and the mosquitoes are gone. The sailing, especially in that part of the Sacramento known as the "Old River," is delightful and in marked contrast to that experienced in the lower bays where the yachtsmen usually are. Up-river the winds get lighter, the water is smooth and the banks are fringed with trees. The surroundings are picturesque and only the time required prevents the trip being much more frequently made.

Yacht racing in San Francisco Bay, it must be confessed, is not as frequent as one would suppose from the number of ardent yachtsmen in these waters. The fact is, however, the general public takes little interest in the contests among the smaller yachts, which in reality make up the bulk of our local fleet. The owners themselves take the keenest interest in racing, but prefer a "tussle" with some boat of about even size to a general one where all sizes enter in different classes.

As to the large yachts it is a matter of so much additional expense to their owners to enter a regatta that they seldom do it. For a big yacht to prepare for an event of this kind entails an expense of five or six hundred dollars and even more. If she goes on the dry dock to clean as she must, of course, that alone costs one hundred dollars. Then there is the black-leading, new running rigging, overhauling, extra crew and a hundred and one items which go to make up a big bill in the end.

And what is more, the ordinary cruises and "scrub races" pretty definitely settle the relative sailing

qualities of the larger yachts, so that a set regatta is not really necessary to determine that; and the owners cannot see why they should spend so much merely to make a "spectacle" for the general public. Very naturally the man with the fastest of the big yachts is ready to enter the regatta but the others do not care to add to his glory particularly.

As a result, the general regattas which we formerly had here are fewer instead of more frequent. There are not so many big yachts either as there used to be. The yacht club which has the largest membership will admit no boats over forty feet in length, and by far the majority are much smaller than that. It is a proof of the position here taken on this subject



Coming in Wing and Wing from Fort Point.

that the older clubs to which the large yachts belong, have practically discontinued the feature of the annual regatta, while it is still maintained by the club with the most small yachts.

In fact, the longer one goes yachting the less he cares for racing and the more fond he becomes of cruising and a quiet time. A young man, new at the sport, will crowd his boat full of guests to his own and their discomfort. Those with the big yachts take very few guests at one time and prefer to go in company with no more than one yacht. The youngsters are rather apt to keep it up late at night and make considerable noise, while the old hands prefer a quiet chat or game of cards in the cabin and early retirement.

It is a mistaken impression to suppose there is much carousing and drinking on these yachting trips. Yachts are, of course, well provided with creature comforts, but guests who abuse them seldom get a second invitation for a cruise. The owners themselves have their yacht and friends to care for and are not apt, under such circumstances, to permit any over-indulgence. Excitement enough may be obtained in sailing in the fresh wind, and with competing yachts, to make one pretty tired after a day's trip spent entirely in the open air without adding that which liquor gives.



A Mosquito Regatta on the Bay

Occasionally what are known as "Mosquito regattas" are arranged here in which all sorts of sailing craft compete, but none very large. Among these are small yachts, Italian fishing boats, whitehall boats and ships' boats. They are arranged in classes and there is more excitement than when only a few yachts come in. Usually there are seventy-five or a hundred competitors, and all sorts of queer craft and queer rigs make their

appearance. It has been impossible to get any of the Chinese fishermen to enter these races although a few of their boats appear around the course, looking on. The great interest in these mosquito regattas centers in the ships' boats, each ship in the harbor sending a boat with a picked crew.

As to types of yachts in use here they differ somewhat from those in other waters, but only in matter of detail. In the Eastern States, of late years, they have adopted the English cutter style, narrow and deep, with outside lead keels. Most of our boats here are broad and comparatively shoal, built with the design of carrying sail well in strong breezes and lumpy sea. We have adopted the outside lead ballast, but still stick to the centerward type generally. The very large yachts are keel boats, but by no means narrow, as are cutters. The coves alongshore are so shoal here that the deep type of boat does not flourish. There is only one real narrow deep-keel cutter of the standard type in San Francisco Bay.

The largest yacht ever built here was the *Casco*, ninety-six feet over all. She is a keel boat with outside ballast, and schooner rigged. This vessel carried the San Francisco Yacht Club flag down to the South Seas twice, the last occasion being when Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, sailed in her for six months in those waters. This was the longest ocean cruise ever made by a San Francisco yacht, the others being only coasting voyages. On the death of the owner of this yacht she was sold for a sealer, no one caring to maintain a pleasure vessel of that size here.



The "Lurline," Flagship of the Pacific Yacht Club

Of late years the small launch, using gas or naphtha for power, has become popular to some extent, and there is one electric launch in the bay with a storage battery. There are also a few steam launches used

for pleasure purposes, but no regular steam yacht of any size is kept here. The winds are so constant and steady during the sailing season that sails keep steam in the background in these waters.

The yachting season here extends from April to October inclusive, and the boats are only laid up in the winter because there is then so little wind. Of course we never have ice or snow here, so that sailing can be indulged in all winter if one has time. Several of our large yachts have been kept in commission month in and month out for many consecutive years. In winter, however, it sometimes takes three days to get to a place where the summer winds would take one in as many hours.



The "Chispa," Flagship of the San Francisco Yacht Club.

There are only four yacht Clubs in this bay—the San Francisco, Pacific, Corinthian and Encinal. There are numerous sailing clubs calling themselves yacht clubs, but which are not such. A couple of dozen young men organize and hire a water-front plunger or sloop once a month, and, through ignorance, call themselves a "Yacht Club." There are really sailing or yachting clubs. It is among this class of people that the boating accidents occur which get into the papers as "Accident on a Yacht." Some of these clubs quit sailing after one season and give parties thereafter, but still retain the name "Yacht Club." The water-front parties often bring discredit on yachts and yachtsmen, much to the latter's disgust. They overcrowd the boats and overfill themselves, and when anything untoward happens, the yachting fraternity have to bear the blame in the eyes of the public.

Both the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs have their houses and headquarters at Saucelito, and the larger yachts have permanent moorings there where they are kept during the week when not in use. At Tiburon the Corinthian Yacht Club has its headquarters and boathouse and a large fleet of small yachts is kept there. The Encinal Boat Club, a new organization which has lately

accumulated a large number of small yachts and sailboats, has its house on the Alameda shore, on the edge of the town of that name.

Each of these clubs has a distinct membership, set of officers and flag. Some yachts belong to several clubs with privilege of carrying which flag its owner prefers. The cost of membership of these clubs is small, the highest being fifteen dollars a year with no initiation fee.

Of course, to run a large yacht like the *Jessie*, *Lurline* or *Ramona* is a matter of considerable expense; but the smaller yachts such as fly the Corinthian flag are quite inexpensive to maintain. As a general rule the owners and friends not only sail the yacht, but paint and clean it and repair the craft and rigging; cook, wash the dishes, and do all the work of every kind. In this they find their enjoyment. In the larger yachts there are men to care for the yachts, do the work, cook, etc., the owner simply sailing the boat and giving orders. So it depends almost entirely on the size of the boat as to the expense of construction and maintenance. The term Corinthian implies a yachtsman who keeps no man, but does everything about the boat himself. And it is on this basis that most of the yachts in this bay except the larger ones are kept. It does not necessarily follow, therefore, as many suppose, that to be a yachtsman a man must spend a great deal of money.

In the early days of the settlement of this State very little attention was paid to yachting. There were in "the fifties" some small sailing craft for pleasure, but it was not until 1869 that a regular yacht club was organized. In that year the San Francisco Yacht Club came into existence, and in August the first yacht regatta ever held on this coast was sailed. On that day the *Emerald* (the winner) was sailed by John L. Eckley, the *Minnie*, by Dr. J. C. Tucker, the *Peerless* (belonging to R. L. Ogden) by Edwin Moody, the *Lotus* by the writer, the *Raven* by Henry Howard, and the *Zoe* by Mr. Williams. There have since been many regattas and matches. The boats built kept increasing in size for a time, but of late years many more small than large ones have been added to the fleet.

The Pacific Yacht Club, an offshoot from the San Francisco Club, was organized in 1879. The Corinthian Club followed, restricting the dimensions of the boats admitted so as to encourage small yachts. Now the Encinal Club has come to the front, also devoted to the small yacht interest. There is the best of feeling among the clubs and when any one announces an event the others are invited to take part and do so.

Finally all these clubs were forced to recognize the steam or gas launch and the rowing men and accommodations had to be provided for them. And so it seems that while the yachting interest in San Francisco Bay has grown and is growing, the dimensions of the boats which predominate, become smaller from year to year.



A Race with Ships' Boats.

THE BLACK ART IN HAWAII

BY REV. A. N. FISHER

AFTER the Pali and the Palace and delightful Waikiki, the visitor at Honolulu, if in the least inclined to sociological inquiry, is apt to find his way to the penal institution of the kingdom whose popular name is derived from its location. In its exterior the prison on the reef will be found quite like similar edifices elsewhere, but its interior arrangement is unique. If I were of the criminal class I think I should confine predatory ventures to the Paradise of the Pacific. A semi-tropical climate enables superior provision for the confinement of convicts. In lieu of gloomy corridors all the cells open on a sunny court; and instead of the usual repellant dining-hall, in this court is an umbrella tree famous for its ample proportions beneath which prisoners discuss their daily *poi*.

But not less unique are the inmates of this prison. Thieves and murderers of the usual variety abound, but mingled with them are a mild mannered lot of rascals interesting as specimens of belated heathenism. In the hospital, for instance, might be seen not long since, a native of fine form lying at the point of death, of whom the physician declared there was nothing whatever the matter except a disordered fancy. He dies only because he thinks himself the victim of a distant and malign enchantment. And in thus taking his departure he will not be bulletined as having some strange thing happen to him. He follows a fashion set by his ancestors and to-day prevalent on all the islands.

Or there may be seen here a group like that recently brought from the obscure island of Lanai—ten persons, men, women and children charged with a triple murder. The details of their crime are horrifying, but they are in appearance gentle folks, quite out of place within prison walls. They are at once the agents and the victims of a delusion that has greatly helped to depopulate these islands. The principal figure among them is a woman who, aspiring to distinction as a Kahuna, or priestess of divination, in assertion of an assumed diabolical prerogative incited her family to aid in clubbing to death two children and an adult and nearly cremating a fourth victim. The incident is an unusual outbreak of fanatic violence, but it makes ghastly exhibit of the skeleton that hangs in the Hawaiian closet.

When the missionaries landed in Hawaii in 1820 they found a nation nominally without any religion. Six months before their arrival had occurred an event for which history affords no parallel. An elaborate system of idolatry that had for ages held universal sway had been abandoned by a people that knew nothing of any other faith. By royal edict, temples, idols and altars had been destroyed and the gods dismissed.

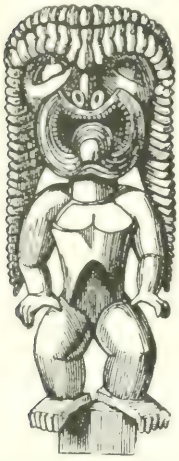
But the Hawaiians were pagans still, steeped in superstition and debased by heathen vices almost beyond hope of elevation. The story of the years that follow reads like fiction. Less than thirty years of Christian effort resulted in one of the most remarkable instances of national transformation ever witnessed. Churches and schoolhouses became as numerous and as well attended as in the heart of New England. The largest Christian assembly that gathered anywhere on the globe convened regularly in Hilo. Hawaii was pronounced as much entitled to be called Christian as the United States. Missionary aid was withdrawn, native pastors were placed in charge of the



Native Grass House in Waimea, Kauai, H. I.

pulpits of the land, and native missionaries were commissioned to other islands in other seas.

But as the years go by it transpires that the ancient religion has not entirely disappeared. The candid historian is compelled to admit that vestiges of the old faith remain to color and corrupt the new. Its gods are forgotten, its images are destroyed, its public rites are tabu, and to be called heathen is a disgrace, but Pele the goddess of the volcano, still has her fatuous devotees, fetiches are still furtively worn, and the Kahuna may be found in nearly every community in some respects the most powerful personality in the kingdom, by many more feared than the devil and more sought after than the Saviour of men. The system he operates is a potent factor in the politics of the country, it seriously interferes with medical practice, and by its salacious orgies it lowers the tone of public morals. It has never been fully written up, and perhaps never will be, since as Carlyle says of paganism in general, "It is a bewildering, inexplicable jumble of delusions, confusion, falsehood and absurdities."



An Ancient Idol

The office of Kahuna is with some, hereditary, tracing back to the ancient priesthood, and with others it is acquired by audacious charlatanism. It owes its popularity in part to the prevalent belief that the Jehovah of Scripture is but one among many gods, and that he concerns himself mainly with the souls of men, while other deities, gods of the sea and air and streams deal only with their bodies. These lesser gods are, as a rule, malevolent and busy themselves in making trouble. They are envious, jealous, spiteful and mean enough to vent their spleen on helpless humanity.

There are also in the Hawaiian pantheon demi-gods and meddlesome demons that delight in getting inside of people to the instant discomfort of their unwilling hosts. Most of the aches and pains that native flesh is heir to are by the superstitious ascribed to supernatural origin, and it is the office of the Kahuna to diagnose the difficulty, and placate the disgruntled god or expel the disturbing demon, as the case may be. He is a thrifty thaumaturgist and proportions his fees to the imperative nature of his services. He employs charms and incantations and in difficult cases will smear the patient with unnamable filth to disgust and drive away the devil that cannot be wheedled into abdication. He will bless a fetich to be worn next the person, or kill a white chicken or a red fish and eat it raw with the patient. Stones of peculiar shape and pieces of wood cut in fantastic form are deemed potent prophylactics and certain preposterous decoctions are used as remedial agents.

The Kahuna as a medical practitioner is under legislative ban, but he nevertheless manages to contribute materially to the rapid decadence of the race. In 1820 the native population was one hundred and sixty thousand, and in spite of the fact that the Hawaiians are an exceptionally prolific people, it now numbers only forty thousand. The death rate is excessive, and is due in part to the fact that the physician is often ignored in the interest of the Kahuna, and that when called he can never be sure that his medicines are not thrown out of the window and some devil's broth substituted for them.



An Ancient Idol

The Kahuna also poses as Sir



"The Rest"

Oracle. His supposed commerce with the gods entitles him to be consulted on occult themes, and while he lacks the sagacity essential to notable success as a seer, an occasional augury is scored to his credit. A recent instance is related in connection with the late King's visit to this country. A celebrated Kahuna residing on Molokai, the island famous as the abode of a colony of lepers, is said to have warned against the journey on penalty of a fatal issue. On a second application it was conceded that the eating of a piece of a certain rock might ensure a safe trip. But His Majesty took counsel with himself, as holding higher rank in the profession, and refused to swallow either the stone or the warning and went forward to his fate. It probably little affects the comments of the credulous that medical authority regarded the trip as perilous.



An Ancient Chief, showing Feather Head Dress

Some members of this uncanny vocation claim to have superior spirits in their employ, "Aumakuas," ancient heroes and the "Akuahoonanna," messenger gods that fly to and fro on their errands. Natives will tell you that they have seen them in spectral drapery, flying through the night. They are supposed to be a terror to lesser spirits and the reputation of being able to order their goings affords enviable distinction.

But the average Kahuna is not content to be known merely as a wizard. He aspires to serve in his community as an agent of reprisal. He assumes to have power over human life and sedulously seeks the reputation of having compassed the death of somebody. He will have but a meager following unless he demonstrates friendly relations with some powerful god who enables the practice of murder as a fine art. He usually begins his career by despatching some relative or dear friend. He makes a study of poisons that will operate and make no sign, but resorts to them only when means more conclusive of skill in diabolism have failed. The first man hanged in the kingdom was a chief who proved a bungler as a Kahuna. He tried his art on his wife, but she was slow to yield to his enchantments and he resorted to poison and failed to conceal his methods.

The success of the Kahuna as a private executioner is due in part to the unquestioning credulity of the people, and in part to the astonishing influence exerted by the native imagination. The unenlightened native looks with awe upon the reputed sorcerer and readily concedes the claim of supernatural functions. And so intimate is the relation between mental state and physical condition that when a native makes up his mind that he is going to die, his early departure is assured. If, for instance, he learns that a Kahuna of acknowledged skill has undertaken to contrive his death, he regards himself a doomed man, and meekly proceeds to make his exit. It is to this fact that the threat of having an opponent "prayed to death" which sometimes concludes a violent quarrel, often amounts to more than the mere vaporing of impotent wrath. "Anaana" is a strange sort of revenge, but instances of its successful employment are known in every large community. Of course, the victim is duly informed of the frequency and urgency of the Kahuna's devotions, and in proportion as the intercession waxes fervent, the subject of his prayers, if true to precedent, grows feeble, until at length the services of the undertaker are required.

This process is now and then employed to affect affairs of state. In recent years at least one of the nobility in the line of succession to the throne is popularly believed to have been thus removed. Three futile attempts of this kind were made on the life of his late majesty, Kalakaua, who regarded himself invulnerable through protection of a god more powerful than any that could be enlisted against him.

keeper at home. The existence of both is essential to life. If anything serious is believed to have happened to the peripatetic soul, the native regards the resident spirit as fatally injured, and promptly proceeds to expire.

This mode of murder by proxy has in it an element of the dramatic. The Kahuna, who for a large fee consents to act as the agent of revenge, invites



Natives of Hawaii

There is another method of reprisal quite as effective but more common in earlier times than now. "Catching the spirit" is possible only to a conjurer of exceptional ability. It is based on a bit of Hawaiian philosophy that is very like Bacon's theory of two souls, or Kant's "inexplicable mystery." Man is supposed to be a dual spirit. One part of him is of itinerant tendency, and the other part is a

his employer to witness its execution. He sends out a spirit trained as a kind of invisible bunco steerer to entice within his reach the unsuspecting spirit of the proposed victim. With an air of mystery that would do credit to any civilized clairvoyant, he announces the arrival of the unwary spook; he makes a quick clutch in the air; he closes his hand with all his might; a squeak of pain is simulated;

the hand is opened and on the palm a spot of blood attests lethal success. The victim is told how it has fared with the pilgrim part of him, and as in duty bound he straightway begins to pine. Argument usually fails to persuade him that he does not belong with the silent majority, and he stands not upon the order of his going.

Another popular mode of mischief is based on a tradition relating to an ancient fiend called Kalaipahoa, whose image as formerly seen in heiaus of the kingdom, was an embodiment of all that is ferocious. His ample jaws are set with shark's teeth, and his hideous features are designed to express all conceivable ugliness of disposition. He is the god of revenge and the wood of which his image was made is reputed poisonous. By a transposition that jumbles nearly all pagan traditions, his malefic reputation is confused with that of his sister, who is said to have entered a certain tree growing on Molokai, the wood of which is now known by the name of the god, and is the agent by which he works harm. Scrape it and blow the dust toward an enemy saying, "*E Kalaipahoa e, e oe e pepehi ia mea!*" "O Kalaipahoa, go thou and destroy!" and the foe is doomed unless he happen to be possessed of another piece of wood "Kauila," that is an effectual counter charm.



Objects of Superstition.

As already intimated this relic of barbarism presents a repulsive aspect of indecency. Very many of its adherents are doubtless reputable members of society, whose only contact with the system is at the point where it ministers to disease. But as in demonism every where, there are lower

depths in which lewdness revels. A lascivious dance, the "hula hula," is practiced at its instance, and secret conclaves of unsavory repute are alleged to be held under its auspices.

Charles Kingsley calls superstition "the ugliest child of blind dread of the unknown." It were an interesting study to trace the resemblance between this of Hawaii and that of other lands. A glance at the annals of delusion reveals that some phases of Kahunism are paralleled in the beliefs of the most cultured nations of the ancient world. Its generic postulate that good and evil are alike the work of deities obtains in most primitive religions.

"Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, the other good."

The demonology of Hawaii was quite universal in early and mediæval times and does not essentially differ from that phase of it that affords "the saddest chapter of the world's annals," the story of witch finding and witch burning in the old world and the new, when, as Sprenger computes, nine million persons were burned at the stake. Its doctrine of disease demons finds place in Grecian literature, and its theory of counter charms has obtained among lofty and lowly in all lands.

It is a far cry from Pliny, the Roman naturalist, to a modern Kanaka, but alike they regard a small round stone an amulet of great price. That of the sage must have a hole in it, and be found in an eagle's nest; that of the savage must be smooth and of the size of a cherry, and must by weird incantations be made "*kane o ka poha kaa*." But in the nineteenth century and in a country so thoroughly evangelized as Hawaii, and where illiteracy is scarcely known, such a system as is here partially described is an odious anachronism. Probably but for two causes contributing to its permanence it would have long since ceased to claim public attention. The history of the church in Hawaii demonstrates that native pastors, with the taint of heathen heredity still upon them, cannot be trusted to successfully oppose latent idolatry. And the history of the State demonstrates that deliverance of the people from the spell of the sorcerer may be much helped or hindered by the occupant of the throne. Some of the Kamehamehas ably promoted the advance of civilization, but there have been kings who, although Christian in profession, were heathen in practice. The emergence of a people from barbarism will be but slow when their ruler aspires to be chief of the Kahunas. Better progress is looked for under the reign of Her Majesty Liliuokalani who is believed to seek the highest welfare of her vanishing race.



A CALIFORNIA LOAN EXHIBITION.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

COULD we secure as loans the actual objects which have figured most prominently in the world's history, it does not follow that an exhibition of them would be inspiring. The apple which Paris held in his hand, miraculously preserved, would be of doubtful interest in the presence of the sculptured one. We really prefer the loan of Lord Buddha's philosophy to the possible possession of even two of Lord Buddha's teeth. What advantage could result from the enthusiasm of one who should actually secure a hair of the great Cham's beard? On the other hand, everyone knows the sudden illumination of history or archæology which may come from the corresponding patterns of armor or lace, the inscription of a sword blade, the contemplation of the ruff or jabot of some great one of history who is thus connected with others not equally great, perhaps, but with corresponding ruffs.

Anything really Californian is presumptively interesting.

The state possesses, in the last degree, that volatile essence, that *bouquet*, called local flavor and color, in which Europe finds the highest of all attributes.

Our differentiation from the world is what delights it.

Innumerable are our own legends, which may be told under the old date palms of San Diego of Alcalá, without borrowing romance from Arabia or Ispahan. The collecting and loaning of such legends and traditions is as legitimate as that of arrow heads and copied pictographs, baskets and pottery.

Of these, none is oftener found in the hearts and on the lips of the people than that which connects the coming of both Father Serra and his beloved Juan Crespi with the wild roses of the arroyos, which they both called Castilian, and which to both, after the barrenness associated with Lower California, foretold a glorious destiny for the packages of seeds stored away with such loving prescience, in the ship *San Carlos*, already first at the rendezvous of San Diego.

Even now, amid all the coloring of Papa Gontier, the dizzy heights of the Lady Banksia, the incredible stems of La France, the seven-and-a-half inches of diameter of Paul Neyron, the Mexican will say, smilingly, "Father Serra and Father Crespi saw all that as they came."

Let us learn to associate roses and mission and padre as he does. It is such legends which have given rise to the lily on the florin and the device of the Plantagenets.

But how, until literature and art come, and the greatest studios of the world, promised us by so many observing travelers, are really to be found in our printed directories?

By the printing press and photography. We have Father Serra's first California letter, dated at San Diego; we have the crumbling mission walls and the arroyos are still a tangle of roses. We must put them together as best we may.

If photography be at its best but accurately recorded posing, then we must perforce be satisfied with comparing the relative willingness and capacity of Spaniard, and Chinaman, Indian and American for posing—and study it as a human attribute—until art comes. Great, in the last decade, is our indebtedness to the camera, which has fought gallantly with the destructive rainy season for the possession of crumbling

mission arches and the ramadas of Indian jacals, even as memories, of a past which is never to return.

Grave ethnological possibilities lie in this same camera.

If composite photography be valuable for getting the average of college class, or a given profession, is there not some one ambitious enough to secure a composite photograph of each American State, made up of all representative classes in due and accurate proportion, based upon the latest census returns? Forty-four such photographs recombined in one, might give us the counterfeit presentment of America herself, or the characteristic American face.

We instinctively look to Mr. Bancroft to fitly represent us in bibliography, books, maps, charts, historical prints, documents and portraits. We can but hope his publishing house will find it advisable to separately issue such prints and portraits as shall familiarize us with all our attainable kings, viceroys, visitadores, governors and father presidents. We need to know easily at sight Carlos III and Fernando VII, the Marquis de la Croix and Bucareli, Galvez and Serra, with any of the picturesque line of governors from Portola to Pio Pico—Fagis, Neve, Sola, Borica, the Indian Victoria and Manuel Micheltorena. Perhaps the clever and clean-cut scheme of Mr. de Young will include medallions of such, as part of the mural decoration at Chicago.



The Ruined Mission of San Diego

Of Padre Junipero we have no less than three accepted portraits, to which we are inclined to add all possible mnemonics; his stirrup and stole, vinagera and scapula, miraculous cup and midnight mass, signature and rúbrica, the stone with which he beat his breast and the torch with which he burned it, even his literary style and assuredly his history.

Is it too late to appeal to the church

of San Fernando in Mexico, where Doña Mariana, kneeling by distressed Don Antonio, confesses to staring helplessly at the genealogical tree in which, like miraculous blossoms, were the faces of all the monks who had been sent into California?

The Committee of a Loan Association must expect preliminary disheartening days, in which there seems nothing to collect, and must also be prepared to deal intelligently with the embarrassment of riches, which in most cases is the final outcome of



Padre Junipero Serra.

(From the Schumacher crayon.)

The old maps and charts collected by Mr. Bancroft would bring back the discovery of America like nothing else. Here we might study the "great rivers," the straits of Anian, and ourselves as the island kingdom which ranked with Atlantis and Lapota.

well-directed effort and the selection of what is best from the walls and cabinets of even average collectors.

The question of arrangement is sure to divide the working force into two opposing factions; those who are in favor of what is usually considered

classification, and a catalogue raisonné, and those who prefer happy rapports of light and shade, texture, suggestiveness or association, and to whom the proverbial profanity resulting from bringing certain colors together, is more truly shocking than chronological lapses or errors in such classification. Working upon the by-many-despised basis of a scheme of color, the latter find "Pompadour," "Turkish," "La Vallière," or "Greek" effects in that concourse of atoms which is fortuitous or foreordained according to the point of view. To some people the synthetic coming together of the pinks in the draperies of a Tanagra figurine, a Japanese kimona, a Rose du Barry saucer, the sketch of an adobe wall under the blue sky of Los Angeles, or of a villa in Italy, a spray of fresh wild roses, or a bar of matched pearls, is of more importance in such an exhibition as we are considering, than the rigorous analysis which relegates each object to its own department and catalogue number under an inexorable head.



Vinagera from Carmelo.

(Used by Padre Junipero.)

The working plan of the association mentioned in a previous article was founded on the division of the building (the unfinished Public Library which was the beneficiary of the Loan Exhibition) into separated departments, Alaskan, Russian, Oriental, Historical, Ceramic, etc., and the massing of all relevant and characteristic material in each of these. The orchestra was drilled to furnish a leit-motif for each department, this leit-motif being selected somewhat by caprice. "The Scarlet Sarafan"

services for Russia, Partant pour la Syrie, for the Orient (built upon the roof top of the others), and Kennst du das Land? for California itself.

At sharp half-past three, the "Rakoczy March" was given as a compliment to the excellent Hungarian orchestra and for purposes of general inspiration. Even Jacinta Serrano may have learned to expect it when the conductor's bow was uplifted, and what has been called "the electric shiver" started from his violin and made a complete circuit of the departments.

This exhibition was further varied by a succession of special days, such as Children's Day, Forestry Day, etc., to the last mentioned of which the State Commission itself lent countenance. The floral favor given to each entering guest bore also its own relevancy to such days, of which lemon and orange blossom, pink Castilian roses, acacia and palm branches were each in turn "for remembrance." On Chinese Day the decorations were of bamboo and hibiscus; ropes of Canton shawls were stretched across the entire building; mottoes and "sentiments" contributed by the thoroughly interested Chinese themselves, fluttered from the balconies; Gautier's Chinoiserie and "Tea Sonnet," printed on softly imperfect Chinese paper in clouded vermilion, yellow and tea shades, formed the souvenir of the day, and a Nankin rose its flower favor; while a native orchestra gave a music program composed by and for lost souls.

On Children's Day, among other provisions for enjoyment, were a tour of the building in the Japanese jinrikisha, decorated and drawn by Captain Chittenden in full Indian costume, the reading of "The Pied Piper," the music of Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," and selections from Schumann's Kinderalbum, an opportunity for the critical examination of savage dolls and archæological toys and the discussing of creams molded into pink elephants, pistacio parrots and white mice.

Forestry Day was celebrated by the distribution of trees contributed by the State Board of Forestry, each tree to be planted as a memorial of the day. In an earlier exhibition the poem of Keramos, with illustrations of pottery, was read by a young member of the Washington bar whose memory is still held in loyal remembrance.

On California Day nothing was more charming than the reading of Mr. Harte's "Concepcion de Arguello" as a meeting point for the Hispano-Mexican and Russian Departments. The episode of Count Rezanoff and Concepcion (known among Spanish Californians as La Beata) may serve for entirely worthy comparison with that of Miles Standish and Priscilla, and furnishes an example of material for the international novel long preceding the era of Mr. Henry James. The portraits of these two, exhibited together at Chicago, would form a contribution acceptable to readers of the poem all over the world.

Such portraits exist, that of Concepcion in the Bandini branch of the Arguello family and that of Rezanoff in Russia, as we are told, the loan of the original not being, perhaps, beyond the bounds of consular influence and Russian courtesy. When the ladies of the Russian Department presented in San Francisco letters of introduction to the representative of his Imperial Majesty, the Czar, requesting the details of a correct Russian tea, that courteous official appointed a call at his own house, where, at a given signal, the doors were drawn back and the ladies of the consular household appeared in national costume, seated about the samovar, at a table appointed with special reference to the perplexities of their American guests. So charmingly do they do these things outside of France!

Russian courtesy was matched by that of Spain. A superb Spanish saddle, almost a piece of silverwork,

was left without card or clue at the director's door ; old costumes, rebosas, spurs, sombreros, laces, embroideries, books, combs, mantas, girdles, fell upon the committees as out of the sky. Mr. Sutro, of the "cool and critical" north, was surprised and seemingly charmed with what he saw, expressed hearty satisfaction and lent genuine support.

All methods like those suggested, for varying the succeeding days of a Loan Exhibition held on California soil are legitimate and all possible outside material for comparison should be gratefully accepted. Royal Danish terra cotta and Royal Egyptian cups of Nile clay may be exhibited in company with aboriginal American pottery not always or necessarily to the advantage of "Ipsen's widow." Klamath spoons of deer-horn with thunderbolt handles acceptable, perhaps, to Jupiter Tonans, may be grouped with those of Egyptian rhinoceros horn, Chinese faience and Norwegian and Swiss woods, while comparison of Guadalajara, Chinese and East Indian figurines with the photographs of those of Tanagra becomes a dignified study in ethnology itself.

Scientific collecting has been left unmentioned, though Mr. Holder thinks the aggregate result of individual cabinets would be something unusually good and valuable.

One tribe of islanders, with a nice appreciation of Philadelphia requirements, came to the exhibition of 1876 with nothing but the skulls of its ancestors ranged in a straight row on a shelf.

This happy idea of craniological representation would be easily possible to San Clemente and Santa Catalina, and there are archæological households where an island skull ranks with a Chilkat blanket or a vase from the tumulus of St. George.

After the rain, the amateur farmer who lives at the base of a cañon in a red bungalow, with a cobblestone chimney, and who is not impossibly, senior wrangler, retired attaché or leader of past cotillons, may be seen ploughing his orchard of Paper-Rind St. Michaels in gloves, and—exaggeration says—white tennis flannel, while behind him walks the collector of Indian arrow-heads, following the furrow exactly as the crows still follow the plow of the padre when he occasionally emulates the early Franciscan discipline and labors for a day to encourage his degenerate neophytes. Outgoing mails carry such arrows to St. Petersburg or Copenhagen, Constantinople or Cape Colony.

As to the California hostess, she will probably give you your five-o'clock tea in Limoges or Royal Worcester, but she may also amuse you by comparing the old coiled Zuñi pottery over the doorway with the spout of the latest Banco teapot, made for her in Japan by the same method with the added impress of crêpe crêpé. She is likely, also, to be entirely familiar with the ancient Mississippi guilloche and the linked scrolls, bird-tracks, rectilinear meanders and volutes of the Pueblos ; she knows the Tusayan as well as the Imperial Yellow, the bowls of Cibola and the double L of Sèvres, the sacred butterfly of the Zuñis and the sacred axe of old blue and white.

For those who prefer Indian rock etchings as "indicators of travel," to the modern guide book, there is yet primitive journeying by the old Indian trails. Monographs are still permissible on the petroglyphs of Watterson's Rancho and its neighboring pecked horseshoes, tracks of ursa horribilis, and undaunted human feet steadily leading to the south-southwest ; or if you prefer pictographs, the gray sandstone of the Santa Barbara region may be compared as a background, with the white granite bowlders of the Azuza Cañon. You may venture an opinion on the Moqui origin of the one and the Chemehuevi character of the other, but you would better be prepared, at least to argue it, with the

next fellow journeyer breaking off a spray of wild lilac at a turn in the trail and who may just have finished his notes destined for scientific Berlin or Teheran. Are you patient? You may dig away many a happy week for jasper and obsidian arrow-heads at Redondo Beach or San Luis Obispo.

Are you scientific? There may be other cephalopods than the belemnite discovered by Mr. Clarence King, which determined the era of the California gold-beds. At any rate, you may travel with Mr. King's book, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and watch its author plant the theodolite on mountain summits in the exact spirit in which the padres planted the cross.

The collecting of typical heads may have an avowed ethnological signification without marring its fascination. I know of a certain portfolio devoted to Indo-Chinese studies, which, at a first glance, awakens no suspicion of the gravity of its ambition. This portfolio contains parallel sketches and photographs of the heads of California Indians and the Chinese and is meant for practical and phrenological service in discussing the question of the Mongolian origin of the former, so alluringly put by Stephen Powers.

One such photograph with the woven hat, like an inverted basket, on the head of the Chinaman, has for comparison on the opposite page a Mission Indian with his upturned basket at his feet. Again there is a Shoshone queue braided to the very ground, and with it, the head of that âme damnée, a Chinaman with close cropped hair.

The Chinese form excellent members of Committees of Ways and Means, and make invaluable treasu-



Chinese Head.

For "an Indo-Chinese study."

rers. They will purchase for you carved wooden pipes and sandalwood pendants or amulets for men's cotillion favors, at magnificent discounts; contribute only too generously candied lotus, ginger, limes and brown-paper parcels of the national nuts which we are learning to speak of commercially as Lin Gawk and Li Chi; paint candles, combine Oolong, Hyson and Orange Pekoe, and if you are firmly exacting,

The Chinese gardener plants without question the latest Australian eucalyptus, Egyptian papyrus, Persian rose or African calabash and irrigates with unromantic indifference the palm united with the pine, but he also has the instincts of a homemaker though his associations are mostly those of exile. Give him a house and you will find him some day, lantern overhead, inscription on



A Chinese Chez-soi.

Balcony with Pilgrim-gourd. Foo hoo Quah.

keep their accounts by means of the abacus or shwanpan.

Pleasantly cosmopolitan in our exhibition is the sight of Susana or Refugia selling bunches of yerba santa, pictures of the missions or long-stemmed brodiaeas, while the Chinaman with his balanced baskets moves through the rooms, and the merchant sells peacock fans, puzzles, playing cards and peppermint in his booth.

door, and climbing to his roof tree, nothing his mistress has in all her botanical gardens, but the gourd Foo Loo Quah, the "natural model" of pottery — luxuriant as in Cathay. This gourd, which is part of the paraphernalia of his steerage passage, he carries with him as he moves in all the picturesqueness of blue jeans, until he is presented with an old coffee-pot and buys himself a sailor hat.

The California flora and flower lore might serve as a systematic basis for grouping objects and material apparently unconnected.

No aboriginal or American exhibit could be more unique than that made of the yucca or Spanish bayonet, June carloads of which might be suggested for the coming year.

Illustrating Indian work in Moqui sandals, Cahuilla saddle mats or cocas, rude baskets, brushes, pads for the head to aid in carrying the water jar, and innumerable other appliances in which it rivals the agave and bamboo—it has a traditional literature of its own which is indigenous and Indian.

If other loans magnetize, Indian baskets are means of positive hypnotism.

Nothing could be more charming than an exhibition composed solely of such coritas allowing for comparison, others from every basket-making country in the world. The basket-maker, herself, such an one as Teodora Serrano of San Gabriel, should ply her trade and the score of the acorn song or clover-dance, perhaps, cross the program.

In material such an exhibition would include willow and cedar roots, yucca and amole, red bud and pita, rushes and silk grass, rhus aromatica, and sporobolus, whale-sinew and kelp thread, pine splinters and tule. With it would go all the lore of sun and ghost dance, maiden and cactus, honey and acorn, fish and berry, camass and seed, kelp and chief baskets, that called zeilusqua and that tucmel, while manzanita-panada, yucca-cassava, acorn porridge, pond-lily bread and the pastes of the Indian kitchen would form subjects for more or less enthusiastic investigation.

"Anticipating pottery," first of the



Teodora Serrano.
Mission Indian Basket-maker.

arts of peace to be recorded and last to survive, the mention of basketry leads us to the promised enumeration of the occupations followed, and offices held by the neophyte Indians of the California Franciscan missions.

Remains of such work as they accomplished could not be studied to better advantage than by comparison with the Indian collection of Mr. H. N. Rust, now permanently secured to Chicago, and lost to us, through the public spirit of Mr. Logan, its recent purchaser.

Collecting in California has usually included taking away, since the days of La Perouse, Vancouver, and Kotzebue. Here the rough material with which the Fathers had to deal may still be seen in primitive metates and mealing stones, mortars and pestles, Catalina soapstone bowls, knives, spears, swords, arrows, axes, charm stones, amulets, medicine tubes, Klamath lamps and lamps from Southern California graves, elk-horn purses, spoons of the horn of mountain sheep, pipes, baskets and basket mortars, brushes, pottery, awls, needles, bone shuttles, carrying nets, pitched water bottles, balls, dice, acorn rings, yucca sandals, abalone ornaments, flutes and other intelligible and unintelligible material from which to formulate future theories or prove the past. For comparison with such a collection we have the inventory of the civilizing ship, San Carlos, with its enumeration of sacred vestments and utensils, powder and sugar, arms, seeds and candlesticks, "Betancourt's Manual," and the "box containing Jesus, Mary and Joseph," which was to displace forever the god, Chinigchinich.

Don Antonio's list, which is not intended as a complete one, is yet almost formidable in its evidence of capacity, not for the trades and arts as he specially says "in their perfection, but as practiced according to the necessity of the times." In an incredibly short time the Fathers had converted the California savages into silleros (saddlers), herreros (blacksmiths), sastres (tailors), molineros (millers), panaderos (bakers), plateros (silversmiths), toneleros (coopers), cargadores (freighters), veleros (candle makers), vendimiadores (vintagers), caldereros (coppersmiths), zapateros (shoemakers), sombrereros (hatters), confiteros de panocha (makers of panocha), guitarreros (guitar-makers), arrieros (muleteers), alcaldes, mayordomos, rancheros (ranchmen), médicos (doctors), pastores (shepherds), cordeleros (rope-makers), leñadores (woodcutters), pintores (painters), pintores al fresco (fresco painters), escultores (sculptors), albañiles (masons), toreadores (toreadors), acólitos (acolytes), canteros (stone-cutters), sacristanes (sacristans), campaneros (bell-ringers), cocineros (cooks), cantores (singers), músicos (musicians), cazadores (hunters) jaboneros (soapmakers), curtidores (tanners), tejedores (weavers), tejeros (tile-makers), bordadores (embroiderers), pescadores (fishermen), marineros (sailors), vinateros (wine-makers), caporales (corporals), habradores (farmers), vaqueros (herders), llaveros (turnkeys), domadores (horse-tamers), barberos (barbers), cesteros (basket-makers), and carpinteros (carpenters), with European models, standards and methods.

Wood and stone carving, engraving of horn, inlaying of wood and of iron with silver, leather work, the embossing of shields and saddles, silver work, basket-making, lace and drawn work, hair work, frescoing, rude painting, embroidering in gold and silver thread, and the making of musical instruments—all these arts were gradually practiced under favorable conditions for developing individual capacity.

Indians made in mortar, vats for the wine, fountains for the water, zanjas for irrigation, the covering of walls for defense. In wood they carved statues, stirrups, fonts, pulpits, chairs, benches, doorways and altar-rails. They made the sun-dials and the stocks; the varas de justicia or sticks of justice

carried by the mayordomos; the esposas or manacles for refractory neophytes; brands for the tithed mission herds; book covers and sandals for the padres; tuna and pomegranate wine; panocha for the children; mail for the soldiers; biers for the dead.

Most of their work is, of course, lost, but many of the treasures of the vestments of the priests, elaborately wrought in ecclesiastical patterns with gold and silver threads by the devout bordadores, and the altar cloths with all "the Passion" wrought into the meshes of drawn work by the women of the missions are somewhere treasured and preserved to us.

Examples of wood-carved statues, "with excellently rendered draperies"



Type. Chinese Gatherer and Bamboo. *Jake Lum*

old California families—the saddles of the equites, carved stirrups like that still preserved to us as Father Serra's, silver rosettes of the bridles, inlaid spurs and bits, perhaps the armor and embossed shield of the compañia de cuera—must still bear witness to this capacity for intelligent labor under intelligent and above all, sympathetic direction. Let us also hope that the are said to be in existence at San Juan Capistrano, San Antonio de Padua and other missions and the patron saint of Carmelo, St. Charles Borromeo, is yet remembered as recognizedly Indian work, while at Santa Barbara, statues designed by Padre Victoria, were cut of stone by neophytes under his direction. At San Juan, also, is a carved chair "of

noticeably bold and graceful design," and at the Plaza Church in Los Angeles such a bench as the Fathers sat upon to watch the Sunday bull-fight through the arches of the corridors.

The broad pilasters of San Luis Rey, the interior walls of San Juan and Pala give the colors and designs of the Indian frescoing in reds, blues, greens, grays and blacks, the methods of whose preparation are still explained by Don Antonio Coronel, and which might form interesting material for comparison with the pottery of the Rio Pecos in the Smithsonian Institution, the later specimens of which "show the archaic decorative ideas worked out in Spanish glaze."

Accomplished young Father Liebana, in silken sash instead of Franciscan cord, will show you a complete series of the Stations of the Cross painted by the Indians of the Mission San Fernando Rey de España and now in the Plaza Church of Los Angeles. Such pictures should be studied as he suggests, not as art, but as archæology, and might be compared, not irreverently, with the pictographs of the Santa Barbara region, and the winter counts of the Dakotas.

The palette employed in such work contained, perhaps, almagre or ochre from the Monte, yeso from the Sierra Santa Monica, verdigris and añil from Mexico and various pebbles found between Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura, pounded in mortars to a paste.

From the first there was great differentiation among the new establishments founded amid greatly diversified tribes, and gradually some one of the twenty-four attained recognized precedence in a special art or manufacture.

"San Fernando," says Don Antonio, "for aguardiente and ironwork inlaid with silver; San Gabriel for wine; San Miguel for wood carving; Santa Ines for tanning and leatherwork, embossed or embroidered in elaborate designs with gold and silver thread; San Francisco Solano for ornamental featherwork, the eagle and cactus banner, copied in feathers, being sent back to the City of Mexico by 'that youngest and most northerly of Missions.'"

The famous San Antonio flour is mentioned by both Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hittell.

Padre Sarría's Soledad grapes rank with the musical record of Padre Ibañez, and Paulino, the baker of San Luis Rey, is a by-word to this day.

First in importance in such a plan of exhibition as that suggested would be an adequate representation of the missions themselves considered as architecture, with an adaptation to California atmosphere and requirements. We may confidently expect some representation of them in oranges and lemons, cut flowers and glasses of strange jellies, which relegate them to illustrations of the palace of that Dame Tartine who figures in the Mère l'Oie of the French nursery. May we not as confidently expect them in adequate etching, in black and white drawing, above all in the water colors which only can give the red tiles and soft walls against the blue of our sky?

Who will suggest the restful rudeness of coloring, which so intensifies the haziness of our hills; the Roman arch supported by the Roman pillar through which we catch glimpses of such incredibly heightened perspective; battlements, tiled gardens, outer stairway, corridor, court, all and each from church foundation to the cross above the tiles, the monument to patient Indian labor, admiration of which forms part of every traveler's experience?

We are, perhaps, sufficiently reminded of our century of dishonor and its implied eons of retributive justice unless the practical amende be clearly pointed out to us. Now that the Indians are making satisfactory soldiers, and we are willing to owe to them American lives, would not a fair exhibit of their capacity for the arts

of peace, if it could be made, be of practical interest to us and possibly to them, and prove or disprove the possibility of the revival of such arts? Let such possible exhibition supplement State history at every point.

With the best records of the San Francisco navy yards, let there be some suggestion of Ayala's old cayuco or dug-out, the tule balsa, the historic kanaka and otter-hunting bidarka-fleet.

Among the models of irrigating ditches, let us remember the first Franciscan zanjas and fountains and associate with the history of our greatest mills, the old Molinos, tahonas and metates of the neophytes. Let even the exhibit of big trees suggest the Indian Sequoia who invented the Cherokee alphabet.

Let there be a pamphlet on the mission grape, and one on Indian music, illustrated by the White Deer Dance, for Germany. Let there be, of course, exhibitions of that Spanish centaurship which would fascinate todo el mundo assembled at the Fair and end perhaps by seating the Englishman upon his horse.

Noble, as has been said before, is the securable company of old Spanish bells whose morning and evening Angelus worked the miracles of the missions and have yet, in their desuetude a last word for the living, and the books with signatures and quaint rúbricas of the Fathers fitly supplement the bells.

Has any State exhibitor yet experienced a deterring chill at the thought of California at the coming congress of nations, at so great a distance from home that she cannot carry her atmosphere with her? This California, ranked even by her soberest describers, as syren, goddess and houri, vaunted by the friends to whom she has been delivered, and sung insanely by the dancing dervishes of travel from the moment they come in to us through the Golden Gate or San Gorgonio Pass!

Let us hope that with temperance on the part of her suite, she may prove her right—one fairly equal with that of the rest—to a place upon the menu card of human nature, contributing to it gold, romance and legend, prolonged life, wheat and wine.

Some one might paint her as Cinderella, conditions fairly reversed, in patient perplexity standing by her historic citrouille, without the godmother's wand, which has changed it so many times into a carrosse of the time of Louis Quatorze, and holding in her hand her invitation to the ball. Nevertheless, she inspires in us the completest confidence.

She knows entirely well her capacity to talk on strange subjects with equally strange commissioners; to listen gravely to the most approved methods of irrigating merchantable violets, or the preparing of glacés of orange blossoms and attar of lemon; to discuss with Cannes, the extraction and price of neroli; with Africa, ostrich farming, and general flower farming with France and Jamaica; glaciers with Switzerland; Alps with Italy; horses with Arabia; the introduction of camels with Palestine; the economical skimming of rose attar with Ghazipur and Persia.

"Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes."

All these are, for her, realities or possibilities. Ranking with the rest in romance is her Christianization.

MISS SABRINA'S SCHEME.

BY DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

"Sweet! thou hast trod on a heart—
Pass! There's a world full of men."

MY Browning dropped on my knee and my eyes wandered away over the familiar scene; the sharp blue peak of Sandwich; the scarred slope of the great landslide beneath; the tall pines hiding the cold brooks at their feet; the young leafage of the sugar maples; the tiny breadth of early wheat; a long, contented glance took in the whole and then centered itself on a small dot of white moving upon the green foreground. That I knew was Miss Sabrina's sunbonnet, bobbing up and down, as she picked young peas for my sensible noon dinner. This was my fifth summer at Squam Cottage and to me its chiefest charm lay in its unchangeable, its sane monotony. Cheery old Mother Dayton, wrinkled like an over-baked apple, would make me crullers and pandowdies innumerable; Father Dayton would bring my horse to the door every rainless morning, shining as no city groom had ever made him; Miss Sabrina would watch that my cup of cream and glass dish of maple syrup were unfailing, and Joe—well Joe just stood 'round smiling and helped make the background of the kindly picture. And such blessed, unconscious sleep as I found in the bit of a nest room, with its sloping roof and its tiny eye-like window, under the odd, snowy-fringed quilt of Mother Dayton's girlish weaving!

And because things were apt to recur in daily order, therefore I knew that directly Miss Sabrina would appear on the porch, drop me a self-respecting curtsey, seat herself at easy chatting distance, spread a big, stiff, spotless calico apron over her gown and while the peas dropped like gentle hail into the pan, talk to me of the every-daynesses of her life, with once in a while a shrewd hint at the eternal verities of the future state; for Miss Sabrina feared I was not yet one of the Elect. She was far too well bred to ask.

Before a woolly white cloud on the top of Mt. Whiteface had disintegrated, leaving bits of its fleece on the pines here and there, I heard Miss Sabrina's voice as she scraped the old red wooden chair into a shady corner.

"I'll jist sit here near ye a spell, Miss Downing," she said, "if I won't be disturbin' your readin' nor your day-dreamin'," and the peas began to rattle into the shining pan in her lap, and the gaping pods to make a dismembered pile on an old newspaper at her feet. I looked and sighed my satisfaction.

"Ah! Miss Sabrina, it is so good to be here. And it's all so sweet and so alike. I honestly believe if there were a tree gone from the woods or a stone from the brook, I should know it and miss it, and it's nothing short of miraculous how you manage to keep the chickens and the kittens always just the right eating and playing size."

Miss Sabrina laughed indulgently and then said almost sharply: "So you haven't missed nothin'. Well, Miss Agnes, you're luckier than the rest of us, 'cause we do."

"Joe!" I cried, remorsefully, remembering that no bashful smile had greeted me as I had climbed down from the fat yellow stage, and that it had been a stranger that carried my trunk to its corner under the eaves. Miss Sabrina's mouth was set as she spoke again.

"Yes! Joe. He's married! He lives on the farm a'jinin' ours, but it might almost as well a been to Centre Harbor for all we see of him anymore.

Him and Lisbeth come up regular to noon dinner on Sundays, though; that's one comfort. One of them slim kind o'comforts that women has to put up with generally."

There was a tremble in Miss Sabrina's voice and something very like a tear ran down and hurried to hide itself among the folds of her apron.

"So Joe is really married," I cried. "Do tell me all about it. You don't need to have me tell you, dear Miss Sabrina, how near to me, too, are all your joys—or sorrows." I laid my hand lightly upon her shoulder as I spoke. She shook it off almost fiercely. "She's a friend o' yours, too, the girl that most broke our Joe's heart and set me to schemin' before my time and agin' my natural inclination. She come here with her little pinted, shiny shoes and her queer dresses all covered with lace, and no fit to 'em either, and her hair all mussed up as if she had lost her comb for a whole month, and Joe just got down onto his knees and stayed there. He'd a been there yet, too, if it hadn't been for me, stead of bein' married to Lisbeth Larkin and havin' a nice farm stocked with yearlin's—two of 'em Jarseys and four of 'em Durhams, too. You can't get no better combine than that, no matter what you might deserve."

"But do tell me who it was, Miss Sabrina," I implored.

"'Twas Roslyn Sargent, that's who it was."

Miss Sabrina pronounced the musical syllables as if they left a bitter taste on her tongue, and then added, as if she fain would be entirely just: "'T'want altogether her fault either. I had sort o' hoped that Joe wouldn't think of love and such things for a while, but along early last spring I saw signs that set me a cogitatin'. He begun to set around and dream and read the poetry in the "Granite Monthly and make up lonesome soundin' tunes to the words out of a book of old songs he had. One night I heard him as late as 'leven o'clock sittin' in the moonlight on the back porch, singin' one he seemed to be fondest of, goin' something like this: 'When shall I meet her, my queen, my queen?' and I just sort o' guessed then he'd meet her at the first opportunity, and that he'd be sure the first petticoat was her royal robe." I had never heard Roslyn Sargent called an "opportunity" before, but as her counterfeit presentment rose before me, I found a strange fitness in the phrase. How little need was there indeed for a heart to be prepared by youth and poetry or the fond imaginings of love, for its yielding, for even those most hardened melted at her appointed time and place. Miss Sabrina continued in a tone of resigned reminiscence: "She was here a matter of six weeks, but the mischief was as good as done the first minute. She caught the lace on her white skirt on the wheel gittin' down from the stage, and when Joe got done untanglin' it, he was a good deal more snarled up than it was. He's always milked the cows year in and year out since he was seven-year old, and the very mornin' after she came he forgot it and was a-dustin' off her snips of shoes while the poor cow critters was bellowin' with wonder and disgust. And that's the way things went on. He makin' a regular vallet of himself for her and skimpin' through his natural work till the farm begun to look like one of those plantations down South instead of a decent descended Yankee folks' place."

Miss Sabrina cast a loving look over the fields and meadows and then went on more quietly: "Mother and I used to sit in the keepin' room and listen to her a-playin' on her guitar and peek at Joe starin' at her like a clean distracted night-owl and wonder what we would do when they was married and settled down with us."

I gave a little cry—"Why, Miss Sabrina, you don't suppose that Roslyn Sargent would——" Miss Sabrina interrupted me gravely. "Why, bless you, Miss Agnes, we

hadn't no reason to object. We hadn't nothin' agin her. She was mighty pretty and pretty spoken, too, but mother said 'twould be like tryin' to domesticate a hummin' bird. 'He ain't proposed yet,' says mother, who is always lookin' at the bright side. 'No, but he's goin' to before forty-eight hours, as things are lookin' now,' I answered her, as I took a sly peek through the window at Joe's face. And jest then my scheme come to me. I nursed my Aunt Mildred through lung fever once and I remembered the little slippery black leeches the doctor put on her temples. He called them a 'counter irritant,' meanin', I suppose, that they'd irritate her so that she wouldn't mind anything else, and they did, too, and so I thought of Lisbeth Quimby. She isn't one of these quiet girls that sit with their hands in their laps, waitin' to say, thank'e to the first man that came by, but she was mighty fond of Joe, and had been ever since he used to take her gingerbread nuts to school—the kind that nobody else could make just right but mother. I didn't say a word to nobody, but just hitched up the old mare and drove right over to the Quimbys and brought her back with me. She sort o' hesitated a little 'bout comin' so sudden, but I said, careless like, that that pretty city girl at our house was makin' a perfect slave of our Joe, and in a minit she went and packed her things—enough for a good long stay. We didn't talk much on the way, but jest as we drove in I heard a noise that I'd got used to and I said to Lisbeth: 'He's a-tunin' her guitar for her.' She didn't answer but jumped out of the wagon and ran right in. There sat Joe as he had many an hour that summer, her guitar across his lap, turnin' and twistin' those little white knobs at the end, though, for my part, I couldn't see that it made a mite of difference. She—Miss Sargent, I mean o' course—told him one day that he had a 'fine natural ear,' and it tickled him most to pieces. I always supposed that all folks' ears were natural, that wer'n't deformed, and Joe's weren't any too small, surely. Well, there sat Joe. He looked up and said: 'How'dy, Lisbeth,' as pleasant as could be, but he gave me a queer look when I came in, as if he smelled a scheme. Gracious! Miss Agnes, I was ashamed to see how dreadful easy schemin' was when once my mind was made up to it. I felt raised up over common things and I was as keen and watchful as a chicken in hawk time, without all her noise and cluckin'. I knew I could count on Joe's natural politeness and I didn't give him a chance that whole day to leave Lisbeth a minit. The last two hours of the evenin' took work though. You see Miss Sargent was a perfect owl at night and she had got Joe clean out of the habit of bein' in bed at nine o'clock, but Lisbeth was used to bein' sleepy betimes and in spite of all I could do, and the excitement of the thing, she nearly gave up and went to bed fust. I didn't believe in givin' her my confidence 'bout my own brother, and schemes ought to be kept inside of one's head, I think; but I got so desperate I walked over to her side of the room for a hank of yarn, though I had my apron full already, and I whispered real sharp: 'Lisbeth Quimby, you've got to sit up till that girl goes to bed.' She looked wide-awake enough after that I can tell you."

"So Joe did not propose within forty-eight hours after all, Miss Sabrina?"

"Yes, he did," chuckled Miss Sabrina, audibly, "but it was to Lisbeth Quimby. I overheard the whole thing. First, I thought I'd go away, and then I jest thought I had a kind o' right to listen, seein' as it was my own doin's, and my own bringin' to pass. You see, Miss Sargent had gone off early the next mornin' to a place in the wood that Joe had fixed for her with a hammock—lazy things, aren't they? and a rug and a table for her books, and Joe had

done up his mornin' work and gone to the barn. So I supposed, but about eleven o'clock I saw him comin' up the road. His face was as white as mother's washin'," pointing to the linen drying on the grass, "and his eyes were just bigger than ever I saw them, and I said to myself, 'something's goin' to happen.' Lisbeth was sittin' on the front porch knittin' a pair of red mitts for me, and lookin' as home'y as possible. Joe sat down on the top step, and I could hear his breath come hard, as if he had been walkin' fast and far. All at once he said in a queer, shaky voice, 'Lisbeth, you wouldn't despise a honest man's love, or laugh at him, would you?' Lisbeth answered very scared and soft: 'Why, you know I wouldn't, Joe.' Joe didn't say another thing for a whole eternal minit, and I had to jest hold on to myself to keep from bustin' in and helpin' him along. Then he went on very quiet and sober, and told Lisbeth he thought she would make the best little wife in the world for a farmer; that he was only a common farmer, and never would be anything else—as if Lisbeth expected a prince or a mayor—but that if she would have him, he'd make her the best husband he could. I peeked out just in time to see him kiss her on the cheek, and then he went into the house, and we didn't see him till bedtime. Gracious me, Miss Agnes, but I was scared even then! I thought Lisbeth would think him a plumb fool, but you see she wasn't used to men folks much, and didn't seem to know but what kissin' a girl's cheek is satisfyin' enough to 'em. When Joe was shut up in his room like a hibernation bear, she cried a little, but when he came out she forgot everything else. She's awful fond of him. Miss Sargent went home to New York a couple of days later, and seemed sort o' surprised that Joe wasn't there to help her on to the coach, but he had gone down the road a piece. There happened to be a whole passel of college chaps on the stage, and when she went off she was sittin' in the very best place, with her feet on the valises of two of 'em, a rug of another of 'em at her back, and the handsomest one holdin' her parasol over her. My! but wasn't she pretty and light!" A brief silence followed, and then Miss Sabrina added regretfully; "She didn't lay it up agin me at all, neither, for she kissed me good-bye right on my withered old lips and hers so soft and smilin'. I felt mighty mean for a minit, but just then I saw her smile at the parasol-holdin fellow, and I hardened up again. Joe and Lisbeth was married about two months afterward, and went to her house to live. It was Joe that wanted to, and she was glad enough." Miss Sabrina leaned forward and said in a whisper: "Sometimes I almost wish I had a-let him have her—the other one. Seems now as if we had lost him. They don't come up very often. There they are now. Well, I wonder!"

Miss Sabrina set down her pan, and rose to meet the young people, who were advancing up the narrow path between the rows of box. The girl passed me with a constrained curtsey and went into the kitchen with the elder woman. I caught but a fleeting glance at the slender, poorly developed figure, the straight, ash-blonde hair, and a pair of deep-set, bluish-gray eyes. Joe came directly toward me. His awkward boyishness was gone, and in its place was something strong and sober. He spoke as if compelled by some inward yearning, hardly waiting for my greeting.

"I heard you had come last night, and I—we came over. Have you been in New York?"

"Yes, Joe, I came from there here."

"Sabrina says you knew Miss Sargent, the young lady that was here last summer?"

"Well, yes. As well as an old maid like me can be said to know a young beauty like her."

Joe seemed about to speak, then

hesitated and sent a wandering glance over the quiet fields. At last he spoke, this time with self-conscious embarrassment.

"Was she well and happy and beautiful as ever when you saw her?"

"As merry a madcap as always, and soon to marry a million, too, Joe."

The boy stared at me a long moment, as if unseeing, and then muttering, "Lisbeth—I must find Lisbeth," he stumbled into the house.

Three months later I met Roslyn Sargent on Madison avenue, looking as adorably dear and dainty as was her wont. I thought of Miss Sabrina and her triumphant scheme, and smiled rather grimly.

"Roslyn, do you remember Squam Cottage?"

"Squam Cottage?" said Miss Sargent interrogatively, "why you dear thing, of course I do. That's the awful place where mamma buried me last summer to hide me from Count de Bache. Mamma don't approve of international foreigners, you know."

"You remember Miss Sabrina, then, and Joe, of course?"

A tiny puzzled line showed itself for an instant on Miss Sargent's clear forehead, and lost itself in the fringe of golden curls under her hat.

"I remember funny, homely Miss Sabrina perfectly, but Joe—oh, yes! Joe must have been the nice big clumsy brother who used to tune my guitar so nicely. Really, Miss Agnes, that boy had a soul."

"Yes," I said.



INFLUENCE.

BY CHARLOTTE BROMLEY SHUEY.

Beside a Mendocino mountain stream
Rises a wall of rock, forbidding stern,
But for the dainty, feathery, finger fern
Adorning every ledge and jagged seam—
From crown down to the sparkling ripple's gleam;
Where shadowy pools, still and smooth, return
Its loveliness. Where fierce heat cannot burn
So sheltered 'tis from noonday's brightest beam.
Thus, far from all that softens life, in some
Rude spot, where men for wealth 'mid hardships toil,
A gracious woman, brave and sweet, may live
And, by her very presence there, become
A gentle force, to hush the rough turmoil
And to the daily round a beauty give.

HOW TO SECURE GOOD MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THE country during the past few years has been aroused to the importance of honest elections, and of securing honest, efficient and economical government. The agitation embraces all elections and governments, but more especially those which are local and municipal. Cities have been denominated "blotches upon the body politic." It is more difficult to govern cities than the country. The bucolic population are generally peaceable, orderly and law-abiding, while in cities there are frequent disorders, and crimes are daily committed. In the country the people are more inclined to give attention to public questions, as those who resort to urban life for business or pleasure are more intent on their own affairs or are indisposed to give thought and work to matters of general concern. There is a larger percentage of idle and vicious men in cities, and they resort thither because there is greater seclusion and less danger of detection. Such are also active in politics for the reason that there is greater scope for action and less resistance from the responsible classes.

Municipal government is closer to the people than any other; it interferes more in the business and social relations, and for the reason that it has more to do, it is more expensive. Wealth is greater in cities, and the vicious find more ways to get money than in the country, and especially through the expenditures of government. Municipal government is the most extravagant and corrupt in the world, and experience in this country, where the tax-payers can control it if they will, shows that there are few exceptions to the general rule. This is well understood, and it is a curious fact that a large class of the people are guilty of the grossest neglect of duty in regard to government so close to them, while they are more alert as to those more remote, and whose influence they scarcely feel. The business men groan under the burden of taxation, and suffer from abuses year after year, and beyond complaining, do little or nothing to obtain relief. In all countries municipal government is worse than any other, because through indifference and inaction the responsible classes have little or no control or influence.

The city is the home of the boss, because he finds there in greatest strength the very element which best subserves his purposes, and through it he easily achieves power. The boss is a boodler, and through the dispensation of boodle, he gains ascendancy over and controls the class, which has no conception or regard for good government. He is also a patronage broker, a cincher, and controls his minions by getting them offices, or by the direct payment of money, which he wrings from those whose interests he can promote or impair. The boss is a thrifty individual, for his own account, and as he must have money and it seems less heinous and more practicable than stealing, he imposes upon the public an extravagant if not a corrupt government. He easily succeeds, because those who pay taxes and suffer from other abuses place no formidable obstacle in his way. He cares nothing for clamor and curses, so long as the responsible citizens abstain from politics and absent themselves from the polls on election day. People who manifest no interest in governing themselves ought to have learned long ago that there are plenty of men standing

around, who like the business of governing, and that they will do for others what others should do for themselves. There would be no bad government in this country if, through inattention to public duty, it were not impliedly assented to by those who could make it good if they would. The demagogue and rascal have discovered that in cities at least they can impose bad laws and do wicked acts without much danger of receiving retribution at the hands of the people, yet in every city the responsible class largely outnumbers the irresponsible.

And why is this indifference? Too much business or pleasure is one excuse. Another is the disagreeable associations that must be encountered in combating those who make politics a profession. It is a mistake to think that in politics good men must "fight the devil with fire." The work to be done is to put out the fire which the devil has lighted; to substitute just and defensible practices for those which are evil. It is to do good instead of bad work. No man is required to lower his standard of morality in doing his political duty. Henry Ward Beecher said: "While we are on the ground, we must do ground work." The squeamish man is not the very best citizen. It is not enough that his personal conduct is unexceptionable; he must do something worthy of a man in promoting the public welfare. The business man will apply himself to his private pursuit, year in and year out, with unflagging industry, courageously encountering the disagreeable; but when he is called upon to give a day to the public, he will falter and retire at the mere shadow of what is not quite in accord with his taste. The highest aim of a free American citizen should be to secure the greatest possible excellence of government for the public good, and because in it his pecuniary interests are involved. It is a lamentable fact, so well stated by Macaulay, "that bad men will assail, with far more vigor and persistency than good men will defend, good principles." The efforts of good men have sometimes been rendered unavailing through fraudulent voting and ballot-box stuffing, and because this has been done, those who have been thus robbed of their suffrages abandon the contest and surrender. If responsible citizens had always been as faithful and persistent in performing political duties as the irresponsible, there would have been no such outrages perpetrated. There is not a political crime that cannot be justly charged to the indifference and neglect of those who have most at stake, and who suffer most from bad government.

What class furnishes the greater number of office seekers? Not the business, patriotic, nor the most intelligent class. These having given up politics to the professionals, the latter naturally supply the officials. It is rare that the business man can be induced to accept an office, and still rarer that he will stand for renomination, and for the very good reason that his class will not take the trouble to sustain him, and he must run the gauntlet of being bled by those who follow politics for a livelihood. The time was when the office sought the man, and when defeat was almost certain, if a candidate solicited votes for himself. It was when the better element gave thought and work to public affairs and political management. There has been a change, and candidates are expected to exert themselves for their own election. It may be as well so, as it affords a better opportunity for the people to judge of the men they are called upon to support. That a man must exert himself in his own behalf constitutes no good reason why he should not accept or seek an office of which he is worthy. The present method simply involves a question of modesty, and the good and capable citizen will waive that for the public interest. The fact is, an office should be sought for the honor it confers, and not for the pay attached

to it. The emoluments are the same in all cases, but honor can only be derived through the excellence of the service rendered.

The country has been disgraced in many localities by a variety of election crimes, and the genius of legislators has been heavily drawn upon to provide means for their prevention. Penalties have been imposed by law for every act that tends to prevent honest political methods and honest elections, yet the evils have not been removed. We have the Australian law for conducting elections in many of the states. Our experience has not been sufficient to determine whether or not it is a universal panacea for election frauds and crimes. Other laws have been disregarded and offenses have continued. Ways may yet be devised to thwart the effect of that law. Legislators may deter the bad from committing crimes, but it will not make men honest. There is one infallible remedy, one assurance of honest elections and good government, and it is, that every man who has the best interests of the public at heart shall faithfully and determinedly perform his political duties at all times and under all circumstances. The law can aid by prescribing honest methods, but it should not be solely relied on. The good people must see that it is observed, and when violated, that its penalties are inflicted. It is not enough that an honest citizen shall cast his vote on election day; he should begin further back, and see to it that the proper men are put forward as candidates. To scratch the names of improper men may have some effect in the direction of reform, but only in case there are better men on the ticket of the other party. The ax must be laid at the root of the tree by beginning work at the primaries. Party organization is useful and necessary, and hence as a rule should be sustained.

Bad nominations often weaken but never destroy political parties. Men will not, and ought not to abandon a great principle because the best names are not on the ticket of their party. It is here that in municipal and local elections, great national or state issues are not involved, but men are loath to vote the opposition ticket. Scratching has not produced such reformatory results as are desirable. It is not radical enough and has a beneficial effect but for a day. It is often the case that candidates on one ticket are no better than those on the other. Bosses on both sides are amiable toward each other, and as they rule through indifferent elements, it is easy for them to establish reciprocal relations. Well regulated primaries, if participated in by all the members of a party, and especially by the better element, are quite sure to result in the selection of a better class of candidates, otherwise the vicious will continue to control. The primaries should be so regulated that each citizen may vote directly for candidates for nomination. They are practicable and especially essential in making municipal and county tickets. There are localities where this plan prevails and results are excellent. Under this system, the duties of delegates to conventions are merely perfunctory. They simply register the will of the people, and trading and combination are avoided. The merits of candidates have been discussed in the incipient stage, misapprehension and mistake will seldom occur, and a good ticket is almost an inevitable result. It is not only the duty of good citizens to take part in politics at every stage, but to accept office when their fellow-citizens ask it. Every man owes that to the public, which he should not repudiate, even if he has to sacrifice personal feeling and interest.

In speaking of bosses, it is not intended to confound them with leaders. There is a broad distinction between them. The leader becomes such through his knowledge and high motive. He controls for the general welfare. The world has had leaders in all ages, and human progress is due to their efforts. The leader

influences, the boss dictates. The leader is a great character, the boss is a man with no motive higher than self-aggrandizement. The one is strong with the intelligent and good, and the other is a potentate among the ignorant and vicious. To be a leader is an honor, but to be a boss is a disgrace to the community over which he dominates. Let us dispense with bosses in politics and adhere to leaders. They are to be found not in chronic office-seekers, but in men who thrive by honest work, and who hold the public good higher than private gain.

City governments in this country are not only the most extravagant and corrupt, but they are the cause of criticism by people in foreign countries, and they do more than any other cause to bring our institutions and political methods into disrepute. Mr. James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," states that New Orleans in politics is the worst place in the United States, and that New York and San Francisco are next to it. The two cities should not be placed in the same class, for San Francisco has not, on the whole, been so badly governed as New York. That city has for half a century been dominated by an organized conspiracy against good government. It has controlled through distribution of patronage and official corruption, and is so strong and disciplined that it is next to impossible to subvert its authority. In a few instances when its methods have been extraordinarily audacious and a plundered and outraged people have temporarily deprived it of power, and a few times its rascals have been visited with condign punishment, the better element has appeared to triumph; but the people have immediately relapsed into indifference and Tammany has returned to power without resistance. No people in America have so long been bound hand and foot by a machine and a boss, and none have been taxed so heavily and uniformly misgoverned as those of our greatest commercial metropolis. There are men enough in that great city who desire good government to control it, but apathy on their part, which is the crying evil in all our cities, is the obstacle to reformatory action. San Francisco has suffered from bad politics and indifferent government, but this has not been an almost perpetual condition. Probably no people were ever more enchained by crime and criminals than those of San Francisco years ago, but they were not slow in finding a means of relief. The remedy, though radical, and nominally revolutionary, was heroic and effective. It was charged that the steps taken were in defiance of law and the regularly constituted authorities, but in reality it was the resumption of power by a people for their own protection. The mettle displayed by the business men in the days of Vigilantes, and their just conception of public duty made a profound impression throughout the civilized world, and the influence of their heroic action is felt in the city to this day. The machine and bosses were dethroned and the government restored to rightful hands. The reigns of our bosses have since been short, for they have disappeared upon a warning that the tax-paying and responsible classes are aroused. No city in the country has a class of business men stronger and more determined than those of San Francisco. Though they want good government, they are not always sufficiently attentive to their political duties, and as a consequence public offices fall to the control of a class who have other than the public interests to subserve. Unless the policy of self-disfranchisement, by the protracted and inexcusable failure to perform duty to the public, be abandoned, and that voluntarily, there is no legal way in which reform can be secured. The destinies of San Francisco and of all other cities, and of the whole country as well, are in the hands of the intelligent and responsible citizens.

AN AMERICAN IN INDIA.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

INDIA, the middle one of the three irregular peninsulas in the south of Asia, has an area of about a million and a half square miles, so that it is larger than the whole of Europe minus Russia, and more than half the size of the United States of America exclusive of Alaska. The population in 1891 was two hundred and eighty-four million six hundred and fourteen thousand two hundred and ten, quite equal to that of Europe, and about double the estimate made by Gibbon of the nations tributary to imperial Rome. All this densely populated country is now more or less directly subject to British rule.

The Himalaya Mountains form the northern boundary of India, and the country south of them consists of vast alluvial plains, extending from sea to sea, and rendered productive by irrigation. The climate is thoroughly tropical, except on the hills, and the extraordinary fertility of the land has passed into a proverb.

India seems to have no plants peculiar to itself, but includes species special to Persia, Siberia, China and Arabia.

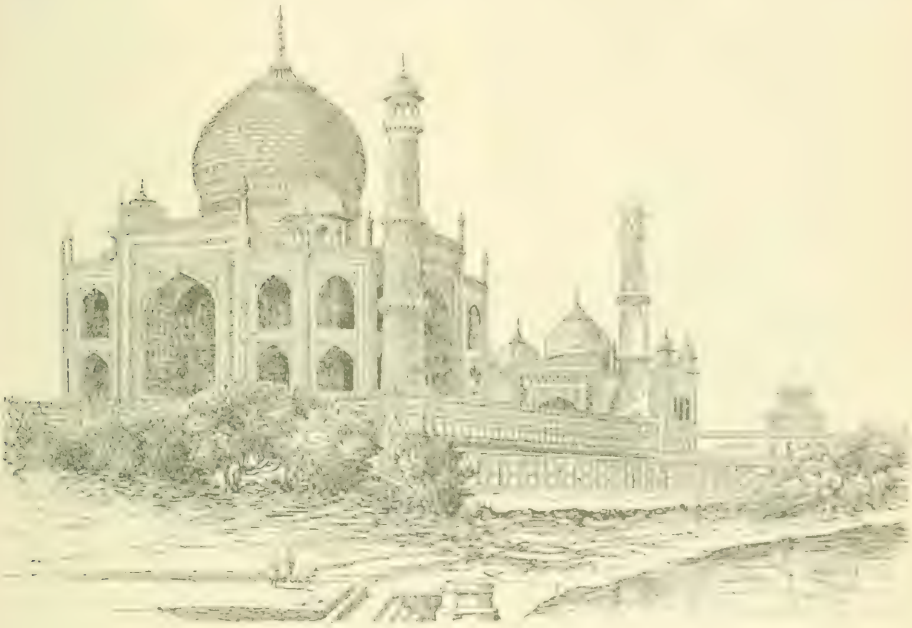
Rice is not so extensively cultivated as has generally been supposed, millet being the staple food. Wheat and Indian corn are to be seen in almost every district, barley in some parts, while oats are cultivated only by Europeans by way of experiment. Oil seeds are an important crop both for home use and for export. All the common vegetables and fruits known to us are found here; also spices, among which turmeric and chillies hold the first place. Cotton is the product most grown for export, and jute ranks next to it as a fiber crop. Indigo has been the plant most cultivated by European capital, but its importance is declining. The opium poppy is raised in some places as a government monopoly; in other places it is subject to restrictions, and throughout the greater part of the country it is entirely prohibited. The principal fields of this culture occupy five hundred and sixty-two thousand acres, chiefly in Bengal. Most of the opium goes to China, the revenue therefrom amounting to several million dollars. The cultivation of coffee has long been practiced by the natives, but that of tea, which is rapidly increasing, is recent, and due wholly to European enterprise. There are many valuable medicinal plants, as those from which we have the cinchona bark and croton oil; but it would be almost an endless task even to enumerate the varied productions of this fertile land.

The forests were in some danger of being exterminated through the recklessness of timber cutters, charcoal burners and others. But they are now protected by the government, and the chief exports from this source are teak, lac, bamboo canes, caoutchouc and other gums. The date and cocoanut palms yield much of the native food, and from the latter, arrack, an intoxicating drink, is obtained. Tigers, leopards, jackals, wolves, hyenas and wild boars abound in the country, the first two being very destructive to men and cattle. The elephant, naturally wild, is tamed and made useful.

The domestic bovines are used for farm labor and draught. The wild species known as buffaloes or bisons is dangerous, and keeps away from human dwellings. Most of the gentler and smaller quadrupeds familiar to ourselves are natives here. Quadrumanous animals are numerous, as

are also the serpent tribes, the bites of some of which are rapidly fatal. Insect tribes are innumerable. Annually, about twenty-five thousand persons are killed by wild beasts in British India, about one thousand one hundred and fifty of whom perish from the stings and bites of scorpions, lizards and mad dogs.

India has long been famed for its mineral wealth. Gold until lately was obtained only by river washing, but now the quartz-crushing system



General View of the Taj Mahal.

is employed and likely to yield large quantities. Diamonds, amethysts and other gems were the products of forced labor, and now scarcely pay the expense of working. But India is not wanting in the more useful minerals, as fine iron and coal, pure salt, saltpeter, lime, marble and various kinds of building stone are plentiful.

Our earliest glimpses of Indian history, through the medium of Sanscrit poetry, reveal the Aryan, or fair-skinned people, entering by the northwest, and subjugating or expelling the dark and inferior tribes, of which some remnants are still found in the recesses of the mountains. They brought with them the religion of Brahma with its many gods, and seem to have gradually formed that division of society into castes, which has become so prominent a feature of Hindoo life.

India, however, like every other country, had nothing to be called a history, before its invasion by a literary people; and this occurred when Alexander the Great marched his conquering phalanxes to the tributaries of the Indus, and sailed down that river in 327 B. C. He overran the Punjab but penetrated no further. At his death he left this conquest to Seleucus; and a remnant of Greek power, afterwards known as the Greco-Bactrian, continued till disturbed by the invasion of Scythian troops (126 B. C.) whose fortunes gradually prevailed during several centuries. The most numerous and industrious section of the Punjab pop-

ulation are believed to be of Scythian origin. Certain it is that the intermixture of Greek and Scythian conquerors with the conquered people must have done much to improve the physique of the latter, as well as to promote some degree of civilization.

During the long struggles of contending races in the northwest, a Buddhist dynasty was established, and produced new modifications, especially promoting the fusion of the exclusive Aryan race with other Indian tribes. Though intensely missionary, it never ousted Brahmanism from any large part of India. They co-existed as popular religions for centuries; and modern Hindooism contains elements of both.

The next great change in India was effected by the invasion by Mohammedans from Arabia in 664 A. D., who became masters of a large part of the country along the Indus.

In 999 A. D., Mahmood assumed in Afghanistan a sovereignty independent of the Sultan, invaded India no less than twelve times in the course of a few years, and prevailed. Northern India was universally ruled by the Afghan kings for five hundred years, that is, till the Sultan Buber deposed the last of them in 1326, and established the Mogul Empire. Before this, invasions had rapidly succeeded each other further east, till Timoor or Tamerlane, the Tartar, led an immense army to Delhi which he took and sacked in 1398. This rapacious warrior is said to have built a tower of ninety thousand human skulls as the result of his conquest.

The next disturbance came from the Mahrattas, a war-like people occupying the district round Poonah in Central India. In religion they were Hindoos, and in 1627, when the Mogul Empire was in its zenith, they formed a semi-independent power consisting of several distinct states, waging successful war against the Mohammedans. The last heir of these sovereignties was the infamous Nana Sahib.

The more eastern and southern parts of the peninsula come but little into prominence in the history of these ages; but in 1498, the Portuguese, having discovered the way to India, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, made settlements on the east coast. The Dutch, French and English soon followed. It was in the year 1600 that a company of English merchants obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter which secured to them a monopoly of the trade, and Bengal was their first field of enterprise. They first beat the Portuguese and took possession of Surat, which became their headquarters till Calcutta was adopted. The company backed by the English government, increased in wealth and power, maintained an army of its own, consisting of native troops, officered by gentlemen from Britain; destroyed the French settlements; defeated the petty princes; overthrew the Mogul Empire, subjugated the northwest, and finally brought the whole peninsula under their control, assuming the entire command of some parts, and leaving others under their native princes, but tributary and protected.

The East India Company, however, did not secure the affection of the native population, and the Sepoy mutiny of 1857 was the consequence. It was soon suppressed, and in the following year the British government took over the sovereignty and all responsibilities from the company. On the first of January, 1877, Queen Victoria was formally proclaimed at Delhi what she had been in fact for many years, the Empress of India.

The result of the successive conquests of Indian soil is that in no part of the world, except perhaps in Russia, are there so many races of men under one government. The name Hindoo, therefore, has no national significance, but is specific only in a religious sense, and marks the adherents of the Brahminical faith. Broadly speaking there are seven Hindoos for every two Mohammedans;

and these together form nineteen-twentieths of the population.

The distinguishing feature of Hindoo society is caste. There are reckoned four great divisions, namely, the Brahmans or priestly class, the warriors, the agriculturists and merchants, the Sudras or laborers, but these have innumerable subdivisions. There are about one hundred castes of beggars alone. In what is called the laboring class, no one will do work with another who does not belong to his caste ; and this keeps many a man out of employment, which he could otherwise obtain. One who dusts the furniture will not sweep the floor ; he who sweeps the floor will not cook the food ; he who cooks will not wait at table ; and he who serves at table will not make a bed. He who feeds the horse will not rub him down, or clean the stable. A Hindoo will not take an apple from the hand of a man of lower caste ; it must be laid down and the higher man can take it up. If the shadow of a low caste man passes over the food of a high caste Hindoo, the latter will not touch that food. Certain yellow or red stripes painted up and down the forehead, or spots of red or yellow denote the caste to which each man belongs. Of all things, this system is the most prejudicial to the progress of the people of India. Foolish and childish in all their ways, they allow these old established customs to govern them where reason ought to be master.

The natives of India may be described in general as having brown skin with black hair and large brown eyes. Their features are more regular and their faces not so flat as those of the Malays and Chinese. They are slight made and (if we except people from the mountains and the Sikhs) usually rather short, with great suppleness in the animal fiber, rendering their movements rapid, when they choose, and always graceful. The calves of the legs of those who inhabit the lowlands are small, the chest narrow, and there is much predisposition to consumption. As in other lands of the East, they rise early, and eat about noon : then again at nightfall but very little at either time. As in-



The Nauch Dancers.

eral rule, they have little to eat, for their earnings are small, and they are much disposed to save from that little. Their ordinary conversation usually turns on matters of dietary, and the money that is saved by limiting their food. Most of them wear for clothing uncolored cotton cloth, generally begrimed with dirt. In fact they are extremely dirty in their habits; leprosy and other skin diseases find a ready lodgment among them; the wonder is that they are ever free from cholera and other infectious maladies. Though poorly and dirtily clad, they are very fond of ornaments, and women may be seen wearing thirty rings on their arms, wrists, ankles, toes and neck, ears and nose.

The tribes of every part of India are not only poor and dirty, but extremely dishonest both in word and deed. No European thinks of believing what any of them say; and if he but gives one of them corn to feed his horse he must watch lest the fellow should keep back some of it, or steal the whole and sell it for a few cents in the town.

It is the prevailing custom among all ordinary native Asiatics, especially in India, to sit, eat, read, study, work and sleep on the floor. Their houses are without chairs, tables and every other kind of furniture. Wherever one goes, traveling or visiting, in the interior of India, the landlord or host expects the guest or visitor will bring his own bedding. Many of the hotels in the rural districts furnish no mattress or bedclothes of any kind whatsoever.

The natives of India are very superstitious and believe in a host of unreasonable traditions of the past and signs of the future. At Delhi, we were shown a stone slab, bearing the impress of two feet, said to be those of the great founder and teacher of their religion. At Ghat in Benares is a slab of marble, with an imprint said to have been made by the feet of Vishnu, and at certain seasons of the year people flock to this place to worship these footprints. At Bhaurava Ghat in Benares there is an image in stone the face being covered with silver. It represents Siva in terrific form; the people who visit it present offerings of sugar dogs; and a Brahman waves a fan of peacock feathers over the devotees to protect them from evil spirits.

Great sanctity is attached to the Kad-jakada ape with red face and black beard; it is regarded as an incarnation of Siva. One variety of the ox and cow called the humped zebu is considered sacred and treated with reverence. Every temple has a sacred bull, and the cow is honored with the title of "mother of the gods." The tradition is that Brahma created the Brahmins and the cow at the same time.

Another sacred creature is the Coromandel eagle, which is considered as an incarnation of Doorga. Ravens and rooks are believed to be receptacles of human souls that have left the body.

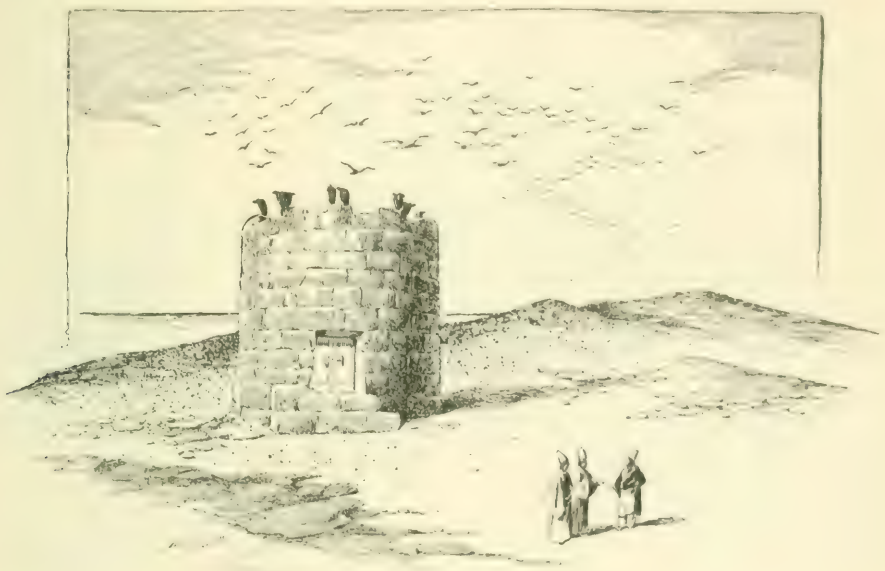
Everywhere among uneducated natives we meet with gross and childish superstitions, but perhaps the strangest and most peculiar of all the superstitious usages we witnessed was that of the mouth lock. It is an instrument somewhat like a large safety-pin, generally of silver, but sometimes of gold, brass or copper. The pin is run through both cheeks, behind the corners of the mouth, and between the teeth. The cheeks are drawn so closely together that the mouth is kept constantly open. When a Hindoo desires some special benefit from the gods, it is usual to make a vow, and he puts on the mouth lock in token of his vow, which implies entire abstinence from food and complete silence. When the end has been answered, the devotee goes to the shrine to take it off and place it in the receptacle appropriated for receiving the offerings of pilgrims. Fifty such locks may be given up at one temple in one year. Tirupati is a place where thousands are surrendered.

They are afterwards sold by auction as old silver, and the money realized goes to the benefit of the temple. They are worth about ten to fifty cents apiece.

Hindoo life inclines to draw together in villages and small towns rather than large cities, and in the whole peninsula there are only forty-four towns containing more than fifty thousand.

Like the early immigrants and invaders, let us approach this great peninsula from the northwest, passing through Quetta, in Beloochistan, where the British have a military fort, constructed of mud and built on a mound said to have been raised by Alexander the Great. It is the largest of that nation's forts defending the passes. Thence we take the railway to Kurrachee and find the dust all along the line intolerable. Kurrachee is situated on a sandy plain at the northern extremity of the Indus delta, the Sind, Punjaub and Delhi railway running through the district. In very few places can we find so great anthropological distinctions and so many varieties of humanity. According to the census of 1888, the population of the whole cantonment was only seventy-three thousand and five hundred, and yet it is made up of no less than eighteen varieties derived almost indiscriminately from Shem, Ham and Japheth.

The Parsees, who are most numerous in Bombay, hold the highest place among the native communities, not on account of superior numbers, but because of their wealth, intelligence, genius for trade, and munificent charities. They are descendants of those fire-worshippers who were driven from Persia about a thousand years ago by the conquering hosts of Mohammedans from Arabia; and as they seldom intermarry with the other races of India, they continue physically distinct, bearing much greater resemblance to Europeans.



The Temple of Silence.

One of the most singular practices of the Parsees is their mode of disposing of the dead. If repulsive to our minds, it must be admitted to have sanitary advantages. Outside a town containing Parsee residents, there are circular

buildings called "Towers of Silence," in which the corpses are placed and devoured by hundreds of vultures, always on the watch. At a little distance from Kurrachee are two such towers. They are stone buildings, without windows or roof, about twenty or thirty feet high, and from forty to fifty in diameter, with a door for entrance. Before placing a corpse inside the tower, it is laid on a stone outside for the inspection of a dog which is supposed to be able to indicate the state of the departed soul. If the dog looks at the face of the dead, the soul is supposed to be in heaven; if he does not, the spirit is said to be among the lost. Four dogs are kept near the towers of silence to give these intimations. When by the dog test the spiritual condition of the departed has been ascertained, the nude body is placed on the stone inside the tower, and in less than half an hour the vultures have stripped off every particle of the flesh. The bones are then mixed with quicklime, so that in a few days not a vestige remains of what was a human body. No tombstone is erected to commemorate the departed. We understood that the reason of this singular mode of disposal of the dead is the desire not to pollute any of the elements of nature with the impurities of decay. At Bombay there are five such towers of silence.

On the seacoast at Kurrachee are two caves occupied, the one by a Hindoo and the other by a Mohammedan priest. The sides of the caves are decorated with rude drawings of the devil, who is represented as having a tail and large teeth. Fees are paid to the priests by the devout for the privilege of worshipping in these sanctuaries. The girls in the old or native part of the town are fond of adorning their persons with silver rings and bracelets—wrists and ankles, fingers and big toes, ears and nostrils being decorated with from one to five or six such ornaments, according to the taste or wealth of the wearer.

Passing Sukkar, where there is a small hill on which witches were formerly burnt, we reach the river Indus, which is bridged over at this point, and enter the Punjaub, the country of five rivers. Here is the home of the Sikhs, the tallest, bravest and most warlike of all the people of India. They were originally a religious sect, organized as such about four hundred years ago on the principles of pure Monotheism. They worship no idols; regard all meats as clean, though they do not eat the flesh of the cow; they do not use tobacco, but freely imbibe intoxicating liquors. They are tolerably moral, though the name Sikh, which means a disciple, to our minds would convey the idea of a much purer character. Moslem persecution changed these disciples from inoffensive quietists to fanatical warriors, the Mohammedans being long their chief enemies. Early in the present century the whole of the Punjaub came under their dominion, and in 1849 passed under the rule of Queen Victoria. With the land, the famous Koh-i-noor diamond was surrendered to her by the reigning Maharajah, who has since resided as a nobleman in England, a pension being paid him by the government.

Amritsar (Amrita Saras, the fountain of immortality) about thirty-three miles from Lahore, is the sacred city of the Sikhs; and here the Adgranth, or sacred book of their religion is kept open in the golden temple. This famous shrine derives its name from the profusion of gold with which it is covered outside and inside. The structure is chiefly of marble; the lower part having inlaid stones of various colors, representing animals, vines, flowers and fruit, in a manner both picturesque and artistic. This town, which is also called Shawl, is fast rising in importance as a place of trade; and is already in this respect in advance of Lahore.

Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, is connected by railway with Delhi and Moulton. It was once the

metropolis of the whole of Northern India, and was the residence of Runjeet Singh, one of the bravest of all of the native princes. The city stands on an immense plain, and contains about one hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and twenty inhabitants, Mohammedans forming the largest portion of the population. The architecture is of the Moslem period, and the magnificent buildings glittering with gilded minarets, relieve the general dullness of the peculiar architecture. The Sikhs, through their preference for Amritsar, removed a great deal of the most valuable ornamentation of Lahore to grace their own sacred capital.



An Indian Temple.

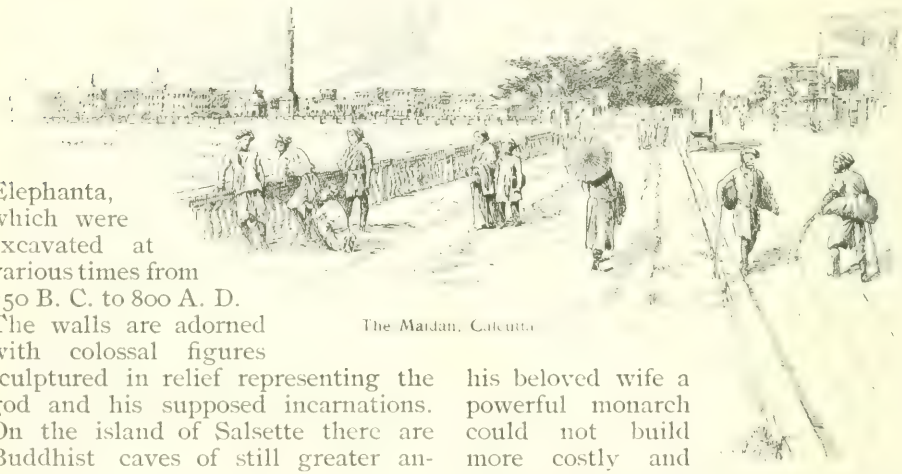
About three miles westward of the city is Jehanger, the tomb wherein lie the remains of Runjeet Singh and those of his wives and concubines who were burnt alive on his funeral pile. It is well worth visiting, being three hundred and thirty-five feet square and built entirely of marble of different colors. Its construction must have cost the labor of many years. Another object of interest is the big brass gun called Zamazamah, between fourteen and fifteen feet long. It was manufactured by natives in 1761, and now stands in front of the Lahore museum.

Between Lahore and Salamusa and thence to Khewsa there are inexhaustible supplies of rock salt of the purest quality, one mountain especially noteworthy from the cliffs of which solid blocks of the precious mineral are hewn and transported to almost every part of India.

On the same line of railway lie Jeypoor and Almedabad. The Maharajah of the first-named city, in spite of his new costly palace and the expense of sustaining three queens and a thousand concubines, besides another thousand of dancing girls and domestics, can afford to pay an annual tribute of three million rupees to England. The textile fabrics of Almedabad formerly brought immense

wealth to its merchants, and a considerable quantity of gold and silver lace is still manufactured in this ancient city. The system of caste is more fully developed here than in any other part of Guzerat. This is owing to the manufacturing industry, caste preventing one class of operatives from encroaching on the preserves of another. Baroda is another city of considerable trade, walled and fortified. Here we were shown two gold cannon and two silver ones, about the size of iron six-pounders.

There are several interesting sights near Bombay, pre-eminent among which are the caves on the island of Elephanta, which were excavated at various times from 250 B. C. to 800 A. D. The walls are adorned with colossal figures sculptured in relief representing the god and his supposed incarnations. On the island of Salsette there are Buddhist caves of still greater antiquity.



The Maidan, Calcutta.

On the bank of the Jumna lies the ancient city of Agra, believed by the natives to have been the place of the sixth incarnation of the god Vishnu, and here can be seen the Taj Mahal—the crown of empires—one of the largest of all known mausoleums, unequaled throughout Asia for the beauty of its design and the perfection of its finished execution. Here repose the remains of Arjmased Banu, signifying the pride of the palace, the favorite wife of the Emperor Jahan. She died in 1629 at Burkanpur in the Deccan. Her mausoleum is said to have occupied twenty thousand men for seventeen years in building and to have cost fifteen million seven hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. Austin de Bordeaux, a Frenchman, is supposed to have been the architect. Its diameter is one hundred and eighty-six feet and it stands on a raised platform of white marble eighteen feet high and three hundred and thirteen feet square, with a tower of white and black marble at each corner.

The Taj Mahal is the most majestic and enchanting monument on earth. It is a grand representation of the sacredness of human affection. In memory of his beloved wife a powerful monarch could not build more costly and beautiful than this anaglyph in snowy marble, glittering as myriads of diamonds beneath a rich flood of Oriental sunlight. Its rectangle of arabesques, its aesthetically carved cupola, and its graceful minarets, prodigies of artistic design and finish, have never been equalled in grandeur by any structure erected in honor of the dead. Whatever graces the architectural art of the past centuries, found embodiment in this mausoleum—this world-renowned structure of complete mathematical proportion and sublime labyrinths of delightful harmonies.

Benares, the Splendid is the holy city of the Hindoos, the religious capital of over one hundred and forty million of people, but he who has once visited it will not care to do so again. It is a city of filth, foul odors and dirty pools, called sacred wells, in the never-changed water of which thousands of people bathe themselves every day for the purging of their sins, as the pools are said to contain the sweat of Siva. The streets are narrow and dirty, and every niche, corner and empty space is occupied by some religious image, mutilated statue, or sacred square-hewn stone.

With a word or two about Calcutta, the British capital of India, we will conclude this sketch. The origin of that great metropolis was three mud hamlets which were purchased by the East India Company in 1700. The town first raised from this small beginning was destroyed by the Nawab of Bengal in 1756, connected with which event was the tragedy of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Besides long streets of native bazaars, Calcutta has some very wide ones with palace-like buildings, the residences of the Europeans. Long lines of street cars traverse the city from end to end, and ghavis or cabs, are at the service of those who prefer that mode of transportation. The governor-general or viceroy of India has his court here except for a short time during the summer, when he betakes himself to Simla situated in the mountains of the north. Calcutta is the largest and the hottest city in India. The intolerance of the heat may be known from the fact that during a week in the latter part of July the thermometer registered in the shade from one hundred and thirty-seven and five tenths degrees to one hundred and forty-six degrees.

All the cities we have mentioned and many others are connected by railways of which there are nearly twenty thousand miles available. A great iron network spreads over the peninsula, offering facilities for travel and means of transportation of native products.

In this vast peninsula in which twenty-one different languages are spoken, there are no less than one hundred and fifty-eight million and eight hundred and forty-one thousand and six hundred and thirty-four persons who can neither read nor write. Nevertheless, during the last twenty years a marked progress has taken place in education, there being in existence one hundred and thirty-four thousand and seven hundred and ten schools, most of which are private, only about seventeen thousand being wholly maintained by the State. The government, however, assists a large number by grants.



Charming the Cobra.

OLD XAVIER'S MORTGAGE.

BY JULIA H. S. BUGELA.



Ça! Let go from dat, mes young sassy!" laughed old Xavier.

"Oh, Savvie! Give us one tune, just *one*, that's a good old feller."

"I don' got tam'," pleaded the old man, but all in vain. The youngsters tugged the harder, and he was forced to yield. With a good-natured grin, he sat down beneath a live-oak by the wayside and drew the violin from its cover of green baize. It was a picture to gladden the heart of a genre painter—the quiet village street, leading down to the river, a group of eager boys, for the most part barefoot, gathered about a rough, sturdy, weather-beaten old fellow, not too clean, tuning his violin, the boughs above them stirring gently in the spring breeze. Laying his cheek caressingly against the violin, he began a medley of ancient tunes—"Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," "Money Musk" and "Irish Washerwoman," and at last the whimsical, half-pathetic notes of "À la Claire Fontaine."

No need to ask his nationality now; he was playing this because he loved it; his audience was forgotten. Away beyond the gleaming river, beyond the golden glowing buttercups and eschscholtzias, beyond the green foothills, the old man's gaze wandered, and rested on the far blue ranges, beauteous in the sun. Softer and sweeter came the notes, more tenderly the wrinkled old cheek caressed the violin.

"Il y a bien longtemps que je t'aime,
J'amais je ne t'oublirais!"

Brighter than the famous diamond of Ole Bull, shone the tear that fell upon old Xavier's bow.

"That's a Canada tune," whispered Davie; "he's thinking about his folks."

Davie was a small boy, but a great friend of Xavier's, and proud of knowing something of his family history. The boys' faces glowed with the quick sympathy of childhood, they even forgot to applaud as the music ceased and Xavier drew his hand across his eyes.

"Tennez! h'ol' Xavier play you plenty tune, ain't it?" he said, as he returned the violin to its case.

The audience suddenly recovered its senses and sent up a wild shout of applause.

"Don't go yet Savvie," cried one, "you ain't workin' to-day."

"Tell us about Canada and your folks," said another.

"An' how you happened to come to California," added a third.

"Tell us about your little girl," coaxed Davie, who knew the "shortest cut" to old Xavier's heart.

"Eh bi'n! 'Ow dat's 'appen to me to come on Californie, eh? Well, firs' place, you know, I got a farm on the paroisse St. Anne—bout-de-l'isle, you know; dat's close by to Mon'real, you know?"—looking inquiringly at the boys, who answered him only with blank looks.

"Well!" exclaimed Xavier in disgust, "eef you ain't know de ceety of Mon'real, you ain't know much!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Davie, "I know now, you mean Montreal; I know a lot about it. My uncle lives there. They have a wonderful palace of ice there every winter, just made of great blocks of ice, thousands and thousands of 'em. People go from all over everywhere to see it; and my, how it shines in the sun—and at night, when it's all

lit up with 'leetric lights! And when the show is over they have a battle of fireworks and besiege it all down."

A brief pause followed this fairy tale and then came the derisive chorus, "Rats!"

Xavier himself looked perplexed.

"Well," said he slowly, not liking to admit that he knew less about his own country than Davie did, "I ain't know notting 'bout dat, but I s'pose dey make dat way seence I come on dees country."

"It's a fact, anyway," said Davie, "for we've got a piece in a paper about it and a picture of it."

That settled the question.

"Well, dey got plenty ice dere on de weenter, dat's a fac'," laughed Xavier, "but for sure dey ain't no palais on ma farm, but 'e got someting h'else—an' dat's de mor-gage, an' try h'all w'at I can, I cannot pay 'eem; h'every ting go for pay de h'eentres'. I got good waf', 'e's work 'ard, an' save h'all w'at 'e can; I got tree boy, dey work too, but dey not h'ol'd enough for h'earn much money. An' I got one ge'l, dat's de bébé, Herminie; 'e's got four' year on dat tam'." Xavier's gaze was on the mountains again—"an' 'e's got 'ees h'eyes beeg an' brown lak' 'ees modder; an' 'ees got 'ees hairs all curl on 'ees 'ead an' shan' lak' eef you spreenkle de gol' dus' over dem; an' 'e's got 'e's li'l mout' toute rose comme—oh nev'man', dat's go'n make me cry some more!

"Well, I go h'on de State' one summer, an' make de beeg wages, an' go back on ma farm on de weenter. Nex' spreeng I go some more hu'p de State', but I don' foun' much work dat tam'; dat's de hard-tam' strak' de country dat year. Well, I've keep h'on, keep h'on an' I come on New York. I got h'always mon violon on ma back' an' I make de musique on de country place; I get plenty to h'eat for dat, an' some tam' I'il money. But dey aint care for dat on New York; dey got plenty 'fan' musique dere, an' dey laugh on me w'en I make 'Bonaparte cross de h'Alp'! But bamby I meet wid Pierre!" Xavier's face brightened.

"Who's P. Air?" asked the boy.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I guess," said another, slyly.

"Who ees Pierre?" roared Xavier, "Well, eef you aint know Pierre, you—oh, I 'destan'; you call 'eem Pete; dat's Pierre on de French language and Pete on de h'Anglish."

"Oh, yes, Pete Vaudry; go on Savvie."

"Well, you know Pierre dat's de bes' frien' w'at I got—an' den Davie," he added, smiling and gently pulling a lock of Davie's yellow hair; "Well, lak' I tol' you, I meet wid Pierre; an' I play partant pour 'La Syria,' an' 'Le Ranz-des-Vaches'; Pierre lak' dat; dey make dat on 'ees country—dat's La Suisselan'; an' so Pierre make great frien' wid me. One day 'e say:

"'Allons, Xavier, come on Californie wid me! I got some money, an' we make plenty bees*ness* h'up dere; you get de beeg beeg wages, an' you make plenty money on de mine; you pay dat mor'gage tout-de-suite ra't off! and you *re*turn on Canada reech man.'"

"Bonté! dat make de dev' on ma head. I teenk 'bo't dat h'all day an' h'all na't. To go back on St. Anne reech, reech man from Californie! More I've teenk, more I get reech, an' bamby I h'own de whole of St. Anne. Mes boy dey h'all go on de College—Remi, dat's de docteur—Eusèbe, 'e's great lawyer on Mon'real—Jean Baptiste, e's rentier—'e's take care for h'all dose farm w'at I h'own; Josephine, ma femme, 'e's dress up fan' h'every day; and Herminie, 'e's de mos' 'ansome an' beautiful demoiselle w'at you never see!—Dat pass on ma head, you know—crée tête-de-fou!" he exclaimed, knocking his head against the tree in serio-comic frenzy.

The boys laughed, though in fact it was rather serious business, trying to understand his—to them—very remarkable "lingo."

"Well," he continued, "I be'n come along wid Pierre; I be'n work

ma way on de stim-boat, an' we come on San Franceesco." Here Xavier made a long pause, lost in retrospection.

"Well, and then?" urged the boys.

"Oh, well, an' den," he resumed, with a deep sigh, "I be'n mené le diable seence dat tam'! Some tam' I make plenty money an' I sen' forty—feefty—one 'ondre dollar on dat mor'-*gage*; some tam' I've teenk to make great fortune on de stock' an' I've los' de whole teeng; many tam' I be'n rob on de mine—oh, be'n 'ave plenty 'ard tam'! Some tam' w'en I've teenk on ma femme an' ma cheel'ren, I go hide mase'f on de mon-taine an' cry loud teel I can cry no more! Nobody 'ear dat; sometam' I teenk le Bon Dieu aint 'ear dat, needer."

The boys furtively winked away a few tears.

"Why didn't you go home?" asked one.

"Well, sometam' I don't got de money; more tam' I be'n too shame for show *ma* head back dere, lak I h'am now." Xavier was silent again.

"Where was Pete Vaudry all this time?" demanded another, indignantly, "he ought to been suff'in' too."

"I'va los' de sa't (sight) of Pierre h'after couple year—but las' year I be'n down on Sacramento, work on de levee, an' dere I be'n foun' Pierre. Crapaud, I be'n glad for dat! Pierre, 'e got better luck dan me; 'e got plenty money now—on de mine, on de ranch, make de wine, sell de froot, sell de wood, rent de money—h'every way lak' dat. 'E be'n h'always ver' good for me; no need be mad 'gains' 'eem; eef I b'en h'always do lak' 'e tole me, I aint be dees way. No, dat's good feller, Pierre! W'en de job be feeneesh on de levee, I go on 'ees place on Sacramento. H'after dat, 'e sell dat place an' we come on dat small ranch w'at 'e h'own up dere on de mon-taine,"—pointing to where Mt. St. Helena stood in grand repose—the blue ranges beyond and the green hills at her feet.

"Now I stay h'always wid Pierre, an' work for 'eem; dis week j'grobe."

"You—what?"

"Grobe—j'grobe! Grobe de root!"

"Oh!" exclaimed a boy, tumbling over with laughter, "he's grubbing, grubbing out roots."

"Bi'n oui, dat's w'at I say! I make some money now; Pierre pay me de good wages, an' I sen' some to 'ome. Look! I sen' h'all dat to-morrow"—taking a double eagle from an old leather pouch.

"Is the morgidge most paid?" asked a small boy.

Xavier blushed and looked down.

"Well, not dezacklee—you see dat's take h'offle lot for pay de h'eentres'; an' dose boy, dey ain't know ver' well for manage de farm; an' den ma waf' 'e be'n seek mos' h'all de tam; I guess 'e don' got no courage now, pauvre vieille! An' de boys dey h'all got married now, an' dey mus' take care for dey h'own famlee. But dey h'all good boy," he added quickly, "dey do h'all w'at dey can for deir modder."

"What's become of Minnie?" asked the biggest boy.

The father's head came up proudly.

"Herminie, 'e's got feefteen year now. 'E make 'ees study on de convent; h'after dat, 'e shall make de school on de village. 'E be'n h'offle smart for de book."

Xavier was fumbling in his pockets.

"I got letter from 'eem todder day—look"—holding out a much-soiled envelope. "You can look dat, eef you want"—carefully unfolding it and passing it to Denny, the big boy. The others crowded around.

"Read it, Denny," they cried.

"Wish't I could!" said Denny. "It's awful nice writing, but I ain't been edicated in the Canuck lingo."

"Dat's on de French lan*guage*," said Xavier with dignity. "I read eem on de h'Anglish, eef you want." I can't make dat nice lak' Herminie wrat 'eem, but I make ma bes'—'E say:

'Mon bi'n, bi'n chère fadder!

"'We deen' received of your news seence a long tam'; dat make dat we got great fear dat someting arrive at

you. But maybe dat letter be'n los'—dat's a great way for someting small lak de letter for come. Oui, mon fadder, t'ees long way for de letter, but not long for our t'ought, parce-que dey come an' dey go, fas' an' free lak' de bird!' —

"Ain' dat a beautiful!" said Xavier, looking proudly around.

Enthusiastic applause from the audience.

He continued: "'—H'every ting go de same way on de farm; ma modder h'always on bad 'ealt', but de waf' of Remi be kan' for eem (her.)

"'For me, I makeh' always mon possible for console de sad of Maman. Oh, I be so glad w'en I be h'able to make de school, for gain de money!

"'Chère fadder, we don' make you no rip-proach of your long absent, biccos you do dat for us odder; but we implore dat you *renonce* to you' *exile* and come again on you' country. Nev'man dat you got no money—we love better our fadder dan de great richesse. Poor Maman cry so much and pray le bon Dieu for take care for you—I lemember 'ow you be'n always good to us—Oh chère papa come to us!

"'To you, wid all de 'eart of you li'l daughter,

Herminie Mariette Lalonde.'"

With tears and oft-failing voice, the old man got through with this curious translation. Not a word of comment was offered, but none was needed; the old exile read in those young faces all his heart could ask—admiration, pity, sympathy. Tenderly and with trembling fingers, he folded the precious letter and returned it to his pocket.

"I go home!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I sen' dis money; den, so soon I h'earn me de good clo'es an' money for pay de voyage, I go! I be'n say dat many tam', but dis tam' I go!"

The light of a joyous resolve shone in his eyes; the lines of toil, hardship, and, alas, of dissipation, seemed to fade from his face. His bent shoulders straightened, his whole form assumed a new manliness and vigor.

"Well, good-bye, boys—let me tell you someting! Don't nevare dreenk de w'eesky. 'Eef you got some troub' dat's h'only make 'eem worse; dat lose you de home, de fren'; dat make de dev' on you head, dat put de hell on you life! Adieu."

The boys stood soberly watching their old friend—quite awed by the brief, impassioned temperance lecture—as he walked quickly along the street, with his violin slung across his shoulders.

"Too bad he gets drunk, ain't it?" said one of the boys.

"Yes," replied another, "I'll bet that's where the money goes!"

"They rob him in the saloons," said Davie, "I've heard my father say so. They hire him to play, then they make him drunk and rob him. He's all right when he's up on the ranch, but when he comes down to the village he's a goner."

"Why don't Pete Vaudry take care of him? He brought him out here," exclaimed another boy.

"Oh, well," answered Denny, "what can you do with a man that's crazy for drink? And Pete himself drinks some; he has his beer and wine every day; all them fellers do."

"They say Savvie's awful wicked sometimes when he's drunk," remarked another.

"Yes," said Davie, "he most stabbed a man down on the levee; he chased him all round with a knife; but Pete held on to him till the man got away. He'd been calling Savvie 'old drunken Canuck!'"

"He ought to been stabbed a little bit," laughed Denny, "But come on, boys, let's finish our game!"

Thus far Xavier's history was not a new one. How often it has been repeated in this great, beautiful land, this California, only He knows Who reads alike the secrets of mountain, vale and sea, Who knows the story of each exiled life. Alas for the old, sad story! Alas for poor old Xavier and

his new resolve, with his violin on his back and little Herminie's letter against his heart!

That night Davie heard his father say:

"Old Savvie's in for it again. I heard his violin as I came by Clarke's saloon. He was playing that tune he calls "Partant pour La Syrie." It sounded like the wail of a soul in torment!"

"O papa! And he had twenty dollars in his pocket to send home to-morrow. And his wife is sick, and they're all crying for him to come home! And they'll steal that money, and *all* his money, and he'll *never* go home!" Davie fairly howled with anguish.

"O dear!" exclaimed his mother, "why did you let the boy hear that? You know how sympathetic he is. There seems to be the strangest friendship between him and that old Frenchman! Davie, I don't see how you can think so much of him."

"But, mamma, you don't know how nice he is with us boys. He plays such jolly tunes and he tells such funny stories. You'd die a laughing to hear him! He's been all over California, and he's had more adventures than you ever heard of, and then, we're so sorry for him," he wailed again.

"There, Davie, don't," said his father, "I'll look him up in the morning and get him off to the ranch."

"But the money'll be gone."

"Oh, perhaps not—not all of it, anyway. I'll see that he sends it off to-morrow. Go to bed, now, my boy."

Davie went to bed, but not to sleep. He was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. He arose and leaned out of the window. Through the soft air of the spring night, he imagined he could hear the plaint of Xavier's violin. His father's fancy had sunk into his heart! It was no longer a tune, but a soul crying for help. The idea possessed him. Hurriedly he dressed and climbed out of the window, stole softly along under the rose trees that showered their petals like blessings upon the chivalrous boy, passed through the gate and went swiftly down the street, keeping well in shadow. He stopped before the saloon. It was the worst place in town. His excited fancy pictured the inmates as hideous fiends, bent upon getting that precious gold piece out of Xavier's pocket. Even Xavier himself, so terrible when drunk, loomed up fearfully before his vision. Then he thought of Herminie and the poor old mother, and, arming himself with a prayer, he walked steadily in, "pale as a ghost," but bright-eyed and resolute, a hero from head to foot! He looked like an angel of light among those men. He went straight to Xavier, who was staring at him in stupid amazement.

"Savvie!" he said sternly, laying his hand on the man's arm and looking him steadily in the eye.

"Hein?" It was a grunt rather than a reply.

"Savvie," the boy repeated, "I want you to come home with me."

"Cert'n-*lee*, M'sieu' Davie," he mumbled, "I come bamby—vrai."

"You must come now," said Davie, decidedly; "it's important business."

Xavier only stared — everybody stared in silence.

"Here! put your violin in the case, so. Now come."

He took the old man firmly by the hand, and led him, unresisting, to the door. There he turned and flashed one defiant, triumphant look upon the crowd and walked out. Not a man spoke or moved as this young Daniel passed out of the den.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" exclaimed one, as the door closed, and the others repeated it in chorus. Perhaps they had never felt so sincere in their predictions as they did at this moment, beholding themselves in contrast with the pure-faced, dauntless boy.

Davie marched homeward with his prize, never once relaxing his firm hold, never speaking a word. Xavier stumbled along beside him, as completely under his control as a subject in the power of a hypnotist.

But words fail to paint the emotions of the father and mother as Davie entered with old Xavier, and thrust him into a chair, first carefully removing the violin from his back.

"I've been to the saloon and got Savvie," said he. "I don't know whether he's got the money or not, but if he has, I want you to take care of it, papa, and let Savvie stay here to-night. Have you got that money, Savvie?"

"Cert'n-lee," hiccoughed Xavier, "I got 'eem—all ra't, see?" taking an old pouch from an inner pocket, and clumsily putting out the gold.

"Well, give it to papa to keep till to-morrow; then you will send it home," said Davie.

"Cert'n-*lee*, M'sieu' Davie," said the abject old man, "I know you ain't wan' rob h'ol' Xavier; *you* keep 'eem," and he confidingly handed the coin to Davie.

Then, his mission ended, the hero of the evening rushed into his mother's arms and wept, while his protege simply fell asleep in his chair.

So the money, at least, was saved, and sent upon its way, to the little household at "St. Anne, bout-de-l'isle." But poor old Xavier! Davie was, after all, not a hypnotist, and his childish endeavors had but brief influence on the besotted old man. The summer passed much as others had passed, and one rainy day in winter found him at his old haunt, playing the same old tunes, swallowing the same fiery mixtures wherein home and friends and honor had been drowned! He had spent his last dime, and turned to his drunken slumber on a bench in a corner of the room. How long he had slept he did not know, but suddenly he awoke, with his mind alert. He had heard Pierre's name mentioned in a strange tone.

Without moving, he looked out from half-closed eyes. Three men sat near him—beside him, the only ones in the room. They were talking in low tones about Pierre. They were planning to rob him! It was known that he had received a large sum of money that day from the sale of a ranch. There was no time to lose. The night would be dark and rainy. Pete was alone. The old Canuck was here safe.

A drunken snore came from the "old Canuck." Oh yes, he was safe!

"Pete was tough," they were saying, "a fighter, but three to one—and the gulch just behind his house—how natural that he should tumble down there in a dark night—not found for a couple of days, perhaps. By that time they would be safe in 'Frisco, and as soon as possible they would skip for Mexico.

Still the old Canuck was safely sleeping.

They planned the meeting at a certain point on the mountain road at a certain hour of the night. Then they rose and went their separate ways. Xavier looked cautiously about; the coast was clear. He took his violin and went quietly out, walking away as fast as his unsteady legs would carry his old liquor-steeped body, and thinking as fast as his liquor-sodden brain would permit. Pierre, his friend, his benefactor, his only refuge, was going to be robbed—murdered! Mon Dieu, could he get there in time to save him? Should he look for help? No use; no one cared for *him*—"h'ol' drunken Canuck!" No one would believe him, and there was no time to lose; *they* had said that, too.

Push on, push on, Xavier! It is a long way up the mountain road, through darkness and rain. But those men, those devils! If they should overtake him, they would tumble him off the grade as coolly as they meant to dispatch Pierre. Did

he falter for that? Not an instant! Only one thought possessed him—to reach Pierre. The clay road was so slippery he scarce could keep his feet, but he toiled on. The ascent grew steeper and the road more slippery; the mountain stream came hissing down over the rocks; it was terrible to look down there even by daylight. There was not much of a guard along the roadside, and the road was very narrow in some places.

Walk straight, Xavier. One drunken reel might plunge you down into the abyss!

The noise of the water sounded to him like the seething of the bottomless pit; the wail of the wind among the pine trees like the shrieking of its demons. It was horrible. At home, going along the country roads at night, they used to sing to keep the evil spirits away, but here he dared not make a sound—those men might be coming. On and on he toiled, slipping, falling, struggling up; falling again, and at last crawling on hands and knees up the steep incline.

What was that? Ciel! were they coming?

Once more he struggled to his feet, and turned to look down the road. A slip—ah! it had happened! Through a break in the guard, down he went—down, down, down that awful hillside, over bowlder, rock and thorn—*down*, till he lodged against a young pine and lay still.

Then he prayed—the old prayer of David—"Save me, oh God!" "O Jesu, Marie, ayez pitié de moi! Don't let me die here; I must save Pierre!" He tried to say an Ave Marie and the penitential.

"Par ma faute, par ma faute, par ma très grande faute, hélas!" But ever his mind returned to the one idea—save Pierre! He tried to rise. He could scarcely move; his legs seemed like lead. It was so cold down there; the water dashing among the rocks splashed over him. At last, oh, joy! he heard the rumble of wheels coming up the road, and a teamster singing as he came. He even recognized the voice; it was Joe McGill, a neighbor of Pierre's—a big, strong, kind-hearted fellow. Xavier shouted with all his might. Alas! his feeble voice was drowned in the voice of the waters. He groaned with despair; but stop! one hope more—his violin! Mon Dieu, but it must be broken in pieces, or had it bounded safely over the rocks in its thick cover? He drew it out and felt carefully over its surface. Thank heaven for the miracle! It was unbroken! He drew the bow across it and played—literally for dear life—"Bonaparte Crossing the Alps!"

"What the devil is that?" said Joe, pulling up his horses. "Great guns! its old Savvie playing down in the gulch! Drunken old fool!"

He listened again.

"Something wrong down there. I'll bet he tumbled down and is playing for help. Here, Jake," to the boy beside him, "hold the horses;" and seizing his lantern, he sprang into the road, shouting:

"All right, Savvie, I'm coming. Keep on playing so I can find you." And conducted, as it were, by the spirit of Bonaparte, he came safely to the poor old wreck under his pine tree.

A few words sufficed to explain the situation, but to get him up to the road! It was a "tough job," as Joe said; but it was accomplished, and Xavier, though faint and bleeding, was safely deposited in the wagon. Joe had arranged a bed of hay, and covered him snugly with grain sacks. It seemed a useless waste of time to Xavier.

"Drav' fas' you can on de ranch," he urged.

"It'll kill you, Savvy," protested Joe.

"Nev' man' dat. I guess I h'am mos' dead now; but go queek chez Pierre!"

"Hang Pierre!" exclaimed Joe. "But all right, old man, I'll go as fast as I can; can't trot up hill, you know."

Xavier groaned.

"You see somebody pass, Jake?"

"Not a pass!" answered Jake, encouragingly.

At last, with many anxious inquiries from Joe, and many prayers from Xavier to "go more fas'," the ranch was reached and Pierre was saved.

Jake was sent for a doctor, Pierre and Joe meanwhile doing all in their power to assuage the old man's pain, at the same time keeping a cautious lookout for the robbers. The rain had ceased, the moon shone faintly out between the drifting clouds. All was quiet; but the doctor and Jake reported having seen three men lurking under the trees in the lane.

"All right," said Joe, "let 'em lurk! We'll fix 'em to-morrow."

But on the morrow, the men were not to be found. The town was troubled by them no more.

So everybody was safe except poor old Xavier. Anxiously Pierre watched the doctor as he made his examination; anxiously he followed him from the room to hear his decision.

"Well, Vaudry," he said, "I fear your old friend is done for. He saved you—I doubt if we can save him, but we'll try."

And try they did, but without avail. Broken by hardship and exposure, and poisoned by whisky, the old man's vitality was not sufficient to bring him up.

"He won't last much longer," said the doctor one morning. "If he has any business to settle, it should be attended to."

"He has nothing to settle," answered Pierre; "but me—I have something on my mind since a few days. It is by my fault dat Xavier came to California. He was a fine, honest, merry fellow when I firs' met wid him, but making a hard struggle to clear his farm from debt. I imagine I can do great ting for him out here, and I *in*duce him to come. 'Twas de fatal meestake! He loose all his sense, like so many odder. He tink to get reech all at once; he make like crazee! He get wid bad companion and I loose de influence over him. He get discourage, an' de 'abit of drink grow on him, and all is lost! Wife, cheelren, country were sacrifice. Dey were not forgot, and he made always de resolve to go home, but alas! it was impossible. He was separate from me for years. At last, by accident, I found him and brought him here, but a wreck! True, I could sent him home. I could well spare de money, but I would have to send a guard wid him! And what a return for dat fam'lee! Look as you will, it is someting desolating. And now to hear dat poor fellow speak always of gratitude to me; of de great tings I do for him! What I have done? I give him plenty advice. I give him sometime a little money when he need. I give him my old clo'es, and now I have give him shelter and good wages; but he work for me, honest and faithful like no odder I can find. He love me like if I am his elder brodder, and at de las' he has give me his life! He save *me* and my money. I don't got a *ri*lation in de world dat care one sous for me, and he has wife and cheelren crying for him! I wish I can bring dem for hear his last word, but 'tis too late. One ting I can do—I can make him more happy in dying dan for many year of his life. I shall give him dat five tousand dollar what he save for me. Not much for a life, eh? I shall pile dat gol' up so he can see it all, an' say, 'Look, old friend, it is yours. You have earned it many times over; you will leave dat for make comfortable your wife and your cheelren. Rest now in peace, poor old friend!'"

And so it was arranged. A notary came, and in presence of the doctor and the priest, who was diligently trying to set poor Xavier's spiritual affairs in order, the sum of five thousand dollars, "for value received," was paid to Xavier Lalonde. Then a will was drawn up and the same

sum bequeathed to Josephine, his wife.

It was worth it all to see the old man's joy and pride—his childish, whimsical delight!

"So de h'ol' Xavier die reech man, ain't it?" he murmured, smiling. "Dey gon' call Josephine de reech Mme. Veuve Lalonde, je gage! I weesh my boy dey all 'ave someteeng for help dem, an' I weesh ma petite Herminie shall 'ave de fan' seelk dress for 'ees noces (wedding). I got ma heart light lak' a fedder widout dat mor'*gage*."

All this was spoken slowly and feebly, but with a joyous light on his face. By-and-by it grew wistful.

"'Eef I can play h'only one tune more on mon violan; but I got no more strenk on ma han'. But put dat close by to me—so. Pauvre vieux," he said, looking at it lovingly, "we make many *voyages* togedder, but now I go de long, far way, and for de firs' tam, you ain' come wid me!"

One day, near the last, he said to the doctor:

"M'sieu' le Docteur, you gon' put someting on de paper w'en I be dead?"

"Certainly," answered the doctor kindly, "you shall have a first-class notice, Xavier."

"I lak' to 'ear dat. W'at you shall say?"

The doctor was taken rather aback, but, repressing a smile, he took out his prescription pad and wrote the following, and read it to the old man:

"We regret to announce the death of Mr. Xavier Lalonde, a native of Canada, who passed away on the —— inst., at the residence of his friend, Mr. Pierre Vaudry. We understand that Mr. Lalonde left quite a large sum of money, which he bequeathed to his family, who reside near Montreal. Deceased was a hard-working, honest, kind-hearted man. His recent heroic act of devotion to his friend has already been described in these columns.

"Is that all right, Xavier?"

"Yes, sare, dat's fan'!" said Xavier, wiping his eyes, all unconscious that it was a rather remarkable circumstance for a man to be weeping over his own obituary!

"You sen' dose paper on St. Anne, ain't it, docteur?"

"Of course. Anyone in particular?"

"Well, you sen' one chez Mme. Veuve Lalonde, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"And one Mons. Noel St. Germain Marchand?"

"Certainly."

"An' one chez Mons. le Notaire Duchesnau, an' dats' all. Dey go'n' tell all de odder. Tank you much, Mons le Docteur. H'everybody be so kan' for me now!"

"There's a world of pathos in that little word *now*," thought the doctor.

After awhile he asked for Davie. The boy came, his blue eyes full of tears, as he took his old friend by the hand.

"You cry for h'ol' Xavier? Cher petit amie! But don' cry, Davie. Dat's de bes' teeng for h'everybodie. I be reech, now, Davie, you know dat? I go'n' pay dat mor'*gage* now, *sure*, an' dey h'all be 'appy. I be'n make ma weel t'odder day, but I ain't say notting 'bo't mon violan. I want you shall 'ave dat, Davie. I want you shall take good care for eem, an' teenk to h'ol' Xavier w'en you look dat." He rested awhile, then continued:

"I want you promise me something, Davie. I want you shall nevare dreenk de w'eesky, an' I want you do h'all w'at you can for save some odder people from dat, eh, Davie?"

"Yes, Savvie, I promise, and I'll take good care of your violin, and love it too, and I'll learn to play all the tunes I've heard you play."

"Dat's good boy, Davie, Dieu te benisse!" A long pause. "I suppose you go sometam' on Mon'real see you h'uncle, ain't it, Davie?"

"I hope so," answered Davie.

"An' den you go on St. Anne—

bout-de-lisle—you lemember, an' you see ma fam'lee?"

"I surely will, Savvie."

"An' you ain't—you—you don' tell dem someting for make dem shame for dey h'ol' fadder, Davie?"

Oh! the poor old wistful, shame-stricken face! the trembling, pleading voice!

"O Savvie, dear old Savvie!" sobbed the boy, "I'll tell them only how you loved them, and was home-sick for them, and how hard you worked, and how men cheated you and robbed you so you *couldn't* save any money, and how you gave your life for your friend, as the dear Lord gave His life for us all, because He *loved* us. You *know* that, don't you, Savvie?"

Xavier gazed at his little comforter with a new thought lighting his dim eyes.

"You tink'" he asked tremulously, "le Bon Dieu *love me? Same lak' I love Pierre?*"

"Oh!" exclaimed Davie, "more, a million times more! Didn't you *know* that, poor old Savvie?"

"Cert'nlee," assented Xavier, "I know le Bon Dieu love h'every bodie, le Segnieur die for save h'all de worl' mais" — he stopped and looked helplessly in Davie's eyes; he could not express the thought that was struggling in his bewildered brain.

The child was trying with all his soul to read the old man's mute question—suddenly a light suffused his face.

"I know what you mean now, Savvie," he said joyfully. "You didn't think He loved you—*all by yourself—close up*, just like a brother; but that's just the way it is—that's what my mother says—just as if He walked beside you, and was sorry for you."

A wonderful new light came into the old man's face.

"Oh!" he murmured, softly and joyously, "I ain' nevare unde'stan' it dat way before; seem lak' you breeng someting of Love close by to me, lak' I nevare know dat—someting to make dat all de pain go away—an' all de room come bright! Seem lak' someting go'n' lif' me up tro' dat bright!"

Davie gently took his hands that were moving up and down with a slow wing-like motion.

"Shall I sing something?" he asked—fearing that he had excited him too much.

Xavier smiled and whispered, "Chantez, cher petit."

"'Jesus, lover of my soul,'" sang the boy, as softly as his mother had sung to him in his cradle; and like a tired child, old Xavier closed his eyes to listen. He had never heard that song before think of it!—and he could not understand it all, but it seemed to be made for him.

"'While the [illegible]
While the tempest still is nigh—'"

That was the awful night when he struggled up the long, dark road, when he lay among the rocks and the waters beat against him!

"'Leave, ah leave me not alone!'"

Yes, that had been his cry and God had heard it, and been with him, sorry for him! He had loved old Xavier all that time!

Oh the sweet voice of the inspired child!

"'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!'"

The poor old defenseless head lay very quiet now. Davie had never seen him look so sweet and gentle. "He is asleep," he thought, "I'll go away and let him rest. Good-bye, dear old Savvie," he whispered, and went quietly away.

A few days after that, the obituary was published.

Old Xavier had paid the mortgage, and gone home.

One midsummer day, when the St. Lawrence was shining grandly between its beautiful green shores, young notary Duchesnau was walking with a visitor

in the little village of St. Anne, of Boat Song fame. A handsome, merry young fellow was the Notary, with a very "taking" way.

"You see de old lady in black?" he was saying, "almost hide in her big veil?" It is de rich Mme. Veuve Lalonde. She has her husband dead in Californiä since tree year ago. She has a fine farm and plenty money in de bank, Mons. Lalonde lef' dat in Californiä.—And de pretty young lady?—'Tis la Demoiselle Herminie, her daughter. She is very well educate, and fine musicienne. You see de pretty gown she wear? Dat is a presen' from Californiä, from an old frien' of her fadder. He send her a fine silk gown like dat every year and many odder ting. Dey say he will leave her a big fortune when he die. We hear dat from a young fellow—you may see him in de boat over dere—'tis a young m'sieur from Californiä. He has his uncle in Mon'real. He was a great frien' wid le bonhomme Lalonde. De old man give him his violin w'at he carry wid him in his *voyages* all over Californiä, poor old man! Mons. David bring it here to show to de familee, but for sure he won't take it back! If you had see de poor ol' modder cry when she took dat violin in 'er arms! She tink more of it dan of de money. Someting curieuse, is it not? To see de ol' violin coming back to de home, and poor Xavier dead and bury in far Californiä!

"*Comment?* You tink perhaps de ol' bachelor will come and marry wid Mlle. Herminie? Well, I 'ear de people say dat sometime; but me, I tink not; because," said the young notary, with charming frankness—"because I am going to get marry wid her myself!"

AN' THE YELLOWTAILS A-BITIN'!

BY CHARLES A. GARDNER.

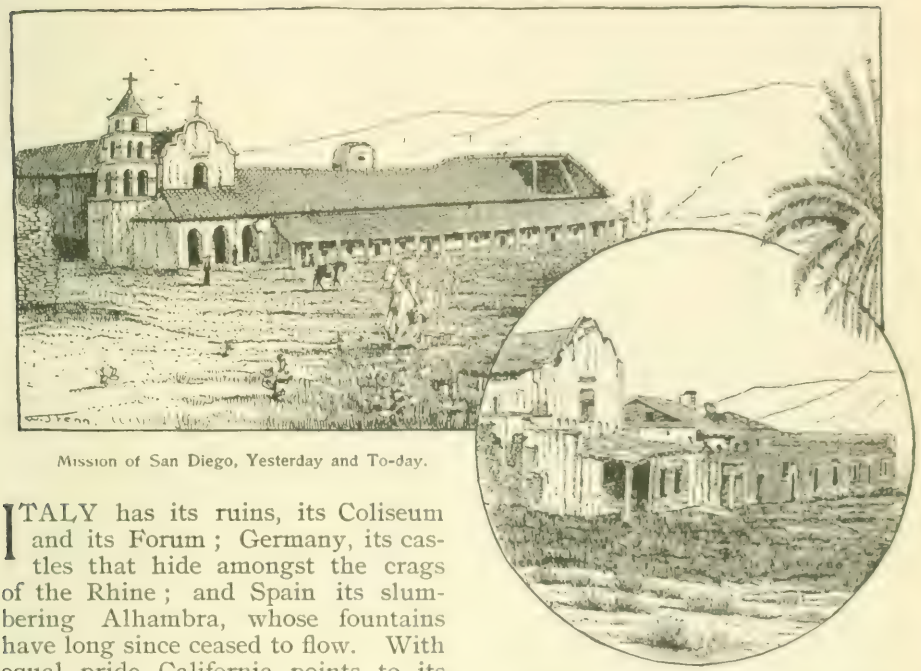
Oh! the news it is excitin' that is comin' from the beach,
How the yellowtails are bitin' everything that they can reach;
And it makes me so uneasy to be with them in the 'fray
I can hardly hold the scissors I am writin' with to-day.

For I seem to see them floppin' over everything I write,
With their yellowtails a-shinin' an' a-flashin' in the light;
And the ripple of the water as it tosses in the sun
Is the music of the siren to a feller that likes fun.

An' I'll cease the weary raselin' for glory and for wealth
(This laboring between meals, it is ruining my health),
An' drop a line to Yellowtail to celebrate with me
'Way down at Catalina, in the bosom of the sea.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



Mission of San Diego, Yesterday and To-day.

ITALY has its ruins, its Coliseum and its Forum; Germany, its castles that hide amongst the crags of the Rhine; and Spain its slumbering Alhambra, whose fountains have long since ceased to flow. With equal pride California points to its ruins. True, they cannot boast of great antiquity, neither do they tell of nations fought and conquered; their tale is of the heroic deeds of noble men, who yielded fame and fortune for the glorification of God in the then heathen California.

In 1543, Cabrillo, while exploring the coast of the mysterious Upper California, entered a land-locked harbor of much beauty, which he named San Miguel. Sixty years later, Viscaino, commanding a Spanish exploring fleet, sailed into this same bay, whose name he changed to San Diego de Alcala, in honor of his flagship. The explorer left copious accounts of the new land and its inhabitants, but it was not until a century and a half had elapsed that the Spanish government made practical use of the knowledge.

Meanwhile, the different orders of missionaries were constantly importuning the king to authorize them to establish missions in Alta California; but intrigues and troubles at court constantly usurped the royal attention. Still undismayed, they presented prayer after prayer, until Spain finally awoke from its lethargy, and the longings of the zealots were about to be realized. Undoubtedly, though, had it not been for the fear of Russian invasion from the north, and for other political reasons, Spain would not then have heeded the prayers that for over a century had fallen unheeded upon diplomatic ears.

It was then resolved to occupy Alta California, and to establish military posts at San Diego and Monterey, as described by Viscaino. The military

expedition was placed under Jose de Galvez, the most efficient officer in all New Spain, and a prime favorite with Carlos III. Immediately after receiving the royal decree to occupy these ports, he summoned for consultation, Padre Junipero Serra, President of the Franciscan missions of Lower California, that the military and the religious expeditions might act in unison. Full of hope and zeal born of years of patient waiting, Serra set out to meet the energetic Galvez. Between them, it was agreed that the old Jesuit régime be re-established; that is, that the older missions give birth to new ones, by furnishing church property, such as vestments, bells and ornaments, besides such livestock, grain and implements as could be spared. The church ornaments were regarded as gifts, but the more substantial donations were treated as loans, to be repaid in kind when prosperity should reward their efforts.

It was decided that four expeditions —two by land and two by sea were to be dispatched to the land of the Gentile. The first, a company of twenty-five Catalan volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Fages, arrived from Guaymas, to proceed to sea as the first detachment of the illustrious band of crusaders into Alta California.

On the 9th of January, 1769, the San Carlos was ready to put to sea; St. Joseph, the patron saint of the expedition, was solemnly invoked to smooth the seas and clear the skies, that the vessel might reach San Diego in safety. Early that morning, all had partaken of communion at mass, and prostrate before the altar, with tear-dimmed eyes, they besought His Divine aid to strengthen them in their faith and perseverance. Junipero Serra, with outstretched hands, pronounced a most solemn blessing upon the departing pilgrims, their flag, their crew, and upon the good Padre Parron, to whom the spiritual care of the expedition was intrusted; and after charging them in the name of God, of their King and of the Viceroy to accept the authority of the priests, and to preserve peace and unity among themselves, he bade them a loving farewell.

Without a fear, the gallant crew stepped aboard the vessel, waved adieu to their Mexican home, and the San Carlos was off to sea. Fifteen days after, the San Antonio followed with much the same ceremony.

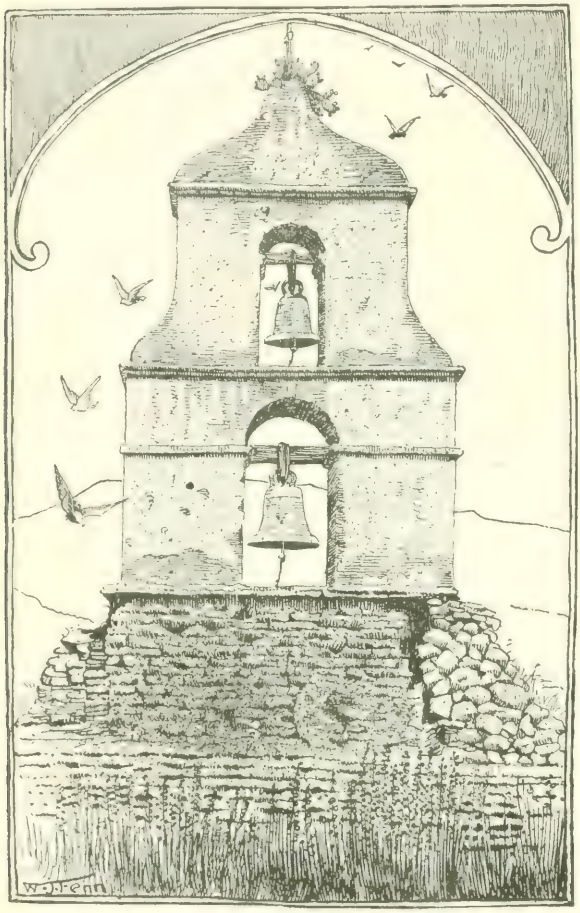
Meanwhile the land expeditions were preparing for their invasion. Captain Rivera had gone northward through Mexico, visiting each mission and taking such livestock and supplies as could be spared; with concentrated forces and property, he started north for San Diego in March. Father Juan Crespi, a coadjutor of Serra, who had come with him from Mallorca to the Sierra Gorda missions, sixteen years before, was ordered to accompany this expedition. Accordingly he left the mission of Purissima, and with Father Lassen, joined Rivera's noble little army of crusaders. After the customary blessing and the invocation of Divine help, details being perfected, the march began—each full of the love of God, with zeal and hope for the future; but not without some misgivings, for Viscaino had told them in his manuscripts of the totally low and depraved condition, mentally, morally and physically of the Indians along the coast.

The second division, under Governor Portola, had already proceeded; but Padre Serra, who had planned to accompany this party, was disappointed in his hopes. He had not yet completed his collection of church utensils; besides he was suffering from an ulcerous sore on his foot, caused many months before during a difficult journey afoot from Vera Cruz to Mexico. In such a wretched condition was his foot that his colleagues deemed his following them practically impossible. Possessed, however, of such indomitable energy and zeal, while yet very lame, he set



Mission of San Luis Rey.

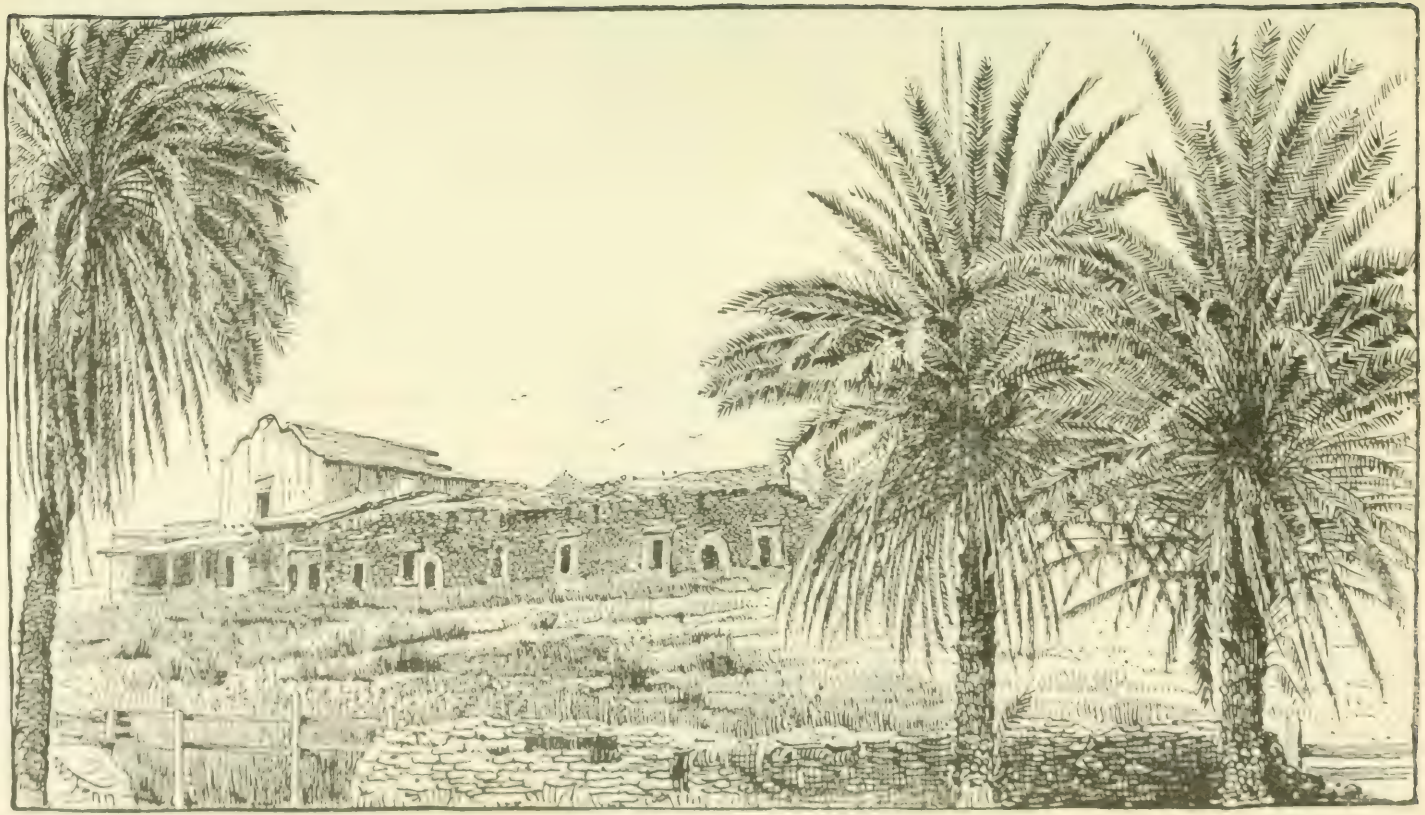
out on his journey at the end of March, stopping over a short time at San Javier with Francesca Palou, in order to appoint him president of the old missions in Mexico during his absence. Slowly, and with great suffering at every step, he journeyed on from mission to mission, impelled forward by the fire of zeal that seemed at times to consume the anguish of his pain, till on the 5th of May, amid much rejoicing, he overtook Governor Portola's party. From the governor's diary, a copy of which forms part of Hubert Howe Bancroft's collection of manuscripts, we learn of much physical suffering among the pilgrims, scurvy and malignant fevers having broken out among them, greatly reducing their numbers.



The Bells of Pala.

In 1769, on the 16th of July, the day of the triumph of the Most Holy Cross, the mission of San Diego de Alcala was founded. The men and officers, naval and military, assembled at the site selected for the presidio, and with deep gratitude for their deliverance from the perils of travel, they set to work to erect a temporary altar at which to give thanks in the holy sacrifice of the mass. Bells were swung over a neighboring tree, and rung by willing hands; the Veni Creator rang out clearly on the virgin air; the water was blessed, the cross raised, and the royal standard thrown to the breeze. Thus was the country taken in the name of God and the king. Groups of savages had gathered about meanwhile, and, dumb with astonishment, watched the proceedings to the end.

They were not an inviting people to behold, clad in breech-cloths made of the skins of wild animals, and armed with spears, clubs and bows and arrows. Their features were coarse and heavy, showing no ray of mental or moral elevation. They were contemptible, physically, as well as intellectually, Humboldt classing them as low in the scale of humanity as the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land, who were the nearest approach to the brute creation. The women wore braided strands of rabbit skins, carefully fastened together onto one garment, which hung to the knees, and was frequently garnished with fringes of gaudy beads and bright grasses. Add to this their faces painted with colored mud, and you



Old San Diego Mission

have a lady of high degree, attired for early California society.

The missionaries found the natives as a nation lazy, cruel, cowardly and covetous, with no orators among them, but few warriors and possessed of no native lore.

Their language was a strange jargon, and here arose the first of the many obstacles that constantly beset the paths of the padres. After having tenderly nursed the sick crusaders back to health, the indomitable Serra and companions set to work to acquire the Indian tongue. Then began the dawning of Christian light. Meanwhile, the soldiers were busily engaged erecting suitable buildings on the site chosen for the Presidio—called by the Indians "Cosoy"—and when completed, they consisted of the church, the fort, dwellings, and warehouses and shelter for cattle and live stock.

Shortly after their completion, however, Padre Serra moved the mission from the Presidio to "Nipaguay," about two leagues distant, whose fertile fields offered fine pasturage to his fast-increasing flocks. Here there were brought to the baptismal font, four hundred and seventy-four savages, whose secular education was going on, hand-in-hand with the spiritual. They had been taught to till the soil, to raise wheat, vegetables and cotton, and to manufacture a coarse kind of cloth; some of them became carpenters, others blacksmiths, and some stonecutters. A few of the most intelligent ones had learned to lead in prayer, and frequently assisted the padres in instructing those of their brethren who desired to be baptized. Thus did the good Padres Fuster and Jaume, with their predecessors, labor on from dawn till dark, content and happy in doing their Master's bidding, rejoicing at each baptism and confirmation, and bearing with Christian fortitude their sorrows and disappointments.

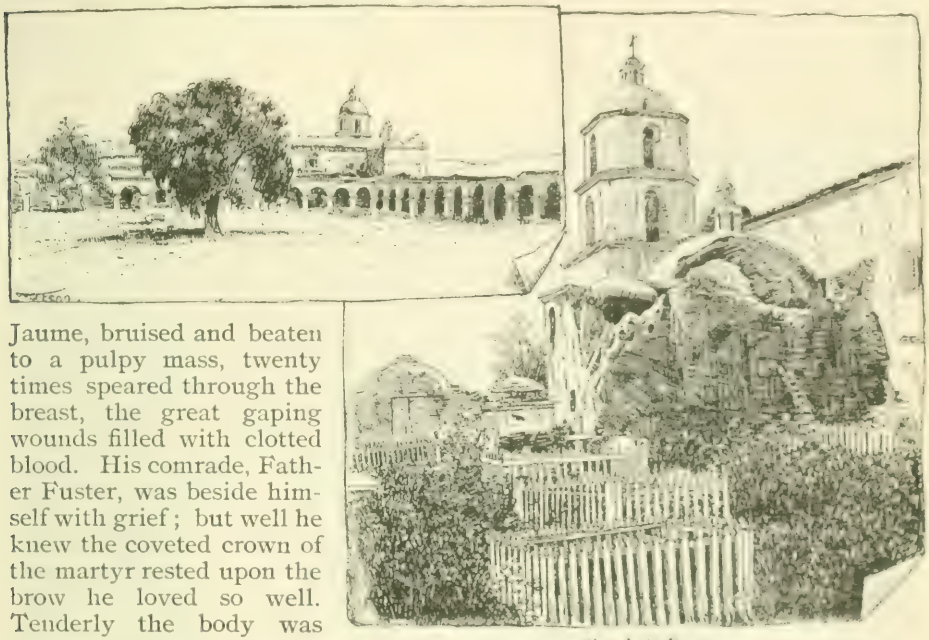
On the fifth of November, 1775, after having bade his "children," as he fondly termed the neophytes, a cheery good-night and retired, Father Jaume was suddenly awakened from his slumbers by the demoniac howls of a thousand or more frenzied savages, descending upon them like a pack of hungry wolves, bent on destruction. Rushing out to appease their fury, he drew his crucifix from his belt and raising it aloft cried out: "Amar a Dios, hijos" ("Love God, my children.") Immediately they fell upon him with spears, clubs and stones, and with savage glee they pierced his bruised and bleeding body through and through. As he fell, mortally wounded, kissing his crucifix and commending his spirit to God, he gasped out: "Oh, Jesus, save my soul." The soldiers of the guard, two of whom were wounded by arrows, rushed to the rescue of Father Fuster, upon whom the fire was fast approaching. "Seek my companion," he cried; and, unmindful of his own danger, he rushed out amid the shower of stones and arrows, calling wildly to his beloved companion, unconscious that he lay in the courtyard, a hacked and bleeding corpse.

Already the buildings were burning fiercely, the savages were becoming wilder with excitement, and, yelping like hyenas, danced and darted about in the flickering light, hurling stones and arrows unremittingly at the corral, whither Father Fuster and companions had sought refuge. A horrible night it was—no human help at hand; the good padre had besought the Blessed Mother to help them in their great peril, and she had heard the prayer. Arrows flew thick and fast all through the night about their heads, yet not a hair was touched. Behind Father Fuster lay a sack containing fifty pounds of gunpowder. Though burning brands were falling everywhere, it was miraculously untouched.

Corporal Rocha and his wounded soldiers kept up their fire from the front of the corral, and with good results. When day began to dawn, bringing great relief to the prisoners,

it was seen the fury of the mob was spent, and the savages were dispersing.

Then appeared the neophytes, sorrowing greatly that they had been unable to repress their furious brethren. Two of them, Ignacio and Roque, soon after daylight, recovered the body of the martyred Padre Jaume, bruised and beaten to a pulpy mass, twenty times speared through the breast, the great gaping wounds filled with clotted blood. His comrade, Father Fuster, was beside himself with grief; but well he knew the coveted crown of the martyr rested upon the brow he loved so well. Tenderly the body was borne to the Presidio, where, with deep sorrow, it was committed to the grave. Here, also, were the bodies of the unhappy blacksmith and his comrade, who had fallen early in the fray, laid to rest.



San Luis Rey.

Immediately there stepped into the martyred father's place, Padre de la Peña, who, with Fuster, took up anew the work so rudely interrupted, re-establishing the mission at the Presidio for greater safety. In 1804, a new church was erected, and the bodies of Padre Jaume and colleagues were re-interred in the sanctuary. Again, in 1813, a more substantial church was built, and it is the remains of this structure that to-day attract the tourist. On November 12th, 1813, with the greatest solemnity, the new edifice was dedicated. Again the bodies were destined to be disturbed, this time to be laid away forever, to sleep in the shadow of the cross they loved. According to Book I of Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths, Father Jaume was buried beneath the arch that joined the sanctuaries. Here rests the martyr in whose blood California was baptized. In 1800, there were about three thousand neophytes in the missions and surrounding rancherias, and it might be of interest to inquire into their modes of living. In the early part of the above year, there came to San Diego from Mexico eight foundling children, one of whom survived to dictate, in 1876, the story of routine life at the missions. As her mind was perfectly clear on the subject, the information is reliable.

At daybreak all animal life was astir. All, except the sick or infirm, proceeded to the chapel for mass, and after breaking their fast with atole, they sought their respective fields of labor. Atole, their staple food, consisted of roasted barley, ground very

fine, and converted into pinole by women called pozoleros, or cooks; each day the mavera, keeper of the granaries, distributed to them the quantity required for the three meals. Beef and uncooked mutton were given at the noon-day meal. Between eleven and twelve o'clock this meal was partaken of; the unmarried Indians repaired to the pozolera for their rations, and the married ones to their rancherias, whither their portion had been carried in the morning.

The labors of the day were over at five o'clock, and a more contented, well-fed and comfortable lot of people would have been hard to find, as they plodded their way at sundown to the chapel. Here the Angelus was said, the litany sung, the evening blessing imparted, and all filed out slowly to the pozolera, where their evening meal awaited them.

The girls until marriage were kept religiously concealed in the monjerio, or nunnery, guarded zealously by a trusted old Indian woman. At night, it was her custom to lock the outer door securely, and to carry the key to the Padre, which measure was found expedient for their protection. In the center of the monjerio was a large court, made attractive by graceful palms and fragrant blossoms. Here the maidens spent their days, chatting and laughing in the warm sunshine or cool shade, while spinning wool, or preparing cotton for cloth. The blankets, one of which was given every year to each neophyte, were woven by them. All the tablecloths, napkins, towels, shirts and skirts were made by their hands.

When a neophyte transgressed, he was subject to imprisonment, with or without shackles, according to the degree of his offense; to corporal punishment to the extent of twenty-five lashes; and for a grievous crime, to be surrendered to the military guard and tried at the Presidio.

Thus the days lengthened into months, months into years, until the secularization of the missions in 1835—that is, the temporal management was withdrawn from the Padres and placed in the hands of the Comisionados of the Government. Let us pause and look back over all these years, to see what were the fruits of all this toil. From the Book of Baptisms, we learn that from the planting of the cross in 1769 until 1846, seven thousand one hundred and twenty-six baptisms took place, besides one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six confirmations and two thousand and fifty-one marriages. It was a source of great consolation to Father Junipero Serra in his declining years that there were in heaven at least some souls from San Diego de Alcala, whom he hoped would pray for him and his associates that they would reap the same reward.

This is the story of the first mission in California; those who played a part in its history are dead and gone, and ere long the walls that mark the historic spot will have crumbled into dust, and naught remain but the silent sepulchres of its founders.

A pity it is that this land-mark in our history must pass forever from sight! and now while there is yet time to save the still existing missions from a similar fate, let those who love them hasten to their rescue.

Just north of the San Diego mission ruins, stand the remains of the most beautiful mission of all—San Luis Rey de Francis, founded June 13th, 1798, by President Lassen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyre. It is still in a splendid state of preservation, but each year stamps its work of destruction upon it, and no time is to be lost if we would save it.

The mission was established under the most auspicious circumstances and prospered from the first. Padre Peyre was much beloved, and being possessed of wonderful administrative abilities, reared the grandest adobe church that was ever dedicated in Alta California, completing the structure in 1802. Situated not far from a beautiful river, the lands were fertile and supported large herds of cattle. The

mission population increased with astonishing rapidity.

From this period the records of San Luis are lost ; comparatively little of its history is known in consequence, other than that Padre Peyre continued in administration, maintaining the institution with the same dignity that marked it from its birth. Up to 1826 he had gathered into the fold of Christ two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine proselytes ; the herds and flocks were doubling every ten years, and prosperity, spiritual and temporal, continued to bless San Luis del Rey. However, a dark day was yet in store for the now venerable padre—a decree had gone forth that the mission was to be secularized.

After thirty-three years of faithful and efficient service, unwilling to witness a revolution of his life work and an overthrow of his plans, he bade a tearful farewell to his children and associates, beseeching them to follow in the ways of the cross, and commending them to God. He found his way to Mexico, thence to Spain, and lastly to Rome, where he fell ill and died, disappointed and broken-hearted, far from the scenes he loved.

In 1833, Captain de la Portillo, in the name of the home government, came to Luis Rey, and formally converted the mission into a puebla, the consummation of a plan that had driven Padre Peyre to foreign shores.

Included in the new puebla was San Antonio at Pala, a branch mission established about eighteen miles distant by Father Peyre in 1816. It consisted of a chapel of much beauty, to the right of which, like a sentinel, stood an adobe belfry, in which hung two beautiful bells. To this day these are rung by the Indians who gather from the surrounding hills at the chapel for mass. From the top of the belfry grew huge cacti, which, when in bloom, add greatly to the beauty of the ruins.



Interior of Pala Mission

During her visit to California, Helen Hunt Jackson dwelt ten days amid these ruins, charmed by their picturesque beauty.

There lies about these ruins an air of subdued sublimity ; the effect upon the mind of the beholder is elevating. There comes before one visions of the patient plodding padre, toiling on from year to year, unmindful of his disappointments and deprivations—preaching, baptising, confirming, anointing, and when at last, his earthly toil is ended, here he laid him down amid the scenes of his labors, far from his kith and kin, and the land of his birth.

These crumbling walls that enclose his sepulchre are mute monuments to his greatness.

NOCTURNES.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Night is the death of the day ;
 Death is the night of life ;
E'en as the cloud-wreaths may
 (Leaving the still stars rife),
 The clouds of passion and strife
Fade at sun-setting away.
Night is the death of the day ;
 Death is the night of life.

The moon is the soul of the night,
 But the soul of day is the sun ;
Darkness is undone light
 And light is the dark undone ;
 Sun and moonlight are one
To the eye of unsealed sight.
The moon is the soul of the night
 But the soul of day is the sun.

Love is the moon of death ;
 The sun of life is Love ;
Borne on its silver breath
 The soul to the Soul above
 Hath fled, like a homeward dove
When the gold west darkeneth.
Love is the moon of death ;
 The sun of life is Love.

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR.

A LADY'S JOURNAL.

(Commenced in January number.)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

TIME dragged wearily. We heard of the great happenings ten days or two weeks after they had transpired, which, instead of satisfying us only created a desire for further news. We learned that General Sherman had reached the sea and turned north, and that Jefferson Davis had fled. A rumor came, no one knew how, that he was with a small party in the Everglades of Florida with Mallory, who knew the land and reefs, too, and that their plan must be to reach Havana. Orders were issued that no boats would be allowed to leave the mainland all along the coast. The general had gone up himself to reconnoitre, and the citizens of Key West felt positive that they were going to have their share in the excitement; certainly, no insignificant part of it, should they secure and hold as prisoner, the President of the Confederacy.

The first of May the S. S. Mississippi came in with news up to the 23d of April, bringing some officers on parole belonging to the lost cause, on their way to New Orleans, and as there was to be a theatrical performance that evening they were invited.

The men were so bubbling over with good spirits and fun, they could not resist the opportunity of propounding a few rather combustible conundrums, slightly to my husband's discomfiture, as he knew nothing about it, for they were evidently spontaneous inspirations caused by the presence of the strangers. One major left, but General Wilcox, a surgeon, and others remained, and when the Doctor explained the matter to them, they laughingly said, had they been the men, they could hardly have resisted the opportunity to fire a few harmless shots.

It was very pleasant to see the entire absence of any feeling of animosity, and they talked and chatted over matters with as much good humor as if they had not been trying to kill one another a few months before.

One of the Confederate officers remarked that had it not been for a norther in the first of the war, attempts would have been made to take Fort Jefferson; and it could easily in the very early days, have been accomplished without an armada. Whether they could have retained it must have been proven; no doubt, they could, with it and a few gunboats, have aided their blockade runners in taking cotton to Havana, that would have been of great assistance to them; but Captain Meigs put that out of their power, before they were ready for the second attempt.

Rumors reached us of great excite-

ment in Key West. What it was about we could not learn, unless it was with reference to "Jeff Davis;" but on the 25th of May the S. S. Ella Morse came in, bringing the news of his capture on the tenth, near Quinville, Georgia.

Things were little changed at Fort Jefferson in the autumn, government at times sending down prisoners, thirty or forty at a time, while others were released, still keeping the number up in the hundreds; and as long as so many prisoners were confined there, it would require a large garrison, and would most likely be the last outlying post to be reduced or changed.

A company of the regular army, Fifth Artillery, had been sent down from the North, making a very pleasant addition to the post.

The summer had been a fairly healthy one, having acclimated troops there, and with the Doctor's strict discipline as health officer.

An excitement among the prisoners occasionally broke out in attempts to escape, but without success. The state prisoners, who had been sent down during the summer, naturally gave more anxiety than the others. Their arrival had caused considerable commotion, as the ordering of their sentence—"To the Dry Tortugas," was very unexpected.

The prison had been looked upon by most people at the North as a sort of Bastile set out in the ocean, and this was a culminating proof, when these prisoners were sent there, that it was not only considered a perfectly secure place, but that it was going to be continued as a prison, without reference to the ending of hostilities; and this prospect rendered it still more unpleasant for the officers in charge.

The state prisoners were now orderly, and with the exception of an attempt to escape by Doctor Mudd, they gave almost no trouble. The latter was very restless, and being a physician, there was not much that he could be called upon to do; hence he had more time to brood over his troubles than the others.

He asked my husband to send a long letter, which he gave him to read, to the New York "Herald"—a very sensational and untrue report of the treatment of the prisoners. He had imagined all sorts of indignities and persecutions, when, in fact, they were treated to the same conditions and surroundings as the soldiers, with as good food as government could afford them. Those who had money could buy, as the soldiers did, anything they could get at the sutler's.

My husband took him into the hospital as a kind of assistant nurse, which seemed to modify matters somewhat, and for awhile things went smoothly.

While we were at dinner one day, the hospital steward came in in great haste, saying two men were thought to be dying.

The Doctor hurried to the hospital to find there two patients, whom he had left an hour before convalescent, in the greatest agony. Upon investigation, he found that the nurse had gone away for an hour, leaving Doctor Mudd in charge, with directions to give them some blue mass pills at a certain time, and when asked to get the bottle that he had taken them from, he brought one containing Spanish fly blister.

My husband was convinced that it was a simple blunder, and soon had the men under treatment that relieved them; but they were of one mind that an external blister was much easier to bear than an internal one, and Doctor Mudd lost his opportunity of being made nurse in the hospital, and was put at other duties.

The soldiers were inclined to think it an intentional act, but the Doctor convinced them after much talking that it could scarcely be; the object was wanting, as he lost instead of gained by it, but he guaranteed the opportunity should not offer again.

It was not long after when a steamer was being loaded with coal.

Colonel Hamilton sent a message to the Doctor that Doctor Mudd was missing.

It was the custom always in loading and unloading vessels to utilize the prisoners with the soldiers in such duties; then before the vessel sailed, the roll-call for the prisoners was read, each one answering to his name; they were in squads like the soldiers, so that it could be quickly accomplished.

Orders were issued for the prisoners to return to their quarters, and the soldiers were ordered out and a search made.

The coal was turned over in the vessel, and every part of it searched; but it was some little time before he was brought forth, smutty, discomfited and utterly crestfallen. He was of course put in confinement, more embittered than ever. He must have had assistance, and naturally we felt it was most likely from some one or more belonging to the steamer. As he was recovered, there was no investigation made, and no one compromised.

The Doctor reasoned with him, telling him that the only way to make his imprisonment bearable was to behave as the others did—make the best of it.

Letters that the prisoners sent away had to be inspected, and I presume he had not written home on that account; but letters coming to them were delivered, though liable to be opened, as those were the understood regulations.

The youngest of the state prisoners so won upon the sympathies of the colonel's wife, by his illness and thorough submission, that she prevailed upon the colonel to put him at some duty more congenial. He was installed as a clerk in the office, and without doubt the young fellow had many a lunch from a home table the colonel knew nothing about, or was willing to trust the generous heart of his wife in her unmilitary insubordination.

I heard her remark one day: "I could not see that boy dying from homesickness and the want of a little care, when by management, which I alone am responsible for, it can be averted," and his appearance before many weeks bore evidence of kindly interest.

The others were older men and bore their imprisonment with stolid demeanor.

Spangler was a carpenter, and was sent one day with some other workmen to do a little work at our house.

I could not resist speaking to him. He said, with perfect good nature: "They made a mistake in sending me down here. I had nothing to do with Booth or the assassination of President Lincoln; but I suppose I have done enough in my life to deserve this, so I make the best of it." He was released with the others by Johnson's Christmas Proclamation Act, 1868, one of them having died from yellow fever after we left. During my absence in the summer, I lost my cook Charley. The first of September the island was visited by a cyclone, uprooting trees and throwing down some of the brick walls of the officers' quarters that were in process of construction, the rear walls falling on a house occupied by two officers who were sleeping in them at the time. One was killed instantly by the immense pile of brick that came crashing through the roof.

Charley roused the other officer and rescued him from his perilous position, but the danger from the remaining wall, standing in a tottering, perilous condition, was imminent. As the colonel could not order anyone to do so dangerous a thing as to climb up and pull it down, he called for volunteers, when, to the surprise of every one, Charley, before they realized it, was half way up, calling for someone to throw him a rope, which they did amidst such cheers as Fort Jefferson had never heard before. When he came down safely and the men had taken hold and pulled the trembling wall down, the colonel found Charley and told him to come to the office.

"Now," he said, "what can I do

for you?" Charley's manhood came nearer yielding to the emotional than ever before, as he told his little romance, which I had known for some time, and had watched its growth and wondered how it would end, for I knew that Charley's sentence was for ten years.

When Major McFarland moved his family to Tortugas, they brought a nurse girl whom Charley saw very often. He was generally to be found in Mrs. McFarland's kitchen if not in mine. But the family and the girl sailed away one day, and from then on Charley's smiles were forced ones, brought occasionally by letters from New York.

Now was his time and the colonel appreciated Charley's diffident attempts to tell the good his sweetheart would do him if he could only get away, for she had promised to wait for him; and it resulted in a document reaching the Secretary of War, which gave Charley his liberty.

He went directly to New York, married, and took his bride home to New Hampshire, and later we received a letter very full of happiness, signed by the husband and wife.

General Scott visited Key West, that winter, and gradually the troops from Texas and the Southern posts were called in; but Fort Jefferson served as a military prison for some years after the close of the war. Then it was almost deserted, and now—well, what it is now, will, I understand, be told in the following number by another surgeon's wife, whose home is now by the blue waters of the outer reef.

[THE END.]

THE WHEAT OF SAN JOAQUIN.

BY MADGE MORRIS.

A thousand rustling yellow miles of wheat
Gold-ripened in the sun, in one
Vast fenceless field. The hot June pours its flood
Of flaming splendor down, and burns
The field into such yellowness that it
Is gold of Nature's Alchemy; and all
The mighty length and breadth of valley glows
With ripeness.

Then a rolling of machinery
And tramp of horse and scream of steam
And swishing sighs of falling grain,
And sweaty brows of men; and then—
The Sampson of the valleys lieth shorn.

San Diego.

POMONA.

BY H. J. HALL.

THIRTY miles east of Los Angeles Pomona lies reposing in one of Nature's most beautiful cradles. The lovely valley in which it is situated, twelve miles in length and seven in width, is one of the most fertile and picturesque spots in California. On the north the imposing summits of the Sierra Madre Range look down upon the town with the watchfulness of a mother over her sleeping child; on the east, Mts. San Bernardino and Jacinto stand sentinels over its resting place, while the Chino and Spadra hills on the south, and the San Jose hills on the west present, with their softened outlines, pictures of sweet expression in contrast with the rugged features of the broken mountains about Riverside and Elsinore on the southeast. Within view of Pomona are Mts. Wilson, San Antonio, Cucamonga and many other prominent heights, in whose forests are delightful resorts for the weary metropolitan, and enticing attractions for the lover of gun or fishing-rod. The altitudes of these mountains range from nine thousand to twelve thousand feet, and during more than half the year their aged brows are white with snow. In beauty of scenery, geniality, salubrity, and productiveness, there are few places in California that can rival the vale of Pomona.

Ten years ago the place which is now a city of five thousand inhabitants could boast of domiciling only one hundred and fifty people, and a retrospective glance will enable the mind to realize the great changes effected in Pomona Valley during ten years or less of progression. The original Mexican settlers had done little to develop the resources of the soil, yet the few patches of vines and fruit trees, which they planted, gave sufficient evidence of its wonderful richness. In 1882 the same neglected latent wealth lay hidden in the ground, and the same magnificent scenery surrounded thousands and tens of thousands of acres of land waiting to render up their treasures of productiveness. Now, however, square miles of ground are covered with fruit trees of many kinds. Here thrive to perfection the orange tree, with its golden orbs; the lemon tree, with its primrose colored ellipsoidal fruit; and the olive, with its acorn-shaped oil berries. Here flourish, also, the fig, peach, apricot, pear and nectarine, while hundreds of tons of blackberries, raspberries and strawberries are shipped from this garden, well worthy of the Roman goddess, each kind in its due season. The air is redolent with the perfumes of flowers and aromatic plants, and the valley is clothed in robes of green foliage and bright colored petals.

This change in the scene has been effected by American enterprise and capital, which has roused the vale from its indolent repose and caused it to be active with productive industry, and vocal with the sounds of a rapidly increasing population. In Southern California large tracts of land are almost unproductive, if not supplied with water, and Pomona Valley would have remained a sheep ranch, in the greater portion of it, but for the energy of the Pomona Land and Water Company, which, by the exercise of great skill and the expenditure of much money, has provided it with a system of irrigation that will exclude it forever from the class of non-producers. The result of this generous supply of water, derived partly from the mountain stream of San Antonio Cañon,

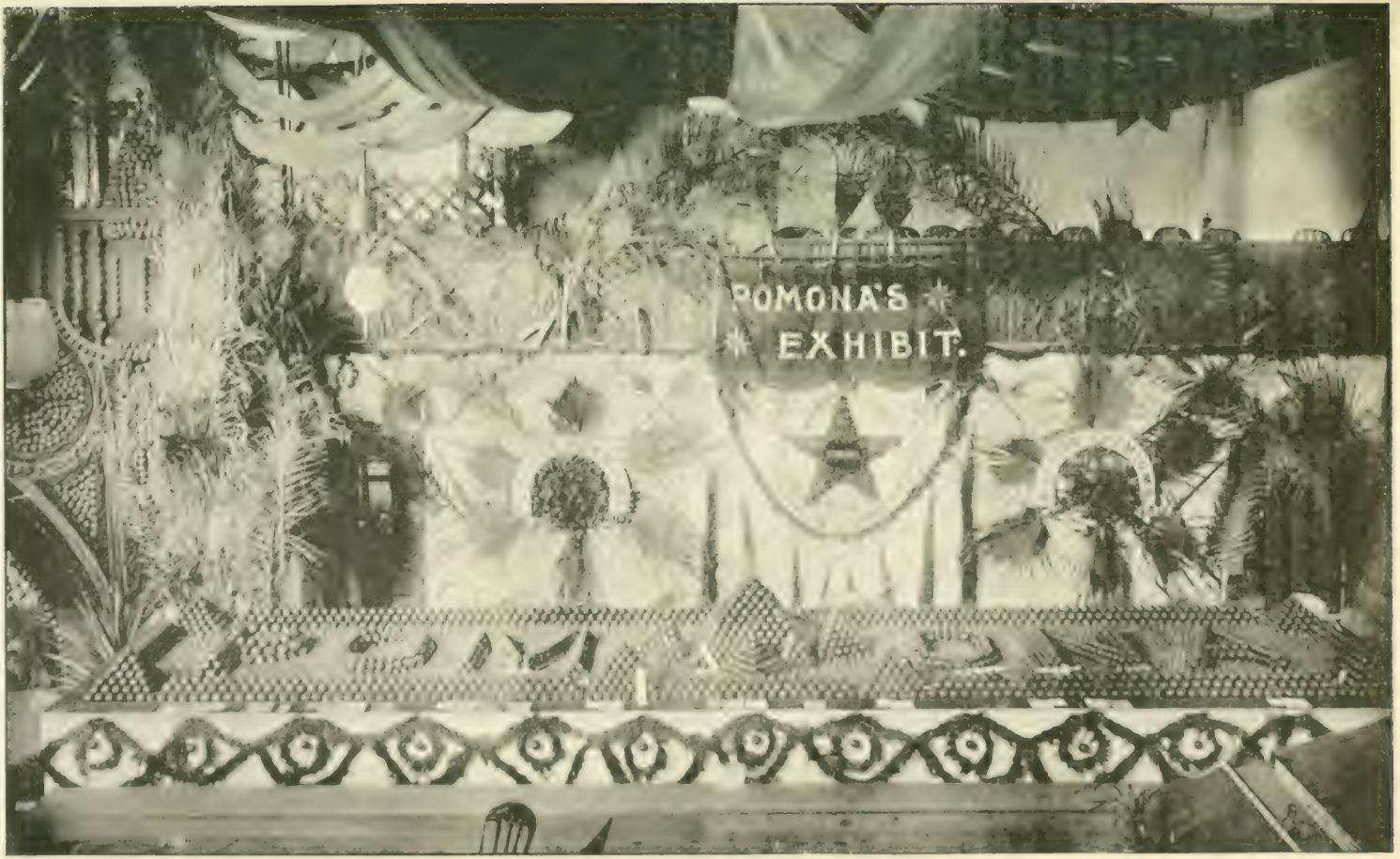
but principally from artesian wells, has been the planting of ten thousand acres of land in fruit trees and vines, four thousand acres of that large area being devoted to the culture of the orange.

The orange is the special attraction to fruit-growers, who have discovered that Pomona Valley in climate, soil and water is most admirably adapted to meet all the requirements of its successful cultivation. Pomona has passed the probationary stage in the experimental culture of this delicious fruit, and vast growers of orange trees attest the appreciation in which her soil is held by careful observers from the east, who have chosen her valley as the field of their enterprise. How great is the faith in the excellence of the conditions necessary for the profitable culture of citrus fruits in this delightful vale, is shown by the large investments that have been made therein of late years. Little more than four years ago Mr. Seth Richards, of Boston, planted out the largest single grove of navel oranges in the world, comprising three hundred acres; more lately, Mr. John E. Packard planted tracts aggregating four hundred acres, while Mr. Henning of Chicago and Major S. U. Androus, late of Detroit, have planted a grove of one hundred and twenty acres.

Although the orange receives far greater attention at present than any other fruit grown in the valley, there are indications of a rival setting up in time a claim to superiority, both as regards quantity and quality of production. The experiments that have been lately made with the olive tree have been so successful, and demonstrate so thoroughly its yield on Pomona soil and the excellence of its oil not to be surpassed elsewhere in the world, that the tree is now being extensively planted. The Padres first brought the olive into California, but were content with a single variety; Americans, however, have ransacked the olive groves of Spain and Italy and Southern France in search of the best and most bountiful specimens, and no fewer than twenty-five or thirty of the choicest varieties of olives, both for oil and pickles, have been introduced into the Pomona nurseries. More than two hundred acres in bearing trees, the erection of an oil mill, and the prize gained by Pomona for her pickles at the recent great Fruit Exhibition held in Los Angeles are symptoms of the future rank that the olive tree will hold among the evergreen inhabitants of this horticultural valley.

Deciduous fruits are no less successfully cultivated, as is evidenced by the fact that no less than three thousand acres are devoted to their culture, and that the Pomona Cannery and Fruit-drying establishments find employment for hundreds of men, women and children during the season. It is well known that semi-tropical climates are not favorable to the growth of this class of fruits, and rare, indeed, is the advantage enjoyed by the settler in Pomona Valley in respect to the profitable production of these fruit trees so shy, particular and irresponsive, when taken to an almost foreign clime. For here he may cultivate with success the fruits of almost every region except the most persistent home-stayers of the reeking tropics. He can surround himself in a short time with an orchard of all kinds of fruits, while delicious berries can be gathered by him, almost from his start, and be a source of income to him while his fruit trees grow into bearing. The friable soil never bakes, and its porous nature causes it alike to absorb the heavy rain and readily to permit moisture to rise. Under these favorable circumstances the roots of trees and plants seize hold of the soil with marvelous rapidity, and speedily attain a size and vigor that enables them to bear large crops of fruit of fine quality at an early age.

The extraordinary fertility of Pomona Valley is in no way discriminating. It does not afford life-giving nurture to particular branches of the



Pomona Exhibit at the Los Angeles Citrus Fair

great flora family, but in its generous disposition furnishes subsistence and rich diet to all trees and plants that appeal to it. Deciduous and evergreen ornamental trees and shrubs find the same developing nourishment as the fruit trees; vegetables and cereals, grasses and flowers flourish under the benign treatment in the same degree as do the orange, the apricot and the strawberry. In this delightful garden of Pomona stretch miles of arboretum, dotted with bright lawns and interspersed with pleasant homes, decked with beds of flowers of every hue and kind. Flora walks hand in hand with Pomona, and while the latter delights the taste with the delicate and varied flavors of her contributions to man's necessities, the former fascinates his eye and evokes his admiration and worship by the inimitable beauty of her children's countless forms and tints and coloring.

The dwellers in this happy vale well appreciate their surroundings, and are not behindhand in promoting and fostering social, educational and religious institutions. In public schools, under efficient management, their children receive instruction from experienced and capable teachers, while Pomona College is one of the leading educational institutions in Southern California. Music and art are encouraged, and a literary taste is developed by the existence of literary societies which are supplemented by a well selected public library. Nearly a dozen different religious denominations have their church edifices, and many secret and beneficiary societies have organizations here. Pomona is progressing with equal rapidity in her social and practical development.

It is estimated by competent authorities that the tillable land tributary to Pomona amounts to two hundred thousand acres, the accessibility to this rich region being assured by the fact that the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fè railroads pass through the city, supplying the inhabitants of the valley with the convenience afforded by an average of eight passenger trains daily.



THROOP UNIVERSITY, PASADENA.

BY JEANNE C. CARR.

THE history of philanthropy has no such illuminated pages as those furnished by the present century; and among the monuments which best illustrate the spirit of the age, and the intellectual advancement of our own country are several new universities, which from the Johns Hopkins, the first great departure from traditional standards and requirements, to the Leland Stanford Jr., prove that a man is rich and fortunate only in proportion to what he is able to furnish for the benefit of others.

It is to be expected hereafter that the man whose keen business foresight has enabled him to amass a fortune and whose heart prompts him to consecrate this to the highest good of posterity, will not leave the final shaping of his benefactions to the interpretation of courts or the changes which time inevitably brings into the private and personal relations. Such at least was the disposition of the generous founder of the institution to which this article is devoted.

Hon. Amos G. Throop was born in the Empire state in 1811, but in early manhood found his way to the lumber regions of Michigan, where, during eleven years of unremitting attention to business he laid the foundation of a generous competence. In 1838, he married Eliza V. Wait of Preston, N. Y., who still lives to cheer his home and encourage his every good work.

In 1843 he removed to Chicago, where he made his home for thirty-seven years. He saw its population of six thousand grow until it reached one million six hundred thousand. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Board of Trade, and for many years served upon its arbitration committee. For eight years he was a member of the City Council, for two terms City Assessor, and for five years a Supervisor of Cook County. He was City Treasurer in 1855, and in '57 a member of the State Legislature, and meanwhile conducted the important business enterprises, which eventually gave him an ample fortune.

Other and sadder experiences were his never to be forgotten.

"Men said at vespers, 'all is well,'
In one wild night the city fell,
Fell homes of prayer and marts of gain,
Before the fiery hurricane."—

That great occasion brought all the manhood and womanhood of the land into service, until "In tears of pity died each flame," and the new city of the West rose in far greater splendor than the old.

Through all this period of storm and stress, as in his entire business career, Mr. Throop steadily held to the idea that the only true use of money was to enhance the happiness of mankind. Carrying this conviction into daily practice, then, after fifty years of business activity, he turned his face toward the Pacific Coast to find a fitting place in which to spend the evening of his life and to exercise his philanthropy. In Pasadena he found great natural attractions, work to do in church and society, and one of the most beautiful and commodious homes of prayer and praise in the State is largely due to his generosity.

He now determined to found an institution which should furnish to youth opportunity for true culture of head, hand and heart. With a keen recollection of his own early hunger for educational advantages which were beyond his reach, he proceeded to devote the whole of his fortune to the endowment of a school which should supply the most practical prep-

aration for professional training, social usefulness or business life. His experience and observation—for he had been an active school commissioner in both Illinois and California—convinced him of the inadequacy of much of our "schooling" to accomplish this great work. He, therefore, sought counsel to aid him in the development of an institution which should be free from these defects.

Governor H. H. Markham, Judge H. W. Magee, Dr. J. C. Michener, Hon. W. U. Masters, Dr. J. S. Hodge, Major George H. Bonebrake, Senator Delos Arnold, Mayor T. P. Lukens, Hon. E. F. Hurlbut, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, Hon P. M. Green, F. C. Howes, Esq., Milton D. Painter, Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon, and the founder composed the Board of Incorporation. Articles of Incorporation were filed on September 23d, 1891. These provided for the establishment, maintenance and operation of an institution of learning, embracing the different departments or colleges of higher education to furnish to students of both sexes and of all religious opinions, a liberal and practical education, which, while thoroughly Christian, was to be absolutely non-sectarian in its character. Its management was to be vested in a Board of fifteen Trustees. The distinguished men and women chosen for the discharge of this duty were: Hon. A. G. Throop, Hon. P. M. Green, J. W. Scoville, Esq., Rev. E. L. Conger, D. D., Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, Mrs. L. T. W. Conger, J. D. Yocum, Esq., E. E. Spalding, Esq., W. E. Arthur, Esq., and Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D., of Pasadena, Cal., Hon. Enoch Knight of Los Angeles, Cal., Prof. C. H. Keyes, President of the University, and Rev. George H. Deere, D. D., of Riverside, Cal., Hon. W. L. Hardison, of Santa Paula, Cal., and Rev. James H. Tuttle, D. D., of Minneapolis, Minn. Three trustees were to be elected annually for a full term of five years, and to this end the board first chosen divided itself by lot into five equal groups. The term of members constituting the first group was to expire in one year; that of the second group, in two years; that of the third group, in three years, and so on.

It was fortunate for this new enterprise that many of the trustees were not new to the business. Eminent among them is the name of J. W. Scoville, better known throughout the states of the interior and especially in the city of Chicago for his liberality to libraries and colleges.

At Oak Park, when it was a country neighborhood to Chicago, he planned the most beautiful of suburbs; and when he left it for a home in Pasadena, the Scoville Library, one of the most beautiful and appropriate of structures was built, endowed and furnished with all the latest and best appliances for efficient service.

Admirable buildings for similar purposes at Beloit College, Wisconsin, and at Carroll College, in Minnesota, are monuments of his large and liberal concern for the interests of posterity.

The Board of Trustees organized on October 2d, by electing Hon. A. G. Throop, President, and L. W. Andrews, of Santa Paula, Cal., Secretary. It was determined to open the preparatory School and College of Letters and Arts at once. The board accordingly secured a lease of the Wooster Block, a handsome four-story brick structure at the corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Kansas street, for the term of five years. It was fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of about one hundred students, and a number of eminent instructors were engaged.

Millard Mayhew Parker, A. M., a native of Maine and graduate of the Wesleyan University, who had served as principal of Glastonbury Academy in Connecticut, 1875–1877, as principal of the High School of Hollister, Massachusetts, from 1877–1882, and as Professor of Latin and Greek in Sierra Madre College since 1884, was chosen to the chair of Ancient Languages.

John Dickinson, A. M., who was elected Professor of Natural Sciences and Mathematics, is a native of Philadelphia, educated in the West Town Friends School and the Wesleyan University. He came to California in 1854, and taught mathematics and sciences for three years in the University of the Pacific. He then returned to the East and spent three years in the Sheffield Scientific School, after which he gave twenty years of service to the ministry, chiefly in New York and Brooklyn and vicinity. Returning to California in 1886, he has since been a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, and has become known throughout the state as a brilliant lecturer.

Ada M. Mariner, M. S., a graduate of Lombard University, was chosen Professor of English and Elocution. Miss Mariner had served as principal in public schools in Galesburg, Illinois, had graduated from the Philadelphia School of Oratory and Expression, had studied with Curry and Powers of Boston, and had for three years been Professor of English and Elocution at Buchtel College.

Emma B. Wait, a native of New York, a student at Erfurt, Germany, 1888–1889; instructor in Modern Languages, in Oak Park, Illinois, High School, 1889–1890; and a student in Ecole Normale Sevigne, Sevres, France, during 1890–1891, was elected Professor of French and German.



Throop University at Pasadena.

Lewis W. Andrews, a native of Missouri, and a graduate of the Northern Illinois Normal School, who, after a successful business experience, had served as Official Reporter of the Superior Court of Ventura County, and who, at the organization of the institution, had been elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees, was also appointed instructor in Mediæval and Modern History.



Hon. A. G. Throop, Founder of Throop University.

Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D., who from 1870 to 1876 had served as Assistant Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, and author of many well-known scientific works, chief among which may be mentioned "Holder's Elements of Zoölogy," a text-book for schools and colleges; "Natural History of the Elephant," "Animal Phosphorescence," "Life of Charles Darwin," and others, was elected Professor of Zoölogy.

David Wallace Mott, M. D., a scientific student at Cornell and Ann Arbor from 1874 to 1882, was elected non-resident Lecturer on Microscopy and Histology.

Philip A. Butler, a native of Massachusetts and a student of art in Boston

from 1861 to 1891, was chosen Professor of Painting and Drawing.

Ellen Beach Yaw, of New York, a pupil of Charles Adams of Boston and the Bjorkstens of New York, as well as a vocalist of rare power, was put in charge of the department of Vocal Music.

Mrs. T. Masac, a native of Maryland, and for many years instructor in the New Orleans Conservatory of Music, was placed at the head of the department of Instrumental Music.

Miss Millie A. Morse, who had been a successful teacher in the public schools of South Bend, Indiana, and St. Joseph, Michigan, was selected as instructor in Stenography and Typewriting.



President C. H. Keyes, of Throop University.

Mrs. Ellen J. Wilson, of New York, with a record of ten years' successful service in the public schools of Pennsylvania and Indiana, was made teacher of the Preparatory Department.

Carlos Bransby, A. M., a native of the United States of Columbia, became

Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature.

A still more important measure was the election of Charles Henry Keyes to the Presidency of the University, a gentleman who had already won an enviable reputation for his advocacy of what has well been termed the new education.

President C. H. Keyes was born in 1858 in Southern Wisconsin, to which state his parents had removed from New York a few years earlier. He was educated in public and private schools, graduating from St. Johns College in 1878. He at once began the work of teaching and the study of Civics and Constitutional Law. After a brief experience in common and graded schools, he was called to the management of the schools of River Falls, Wisconsin. Here his work attracted the attention of the President and regents of the Fourth State Normal School, situated in the same city, and he was elected to a professorship in the latter institution in 1880. So earnest, however, was the protest of the city school authorities, and a year later so urgent the call of the citizens, that he resigned from the faculty of the Normal School and resumed the management of the city schools. In 1883 he was elected Superintendent of Schools of the city of Janesville. This position he held until 1888, putting the schools on a high basis and making the city High School one of the foremost in the State. He had, meanwhile, taken rank as one of the leading educators of Wisconsin ; he gained especial standing as a State Institute conductor and lecturer, and was a prominent officer of the State Teachers' Association. He served for two years as a member of the Board of Inspectors of the State University. He was chairman of the committee which projected and organized the University Summer School of Teachers and sustained it until it was made a regular department of the University. In 1887 he was made Director-General of Wisconsin's educational exhibit at the Centennial celebration of the founding of the Northern Territory. During all these busy years he had continued to press his legal and constitutional studies and had been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, and, in 1888, he resigned to take up the practice of law. After a year of eminent success, the failing health of his wife and youngest child compelled him to seek a milder climate. His strong interest in education reasserted itself and he accepted the Superintendency of the Schools of the city of Riverside, which he has succeeded in making an educational center. Immediately upon his advent into California, President Keyes made his influence felt upon school interests. Two years ago, as Chairman of the Committee of High Schools, he framed the provisions upon which the High School Law of California is based. At San Diego, in 1890, he was an active member of the California State Association, and secured for the city of Riverside the session of 1891. At this latter session he served as chairman of the committee which revised the Constitution, and he was appointed a member of the State Council of Education. He is everywhere known as an energetic school administrator. He was elected President of Throop University in March of 1892, and assumed the duties of the office on July 1st. He comes to his new work with a ripe experience, with a generous knowledge of men and affairs, with an intense devotion to the cause of practical education, and full of the indomitable energy which commands success. As a speaker upon educational questions as well as upon the various topics within the field of civics and economics, President Keyes has few superiors. In his hands the cause of industrial education in Southern California must prosper.

The institution opened its doors to students on November 2d, 1891. Despite the fact that at this date the vast majority of students for the current year had already enrolled them-

selves elsewhere, sixty-five young men and women were admitted to the classes. The work of the year was characterized by enthusiasm on the part of students and the utmost devotion on the part of the Faculty.

But the chief purpose of the new school was yet to be wrought out; its characteristic feature was to be developed. For simply another college of letters, arts and sciences in Southern California, no matter how complete its equipment, how eminent its Faculty or how high its standard, there was no special demand. But for the institution which should give opportunity for the practical training which results in skillful manipulation and accurate vision, as well as clear thought, there was a large field. Early in January the Board of Trustees voted to prepare for the opening of Manual Training and Polytechnic Departments in September of 1892, and to equip them for the training of both sexes. One great object of this new education will, in the language of George S. Mills, be "to foster a higher appreciation of the value and dignity of intelligent manual labor. A boy who sees nothing in manual labor but dull, brute force, despises both the labor and the laborer. With the acquisition of skill in himself comes the willingness to recognize skill in his fellows. When once he appreciates skill in handicraft he honors the workman. This social influence must not be underrated. Many perplexing questions of the day arising from lack of sympathy between classes, and the consequent lack of discrimination between skilled and unskilled labor, will grow clearer as the influence of



Class Room (Cooking) in the Manual Training Department

such an education is felt." Dr. Woodward says: "A manual training school is not a school for the training of carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists and mechanical engineers. In a manual training school, properly so called, no attempt is made to cultivate dexterity at the expense of thought. No mere sleight-of-hand is aimed at, nor is muscular exercise of itself held to be of educational value. An exercise, whether with tools or with books is valuable only in proportion to the demand it makes upon the mind for intelligent, thoughtful work. In the school-shop, the stage of mechanical habit is never reached. The only habit actually acquired is that of thinking. No blow is struck, no line drawn, no motion regulated from muscular habit. The quality of every act springs from the conscious will, accompanied by a definite act of judgment."



Class Room (Carving) Manual Training Department, Throop University.

While it is true that the young man or woman who takes the manual training course, afterwards masters any one of a score of arts, trades or callings in a few months, where the average man or woman requires years, it is far from true that this training is only, or chiefly valuable to the boy who is to be a carpenter, a blacksmith, a draughtsman, an architect, a machinist, an engineer, or an artist. For the physician or surgeon no preparatory training is worth more. For the lawyer, in this day of endless commercial litigation, what preparation is better? For the preacher, what training can better fit him to appreciate the condition of the masses of the people? And as Froebel's motto, "We learn by doing," becomes something more than a fine institute sentiment, such training for the teacher will be indispensable. The man who has to manage large commercial, maufacturing or constructive enterprises needs such training for the protection and economic expenditure of his capital even more than the laborer needs it for the winning of his bread.

It must not be assumed that the girl who takes this training is to become a draughtswoman, an artist, an architect, a professional cook, housekeeper or dressmaker, typewriter, a pharmacist or a teacher.

True, she has prepared herself to rise to mastery in these lines; but she has also prepared herself for the thorough management of a home. She has secured a training as essential for the lady whom others must serve, as for her who by skill wins her bread.

For the accommodation of the new departments a building to be known as "Polytechnic Hall," is now in process of erection at the corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Chestnut street. The new structure which is to be built of brick and two stories in height, has a frontage of one hundred and forty feet on Fair Oaks Avenue and eighty feet on Chestnut street. It is to be finished and furnished for use on or before September 25th, 1892, and will accommodate two hundred and forty students, working in three divisions. The first floor contains the forging shop, which is to be fitted up with twenty forges and anvils and all necessary tools. Next to the forging shop is the machine shop with speed and power lathes, planes, shapers, drills and general tools. Here, too, students will work in divisions of twenty each. A physical work room, physical lecture room, and a physical laboratory, well equipped with apparatus, also finds place on this floor. A room devoted to sewing and garment-making occupies the southwest corner of the first floor.

The second floor is devoted to six distinct lines. Along the Chestnut-street front are situated the pattern shop, the molding shop and the wood-working shop. The southern wing contains the chemical laboratory and lecture room, the quarters of the cooking department and rooms for the free-hand drawing, architectural drawing and clay modeling.



Class Room (Drawing) Manual Training Department, Throop University.

The central tower will be three stories in height and will contain the library, which will be devoted almost entirely to the departments contained in "Polytechnic Hall."

It is proposed to complete the quadrangle a little later by building a hall to be devoted to the special study of electricity and electrical appliances.

Mr. W. H. Parker of Washington University at St. Louis, and also a graduate of the famous St. Louis Manual Training School, has been secured

to take charge of the industrial lines for the young men. Additional instructors will be secured from time to time as the necessity requires.

The history of industrial education in its relations to woman repeats the records made in other lines. The world is slow to provide for woman facilities similar and equal to those prepared for men. Scott College, the Toledo Manual Training School, has been more eminently successful in this work than any other institution in America. Miss Mabel Wilson of this school has been called to take charge of the manual training for girls. No pains will be spared to make this department second to none in the country.

For the Manual Training Department, five parallel lines of work constitute the course of study, which extends over four years, as follows :

First : A course in English Language and Literature, History, Civics, and Economics. Especial attention will be paid to the study of the English. No other proficiency will excuse lack of ability to write and speak the language of the land with fluency and accuracy.

Second : A course in Mathematics, including higher Arithmetic, Mensuration, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry.

Third : A course in Science, including Biology, Geology, Physics and Chemistry.

Fourth : A course in Free-hand and Mechanical Drawing.

Fifth : A course of Tool Instruction, involving carpentry, wood-turning, molding, brazing, soldering, forging, bench and machine work in metals and special work in electrical appliances.

Latin and French or German are permitted as elective with part of the English, Science and Economics. The first four lines are identical for both young men and women. In the fifth line the young ladies take the light carpentry, wood-carving and turning, and for the remainder substitute work in domestic economy, including cooking, chemistry of foods, sewing, cutting, fitting, home decoration, house marketing, etc.

The courses in the new department are largely modeled on those of the now famous schools at St. Louis and Toledo. To more clearly indicate the characteristic features of this department, the courses in the fourth and fifth lines, above referred to, are given in full. They are as follows :

First Year : 1. Free-hand Drawing from objects and from casts, ornamental designing and lettering. 2. Practice line sheet, with instruments. 3. Simple projections with geometric problems.

Wood-work : 1. Joinery. 2. Wood-turning. 3. Wood-carving.

Second Year : 1. Orthographic projections with line shading. 2. Intersection of solids and development of surfaces with flat tinting. 3. Isometric projections.

Forging : 1. Bending and upsetting. 2. Welding. 3. Tool-making. 4. Ornamental iron-work. 5. Brazing.

Third Year : 1. Cornice designs with patterns for shop. 2. Working drawings. 3. Higher geometric problems. 4. Construction of gears, etc. 5. Tracing and blue-printing.

Shop-work : 1. Pattern making. 2. Molding. 3. Tinning, cornice work, metal spinning. 4. Chipping and filing. 5. Machine-shop exercises.

Fourth Year : 1. Perspective. 2. Shades and shadows. 3. Architectural—floor plans, elevations, pen sketching. 4. Brush shading. 5. Final drawing.

Shop-work : 1. Building machinery —electrical machines, mechanical machines, physical apparatus. 2. Electrical work, wiring, lighting, etc.

The course in drawing for the young ladies is practically the same as the one just given, but the work of the fifth line is as follows :

First Year : 1. Light Carpentry. 2. Wood-carving.

Second Year : 1. Course in plain sewing, various stitches and

seams in muslin work, buttonholes, patching, darning and one garment made entirely by hand. 2. Practice in machine sewing. 3. Drafting of patterns for underwear from actual measurements and the making of these garments by application of hand and machine sewing. 4. Instruction in quantity, quality and value of materials used. 5. Home decoration.

THIRD YEAR: 1. Instruction and actual practice by each pupil in cooking, including boiling, broiling, baking, frying and mixing, with their subdivisions. 2. Chemistry of cooking. 3. Instruction in the purchase and care of household supplies. 4. Arrangement and decoration of the table.

FOURTH YEAR: 1. Dressmaking. 2. Measuring. 3. Drafting. 4. Cutting. 5. Fitting and making of garments by each pupil. 6. Instruction in shopping. 7. Theory and art of dress as regards form and color. 8. Relation of dress to climate, condition, habit.

In the College of Letters, Arts and Sciences, whose standard will be kept abreast of that of the State University, only Freshmen and Sophomore classes will be regularly organized for the coming year. A limited number of special students will be admitted to this as to other departments.

The Faculty has been increased by the election of Prof. A. J. McClatchie, a graduate of Olivet College and of the Nebraska University, a special student with Prof. Bessey as Professor of Biology and instructor in Physics and Chemistry.

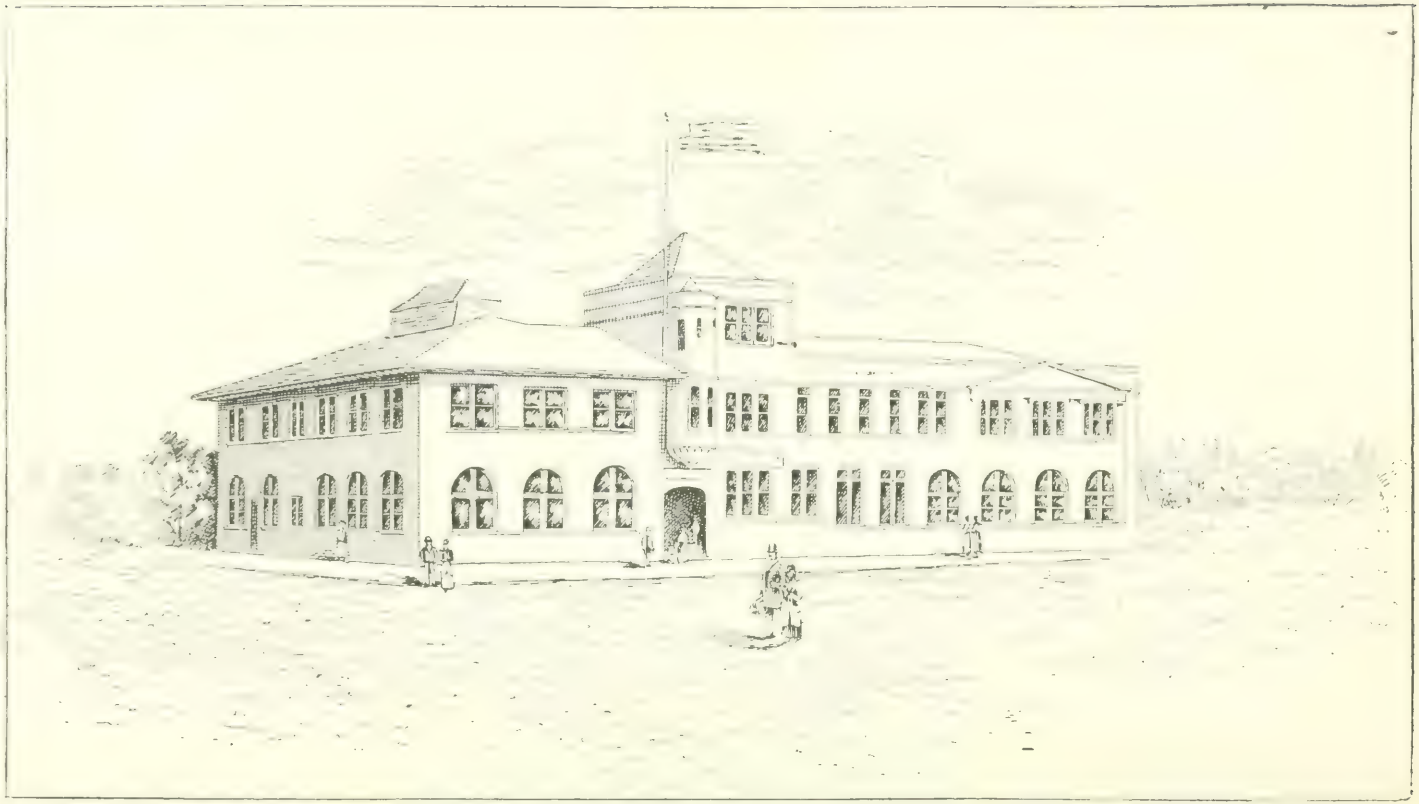
Miss Louise Montgomery of Minnesota, a graduate of the St. Cloud Normal School and of Minnesota University, a post-graduate student and instructor in English and History in the same institution for two years, has been secured as Professor of the English language and History.

Representatives of all the leading denominations are found in the Faculty, and a strong effort will be made to establish in the community such a relationship for the student in the community as is desirable for his social training and welfare.

Nearly two floors of the Wooster Building are being conveniently fitted

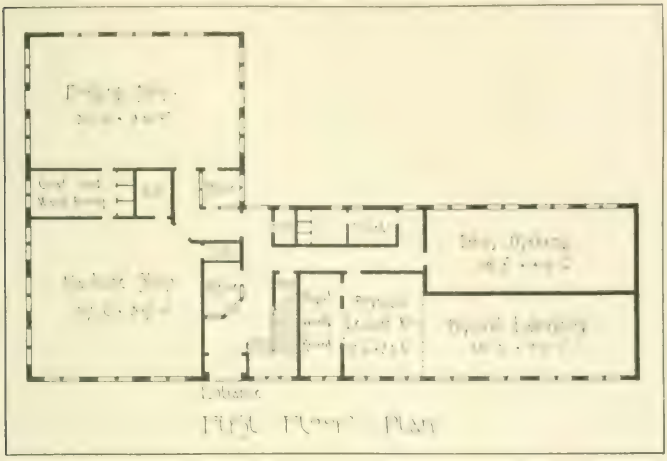


Class Room (Chemistry) Throop University.



Polytechnic Hall of Throop University

up as homes for the students. Mrs. J. B. Sunderlan will be placed in charge as matron, and with the coöperation of the preceptress and

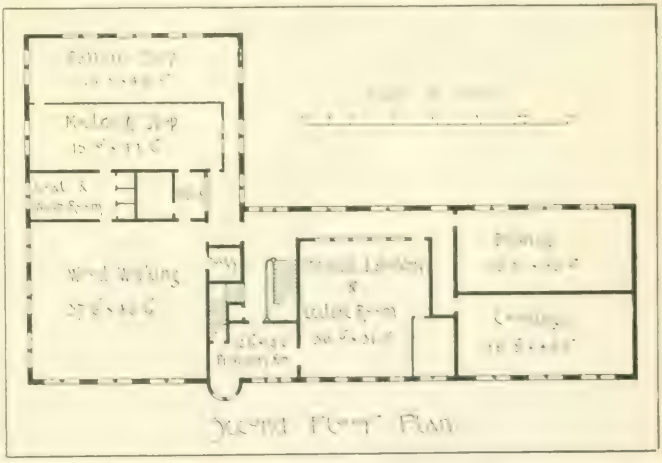


Polytechnic Hall.

class officers, will secure such surroundings and influences as will most conduce to the growth which parents desire beyond all others. Arrangements will also be made for a home-like students' dining-hall in the immediate vicinity of this building. The cost of living will be fixed at a rate much below that usually obtained in California.

The discipline of the school will constantly keep in mind the development of self-governing citizens, and self-respecting, law-abiding men and women. The helpfulness of the everwatchful friend will take the place of the vigilance of the educational policeman.

Finally, it is hoped to make the institution especially attractive for that class of students for whom the methods and conditions of the average school are repulsive, but for whom the New Education offers boundless opportunities. Gen. Francis A. Walker has said: "There is now no place, or only a most uncomfortable one, for those boys who are strong in perception, apt in manipulation and correct in the interpretation of phenomena, but who are not good at memorizing or rehearsing the opinions and statements of others; or who by diffidence or slowness of speech are not fitted for the ordinary intellectual gymnastics. These boys are quite as numerous as the other sort, and are quite as deserving of sympathy and respect, besides rather better qualified to become of use in the industrial and social order. And yet, for this class of boys, the average school offers almost



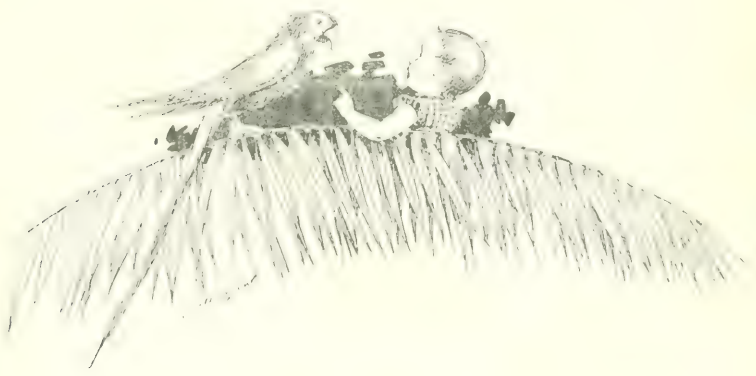
Polytechnic Hall

nothing upon which they can employ their priceless powers. They may, by laboring painfully over the prescribed but uncongenial exercises, escape the stigma of being blockheads, but at

best never know the joy of intellectual acquisition. They will always appear to disadvantage when compared with the boys with good memories for words, whose mental and moral natures accept with pleasure or without serious question the statements and conclusions of others. Such boys are practically plowed under in our schools as not worth harvesting. And yet it not infrequently happens that the boy who is regarded as dull, because he cannot master an artificial system of grammatical analysis—isn't worth a cent for giving a list of the kings of England, who neither knows nor cares what are the principal productions of Borneo, has a better pair of eyes, a better pair of hands, a better judgment, and, even by the standards of the merchant, the manufacturer and the railroad president a better head than his master." Such boys will find in the Manual Training School that which is sure to bring out their latent powers. Girls, too, who class with these will here find their possibilities developed into powers.

A special course will be provided for the training of teachers for the higher grade of schools and for positions demanding instructors who are able to incorporate the methods of the industrial education into regular school work. Education by doing, can only be realized through those who have themselves had such training. This course will involve not only the study of the principles and practice of teaching and school management, but will lay special stress upon the preparation of school material, the construction of charts, maps, and apparatus. It will be so shaped as to prepare teachers to secure Grammar and High School certificates.

Such, in brief, are the facilities which the munificence of Hon. A. G. Throop has provided for the young men and women of Southern California. Situated in the land of perpetual sunshine and perennial blossoms, amid the most picturesque scenery of the South California Alps, where every breeze that blows from mountain or sea brings renewal of body and mind, the Throop University will doubtless become a well-spring of blessing to a great number of the native sons and daughters of this favored state, and become the leading attraction to emigrants from lands of snow to lands of sun.



THE NICARAGUA CANAL—ITS FINANCIAL ASPECT.

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE SHERRY.

THERE is now a practical unanimity of opinion that the Maritime Canal of Nicaragua should be constructed as speedily as possible, and, on the part of American citizens, that it shall be constructed as well as operated under American control. There are honest differences of opinion as to the methods by which American control can be secured, as well as dishonest utterances on the same branch of the subject by parties under influences adverse to the public welfare. What I shall have to write on this subject is intended to present the financial aspect of the question honestly and openly, as well as with due respect for the opinions of others, if they differ with me.

My ideal method of financing this beneficent enterprise is that the United States Government should build and operate this inter-oceanic highway, with free tolls for the shipping owned bona fide by American and Nicaraguan citizens, and charging a fairly remunerative toll on shipping under other flags. We should thus have a free inter-oceanic water-way, and foreign shipping would pay for its maintenance with a moderate profit, say five per cent, on the cost of construction added. No American will contest the desirability of such a national policy regarding the Nicaraguan Canal. It would become as great an advantage to the Republic as the now free Erie Canal is to the commerce of the State of New York and its contiguous territory. It would be a glorious thing for our country to accomplish; a blessing to the world at large, and a pride to American citizenship. Doubtless this was the feeling of President Arthur and his Secretary of State, Frelinghuysen, when he negotiated the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen Treaty, which was ratified by the Senate of Nicaragua and withdrawn by President Cleveland from the United States Senate. This treaty was signed by the respective government officials on December 1st, 1884. Had it been ratified by our senate the canal would doubtless have been in operation a year or more! What a blessing it would have been to our Pacific Coast needs no demonstration, and is amply proven by the present urgent demands of our producers and merchants. Cheap transportation by land and water is to-day the most vital question before our people; a question pressing upon us for solution, and one which will create increasing excitement and imperative demand from our people, until justice to the public interests shall have been attained. Consequently, the financial aspect of the canal question must be a matter of earnest discussion among our citizens, who will have to pay for the use of the highway between the oceans.

Construction by the United States government involves no discussion, provided the policy be admitted as the most advantageous for our citizens. The credit of our government stands so high that success would be assured at the inception of the enterprise. But there are some who doubt if the canal could be built as cheaply or as quickly by the government itself as through the agency of an intermediary construction company, made responsible to the government by conservative legislation. Certain it is that our public works generally cost far more and require more time for their completion than private work of the same character; this being occasioned largely by the partial appropriations made by each congress, often in amounts insufficient to permit the

active and uninterrupted prosecution of the work. Examples of this unwise policy are abundant all over the country.

The Zavalla-Frelinghuysen Treaty was a proof of the friendly disposition of the government of Nicaragua, and the refusal of our government to ratify it probably a source of mortification to our sister republic, which had accepted the proposition of a joint sovereignty with the United States over an inter-oceanic canal within its territory, also carrying with it a land grant to be owned and governed jointly by the two republics. Consequently we cannot blame Nicaragua when, this treaty having been rejected by the United States government, she granted the present concession to the "Nicaraguan Canal Association," composed of American citizens, for construction under private corporate control, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars having been paid by the association as an evidence of good faith.

The reader will appreciate the confidence of the gentlemen who renewed their efforts for an inter-ocean highway through Nicaragua when Count De Lesseps was in the full tide of apparent success at Panama, and had with coin and influence prevented construction at Nicaragua under the prior charter granted to the "Provisional Canal Society," in which General Grant, General MacLellan, Admiral Ammen and other prominent citizens were interested. They knew the merits of the Nicaraguan route, and they fully understood, even at that early date, that the French would never succeed with a sea level canal at Panama. With this effort I was personally associated, and from the experience of two winters at Washington fully appreciate the powerful influences the canal had then to encounter. French money, lavishly used, the compensated influence of Conkling and Ingersoll as attorneys, the opposition of Captain Eads with his ship railway, and the "still fight" of the railroad lobby—all these concentrating against the only practical solution of an inter-ocean highway finally defeated and delayed the project upon which depends the prosperity of the Pacific Coast.

We may then congratulate ourselves that the Nicaragua Canal has now reached a point where construction is a certainty of the near future, there being only two uncertain conditions connected therewith—who will own it when completed, and how long it will take to construct it, dependent on its finances; five years being ample time to open the canal, with funds supplied as needed. Thus the finances of the canal now lead in its discussion. Its technical features are no longer matters of doubt—its commercial necessity no one gainsays—its political and military advantage to our country no one questions!

The bill now before the senate certainly appears to provide efficient safeguards for the public welfare. With seventy-seven and one half per cent of its capital stock either in escrow or in permanent possession of the governments of the United States, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, carrying therewith the voting power, it does not appear that the United States can receive damage from financial mismanagement by the company. With guaranteed three per cent bonds, issued only by the Secretary of the Treasury, on certificate of five United States engineers, appointed by the President, as the work proceeds, it appears that the construction company will only obtain the bonds when earned. With six directors, appointed by the President, one by Nicaragua and eight elected by the stock, voting annually, it does not appear that private interests will control this enterprise; certainly not if the executive department of our government executes its duties in the premises, as provided by the canal bill unanimously recommended by the senate committee on foreign relations. The remaining twenty-two and one half per cent of the capital stock it is not permitted to sell except

with the permission of the President of the United States, said permission to be granted only in case the one hundred million dollars' guaranteed bonds are found insufficient to complete the canal, the cost of which, including contingencies, is estimated by Chief Engineer Menocal at sixty-five million, eighty-four thousand, one hundred and seventy-six dollars, and for which the highest estimate thus far made is eighty-seven million, seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand five hundred and seventy dollars total cost! The bill also provides that the stock held in escrow by the Secretary of the Treasury (seventy per cent of the entire capital stock) may be taken at par by the United States government at any time prior to the maturity of the bonds. The importance of this provision is demonstrated by the value of the Suez Canal stock, now worth five hundred and seventy, and paying last year about twenty per centum. The Nicaraguan Canal certainly will do as well, having the tonnage to show for it. Carefully as the canal bill has been drawn to protect the public interests, no one can justly object to such amendments as shall prevent the abuses which have at times attended the use of the public credit by transportation companies. The Nicaragua Canal with cheap tolls is what the producers, merchants and manufacturers of the country demand.

That there is a public feeling against the lending of the public credit to any enterprise is not to be wondered at. The abuses that have attended this policy are valid reasons for this sentiment. But it must be recognized that a Canal Company is in no sense a transportation company, and that this is not a domestic enterprise, but an international one, with obligations to other nationalities than the United States, which has granted to the Canal Company a charter which can be altered, amended or repealed at its pleasure. It is impossible to conceive that it will be the policy of the Canal Company to charge exorbitant tolls, they cannot exceed the Suez Canal charges, and they are restricted by the concession from Nicaragua, which obligates a reduction when a certain percentage (less than the Suez Canal is now earning) has been reached. The prosperity of the Nicaragua Canal will depend upon the amount of tonnage using it—a restricted tonnage with a high toll would be a suicidal financial policy for such a work. "Corporations have no souls," but a gradual reduction of tolls has been the policy of the Suez Canal Company, so eminently successful, that the Nicaragua Canal Company must adopt the same policy in its own interest.

Construction with government financial guarantee, while it should not cost the Republic a dollar, will secure for our commerce a cheap canal, and a cheap canal will permit low tolls. The Canal Company is not a suppliant for this guarantee, and it is proceeding without it. The question devolves upon Congress, if it will have "an American canal under American control." The abuse of such guarantees in the past, as applicable to domestic land transportation companies, should enable the government to provide the necessary safeguards; otherwise what is the benefit of experience?

Let us now examine the conditions appertaining to construction with private capital, and with no obligation to our government except such as may be implied by a national charter.

As a private enterprise the Nicaragua Canal is a gigantic financial undertaking. There is plenty of money in the world and even in this country, to build it. It can be obtained, without doubt, for a handsome compensation. The enterprise differs from a railway in this, that it can earn nothing before completion, and it must be built in a country that furnishes no capital for its construction.

It is obvious that there must be offered to investors large inducements, with discounts on bonds and shares of the capital stock as a bonus. These are the unvarying necessities of such an en-

terprise. Otherwise, why should investors put their money into a project which brings no returns until completion, since where interest is paid it must be added to the cost of construction? It is true that the ultimate financial gain is certain to be as large as at Suez, but life is short and capital in this country demands returns as promptly as is possible. As the work proceeds, it is probable that the discounts on the securities of the Canal Company will decrease, but it is improbable that money can be obtained for this enterprise at par or without some further inducement, until it is on its last quarter toward construction. In placing these securities, bankers' commissions, advertising, etc., must be added to the total cost, and these items will thus be properly chargeable to construction account. They would not exist with construction under government control. It is thus easily demonstrated that the canal will cost very much more, if dependent on private capital for construction, and it will be also obvious that the Construction Company will make a greater profit with construction by means of private capital than under government supervision. Inasmuch as construction under government control, and with the credit of the United States granted to the enterprise, would produce a cheaper canal, why not yet adopt this method of solving the question? The objector to this plan will reply—"Let the government build the canal itself, buy out the company and go ahead, as with any other government work." The United States government has had an opportunity to do this under the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen treaty, which it rejected. Another effort of this character cannot now be made because the present concession from Nicaragua specially forbids its being sold to any government, and this concession has been confirmed to the Canal Company by the government of said Republic. Any policy on the part of the United States government must be contingent upon the sovereign rights of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. It is possible that the present Canal Company might be bought off by joint consent of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and the United States, and another treaty attempted similar in scope to the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen treaty. It is improbable, however, that Nicaragua, having once seen her offers rejected, would renew them, contingent upon the possibility of a second defeat of the measure in the Senate, or through the action of the executive branch of our government. A self-respecting government would not submit to the chances of a second refusal under the same conditions. It has been publicly stated that the present Canal Company will offer no objections to a renewal of the Frelinghuysen policy, asking only a fair remuneration for the work already done, with such profit as may appear proper to our government. But it is so improbable that a renewal of that treaty can be effected, that the proposal has thus far not been seriously entertained by the present administration, so far as is known to the public. Indeed the same objections apply now as those which controlled Mr. Cleveland in withdrawing the Zavalla-Frelinghuysen treaty, early in 1885. The most important of these objections was the apprehension of creating foreign complications by acquiring a joint sovereignty with Nicaragua of the territory on the line of the canal, in violation of treaty stipulations. Some of our people affect to ignore such obligations, but it may be suggested that we should abrogate a treaty and not violate it. If, as a nation, we exact good faith, why should we not accord it? The financial policy of construction with private capital, now being followed by the Canal Company, is certainly objectionable on the score of economy, and politically detrimental to the United States, if sufficient capital is not obtained in this country to keep the business control at home. If the securities of the company are offered to the public on both sides of

the Atlantic, it is altogether probable that the majority of the company's securities will find a market in Europe. This means European commercial and political control, very obnoxious to American interests and national policy.

If the stock of the Canal Company is offered in Europe, where is it most likely to find purchasers? Obviously in England, whose all-pervading maritime policy makes the American Interoceanic Canal an object of great interest to her, and whose shipping would use it more largely than any country except the United States. Her remarkable financial success in the purchase by Lord Beaconsfield of the majority of the Suez Canal stock, and the financial inducements equally apparent at Nicaragua, would assuredly place the control in the hands of the British government, to the great commercial and political detriment of the United States.

I have stated in a previous article that the American control of the Nicaragua Canal is a friendly, practical and complete vindication of the Monroe doctrine. If this control is in this case abandoned, we should discard this political theory and policy, relegating it to "innocuous desuetude!" Monroe and Andrew Jackson might disapprove of this, but they have long since gone over to the majority, and we should no longer uphold that immortal falsehood that "the pen is mightier than the sword!"

What has thus far been written will have suggested the idea that the financial aspect of the canal question is intimately associated with the political consideration of the subject. I may also add a few commercial features connected therewith. That the nation furnishing the money for the canal will largely control the commerce and industries of Nicaragua and Central America, is evident to any observer of events in that part of the world. The abortive attempt at Panama was an instance of this. During the few years of French financial influence there, the Panama Isthmus became a French colony. The motives controlling French patriotism were apparent in many ways, some of them amusing. The tri-color floated everywhere; official orders and documents were all printed in French, exchange on Paris dominated the finances, and importations of merchandise from France were largely increased. The American plant of the Panama railway was Gallicized with French names, even the coal cars, which had been previously numbered, being painted in large letters "charbon!" French brandy and absinthe became the fashionable drink, and largely aided in filling the numerous graveyards. The French are patriotic, and wherever they go they carry France with them so far as they find it possible. That the same result would obtain in Nicaragua follows, as a matter of course. If the United States aspires to develop its foreign commerce, the construction of the Nicaragua Canal under American control will be a greater advantage than half a dozen commercial reciprocity treaties. It will make a large outlet for our silver, Nicaragua having no Mint, and using silver coin as the basis of finance.

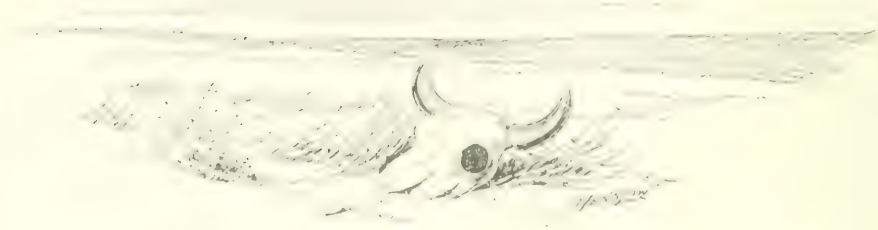
I have written sufficient to prove that every American should approve of the advice of General Grant when he wrote: "I commend to my countrymen an American canal under American control." This can only be attained by the investment of American money in the great work, at least to an amount equal to a majority of the expenditure in construction. How it is obtained is of less importance than that foreign capital should not be permitted to dominate the work. The ideal alluded to is unattainable, and practically the canal must be made to earn dividends, either to pay private capital or to make good the credit of the United States government loaned to it. Under honorable management, with conservative legislation to control it, the canal will not cost the United States government a dollar, and the tolls

will be what commerce can easily pay, not "all that the traffic will bear," as at present in the land transportation of California.

The amount of tonnage which may be relied upon to use the canal when completed may be fairly estimated at eight million, one hundred and fifty-nine thousand and one hundred and fifty tons, besides which the receipts from passenger traffic and the local commerce of Nicaragua will be considerable. The route will become a favorite one for passengers to and from Atlantic ports, while the very fertile region in the vicinity of Lakes Nicaragua and Managua will rapidly increase in population and productiveness. A revenue of over sixteen million dollars per annum can be relied upon the second year after the canal has been opened, and a rapid increase will follow.

The cost of operation and maintenance should not exceed one million dollars per annum under ordinary conditions. The interest on one hundred million dollar bonds will amount to three million dollars, and, deducting two million dollars per annum for sinking fund, there will remain ten per cent per annum net revenue on the extreme cost of one hundred million dollars. The units of cost in the engineer's estimate are generally higher than the work can now be done for, especially as regards dredging, for which twenty to thirty cents per cubic yard is allowed. Machinery can now be produced which will do this work for one-fifth the estimated cost. The surveys have been so ample and conclusive that contractors stand prepared to execute the work for the estimates of cost, with contingency estimate included. Considering financial results at the Suez Canal, the above statement is certainly very conservative.

The Nicaragua Canal is a great work and should be a beneficent enterprise to our country and to the world. As another great monopoly it would be intolerable, and it is pleasant to realize that it cannot become so under any conditions that can be foreseen. I have endeavored to point out the salient points of its financial aspect. It will pay a splendid remuneration to the investor, and it should be a blessing to the producer and the merchant. Let our legislators make it their duty to protect the public interests in connection with this highway between the oceans, while securing its speedy completion, and they will receive the thanks of their fellow-countrymen for ages to come.



THE NOMINATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

No. I.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THE National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880, was one of the most important and interesting ever held in this country. The number of prominent men who were delegates was unusually large and included Garfield, Conkling, Logan, Hoar, Frye, Cameron, Hill, Arthur, Boutwell, Wentworth, Denison, Gens. Harrison and Beaver, James D. Warren and many others who were well known to the country. There were some questions to be settled which had never before been raised, and the candidates were men of extraordinary prominence, from their public service and ability, and they were supported with persistent energy by their respective friends.

It was thought by many that the unit rule had been abusively employed in Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania in attempts on the part of State Conventions to direct how district delegates should vote, even in disregard of the wishes of the district constituencies. The bolt from the instructions of the State Conventions in all those states by a portion of the delegates representing districts, and the insistance on the other side that they should obey the command of the State Conventions raised the issue and each side urged their views with ability and vigor. The question was debated not without asperity, and it was decided that State Conventions could instruct delegates-at-large, but had no control over those chosen by the congressional districts.

Another was whether it was good policy to present to the people the name of one who had already served in the high office of Chief Magistrate for two terms. In other words, it was the third-term question. It had been suggested to Washington and Jefferson that they should stand for a third presidential term, but both declined, and thereafter, no man, not even Jackson, seems ever to have been mentioned in that connection, until General Grant, and at this convention. There were those who pretended that to break over the precedents that had been established was dangerous to public liberty, and there was a good deal of talk that if the third term were given to General Grant he might become a king, though the more sensible men felt as the Duke of Alva did who was applied to for the purpose of getting his aid to the scheme of making Don Carlos king of the Low Countries, and who said: "It is easier to make a monarch than a monarchy." There were few who believed there was danger in giving the people a chance to elect a man as often or as seldom as they please, but the sentiment largely prevailed that a precedent set by the Father of his Country had better be respected as an unwritten and sacred law.

General Grant's patriotism and tremendous successes as a soldier, gave him the highest place in the affections of his loyal countrymen, and his generous nature made him popular among the late foes to the country. His conspicuous military services and high qualities as a man made even his political opponents charitable towards his shortcomings or mistakes as President. He was so true to the cause he espoused and to friends that his supporters naturally adhered to him with unflagging fidelity, and it is not unlikely that because he was gifted with a strong

feeling of gratitude that some who urged his nomination in 1880, expected an equivalent for their services from the influence they would have with him if he became President for the third time. The administration of Hayes had experimented in efforts to disrupt the democracy of the South, by appointing Democrats to office in that section, and to rear up a party of non-partisan reformers in the North by placing nondescripts in office, which proved a flat failure. Under the Hayes régime, the white loyalists of the South, the Carpetbaggers and the negroes felt that they had been abandoned to the mercies of their enemies. There was a revulsion of sentiment from that of liberality towards political opponents and in favoring the policy of Grant's preceding terms. Conditions were exceedingly favorable to General Grant's candidacy and the effort to nominate him came nearer being successful than any dreamed it would be before the Convention assembled. His great name made him a rival whom no other candidate could have overcome, but for the tenacity with which men who admired and loved him adhered to the precedent set by Washington.

Mr. Blaine was a man of great ability, fascinating in intercourse and conspicuous as speaker of the House of Representatives for six years. He rallied around him the more enthusiastic element of the party. He had barely failed in securing the nomination in 1876. One of his active supporters said to the writer that if Blaine were nominated there would be bonfires from one end of the country to the other. But while Blaine had ardent admirers and active political supporters, he also had enemies.

Mr. Sherman had achieved eminent political successes, and he had rendered valuable services to the country. He was regarded as an able legislator and a great financier. His much more than ordinary ability and eminent level-headedness was fully appreciated. In all but one thing he was strong; and it was the fact that he was in the Hayes' Cabinet, where he was recognized as the most responsible and controlling mind, and for every unpopular act of that administration he suffered.

The friends of Grant relied on Vicksburg and Appomattox to carry him through; and the supporters of Blaine hoped to succeed through the emotion that his name would create; but both sides were more intent on mere success in the convention than before the people. They seemed to have no doubt that at the election there could be no failure. The friends of Sherman held the balance of power, and their plan was to maneuver so as not to offend, hoping that either the Grant or Blaine force would ultimately go to their candidate; and in their anxiety to gain friends they toyed and played fast and loose, to some extent, with both the other elements.

Mr. Conkling was the leader of the Grant forces, assisted by General Logan and Mr. Cameron. As Blaine and Conkling were enemies, the friends of the former began by antagonizing the latter, much after the spirit of the phillipic of Blaine in the House of Representatives. There was something of a struggle over the temporary organization, but all sides finally agreed upon Mr. Hoar for temporary, and he was continued as permanent, Chairman. There was no trouble in adopting a platform of principles, because there were no substantial differences of opinion. The reports of the Committees on Contested Seats and Rules and Order of Business were not so easily disposed of. The Convention assembled on Tuesday, but did not get ready to ballot till the following Monday. There were several contests, but the most important one was that in Illinois. The State Convention elected district delegates, as well as those at large, and instructed the whole body to vote as a unit for General Grant. The Conventions in New York and Pennsylvania had done the same thing, but none of the districts had elected

contesting delegations as had been done in some instances in Illinois. The Committee on Contested Seats reported first, and it was proposed to act upon its report before that on Rules and Order of Business was made. To this there were objections, and among the objectors was Senator Frye, of Maine, and he inquired why that Committee had not reported. General Sharpe, of New York, who was a member, answered that that Committee had instructed its Chairman, General Garfield, not to report until that from the other Committee had been made and acted upon. Mr. Frye made a remark which was understood by General Sharpe as casting doubt upon his veracity. Mr. Frye appealed to General Garfield to state the fact who confirmed the statement of General Sharpe, but said he was ready to obey the order of the Convention. Then Mr. Frye inquired of him what limitation of debate there would be if the Convention proceeded to discuss the contests before any rules were adopted. General Garfield replied that there would be none. Pointing his finger to Mr. Conkling, Mr. Frye asked, "Do you see the point?" Mr. Conkling arose, and in his inimitable way, stated what had occurred, and most significantly that Mr. Frye had pointed to him and asked if he saw the point. He concluded by saying, "I arise to say to the gentleman from Maine that *I do see the point.*" The Convention understood that Mr. Frye intended by that to especially antagonize Mr. Conkling as the leader of the supporters of General Grant, and from the manner of Mr. Conkling that he intended to convey the impression that he was hostile to Mr. Blaine.

The hostility of Conkling to Blaine was manifested at all times when it could be done without unseemly impropriety. I met him in a hall of the Grand Pacific Hotel the afternoon before the Convention assembled. He asked me if I could not leave the support of Mr. Sherman and cast a vote for my old friend, General Grant. I replied that I was not for Mr. Sherman. He then asked who I was for, and I said Mr. Blaine. With a tone of surprise and emphasis, he repeated, "*Blaine,*" and then asked, "Do you think you can elect him?" I replied, "I suppose we can elect whomsoever this Convention may nominate." He responded significantly, "You had better think about that." It was then supposed that the South would cast a solid electoral vote for the Democratic candidate, and hence Republican success could not be achieved without New York. The State was, more than ever before, an important political factor, and as the so-called stalwart element largely preponderated in New York, and Mr. Conkling appeared to be potential with it, his evident hostility to Mr. Blaine had a depressing effect upon the latter's friends, and quite a number of the most thoughtful and earnest Republicans at least doubted the wisdom of Mr. Blaine's nomination. In the contests, the Convention decided, by a large majority, that the State Conventions could go no further than to instruct the delegates at large. This weakened the Grant strength considerably, but it only served to make his friends more determined and persistent. The friends of Blaine and Sherman had mainly voted against the unit rule. Debate on the contests was limited by the rule which was displeasing to the Grant men, but General Harrison, of Indiana, advocated allowing a liberal addition of time, which was agreed to, and it had a tendency to mollify the feelings of the Grant leaders. But they contested every inch of ground until the Convention was ready for the nominating speeches.

In the contest over the unit rule, General Garfield was prominent from the fact that he was Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Order of Business. Mr. Conkling moved a resolution that all the delegates should be required to pledge themselves to support the nominees, whoever they might be, as a prerequisite to the right

to vote in the Convention. In the course of the debate, Mr. Campbell, of West Virginia, declared he would not make the pledge, even if the resolution were adopted. General Garfield defended the position of Mr. Campbell and opposed the resolution, holding that it was unnecessary, as every gentleman would feel bound to support the nominees, as a general proposition, but that there might be cases where one might not think it his duty to do so, and that the Convention should not attempt to bind the conscience of any man ; that each delegate should be left free to carry out his convictions of duty. The Convention refused to adopt the resolution. The friends of General Grant, in the Convention and in the galleries, early greeted the entrance of Conkling into the Convention with various manifestations of applause, and they soon grew into immense proportions. As he and General Garfield were pitted against each other in the most important struggles in the Convention, the opponents of General Grant began greeting him when he entered, in a similar manner, and they soon excelled those bestowed upon Mr. Conkling. These manifestations were kept up till the Convention terminated its labors in selecting the Presidential candidate.

Nominating speeches were commenced and concluded on Saturday. The speech of Conkling nominating General Grant was a memorable one in delivery, and in artful presentation of the merits of his candidate. He made it appear that New York was of the utmost importance in the election, indicating that Grant alone could save any of the Southern States. Quoting Napoleon, he said it was a question whether the South would be permanently "Republican or Cossack." The climax was when he said that Grant had no wires running from his house to the Convention, which was a thrust at Blaine, and no bureau of information, which was a slap at Sherman, and no means of knowing the proceedings of the Convention other than those possessed by the body of the people, and that having no policy of his own contrary to the will of the people, "he never betrayed a cause nor a friend." His speech created the utmost enthusiasm and was received with tremendous applause in the body of the Convention, and in the galleries, which was prolonged unprecedentedly. Mr. Joy of Michigan followed and read a long, prosy speech in behalf of Mr. Blaine. His voice had so little volume that it was not heard in but a small part of the vast building in which the Convention sat. Mr. Joy was a wealthy railroad man, and had no other distinction. His speech fell flat upon the Convention and galleries, so much so that Mr. Frye felt it necessary to supplement it with some highly impassioned remarks. Garfield nominated Mr. Sherman, and unlike the others, which were distinctively *ad honimem*, his speech was a presentation of the great Republican cause. He advised that the Convention should not nominate under the impulse naturally aroused by the surroundings and under the influence of the hot sun of June, but with reference to the deliberate judgment of the people to be expressed in cool November days. Garfield's speech was for the purpose of creating conviction, and Conkling's was an appeal to the high esteem in which General Grant was held by the body of his countrymen on account of his magnificent successes as a soldier and great character as a man. Conkling's effort aroused emotion, that of Garfield created a profound impression. When he described the man who should be selected to represent the great cause ; men in the galleries shouted : "Nominate Garfield." The applause was tremendous when he concluded. He had made a more favorable impression for himself than for his candidate.

The maneuvers antecedent to the balloting were skillful, and more especially on the part of the friends of Grant. They were a Macedonian Phalanx from the beginning to the end.

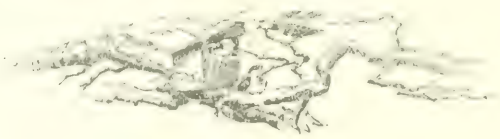
Their conduct was worthy the steadfastness and persistency of their candidate. The old guard of Napoleon was never more faithful. They stood devotedly and sublimely. It was my impression that Blaine would lead Grant on the first ballot and that ultimately the line of the latter would be forced to give way. The contest between the friends of the two leading candidates was so determined and uncompromising that it was impossible that there would be desertions from one side to the other to any appreciable extent, and neither seemed very much inclined to adopt Mr. Sherman as a compromise. There were many men who were supporters of Mr. Blaine, who felt after a few days that he could not be nominated and as a good deal of bad feeling had been aroused, that it would not be wise policy to nominate him. They naturally turned their thoughts to the selection of some one who would assure harmony in the election. Garfield's service in the House of Representatives had been long and conspicuous, and he had acquired distinction on the stump and in the army. He had not been engaged in any factional controversy. His course in the Convention had made a decided impression upon the delegates and the galleries. To show how he was regarded, even by Mr. Conkling, I state an incident: Near the end of the week I received a message from Mr. Conkling to the effect that he would like to have me come to his room. I met him as requested. Knowing my warm personal friendship for General Grant, and that in Congress I was a supporter of his administration, he hoped to induce me to support him in the Convention. The conversation was somewhat protracted and covered the situation generally. I asked him if he had considered what he would do in case it became apparent that General Grant could not be nominated. He replied that he had not, for no such contingency would happen. I said to him that I did not believe he could be nominated by that Convention, by any possibility, and asked if it were not wise to arrange in advance a course to be pursued in case of failure. He answered: "Perhaps so, whom do you suggest?" I said: "General Garfield." "Are you his friend?" he inquired. I answered that I was. He then complained of a remark which had been repeated to him as having been made by General Garfield concerning him which I knew nothing about, but investigation proved that Conkling was misinformed. He stated that a friend of Garfield had gone to individual New York delegates and said: "What a great man Conkling would make of himself if he would nominate Garfield." This displeased him, but he finally said if Garfield were to be nominated, it must be done by a few men in the body of the Convention, and added that next to Grant he preferred Garfield.

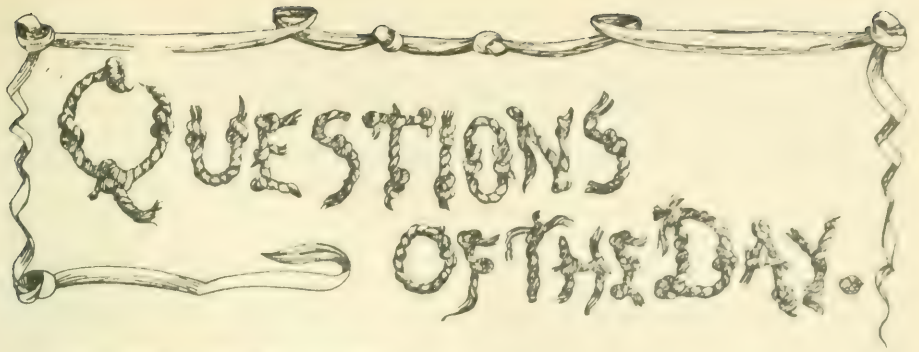
The chances of Mr. Blaine were discussed, among some of his friends, with a good deal of misgiving as to the result. Four delegates from as many different states arranged a programme before the ballotings commenced, to bring out General Garfield in case it looked as if Blaine could not be nominated, for it appeared that some new man would probably be taken up, and who it would be was a matter of direction. The first ballot placed Grant in the lead, which he maintained. Blaine could not make any gain of consequence. Mr. Sherman had about ninety votes, and there were a few scattering ones. At the end of the day the situation was unchanged from that of the morning. There was no possibility that Blaine could be nominated, unless the Ohio Sherman men should abandon their candidate and go over to him. Late in the evening it was arranged that this should be done, though several of the Sherman men preferred Grant to Blaine. It was believed if Ohio should go over to Blaine in the main, it would carry influence enough to nominate

him. Later in the night, Massachusetts sent word to the Ohio Sherman men that her votes, except two or three which were for Grant, would, in the morning, be withdrawn from Blaine and given to Sherman. His Ohio friends, therefore, could not keep their agreement to go over to Blaine, and it put his nomination out of the question, apparently. Instead of a gain, as was expected, Blaine suffered a loss. The time seemed to have arrived to carry into effect the programme that had been arranged for bringing out Garfield. It was to have Wisconsin take the lead for the reason that it was the last state on the list, and the delegates from other states would have time to reflect in the interval between that and the next ballot. It was further arranged that on the succeeding ballot Indiana should cast all her votes for Garfield except two which were for Grant, and that several scattering votes should be given him from the Southern States. The programme succeeded so well that the front states on the list wheeled into line, and when Maine was reached, Blaine's strength in preceding states had nearly all gone over to Garfield, and that state had no alternative but to do likewise. The same was true as to Ohio, for the bulk of the Sherman votes outside of Ohio had aligned themselves with the Garfield ranks. Ohio cast her full vote for him, and he was nominated by a handsome majority, which created immense enthusiasm in the body of the Convention and in the crowded galleries. On motion of Mr. Conkling the nomination was made unanimous. In the evening Mr. Arthur was nominated for Vice President. New York had five candidates —Mr. Arthur, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Haskins, General Woodford and Mr. Morton. Contrary to public belief, Mr. Arthur was selected in caucus against the wishes of Mr. Conkling. Thus terminated the labors of this most memorable Convention.

Garfield and Arthur were both delegates in the Convention, and the former had taken a prominent part in its proceedings. Mr. Grier, of Pennsylvania, had voted for Garfield almost from the beginning, but it had no significance; for he had once or twice voted for others, and he had no personal acquaintance with Garfield. He was familiar with his career and admired it. At the risk of being considered immodest, I make the statement that I had for nearly twenty years been intimate with Garfield in the army, in Congress and in social life, and was familiar with his political aspirations and purposes, and that he had no knowledge of the steps that were taken to promote his nomination, except what occurred openly before the Convention. He had been elected to the Senate to succeed Mr. Thurman, whose term was to expire on the 4th of the succeeding March. When Wisconsin voted for him, he arose and attempted to decline the use of his name, but the Chairman of the Convention refused to let him speak. He turned pale as the tide rolled in his favor, and when the nomination was made unanimous, he looked like a marble statue. He immediately retired to his room at the hotel, and to his friends spoke of his nomination regretfully. He was inpressed with the responsibilities of the position in which he had been placed—which weighed down rather than exhilarated his spirits.

(To be Continued.)





THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT LAW.

THERE is a general impression that this law is a complete preventive of election frauds and crimes, and it is the basis of hope on the part of honest citizens that our politics hereafter will be purer and, possibly, absolutely pure. It has not been in use long enough to determine how efficacious it may prove to be, and any opinion as to its workings must be based upon theory. It is a law skillfully devised, and it seems to be so complete in machinery and detail that to commit crime against the ballot, will not only be more difficult, but detection will be easier than under any previous law. It will therefore, be productive of benefit, because crimes cannot be so easily committed, and the attempt to commit them will be attended with greater peril.

Election laws at the beginning of the government were very simple, and in them comparatively few acts were denounced as crimes, and few penalties provided. Penal provisions have been added from time to time, as occasion seemed to demand, and every law at the time of enactment was supposed to contain all necessary restraints. There has been the same development or evolution that has appeared in the construction of safes so as to make them burglar-proof, but nothing has yet been created that successfully defies the burglar's skill. Every election law thus far has been evaded, violated and defied, and may it not be the same with the Australian law? The genius of the law-maker has not been shown to be superior to that of the political rascal. In constructing naval ships, the effort is to make plating impervious to all projectiles, and at the same time, men are racking their brains to invent explosives and guns that will pierce ships most perfectly armored, and the two classes have kept about an even pace. So it has been with election law-makers and election law-breakers.

Legislation will not change the disposition to be dishonest, or to any appreciable extent revolutionize human nature. So long as there are those who will sell their votes, there will be bribers, and so long as there are weak and cowardly men, there will be intimidation and violence. When men are under the control of a passion for places of power or profit, instead of high moral sentiments, there will be ballot-box stuffing, falsification of returns, and every fraud which the political rascal can devise under whatever law may be enacted. The Australian law, more fully than any previous one, surrounds the voter with official surveillance, but frauds and crimes have most frequently been committed by election officers.

Sworn officers are presumed to be faithful and honest, but experience proves the man to be the same in or out of office. In consequence of this presumption, he can commit crime with less danger of detection and conviction because he has facilities for throwing a cover over his acts. It is rare that the bribed will confess his crime by exposing the briber. To place a man in an inclosure, where by himself he can commune with the spirit of patriotism, may, like prayer in the cloister, tend to make him better, but those capable of being bribed or influenced by intimidation, or willing that a fraud shall be committed, may be reached by the officer who delivers him the ballot, or instructs him as to the manner of voting. Bribery and intimidation are rarely practiced at the polling places, and almost never publicly. This law is not a perfect shield against crime, and no law can be made that

will be. To isolate a man when he votes is a reflection upon his courage, independence or integrity. It is a humiliation, however, to which all are willing to submit, if honest elections will be the result.

The strongest argument against government by the people is the prevalence of fraud and corruption in choosing rulers. Election crimes in this Republic do more to sustain hereditary governments in Europe than the bayonets of Czar or Kaiser.

Legislation cannot be made so perfect as to prevent the evils resulting from the abuse of the ballot. It may afford aid, but the only effective remedy is in a proper public sentiment, a sentiment that will render the political manipulator and rascal a social outlaw, the same as the forger, the burglar and rapist. To steal an election is worse than to imitate a signature, or to enter a homestead when the inmates are asleep and rob them of their property, or to deflower the virtuous; for it involves the whole community in the calamity of bad government, and general demoralization. Under any law honest citizens must watch constantly, and when crime is committed, the severest punishment must be unrelentingly inflicted. People cannot successfully govern themselves and remain idle and listless. The bad element is always active and ready to take advantage of opportunites. If good men are so vigilant that the vicious are prevented from realizing benefits from their frauds and crimes, they will give up their occupation as profitless. The good men in this country largely outnumber the bad men. There will be no serious conflict between the two elements when it is understood that the intelligent and patriotic sleep on their arms. It is said "the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." The political sinner will certainly flee when he realizes that he is pursued by the men who are controlled by considerations of the public welfare.

L. A. S.

PRESERVATION OF THE MISSIONS.

In the October number of THE CALIFORNIAN an editorial was published calling attention to the present state of the California missions, and urging the church and people, irrespective of sect, to take a stand and protect these ancient monuments from vandalism and decay. The Catholic press, throughout America, took the matter up, and it is hoped some good has been accomplished. Recently, through the efforts of some ladies in Los Angeles county, a society has been formed for the preservation of the missions. THE CALIFORNIAN has been asked to aid in the good work, and in the present issue publishes the first of a series of articles on the missions, in which will be presented their romantic history and the claims they have upon the people at large. They are the monuments of old California, and without some especial care, will, in many instances soon become things of the past.

HOW TO SECURE GOOD GOVERNMENT.

THE article of Mr. Richard H. McDonald, Jr., of this city, on "How to Secure Good Municipal Government," published in this number, will be read with profound interest by all good and intelligent citizens. The article is the beginning of a series from the writer upon the important political questions of the day. Mr. McDonald is actively engaged in business, and like many others similarly situated, is giving study to public affairs with a view to the discovery and application of remedies for existing evils. This action is an evidence that the business men of the country mean to take hold of public affairs for the purpose of putting governments on a footing that will promote the public welfare, and redound to the honor of the nation.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IT has been said that some of the counties of California are not showing the interest they should in the World's Fair, though this certainly cannot be said for the entire State. California has a rare opportunity to present itself in its proper colors to the world, and every effort should be made to this end. The article in the present issue on the possibilities of a loan for the World's Fair by Auguste Wey cannot fail to arouse an interest in the question among all Californians. This state has it within its power to make one of the most striking exhibits in the list of States. Especially in archæology and kindred sciences, the State can make a fine showing.

NEW BOOKS

JOHN A. WRIGHT, ESQ., of the San Francisco Bar, presents for public consideration in neatly bound form, published by the S. Carson Company, a monograph, entitled "How to Get Good Judges," which is in many respects a most excellent exposition of the subject. His object is "to suggest means of creating and justifying confidence in the law officers of the government." In the same line is Rufus Choate's famous observation, which was severely criticized, that "it is more necessary that our courts be believed honest than that they be honest." Mr. Wright shows in a forcible manner that the method of forming our judicial system tends to sacrifice the existence of honesty and creates popular distrust. He makes an able and timely presentation of the evils that surround and permeate our courts and seriously menace our system of popular government. But the remedies he proposes involve methods and details too cumbersome and complicated to encourage their adoption. That the lawyers themselves, as is recommended, are best qualified to select the judiciary is a proposition that finds much favor among thoughtful minds. The grave importance of the subject should give Mr. Wright a wide hearing.

MR. WILLIAM H. RHAWN, of Philadelphia, offered a tempting prize for the best essay on roads and roadmaking, which offer, made through the University of Pennsylvania, has produced a rich result. We have now a neatly formed volume of three hundred pages, comprising the best of the essays which entered the competition. This group of monographs has brought together the most exhaustive treatment of common roads, giving the history of improved highways; the scientific and engineering principles relating to them; experiments with the greatest variety of material used in their construction; the economic advantages of good roads; the best methods of construction and maintenance, and of raising money therefor, and the legislation required to effect all these results. The ripest wisdom and experience demonstrate that the MacAdam and the Telford systems are the only ones against which no objection can be brought. No one who has enjoyed the country roads of England and the continent can fail to indorse the opinion that in our zeal to gridiron the land with railroads, we have suffered common wagon roads to fall into neglect and disgrace. We are breeding the finest road horses and building delightful carriages for use and pleasure, but we have only poor roads to drive them on. Fortunately, the wheelsmen and horse-breeders are contributing no little effort to idealize and render practical the whole subject. A road that will satisfy the ardent bicyclist and the sporting horse-trainer, at all times of the year, is the highway that will best subserve the interests of the farmer and the teamster.

This volume published by Henry Carey Baird & Co., Philadelphia, is the most complete book on the subject yet given to the public.

GEORGE R. CATHCART, through the American Book Company, issues a literary reader which appears to us one of the best in the field. The following from the preface gives some of the features of the present edition. "The recognitiou of distinctly scientific writers as contributors to letters is continued. In its early days, science was dry and almost repellent to all save its favored students; but its modern exponents have not failed to see the importance of presenting it in attractive guise, and the writings of Agassiz, Gray, Dana, Lyell, Tyndall, Huxley, and others abound in passages of great beauty, even when judged by the standards of pure literature. Among the leading features of this revision are the Definitions and Outline of Study, which form the introduction to the book; the chapter on the Beginnings of English Literature, which covers the period previous to the time when our language took its permanent form; and the subdivision of our literature into the four great periods of Elizabethan Literature, the Literature of the Commonwealth and Restoration, the Literature of the Eighteenth Century, and the Literature of the Nineteenth Century. The biographical and critical notices have been rewritten and much extended, and an introductory chapter to each of the four grand divisions has been prepared. Each one of

these periods is marked by distinct and definite outlines; each one has its own character, and arranges itself in something like systematic order around certain great central names. It has therefore been possible to make the book orderly and continuous in its character, and to give it an historical perspective, which shows forth the masters and masterpieces of our literature in their true proportions."

THE war between labor and capital is vigorously depicted in "The Coming Climax," published less than a year ago, and just now issued in paper covers to satisfy a wider demand. In this book Mr. Lester C. Hubbard, the author, sums up the results of a wide observation and collection of facts, enforced by many years of patient study. If for no other reason, the volume would be valuable as the sound of that voice of discontent and a sense of outraged justice which refuses to be silenced, and now and then breaks out in a petty revolution such as the recent Homestead riot. As we read his pages, we cannot help feeling how unconsciously a writer thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a cause, drops into a style of treatment that is tinged with the very demagogism which he condemns. Mr. Lester's chance of carrying conviction would be better had he omitted all catch words and phrases such as "scabs," "Pinkerton thugs," and the like, until such terms were made to grow out of the case after it was proved. Aside from this objection, and some extravagance and violence of style, the author may be said to have presented a fair statement of the contending forces that are now nearing the climax which he thinks cannot be further away than ten years.

The country is virtually under the control, we are told, of about three thousand plutocrats, who have their hands on the throttle valves of the great party machines. These millionaires are reinforced by a middle class, numbering three million, that is practically passionless, while against these two factors are arrayed about ten million sons of toil embracing farmers' and trades unions. The remaining fifty million of the nation's population consist of women and children who cut no figure in the contest. The hearts of the ten million are embittered by long years of oppression and its consequent intense hate. They have pleaded for and demanded redress for their wrongs and relief from their burdens. Unless a change for the better shall be wrought out through the peaceful methods of political agencies and national legislation, another civil revolution is predicted, which will deluge the country with bloodshed and ruin.

It strikes the reader as somewhat singular that the author treats the alternative he intimates with so light regard and so pessimistic an eye. We may assure him that, of the three million men whom he consigns to a selfish adherence to that gain which has made the plutocrats, there is a vast multitude that feels as deeply as he regarding the gravity of the situation, though they are not so clamorous. It is not right to rate this contingent of the middle class as opposed to labor because it refuses to indorse all the extravagancies of labor organizations. These men will be joined by a vast number of farmers and laboring men, organized and unorganized, in the condemnation of the tyranny of labor as well as the tyranny of capital. The vast majority of the American people love law, though they may habitually slight it, and when men rise up and incite riot and murder for any cause whatsoever, public opinion will also rise in its terrible majesty to put them down. It may not be amiss, therefore, to inquire why, if there are at least ten million men opposed to plutocracy, they do not strike it down by the silent artillery of the ballot. It may take some years to reach this result, but those years of patient suffering in want will be vastly better than an outbreak in revolution by force.

On the false principle that history must repeat itself, our author draws an illustration from the genesis of the Civil War to show that the same causes now at work will eventuate in the same kind of a result. He makes no account of the tremendous spread of education and intelligence during the past twenty-five years, and he seems not to know that fifty years ago there existed the same unions and federations of industrial workers as now; that they provoked or authorized strikes and riots, persecuted "scabs," and yet before the year 1840 they passed out of sight and mind from no assignable cause. Labor organizations stimulate thinking and in the end they will exalt reason above force. We are undergoing a process of gradual evolution, broken at intervals by a spurt of violence, but tending to prevent the dread calamities of insurrection or revolution. Such books as this one, added to the one thousand four hundred reform newspapers, are carrying to success a bloodless war that will end in the triumph of honest toil. For sale by Robertson, 126 Post street.

A TRIP TO THE VENDOME AND CONGRESS SPRINGS.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

TALES of the wondrous beauty of the Garden City of the Coast had often penetrated into our sanctums at home. Often we had heard of the Elysian bowers that clustered around every home, howsoever humble; of the spreading sycamores that lined its suburban streets and by-ways; and of the unselfish abolition of fences and railings, whereby the pretty gardens became for the nonce the property of the passer-by.

Thither we were bowled on a bright May morning, leaving a large contingent of our brethren still in San Francisco. For an hour and a half we rolled along over a smooth, level country that lay comfortably between two ridges of the grass-grown hills and mountains, on which large herds of cattle and horses were contentedly grazing. Immense fields of waving grain lay on either side of us for great distances, but as we neared Santa Clara County these gave way to stretches of vineyard and orchard.

Numerous thriving towns and cities are located on the railroad, in many of which elegant suburban villas have been erected by city dwellers. Palo Alto, with its magnificently endowed university and its famous stock farm, we passed on our right, but no stop was made. On we sped until the coach door flew open, and the conductor launched forth a wholly unintelligible articulation which proved to be "San Jose," but as for me he might have announced it in Choctaw. What a pandemonium greeted us when the puffing engine pulled in. The bell was ringing vociferously; the clang, clang, of the electric gong was doing its utmost to drown the voice of its less aristocratic fellow-creature on the engine, while a perfect Babel of voices cried out, "Wants carriage?" "St. James," Hotel Vendome," "Baggage, sir?" Grasping our grips we made our way through the crowd to the 'bus of the Hotel Vendome, whither we had been directed, and soon were off.

Down First street for a few blocks, thence into a grove of pines and sycamores that towered skyward from the velvety lawns, interspersed here and there with beds of pansies in purple and gold, all gleaming and glinting in the morning sun, up to the hotel we were driven—a quaint Queen Anne structure of four stories, a charming compilation of gables, turrets, balconies and verandas.

Tired from our almost incessant travel, we were happy to find a retreat so inviting. The general ensemble of the hostelry and surroundings, the wide marble walks, shaded from the midday sun by intertwining branches, the trickling fountains and the rustic tête-à-têtes, put us strongly in mind of the old baronial hall of a good old English gentleman. Entering the lobby, to the right of which is the office, the same thought suggested itself. There on the left stood the wide-mouthed English fireplace, in which a log lay smoldering and spluttering. This is indisputably one of the prettiest vestibules we had met in our travels. Many were more splendid, but few were more attractive. The floor is composed of mosaics of pale blue, cream and chocolate, stretching away to the grand staircase on the left and the dining-hall in the rear. The wood finishing is of the popular Spanish cedar, with great beams running across the ceiling.

Having registered, still incog., with our accompanying bell-boy and bag-

gage, we were ushered into the elevator and taken to our apartments on the second floor. They were charmingly appointed, the finishings and decorations being in good taste and essentially comfortable. The view directly overlooking the park was a solace to a weary soul. The rose maze, teeming with the "Duchesse Brabant" and "Gold of Ophir" was just beneath our window, and each zephyr that blew into our rooms was laden with their sweet breath.

City of Roses, as we had but three days' leave of absence from our party.

Mr. Geo. Snell, our host, generously furnished us with such information as we desired about the points of interest, among which were Alum Rock, Congress Springs, the famous New Almaden quicksilver mines, the Leland Stanford Jr. University, the Santa Clara mission, established in 1777, and the great Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton. Our first drive was through the picturesque streets and past hun-



Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Luncheon next claimed our attention, the balmy atmosphere of the valley already having had a visible effect upon our appetites. The menu was excellent, well served, and compared very favorably with our best Gotham hotels, which, by the way, a New Yorker maintains as a criterion, and to which he never fails to refer. Learning that a well-appointed stable had been established in connection with the hotel, we ordered a four-in-hand for an expeditious glance at the

dreds of charming homes, in whose gardens roses of every variety bloomed in prodigal profusion, then out to Alum Rock, a city reservation of four hundred acres, which it is every good tourist's duty to visit. When our trusty bays drew up in front of the hotel at six o'clock, the soft strains of a string orchestra within greeted our ears. It was dinner hour, and the guests were already descending into the dining-room. An animated scene greeted us, as the steward escorted us

to the seats we occupied at luncheon. What a memory of faces it is his fortune to possess.

The beauties of the dining hall were not half so apparent at lunch hour. Now, lighted by myriads of incandescents, the cream and white tones of the room appeared in all their pristine purity. The sun had not yet gone to rest and the drawn draperies of the western windows admitted the dying light in mellow tones through the cathedral glass. In each of the four fireplaces that stand on either side, great crackling logs burned cheerily.

The dinner menu was excellent, the wine good, the strains of the orchestra reaching our ears with delicious indistinctness, and we all with one accord pronounced "The Vendome" a charming resort, deserving the name and fame it has gained in the few years of its existence.

Outside of those of her metropolis, California has a hostelry of which she may justly feel proud. The ladies' parlors, with billiard room attached, are attractive apartments strongly suggestive of the private home of a cultured and wealthy family. The afternoon promenade along the corridors revealed a cosy reading-room in the left wing, opening out into a broad piazza. Opposite are the gentlemen's quarters, their club-rooms, etc., in a separate wing, connected by an enclosed corridor with the hotel proper. Here, also, is the music hall wherein are given all the musical events of the hotel. Surmounting the main hall, a sun parlor displays an admirable view of the valley, with its teeming orchards and vineyards. Mt. Hamilton can be seen proudly rearing its brow heavenward, fittingly crowned with the dome of the great Observatory.

Thither we were going on the morrow, the start to be made at seven A. M. Having heard many times of the perilous ride up the rugged mountain, inquiry elicited the information that our fears be instantly put aside, if our journey were made in the Vendome stage, driven by Mr. Ross, the veteran handler of the ribbons. In the many years of his mountain ascents an accident had never occurred of any moment. The road, we learned, is not surpassed in the state, having been constructed at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars appropriated by the Legislature. Sir Edwin Arnold aroused the ire of all good San Joseans by informing the public in his articles on California that the road was built at a cost of one thousand dollars by Santa Clara County.

We traversed the same road for a few miles as we took to Alum Rock on the preceding day, when, turning to the right, the ascent began. What a profusion of blue lupines! At times so thick they grew along the wayside, that in the distance it seemed that strips of blue sky had dropped from above and bordered the roadway. A slight mist hung over the valley at starting, but the dispelling rays of the sun soon had their effect — the gray pall was drawn aside further and further, enlarging the panorama at our feet. The ascent is scarcely perceptible, so gentle is the grade; yet on it goes, higher and higher, the horizon becoming more comprehensive at each bend, the vineyards and orchards less distinct, the dwellings mere dots. The waters of San Francisco Bay then came into view, even the blue hills of Marin County beyond were discernible, the great bend of the sky seeming to yoke the Pacific with Mt. Diablo, the guardian of Contra Costa. As on we went, the wealth of flora delighted us. Blue and white lupines, creamy buttercups, dainty baby-blue-eyes, all in sweet accord, dwelt side by side. Such damosels! Little wonder the proud prairie torch and the regal eschscholtzia paid them court, and bent low in token of their charms.

Plunging into a cañon lined on all sides with growths of chaparral and manzanitas, and studded here and there with huge moss-grown bowlders, and emerging into clear, bold space, where we were enabled to catch a glimpse of the shimmering waters of

the bay, we reached Smith's Creek for dinner. This inn is under the same management as the Vendome, and the menu is just as tempting. This was a surprise to us, but a welcome one, the bracing mountain air fitting us admirably for a good dinner. "Here we were strongly reminded of scenes in our Catskills. There ran the mountain stream revealing a multitude of speckled trout. In and out between the rocks they darted, sorely tempting the Waltons of our party from proforty-three feet above the level of the sea.

From the point, the largest telescope in the world nightly assaults the celestial world. While the earth is slumbering these solons on the mountain top are peering into the mysteries of the upper deep. It is claimed that the possibilities of astronomical observation are greater from this point than from any other in the world. The buildings are as substantial as the mountain itself, every device known



The Lobby

ceeding further, particularly as a number of guests from the inn were indulging in the sport, and apparently meeting with great success. Here a relay of horses was obtained, and we made a fresh start, almost loathe to leave so charming a spot. Higher, yet higher, we went, the abyss of space on our right seeming almost illimitable. After making three hundred and sixty-five turns, we were at last at the top of the mountain, four thousand four hundred and

to mechanical skill having been brought into use in their construction and equipment. The ten-ton telescope can be moved and adjusted by a child, so perfect is its mechanical construction and its mounting. Below the stone pier on which it rests, lies the body of the founder of the Observatory, James Lick.

From the top of the dome, the view is indescribably beautiful, inspiring the beholder with awe as well as admiration. Truly the visit is well

worth the trip across the country; the impression that the tourist carries away will remain with him forever.

The lowering sun bade us put aside our glasses and prepare to return. Then the descent began. How the horses whizzed round the turns. In less than three hours we drew up in front of the Vendome, dusty and begrimed, but highly pleased with our day's outing, thus adding another chapter in our diaries of the wonders of California.



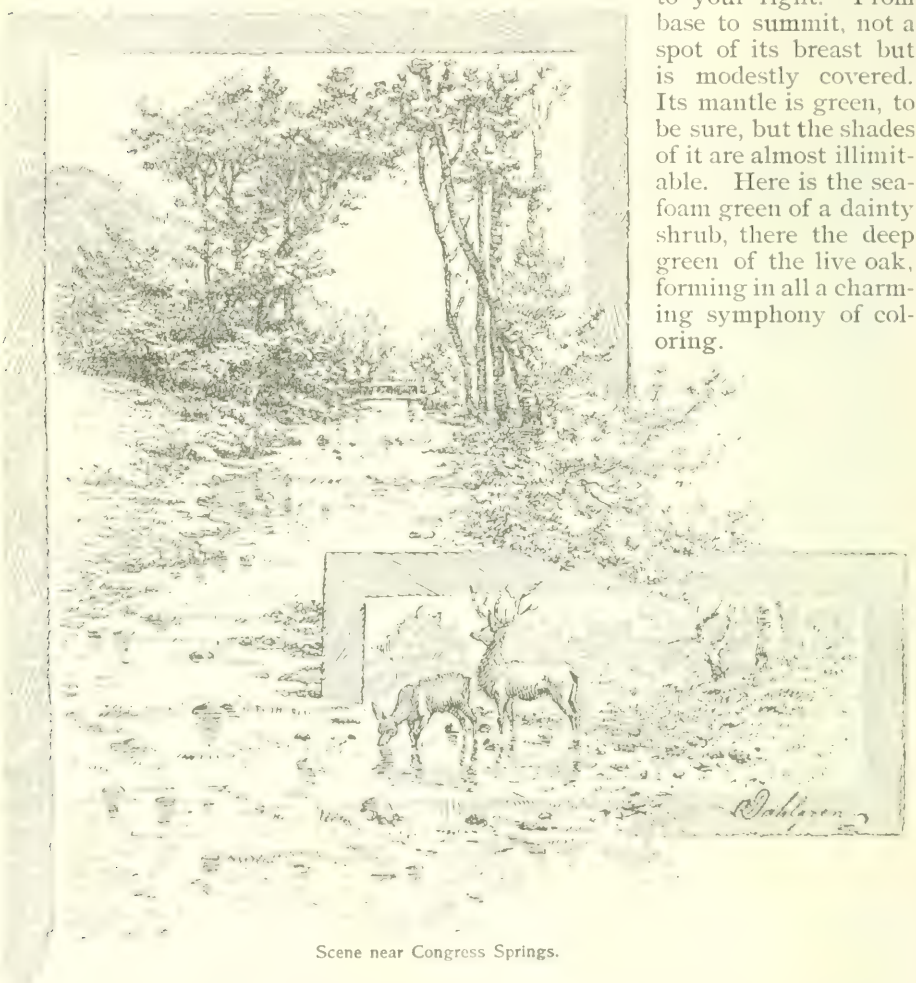
Ladies' Parlor.

The next morning dawned fresh as a watersprite. The air was redolent with the perfume of the moistened grass, while the birds chirped their morning carol to the sun. A pair of spanking bays, driven by the trustworthy Mr. Ross, pawed the gravel impatiently, waiting to start on their fourteen-mile drive to Congress Springs —a popular resort, said to be a counterpart of the famous Congress Springs of New York.

The road lay in a different direction from our previous drives, and was full of delights and surprises. The locality is famous for its deciduous fruit orchards, many of which were still in blossom. Each breeze, pregnant with the perfume of white and pink blossoms, brought back reminiscences of our boyhood days, when, at the juncture we would stand by with our hands thrust in our trousers' pockets, contemplating a royal feast ere many moons. We were not harassed in those days by such diabolical contrivances as barbed-wire fences. On we went, plunging into a grove of cottonwoods and oaks, through which a purling, foaming mountain stream had found its way. The foothills were still in their verdant Easter garb, the manzanitas and live oaks on the hills looking new-born but for their patri-

archal beards that wave in the breeze. We had reached the confines of the Springs almost without knowing it, the hotel bursting upon our view with startling suddenness, as we rounded a short bend. An inviting hostelry, with a wide veranda, sheltering numerous rustic seats, which the guests evidently appreciated, overlooking a charming landscape, designed only by nature. Judging from the multiplicity of vehicles in the sheds, we inferred that a number of lovers of rural delights had come hither for the day.

What an education to dwell among such lovely scenes! A wonder that California does not contribute more artists to the world than she does! Surely no spot on earth was more blessed than she with inspirations. My tourist friends, when you visit Congress Springs, behold that mountain that rises so suddenly from the cañon to your right. From base to summit, not a spot of its breast but is modestly covered. Its mantle is green, to be sure, but the shades of it are almost illimitable. Here is the sea-foam green of a dainty shrub, there the deep green of the live oak, forming in all a charming symphony of coloring.



Scene near Congress Springs.

Wrapt in admiration of the landscape, we had forgotten the sensuous requirements of our grosser selves till lunch hour had almost passed. Having discovered the oversight, our discussions on nature were hastily dropped, and we repaired at once to the dining-room, where a luncheon fit

for a king was spread before us. Sweet milk and cream, flaky bread that rivaled the whiteness of the platter it lay upon—the whole menu was dainty and tempting. Having finished the repast, Mr. Lewis A. Sage, the owner of this delightful spot, directed us through the arbor just in front of the house, and thence to the pathway to the spring, of which he seemed very proud. Tasting the waters, we readily associated them with our own Congress water of New York.

During our ramble we came upon one of the prettiest rustic scenes we had ever beheld. We afterwards learned that it had been perpetuated upon canvas. Following the main pathway, we came to a rustic bridge roofed in from the midday sun by a fretwork of boughs. Built of the limbs of trees, with their grotesque twistings and turnings, the green moss still clinging to them, the clear babbling stream beneath revealing a wealth of chalcedony, rose-quartz and other pretty pebbles, surely it was fit trysting place for Daphne and her lovers. Cool breezes played among the leaves, and the water nymphs danced in the dark eddies of the stream; the trout darted here and there in blissful unconsciousness of impending dangers; the lazy blue bottle buzzed his summer song. Modest cowslips grew in unmolested profusion along the banks hidden now and then from view by growths of fern. In this quiet glen, who would not wish to tarry? We sat on the bridge, saying little but thinking much of the possibilities of a sojourn here, with our trusty rod and line, and other accoutrements of country comforts; then in the warmth of the day, how pleasant to contemplate a plunge into the cool waters of the spring!

While we are thus soliloquizing, the merry laugh of young girls was heard in the distance, followed by shouts from boyish throats, and we knew a party of merry picknickers was approaching. Suddenly they burst upon us from behind a dense clump of cottonwoods, each of them laden with great branches of eschscholtzias whose brilliancy rivaled the orb of day. On investigating, we learned that the hillsides a short distance up stream were aflame with them.

Emerging from our sequestered nook, we were astonished to find the sun had shifted way off to the west, and was almost ready to sink behind the hills. With genuine regret, we headed our horses homeward, promising ourselves that if it were ever again our good fortune to visit California, our visit to Congress Springs would be measured by weeks instead of days.



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PRESS NOTICES

OF

Californian Illustrated Magazine

The geographical wonders of the country are being exploited from time to time in the CALIFORNIAN.—*Boston, Mass., Post.*

The CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE of San Francisco, for June, illustrates the fact that a magazine of the first class can be produced and successfully published on the Pacific Coast. The issue of June is a remarkable one in a typographical, literary and pictorial sense.—*Albany, New York, Times-Union.*

Californians ought to be proud of this periodical.—*New York Christian Inquirer.*

The Magazine was a success from the initial number, and its success has lived and grown with each succeeding issue until now in matter and illustration it ranks high. It is devoted particularly to the Pacific Coast, and its illustrations of that region are worth double the price of the magazine. Next best to an actual trip to that country where Nature has lavished her multiplied wonders, is a year's subscription to the CALIFORNIAN.—*Ludlon, Vt., Enterprise.*

*** Both in literary ability and artistic illustration the CALIFORNIAN, although only in its second volume, takes rank with the chief magazines of the United States, which nobody denies lead the world.—*San Francisco Daily Bulletin.*

If the people living on the Pacific Coast want a first-class monthly magazine, fully up to the "Century," "Harpers'" or the "Cosmopolitan" they should take the CALIFORNIAN.—*Olympic, Wash., Tribune.*

This Magazine is forging ahead in circulation and fast taking its place among the leading magazines of the day.—*Monrovia, Cal., Messenger.*

The CALIFORNIAN is one of the neatest magazines printed, and we have no hesitancy in recommending it to our readers.—*Cornwallis, Oregon, Times.*

In literary merit and art treatment it is well up with the best Eastern work. The illustrations are fine.—*Los Angeles, California, Farmer.*

The illustrations of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE'S August issue are of a perfection that ranks it with the best monthlies either of this country or Europe, while the sustained interest and literary finish of its contributions—nearly wholly from new writers—make it a necessity in cultured circles.—*San Diego, Cal., Daily Sun.*

The editor and publishers are to be congratulated on the success of a literary venture which numbers but six months from the start.—*Toronto, Can., Week.*

THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is the swellest thing ever attempted in the West, and the publishers are reaping a fitting reward for their courage in producing such a really superb periodical. It is selling largely in the East, something unknown in a California journal, excepting only the one you are reading. The number for July went promptly out of print a week after publication.—*San Francisco Book and News Dealer.*

Few Eastern people know what a charming publication is this western magazine.—*Albany, N. Y., Times-Mirror.*

A surprisingly fine magazine in more than one feature is the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED, which comes all the way across the Continent from San Francisco.—*Review of Reviews.*

*** Among the best literary monthlies of the country. —*Hartford, Ct., Post.*

*** One of the great fascinations CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for New[illegible] and readers is the minuteness with which it turns to[illegible]scriptions of Western life. Its illustrations are always admirably selected and ably executed and the variety and richness of its sketches will always gain many admirers.—*Boston Herald.*

California is to be congratulated for having had so many articles descriptive of different portions of the State, putting before its readers in their lights some of the most wonderful things of nature found here. It has made the Magazine immensely popular. —*Oakland, Cal., Young Men.*

We have the July number before us, and the magnificent record already made by this Western magazine literature fully sustained in this issue.—*Piedmont, W. Va., Herald.*

*** This magazine is magnificent. You have never seen the like of the CALIFORNIAN like the art of printing, it leaps [illegible] manhood at its very birth.—*Providence Notes.*

The issues of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for June each present more pages of literary matter more illustrations and a handsomer cover than any magazine in the country at a dollar and a half a year.—*Herald.*

*** Compares favorably with [illegible] magazines and may well claim an honorable [illegible] alongside the "Century." [illegible]—*Argonaut, N. Y.*

The Magazine seems to us to represent the Golden West in a better manner than it has ever been represented. It seems to us that it has a very brilliant future. Every loyal resident of California should subscribe to it.—*Tuolumne, Cal., Independent.*

The Silver State—Limited

THE ROCK ISLAND'S FAST TIME

A HIT

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway

In putting on a new train May 1st, between lake and mountain, made a decided "hit" by naming its East Bound the "Silver State," as will be shown by the following article from the Denver *Sunday Sun*, and the list of congratulatory telegrams it appends from various citizens, firms and organizations in the great silver state, Colorado. It says:

The nineteenth century will attract the attention of future ages for nothing more than its wonderful development in transportation facilities. The news columns of the *Sun* this morning offer to its readers a fresh evidence of the constant and almost daring advance in this direction in the announcement made by the ROCK ISLAND of the inauguration to-day of a special fast-train service leaving Denver daily at 9 o'clock in the morning and arriving in Chicago early in the afternoon of the next day.

Even in these times the thought that the traveler can breakfast in Denver this morning, leave on this new ROCK ISLAND train, which is happily named the "Silver State Limited," and arrive in Chicago to-morrow, and in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington or any of the great Eastern cities, in ample time for dinner and the theater the day after to-morrow, is well calculated to seem just a little appalling at first.

A singular fact in connection with this annihilation of space is the constantly decreasing cost to the pilgrim, accompanied by the constantly increasing cost to the transportation company. For years the railroad fares throughout the country have been gradually reduced until the cost per ticket to Eastern cities is now less than two and one-half cents per mile, and the fatigues of the 2,000-mile journey have one by one disappeared, until now the reading of a good or entertaining novel means a pleasant disposal of the time involved in the trip.

In the meantime, however, the railroads have kept adding to the expense of doing business, and the casual reader hardly grasps the magnitude of such an undertaking as the ROCK ISLAND assumes this morning. Take, for instance, this new train born to-day—a train limited to five cars, which, standing in the Union depot ready to start, represents an investment of over $80,000, and as four such trains are required to complete the service of the "Silver State Limited," the equipment alone of this one daily train each way between Denver and Chicago necessitates an outlay of $320,000. This does not include the cost of operating, such as wages, lighting and the endless sources of expenditure connected with the running of a train, which, when itemized in the annual reports of railroad companies, make such interesting reading, not alone to the stockholders, but also to the uninitiated.

The ROCK ISLAND, ever since its first entering Colorado, has been steadily winning its way into the favor of the traveling public by its hearty co-operation in every move looking toward the securing of low rates, reduction in time and improved facilities, and doubtless their latest enterprise in putting on this new "Silver State Limited" will win them many new friends and patrons.

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HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

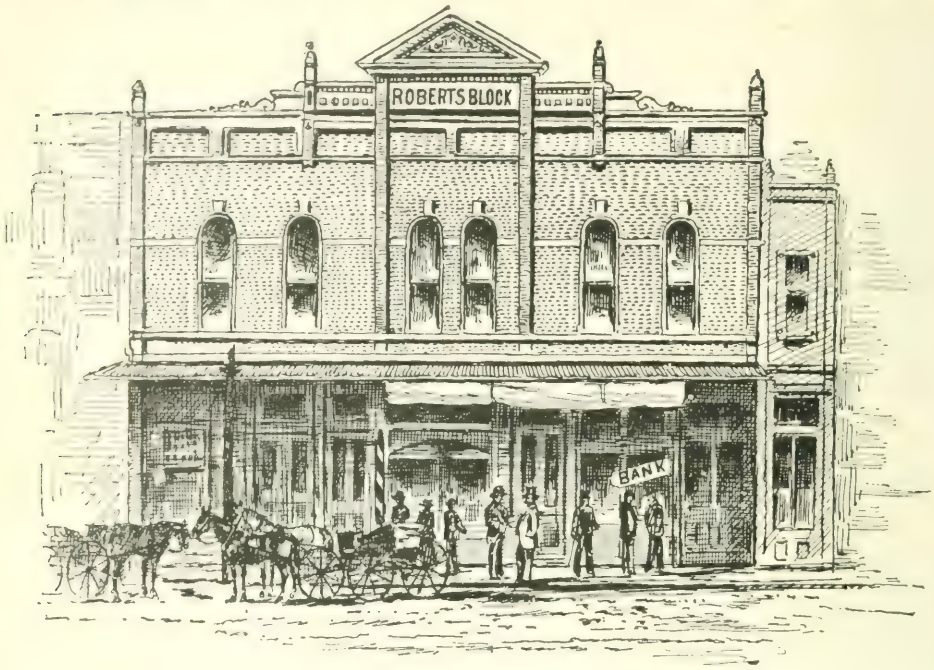
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5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF LOS ANGELES, AUG. 20, 1892.



RESOURCES

Loans, Discounts and Warrants		$1,429,696 12
Banking House and other Real Estate		153,000 00
United States Bonds (P. , par		50,000 00
Cash on hand	$396,886 04	
Due from Banks and U. S. Treasurer	350,527 65	666,413 69
Total		$2,279,109 82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$200,000 00
Reserve Fund		50,000 00
Net undivided profits collected		296,872 13
Deposits Individual	$1,624,834 11	
Deposits Bank	104,093 58	1,728,927 69
National Bank Notes, outstanding		44,310 00
Total		$2,279,109 82

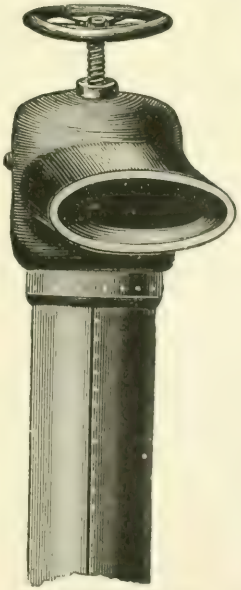
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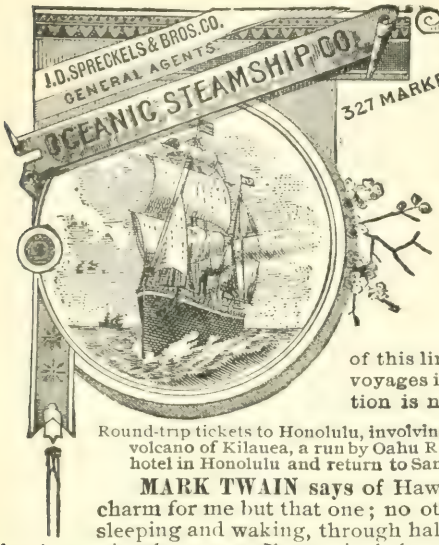


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Paid for Death Claims - - -	$119,374,893.18
" " Matured Endowments -	29,469,432.60
" " Annuities - - - -	1,187,560.44
" " Surrenders - - -	86,471,837.06
" " Dividends - - - -	86,944,135.75
Total - - - -	$323,447,859.03

While nearly One Hundred and Forty-nine millions were paid for Death Claims and Endowments, it will be seen that nearly Eighty-seven Millions were received by the Policy-holders in the shape of dividends or profits; in other words this enormous sum was deducted from the cost of the yearly premiums.

The natural question following the perusal of these figures will be, "What did the Company receive from its Policy-holders?"

It has received for premiums from organization until December 31, 1891, $418,834,674.65: up to the same date the Mutual had paid its Policy-holders, $323,447,859.03. We cannot, for purposes of exact comparison, calculate beyond that date, but up to the beginning of the present year the stewardship of the Mutual Life can be accurately gauged:

It Received from Policy-holders - - - - - - - -	$418,834,674.65
It Paid Policy-holders - - - - - - - - - -	323,447,859.03
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Descriptive.

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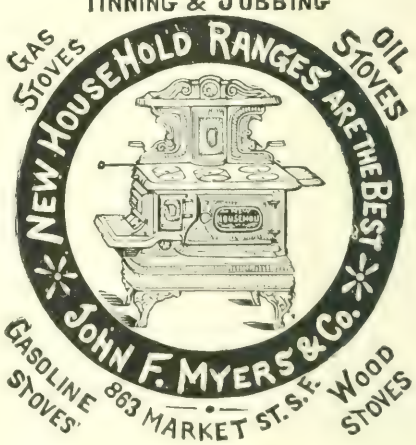
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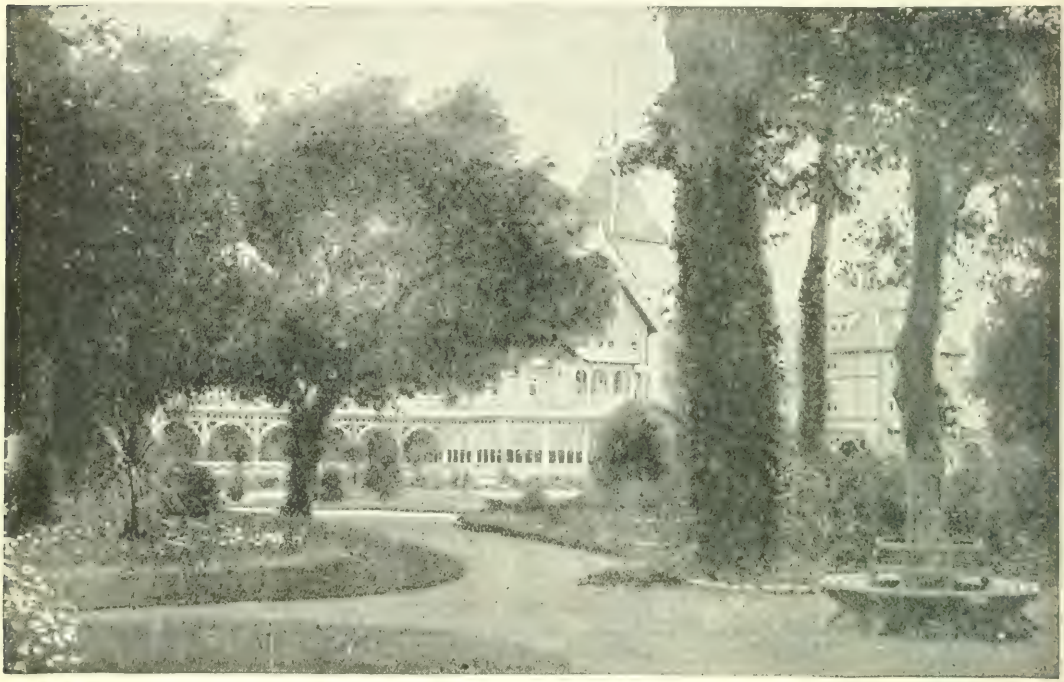
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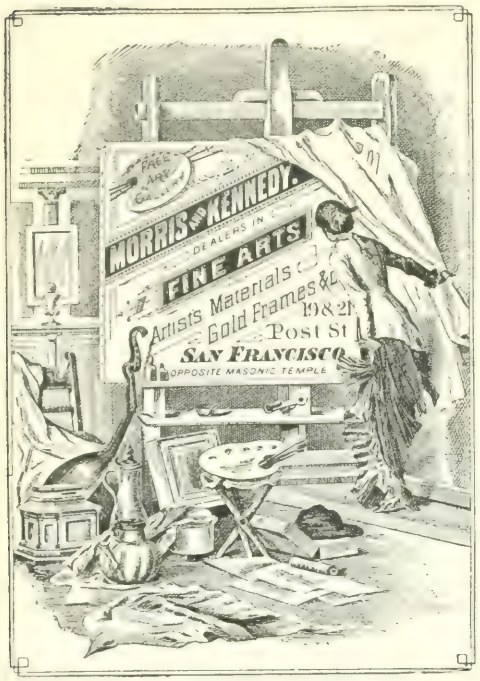
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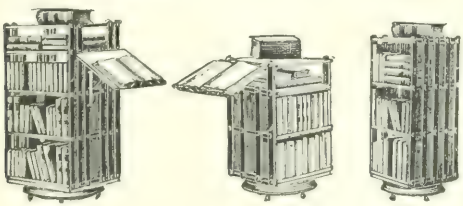
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*12:05 p m	*1:05 p m
*3:00 p m	*3:50 p m
*5:15 p m	*6:10 p m

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†6:30 a m	†7:15 a m
†7:10 a m	*8:05 a m
*8:00 a m	*9:05 a m
*9:00 a m	*10:05 a m
10:00 a m	*11:05 a m
*11:00 a m	*1:00 p m
*12:00 m	*2:05 p m
*2:00 p m	*4:05 p m
*4:00 p m	*5:25 p m
*5:20 p m	*7:05 p m
*6:20 p m	*10:00 p m
*11:00 p m	*11:45 a m

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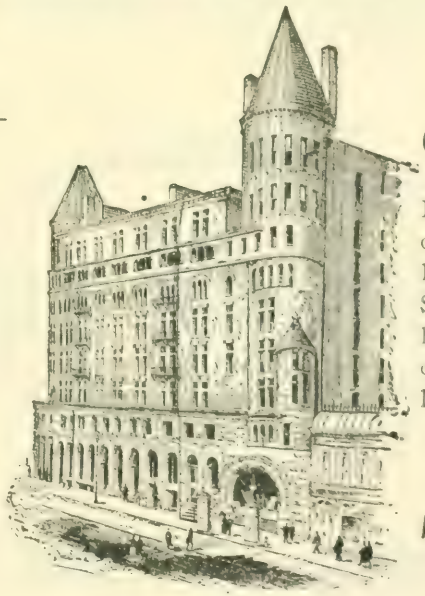
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PHOTOGRAPHING THE OSTRICHES.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 5.



AMONG THE BASKET MAKERS.

BY JEANNE C. CARR.

IN studying the evolution and characteristics of a race, a convenient starting point is found in the earliest evidence of its ability to adapt the materials furnished by wild nature to permanent uses.

On both the eastern and western shores of the Pacific Ocean we find that the art of basketry has played a most important part not only in services essential to the maintenance of life, but possibly a still greater one through the development of intelligence and skill in the process of construction and of taste in decoration. Mr. Christopher Dresser, in his admirable work on "Art and the Art Manufacturers of Japan," says: "The Japanese are the best basket makers in the world. They make baskets which are not only useful, but which may be classed as art objects. The patterns are beautiful, and their curves almost invariably form a pleasing contrast with the lines of other parts of their work." It is a singular coincidence that this is equally true of the baskets made by the Indian women of the Pacific Coast from a period long prior to their intercourse with civilized nations. And however varied have been the requirements of use, the articles are equally remarkable for their perfection of form; and when decorated, for the taste displayed in their coloring and designs.

Conceding the perfection of the Japanese workmanship, and the incomparable superiority of the bamboo as a material of basketry, the Indian baskets afford us a more attractive study through their relation to the higher development of the aboriginal races of our own country. As ideo-

graphs they are full of interest to the ethnologist, who finds in the progressive steps of their manufacture a preparatory training for pottery, weaving and other primitive arts. And in tracing back the conventionalized patterns to their natural sources, the artist finds them in the cones of pine trees, in acorns and the seed vessels of many humbler plants; in heads of dried the grasshoppers for winter use. In times of scarcity they searched every hiding place of fat grub or toothsome bulb; or with a tough stick drove the angleworms from their holes, and with the addition of a few wild onions and acorn flour converted the mess into an appetizing soup. They made petticoats of tule and other wild grasses for summer use, and winter



The Collection of Miss Kate Mabley of Detroit, made in Los Angeles County.

artichokes and burrs of teazels; in feathers and fish scales, and even upon the variegated skins of lizards and snakes.

Among primitive arts, basketry also furnishes the most striking illustration of the inventive genius, fertility of resource and almost incredible patience of the Indian women. They collected the fuel, gathered the stores of acorns, mesquite and other wild seeds; they garments of rabbit and squirrel skins. And while all these accomplishments added to the market value of the women, it was invariably the most expert in basketry who brought the highest price, viz: two strings of shell money, or one hundred dollars.

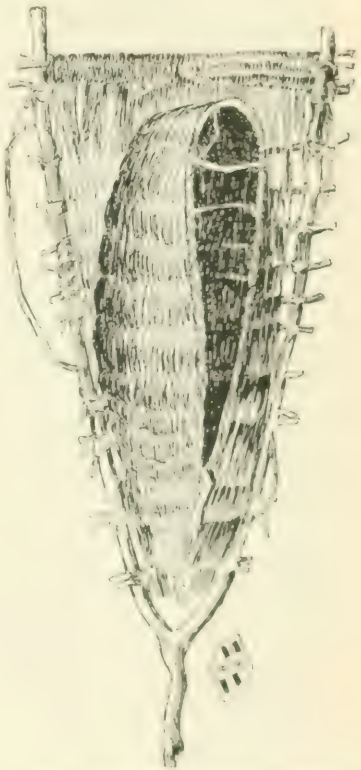
Divorced from the basket of his squaw, the brave had no social status whatever. He could only revenge himself by calling his wife by her own

name —the greatest possible insult to a married woman of the California tribes. The entire alphabet of natural uses was as familiar to them as the changes of the seasons or the tokens of the wind and sky. And though the functions of war and worship, and the pursuits of the chase belonged exclusively to the men, there were female shamans in all the northern tribes, who invoked and cast out spirits and were famous for their skill in the treatment of disease.

Alone in the forest, or beside some rippling stream, the Indian mother received into her bosom the little brown creature who made her slavery endurable. Its basket nest, cunningly wrought after the fashion of a butterfly's cradle, was fastened to a strong frame of wicker-work. Taught by the oriole, she lined the nest with down of milkweed and soft fibres; but prouder or less wary than the bird, she decorated it outwardly with bright feathers and strings of tiny shells. When she traveled, the precious basket was strapped to her back, and she never parted with it until the baby died, the empty basket being then hung above its grave. When at home, the baby basket was usually fastened to the nearest tree, where, with never a cry, the little bead eyes followed the moving clouds and fluttering leaves into the land of dreams, while the mother molded her acorn bread in a basket tray, or cooked her dinner in a deep, round basket into which heated stones were thrown to serve the purposes of fuel.

She converted a round, gray boulder from the nearest brook into a mortar wherein seeds and nuts were pounded into meal; but even this primitive mill was not complete until a wide rim of basketry was securely cemented around its opening to prevent waste. Basket sifters, also, of various degrees of fineness were needed to separate the chaff. An increasing family required more and more baskets, strong and heavy ones for the storage of acorns and grain; others light, yet substantial, in which clothing and the rabbit skin coverlets used in winter could be protected from rain and the ravages of tree rats and squirrels. The aboriginal bureau or wardrobe was simply made by turning a large basket over a smaller one suspended by ropes of hair or strong fibre in some convenient place, out of reach of these enemies.

The thrifty squaw was known not only by the size of her roof granary,



Indian Baby Basket. Chrysalis Pattern.

Contributions to American Ethnology

but by the huge bundles of raw materials, flexile willow wands and long stemmed, wiry grasses, stored away beneath the supporting poles of her hut or wickiup. Thus provided, as described by the earliest American pioneers, the rainy season found her "everlastingly puddering, yet doing nothing." Nevertheless, in textile

art she had no peer. Simply out of the grasses of the field she created forms of beauty and grace, which, "uncontaminated by the complex conditions of civilized art, offer the best possible facilities for the study of esthetic development."*

And while the functional demands of her art were never lost sight of, or in the least degree subordinated, the environment, that its utter extinction is near at hand, unless it is preserved under the fostering hand of the government and perpetuated through the industrial education of Indian children, upon the reservations where the materials of basketry are still abundant.

The Pacific Coast baskets were originally made for carrying and



Baskets collected in the San Gabriel Valley.

shapes were equally perfect, and we may easily trace, in the evolution of both forms and patterns, the growth of an entirely new class of art products indigenous to the Pacific Coast. But so rapid has been the deterioration of the art of basketry under the more and more complex conditions of its

storing water, as well as for the uses already indicated; and hence the lightest, cleanest and most durable materials were selected. These are found in various species of willow, the "chippa" of the Southern Indians, while the fibers of the red bud (Cercis occidentalis) served the same purpose in the North, and are equal to those of the palm and bamboo in flexibility

*W. H. Holmes, in Report of Bureau of Ethnology, 1884.

and strength. Among grasses used in the woof, the smooth, wiry culms of vilfa and sporobolus were preferred. Some very old, undecorated baskets are among the most perfect in form and texture, and we, therefore, conclude that having attained perfection in these respects, the native genius reached out toward surface embellishment for its more adequate expression. What they found to be the only mode of ornamentation which would not interfere with the smoothness and flatness of surfaces, and hence with



The Home of a Basket Maker.

the durability of their work, was color. It is precisely at this point that the fine art of basketry has its beginning.

As the woof or willow coils always covered the more perishable warps of grass stems, the artist was necessarily limited to changes in the woof, and to purely geometric patterns. Every kindergartner knows how infinitely varied these may be, and how every new combination stimulates invention. How far back in the ages the discovery was made that, simply by breaking off the plain fillet and introducing a colored piece in its place, pictures might be made in basketry we never shall know,* but this is certain—the result has proved the capacity of our patient Indian drudge for development along the lines which have made the Japanese so wonderful a people.

The finest as well as the largest California baskets are of the coiled variety. The simplicity of their construction is well shown in the illustration, which presents the bottom of a very old Indian basket from the Pauma reservation in San Diego County. Gregoria Majal, who made it, wove such a granary for each of her three daughters, who are venerable women; yet Gregoria's strength and skill are even now fully competent for work of this quality. This storehouse is nine feet and nine inches in circumference, three feet deep, and has only four coils or stitches to the inch of weaving. Fifteen stitches is considered a fine weave; the finest ever seen by the writer had twenty-eight to the inch, and was truly a perfect work of art. It was beautifully mod-

*See page [illegible] Human figures in Dr. Sherk's illustration.



Large Basket in the Collection of Mrs. Jewett, Lamanda Park.

eled on an acorn pattern, the point of the acorn being cut off, and a flat bottom substituted just where it was required to give the basket secure standing. A perfectly imitated acorn cup formed the cover, in the center of which an exquisitely modeled basketry acorn served as a lift or handle. The body color was broken by the regular introduction of three different shades of brown, giving the whole a rich, beaded appearance, like that of the central basket in the frontispiece. This precious basket was an heirloom in one of the old Spanish families of Los Angeles.

The Indian women were very skillful in the preparation of dyes and mordants, and of the colors used, black red, and various shades of brown, were permanent. The basket hats in common use were of plain colors, and left to steep in the dyes for months, a quantity of pigeon's dung being used as a fixitive. The tribes of Southern California, even those dwelling in the forest regions of Kern and San Bernardino, made little use of spruce or pine roots in their basketry. Nor did they ever use the inner head band, or employ any totemic decorations, like the Haidas of the northern coast. Feathers and shells, though sometimes seen in very old baskets, were more sparingly used in the South where insect life is far more destructive.

With her bundles of well-soaked grasses and willow "splits," the basket maker seats herself in a shady spot with a shallow vessel of water beside her. Taking as many of the grass stems as the nature of her work requires, she wraps the willow firmly and evenly around them for the first, or initial coil. In the second coil the willow is passed through each turn of the initial coil as the winding proceeds, thus creating a system of steps, or stitches, and providing for variations in size and shape on the same principle as that which is applied in knitting and crochet work. Bone needles are used to hold the willow strands firmly in place whenever the operator leaves her work; the strong wing bones of the hawk being preferred for this purpose.* We have now reached a point where we see that our artist has no freedom, but is wholly dominated by technique.† She must have clearly in mind, not only the form, size and special function of the work to be created, but the number of colored stitches required in every row, for each of the figures, and of uncolored ones in the interspaces, must be exactly calculated for every separate line.

The more we study the evolution of the basket, the more astonishing seem the results, until we are willing to concede, not six, but sixty thousand years for the evolution of the basket maker. Perfection of shape is more easily accounted for in the perfection of Nature's models; but even that is becoming contaminated and debased by "untoward exotic influences," resulting in a loss of equilibrium, and the balance of motives and desires.‡ The introduction of extraneous substances, such as beads and feathers, belongs to a comparatively late period in the history of the art. In the feather work of the interior tribes we find proof of the delicacy of the native taste; no inharmonious colors are used; and while the splendor of the color seems to have answered every demand, this was often enhanced by contrast. The earliest explorers and discoverers of the Pacific Coast reported the beauty and perfection of this work of the Indian women; and the Russians of Fort Ross were among the first to send it to Europe.

Mr. Stephen Powers describes a fancy work basket "covered entirely with the down of woodpeckers' scalps among which were a great number of hanging loops of strung beads; and around the rim an upright row of little black quails' plumes gaily nodding." There were eighty plumes,

*These needles passed as heirlooms from mother to daughter, and were carefully treasured along with gambling dice and strings of shell money.

†W. H. Holmes.

‡W. H. Holmes.

which required the sacrifice of as many quails; and at least a hundred and fifty woodpeckers had been robbed to furnish that royal scarlet nap for the outside. The squaw was engaged for three years in making it, and valued it at twenty-five dollars. The Gualala women are even now superior artists, as is shown in the illustration, (see page 609). In the North bottom-



Showing the Degradation of Basketry.

less baskets were often seen; these were placed upon flat stones where acorns were pounded; and not cemented around mortar, as in the south.

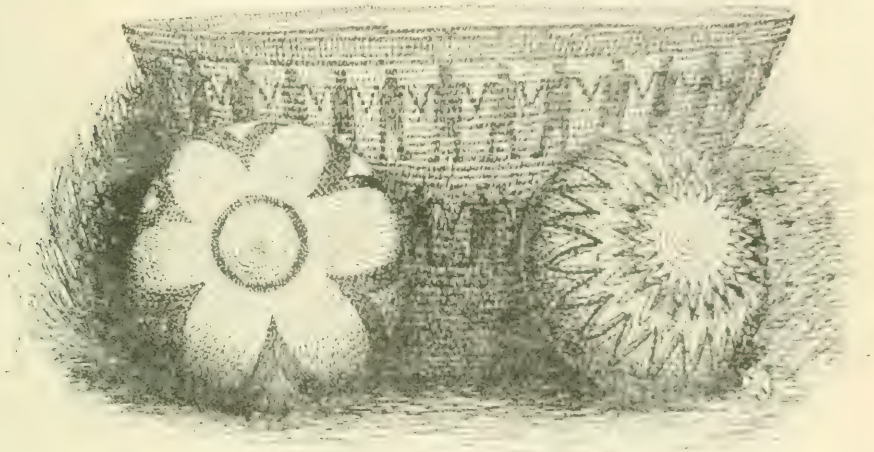
It is very interesting to notice the important part which the basket plays in the legendary lore of the native Californians. No story, sacred or profane, can be told without its help. In the south the god, Chinigchinich, whose superb tobet or robe of feathers rivaled that of Montezuma in splendor, was secretly served in the vanqueech or temple from the choicest baskets; after these were emptied by him, they were cherished greatly by the women who had made the offering. The following legend is preserved by Mr. Stephen Powers:

"There were once two rival chiefs on the upper Sacramento who were addicted to gambling, one of whom was a sorcerer, and had a hollow body. His arms also were hollow tubes, so that he could slip his pieces from one hand to another without being seen. Thus he won everything possessed by his adversary; lands, wife and children. The entire tribe was removed to a distant region, leaving to the unfortunate victim only a daughter and one old Indian woman. In this

extremity the daughter went forth with a basket to gather clover, for they had nothing else to eat; not so much as a bow and arrow had been left behind. There fell at her feet an arrow, trimmed with yellowhammers' feathers. Turning to take up her basket there stood beside it a man, who reassured her by saying that he was only the Red Cloud which she daily gazed upon in the evening sky, and bade her not to be afraid. She modestly proffered him her basket of grass seed pinole, which was all she had to give; whereupon the radiant stranger touched the basket, when the pinole vanished, and the girl fell upon the ground in a swoon.

"When she came to herself Red Cloud stood beside her, and she had given birth to a son. She was full of joy and wonder at sight of the babe; but the Red Cloud assured her that he was not of this world. He then placed the babe in a basket, and laid beside him all kinds of Indian weapons, bows, arrows, etc., then vanished from her sight. Then the young mother took up the basket with her babe, and turned towards her father's lodge; looking back over her shoulder, the Red Cloud had disappeared, and she saw him no more. When she reached the lodge she was afraid her father would not believe her miraculous tale; and therefore hid her boy in the Assembly House behind the great basket of acorns. The old chief soon after entered the Assembly House, where he sat brooding over his folly and misfortunes, when he was amazed to hear a sound 'like the ticking of a bug in the wall.' He called his daughter to explain this, but she was afraid to tell him that it was the beating of her child's heart, and kept silence.

"But very soon after there was a sacred dance in the Assembly House, which, as usual, was held at night, and lighted by a fire of willow wood. A coal snapped out and fell upon the dry basket in which the young child lay asleep. He sprang forth, full grown, and called his grandfather by name. But the old chief said, 'My daughter has no husband.' When the mother was called, and related the strange story of the child's birth, they did not believe her until the young chief told them about many of their relations whom he had met in the land of spirits. He then at once assumed the size of a man and the position of a chief. He followed the sorcerer who had won his grandfather's tribe in a

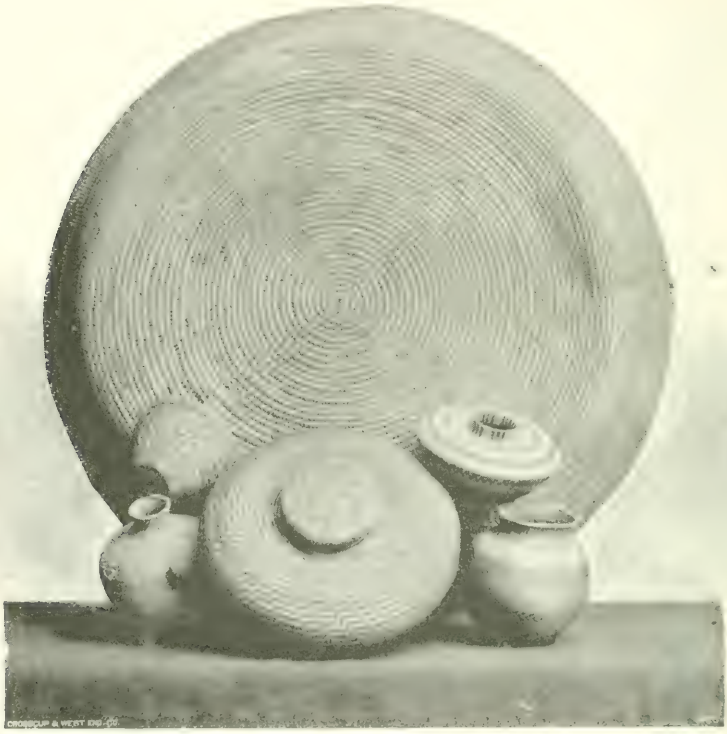


From a Los Angeles County Collection.

gambling game, and soon won them back. In the joyous reunion that followed, the son of the Red Cloud counseled his mother's people never again to sacrifice their parents, brothers and sisters so foolishly, and thus incur tribal annihilation."

Strange to say, the Yokut basket makers maintained the fullest equality with the men in respect to gambling, and invented dice and dice tables which were temptations in themselves. They wove a large, flat basket tray, with curved and decorated edges, using eight acorn shell dice inlaid with abalone shells. With these, four squaws played the game, while a fifth kept tally with fifteen sticks. The acorn shells were first filled with pitch; when hardened, this furnished the field for inlaying. In the south, the larger and stronger shells of the California walnut were used. As described by Mr. Powers, the evil spirit of gambling was incarnated in an old squaw, with scarcely a tooth in her head, one eye gone, and her face all withered, but with a jaw of iron, and features denoting an extraordinary strength of will. A reckless old gambler grabbed the dice, throwing them with savage energy, as if unaware of the presence of anyone around her.

The Southern Indians were of a different type, and yielded more readily to the forces of civilization, yet with all their savagery there were no better basket makers than those fierce



From the Tulare Indians.

Upper, bottom of Grain Basket, shown on page 602.
Center of group, Fancy Basket, used to hold wampum and trinkets.
On right, Fancy Basket.
Below, Water Jar.
Lower left, water tight Carrying Basket.
Upper left, Hat, very richly shaded and decorated.

old hags of the Klamath and upper Sacramento rivers. Jacinta, one of the last surviving neophytes of Father Junipero Serra's flock, was brought to Pasadena in 1888, with all the materials and implements of basketry, to assist in illustrating it during an Art Loan Exhibition. Passing up the nave of the Library Building where Navajo blankets and the fine Crittenden collection of Indian curiosities from the Gulf of California to Alaska, attracted attention, the dim old eyes of Jacinta fell upon the display of basketry. It was touching to see her interest aroused as she gradually recognized her own work, which she took from the shelves, fondling it with her small brown hands, as a mother would linger over the playthings of a dead child. Whenever the crowd diminished, Jacinta was seen examining her treasures, which were woven early in the century. It is scarcely to be expected that such a collection will ever again be gathered, as since that time the State has been ransacked for baskets in the interest of Eastern and foreign collections, and of speculators in their artistic value. There yet remain some valuable private collections in the possession of owners notably interested in the perpetuation of this beautiful art. There is an indescribable magnetism attaching to them, altogether different from any other feminine property. Collectors and dealers find it harder to part with them than with articles of far greater value, and reserve certain favorites for the elect among customers, who are likely to cherish them.

The degradation of the art of basketry has rapidly followed the change from life in wild nature to a semi-civilization opposed to the instincts and too often to the interests of the basket makers. The question whether the native races can be made a part of our social and political structure was partially answered by a model agent of the government with the Mission Indians.*



Indian Home with Roof Granaries, San Diego County.

He said: "Under the Missions the wild Indians became masons, carpenters, plasterers, tanners, shoemakers, blacksmiths, cart-makers, weavers and spinners, saddlers and shepherds, viñeros and vaqueros; in a word, they filled all the occupations known to civilized society. Nearly every Mission church could show quantities of exquisite lace and Mexican drawn work made by the skillful fingers of Indian women. Too small in numbers to be longer feared, the question is worth considering whether there is not in the aborigines of California special adaptation to lines of usefulness otherwise unfilled. Many thoughtful citizens believe the native races are as well worth preserving as the Sequoia groves and other great forests which were once their wild pastures, and that the way to do it is

*Hon. B. D. Wilson.



Cahuilla Indians Collecting Basket Material among the Palms of Palm Cañon.

by the education of Indian children, wherever possible in their natural surroundings, and along the lines of natural tendency."

There is not an Indian reservation in Southern California where the materials required in basketry may not be grown as well as any other crop. Hundreds of acres of tule lands could be reclaimed and devoted to the culture of the Japanese bamboo. Combined with the various manufactures founded upon willow culture, ornamental basketry might include a great variety of useful and artistic creations. The gambling trays of the Yokut women would serve well as fancy table tops; and what an ideal nest would a cradle of fine basketry be with a delicate open-work border around the hood!



High Art in Basketry—Bead and Feather Work.

As the Indians of Southern California have retreated into the mountains, the sheep have followed them, destroying the grasses and tender shoots of willow as they go. One must now penetrate the remoter cañons of the northern and southern Sierras to experience their mysterious charm in its fullness. One marvels that human ingenuity can find wherewith to spread a table in such a wilderness of rock and chaparral; but if we follow one of our basket makers to her eyrie, suddenly we startle a quail, a jack rabbit bounds from his covert, and the longing cry of the wood pigeon is heard. Suddenly again we emerge from the shadowy cañon and a typical Indian home is in sight. A brush fence keeps a few cattle from straying; the hut is warped from its original form, yet is strong enough to sustain the basket granaries piled upon the roof. A dozen or more of their scattered Indian huts make a village, of which there are several in San Diego county. The largest of these are now furnished with schools and teachers.

On the southeastern edge of this county and within ten miles of Seven Palms Station, on the S. P. R. R., there is an uplifted valley which seems to have been dropped here from another continent or zone. Approached from the hot plain below, it is a mere "wady" on the rim of the desert, along which the Cahuillas gathered their most precious stores; pine nuts from the superb forests of San Jacinto, their patron mountain, and richer crops from the palm trees whose seeds

have been distributed throughout the world. This romantic spot is better known as Agua Caliente, from the warm springs which were favorite resorts of the natives long before Cabrillo's ship had touched the islands of the coast. Old Francisco, capitan of the warm springs village, was one of the workmen employed in building the San Gabriel mission. He was the first to substitute the worship of the virgin and the Holy Babe in the vanqueech, or temple built of willow twigs, where his ancestors had been instructed by Quaguor, the god of the mountain from the earliest times.

The weird charm of this uplifted valley is indescribable, when late in the afternoon one wanders through the cañon where the Whitewater comes leaping down from the summit snows in a series of lovely cascades, or mounted upon a pony, rides up the valley to meet the old squaws trudging homeward under their burdens of thatch, or materials of basketry. There are a few large fig trees and ancient vine stumps near the spring, which were planted by the padres who were in charge of the San Bernardino mission. At the time of our visit, a long descended heir of old Francisco lay basking in the warm sand, near the brush house where we bought the basket handiwork of his mother, grandmother, and great grandmother; and also an olla or water jar, fresh from the kiln. The young Indian offered to guide us into the summits of Mts. San Bernardino and Jacinto to the southern Fusiyama, where wild sheep and deer still linger, but upon us also was laid the spell of "drowsy indolence," as we watched the crimson afterglow fade over the silver sands of the desert.

No mere purchaser of Indian baskets can enjoy his possession like one who finds them, or whom they find in unexpected places and ways. Thus the writer's first basket was bought in the To Senute Valley in 1869, of a squaw whose wickiup stood under the shadow of the great rock, named from its resemblance to the hood of an Indian baby basket. Seeing our admiration of her finely woven baskets in common use, the good-natured squaw obeyed a hint from Mr. Hutching's young daughter to show us her best, a decorated one, which, by the subtle law of association, has never failed to reproduce that perfect hour and scene. At a lately abandoned rancheria near the San Luis Rey mission, lived the oldest of the California basket makers, among five generations of her descendants. I have never seen so interesting a human being. A talking tree would not be more remarkable. An organic sense of kinship, deeper than any sentimental feeling, took possession of me as I watched her under that Southern sky, as if I had found Mother Eve in the primitive garden. The wonder is not that people live so long in this climate but that diseases and sins should exist here at all; for her they had never existed. She had served Father Boscana while he gathered up the history and mythology of her race, and Father Lalvidea also, as simply as a tree grows and gives shade to the woodcutter. The "coras" useful and ornamental, made by this ancient neophyte, would furnish a museum. She saw the land in its pristine loveliness, witnessed the growth of this royal mission, with its encircling cloisters, its gardens and fountains. A hundred of her kindred and descendants here received their baptism and burial.

Where the grasses for her basketry grew thickly in the moist glades, there are now overstocked pastures and cultivated fields. And so the last of the neophytes baptized by Father Peyri has gone far back into the mountains to wait for death beyond the sound of the mission bells. Happily for such as these, neglect of the aged is not among the failings of the South California Indians.



ON A CORAL REEF.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

AS I write I have before me, among others, a beautiful rose-shaped bunch of coral identical with Figure one. Twenty-eight years ago I espied it while drifting along over the great coral reef that reaches away from Florida in the direction of Yucatan, and my sensations as I dived down into the clear water are as well remembered as if it were but yesterday. The species had, so far as we knew, never been found there before, and its discovery marked a red letter day on the reef. There was a dead calm—not a ripple disturbed the surface ; the coral islands, which marked the growing atoll, seemed resting on a sea of quicksilver; their tops of green mangrove encircled by rings of gleaming sand, affording a marked contrast. The gulf stream swept noiselessly along —a mighty river about us—the only sound the occasional melodious cry of a laughing gull or the sigh of the waves as they broke upon the dead coral of the outer reef; a marvelous sight it was in its very restfulness and beauty. The boat was gliding slowly over a world beneath the sea—a coral city populated by uncounted millions ; a city laid out in streets, narrow byways, paths and broad avenues, down which floated inhabitants as strange and weird as the imagination could picture. The water was about four feet deep, and rising to half of this distance was a mass of branch coral (madrepora) (figure 2) that spread away, an olive-tinted field, for many acres. Each branch was made up of little points or cones ; the individual polyps, that appeared like flowers—the entire mass being a rich olive hue, with here and there white or dead tips standing out in high relief like pompons. Instead of growing in a solid mass, the coral grove was cut up by channels, two or three feet in width, that wound through it like rivers, so that dropping overboard I waded through these coral streets upon a pure white, sandy bottom. The comparison to a city of the sea was most apt. Each little point represented a living inhabitant connected with the rest by a mysterious bond, yet possessing individuality; and as I waded along, the boat following, I took the census of the town. Here was a branch that might have been the city hotel. The first story at the very base, was inhabited by several craw fish very similar to our Pacific form, but a rich yellow, their serrated whips moving suspiciously to and fro in sharp contrast to the sand. Among the branches hung a great red star fish, while near the base of the branch was one of the singular living stars, the basket fish (Asterophyton), which attempted suicide as I lifted it, dropping its arms in every direction. Wishing to ascertain the possibilities of this house, I lifted the branch and placed it upon the deck of the boat, and from it came squirming a motley array of forms—worms, crabs of various kinds, one a rich blue spider-like creature, a veritable gem ;

black, long-spined echini guarded the interior rooms, while little white echinoderms dropped out at the slightest jar. Down among the roots—if roots we can call them—were several large micramocks, their richly polished shells covered with the mantle the animal throws out, and in every branch were highly colored pectens and other shells that had cast their fate with the coral branch, making a host whose life history would have filled a volume. Along the sandy street crawled a large conch (strombus) moving slowly by the aid of its swordlike operculum which was thrust into the sand and used as a lever; ahead of me swam fishes of the brightest hue—angel fishes with stripes of yellow and purple, Hæmulons of vivid tints, brown-eyed snappers, cow fish

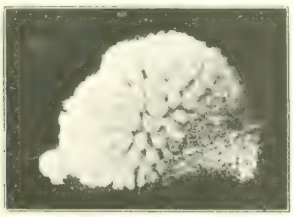


Fig. 1—Rose Coral.

with veritable horns, finny porcupines and a host of others swam away on either side disappearing in the maze of coral points.

On the outer edge of the coral forest the water deepened, and taking to the boat again, I drifted on gazing down into the water for specimens of the queen conch or other rare forms that might be seen, and it was here, not far from the wreck of an old ship, that I espied the rose-like coral. The water was but fifteen or twenty feet deep, and the slightest object was plainly seen. Big holothurians like caterpillars laid about in great profusion; colonies of echini and small conches, while here and there a great sea anemone spread out its flower-like mouth in imitation of the surrounding weed. Suddenly we came to a patch of short brown algæ, and for a single second I caught sight of the brown polyps of the specimen shown in figure one, and a moment later was going down to it and soon brought it to the surface—a prize, indeed, as in months of search but one or two similar pieces were found in this particular locality.

So clear was the water of the gulf that the diver could distinguish objects for no little distance while swimming beneath the surface. I once attempted to determine the perpendicular height of a bed of branch coral growing upon the edge of a channel. The latter was one of the peculiar rivers of blue that cut into the shallow lagoon of the atoll, forming a trench so deep that the bottom could not be seen, yet the sides were almost perpendicular, formed apparently by the overhanging madrepores (figure 2) growing on the lagoon. To show how precipitous were these banks, I could stand on the edge and dive into deep blue water. My companion kept the boat over the spot, and I slipped over and went down into the depths that seemed as blue as the vault of Heaven. I could distinguish objects four or six feet away with perfect accuracy, and I swam down the face of the coral bank about this distance from it. How far I went I have no means of knowing, but I left the warm water of the upper surface behind, passed through several strata of various degrees of temperature, reaching a depth which might have been thirty feet with the wall of coral points still presenting a bristling front and perfectly perpendicular as far down as my eye could reach. In a rapid glance I caught visions of angel fish among the points; saw the black pointed head of a murray apparently eyeing me, and saw fleeting visions of other forms in the distance. For seventy or eighty feet the perpendicular wall of bristling points must have extended in this almost land-locked channel, far deeper, probably, than it would have descended in the colder waters of the outer reef. In these

excursions into the waters of the reef, I was particularly struck with the fact that the body of water was permeated in every direction with currents of varying temperature. The line of demarkation was so marked in some cases fifteen or twenty feet below the surface that the outstretched hands would be in extremely cold water and the feet in a current much warmer. There was a constant change in temperature showing that currents of varying degrees were flowing in every direction—literally, rivers in the water itself as air currents flow through the atmosphere.

On this great reef there was a wide diversity of coral life, well illustrating the range and variety taken by these attractive forms. Portions of the lagoon, as we have seen, were covered with the shrub-like madrepora or branch coral on the shallows. Its branches were short, as in figure 3, but on the edges of the channel they became longer, reaching out like horns. On the edge of the lagoon we found the broad leaf coral spreading out like the antlers of the moose, and surrounded by the richly tinted sea-fans or gorgonias, presented an attractive appearance. Perhaps the most interesting forms were the great heads of astrea or mæandrina. They evidently preferred the sides or edges of the deep channels, and attained enormous dimensions, single heads evidently weighing over a ton, and one which I recall to mind must have weighed, before it had begun to decay, several tons. It was over three feet in height and six or seven feet in length, but the interior had been destroyed, so that it was like a gigantic living vase. The exterior portion was covered with living polyps, the surface dotted by the richly colored mouth parts of boring worms that resembled flowers scattered over the olive-hued surface. In the vase, craw-



Fig. 2—Madrepora Florida.

fish made their home, wonderfully tinted angel fishes, crabs, sea fans and many more, so that the "head" was a veritable aquarium. Among the

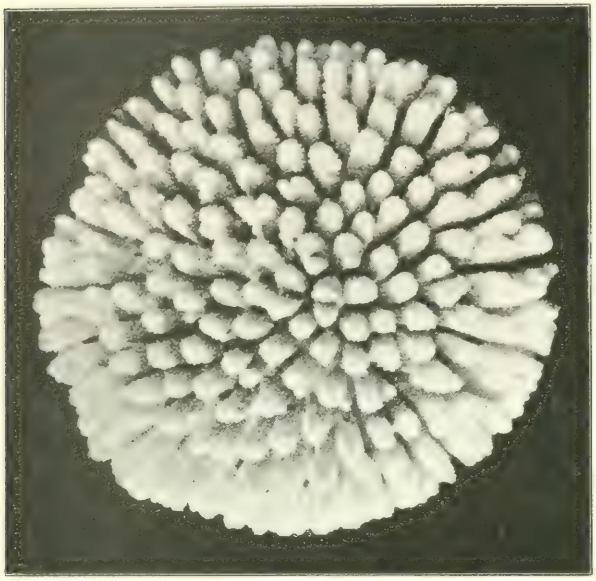


Fig. 3. Madrepora Nasuta.

illustrations of this paper, which are photographs from specimens in the collection of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, a few are from the Florida reef, others from the tropical Pacific, where the most marvelous coral growths are found. It is a singular fact that while coral is one of the commonest objects, the general public has a very erroneous idea of its nature. Not long ago I listened to a most interesting sermon by an eloquent and distinguished divine, in which he referred to the coral *insect*. Shades of Agassiz! Can such things be in this day, when a wave of popular science seems to have swept over the land and left natural-history societies in almost every town and village? I believe Montgomery, the poet, is responsible for this singular error, the lines "the coral insect works ceaselessly" having traveled faster than facts. In truth, the coral is no more an insect than is a horse, and between a fly which we may take as an example of an insect and a coral polyp there is a vast gulf. What, then, is coral? Few readers of the CALIFORNIAN but have seen a sea anemone (figure 4), the soft, often richly colored flower resembling creatures that cover the rocks below tide-water on nearly every shore. The anemone is a polyp, a columnar object from one to six or eight inches in height. The base or lower portion is in most instances a sucking disk by which the anemone fastens itself to the rocks and by which it moves slowly along. At the top or upper portion is the mouth, surrounded by tentacles long or short, according to species, and often colored in a most striking manner.

The anemone can contract so that it appears to be a simple prominence on the rock, or can expand so that it resembles a full-blown flower, and in other days it was considered a sea flower.



Fig. 4. Sea Anemone with Tentacles Expanded.

The tentacles are feeders or arms, armed with little cells which contain minute javelins or lassos (figure 5).

A delicate crustacean comes in contact with them, is pierced, and while held and possibly benumbed, drawn down to the anemone's mouth and engulfed; the eyes are numerous and at



Fig. 5.—Tissue of Part of a Polyp.

the base of the tentacles. If we should wish to push our investigations further, we would find that internally the anemone was divided up by fleshy partitions which radiated from the side to the central portion of the column. These partitions are perforated by an orifice, so that food taken in at the mouth, then passing into the stomach, finds its way into each of the chambers so formed. Figure 6 shows an ideal view of this division and the central mouth, and is sufficient for our purpose. The anemone is a first cousin of the corals, and if the reader can imagine an anemone that has the faculty of secreting lime and depositing it in the chambers referred to, he or she will have grasped the true coral idea. In brief, a single polyp coral like Fungia (figure 8) may be termed a lime-secreting sea anemone—a very

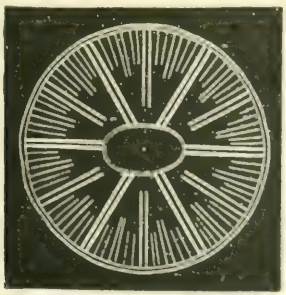


Fig. 6.—Ideal Section of a Coral Polyp or Sea Anemone.

different thing from a fly, spider or any insect. In point of fact, the coral does not build reefs, does not pile up or mould as a wasp; it insensibly secretes carbonate of lime, according to a law

of nature, and its labor and industry which are so feelingly referred to by the poet are no more to be considered as such than are the secretions of bone in the human frame. It may be interesting to briefly trace the growth of a coral reef or island, and note the evolution from a submarine hilltop to an atoll, with its coral groves and islands capped with palms and mangroves, affording a refuge for birds and ultimately mankind. The sur-



Fig. 7.—[illegible]

face of the earth has been subject to great changes in past eras of time, and the various portions have been successively above and below the surface. We may assume, then, that if the water was taken from the Gulf of Mexico, we should find hills and valleys, just as we do upon land. Let us imagine that where the Tortugas group now stands there were, ages ago, a group of hills, their summits perhaps several hundred feet from the surface, and there being no evidence of madrepores or other reef-building corals there. If we could have visited these hills, we should have found them covered with ooze or fine mud, now known as the globigerina

ooze, from the fact that it is to a great extent formed by the shells of a little Rhizopod called Globigerina. These

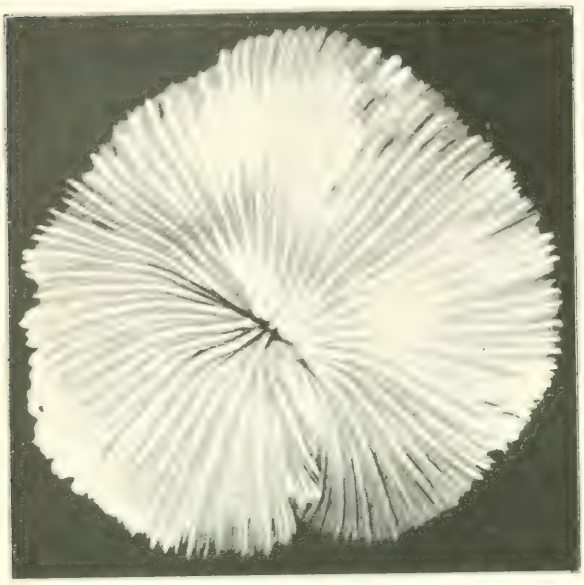


Fig. 1.—A Single Polyp Coral Fungia.

delicate and almost invisible creatures swarm in the ocean, and with other forms drift about, among the most minute yet powerful factors in the work of continent making.*

These rhizopods and others are continually dying and their falling shells constitute a continuous oceanic rain upon the bottom that is ever accumulating and heaping up. The globigerina secretes a shell of carbonate of lime, and dying contributes its mite to the bottom, thus adding to it. A grand result of this is seen in the white cliffs of Dover, and the bed of the ocean where the crust is not actually sinking, is slowly rising under the continuous fall of these and other shells. Our hilltop in the gulf of Mexico, then, is slowly rising; it is capped with the ooze, added to by countless other agencies, until finally in long ages it penetrates a zone one hundred and fifty feet, we will say from the surface where reef-growing corals flourish; eggs of the coral come drifting along, become attached to a shell and soon what appears to be a little anemone is growing and throwing out its tentacles. If we could examine it in a few days we should find a delicate deposit of lime in the interior, and on the edge, and soon what would resemble a single polyp taken from figure 2, has taken shape. This separates or divides, or another polyp appears growing at its base. Soon another appears on the other side, and finally we have the original polyp growing upward, as the tip end of a branch surrounded by other polyps and seemingly encased and surrounded by a skeleton of carbonate of lime. This growth continues and thousands and millions of polyps are developing in various ways, until, in a few years, we have a vigorous growth of coral upon the hilltop; the coral animals or polyps now throwing out



Fig. 2.—Young Mangroves taking Root.

their delicate arms or tentacles feeding perhaps upon the delicate globigerinæ whose progenitors made their existence

*The exact number of these forms floating in the ocean can be realized from a statement by Murray, who says that if lime-secreting organisms are as numerous down to a depth of six hundred feet as they are near the surface, there would be more than sixteen tons of calcareous shells or carbonate of lime in the uppermost one hundred fathoms of every square mile of the ocean.

possible. Other species of coral add to the colony. The gorgonias or sea fans and plumes, halcynoid corals

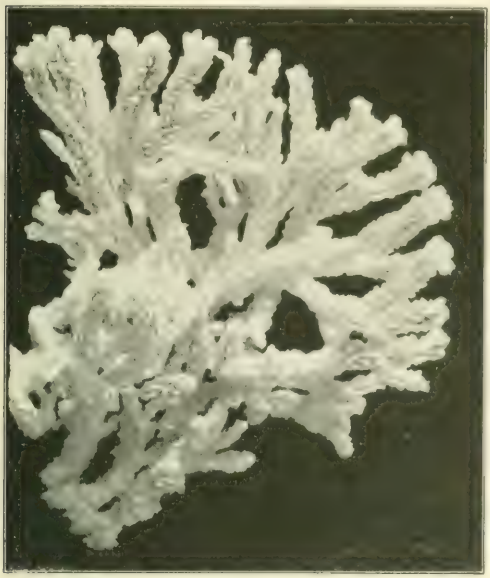


Fig. 10—A South Pacific Branch Coral.

(figure 12) take root, shells, crabs and myriads of forms, join the colony, and the upward growth continues. All this time an army of disintegrators has been at work, enemies of the coral have destroyed it, burrowing shells have delved into it, and the dead branches have broken off, fallen down to add to the growth; new corals attach themselves to the old branches, and so the growth goes on until finally in years the hilltop has reached to within a few feet of the surface, becomes a menace to navigation, and is known as a coral reef. Its shape depends upon that of the hilltop and is affected by the prevailing winds and currents. Upward it grows until finally, during a very low tide the tips of the coral branches are exposed and die. A storm now beats up the dead coral rock into a wall, grinding it up still more and making coral sand. The sand in the vicinity, which possibly a lime-secreting plant has been making, is washed up against it, and finally, one morning, a plover espies a spot on the blue waters and alights; the discoverer and first inhabitant of a new-born coral key. Just such an island I watched for several years. Sometimes it was large enough to land on, and once we found a few bunches of grass and an egg. The following season a hurricane destroyed it, but in the following year it reappeared, and now, I have no doubt, is beyond the time of struggle and is a full-fledged island. The next step in the history of our island is the establishment of trees. The currents bear seeds of all kinds, the birds bring some and one which resembles a cigar now strands upon the beach of a sheltered flat. It stands

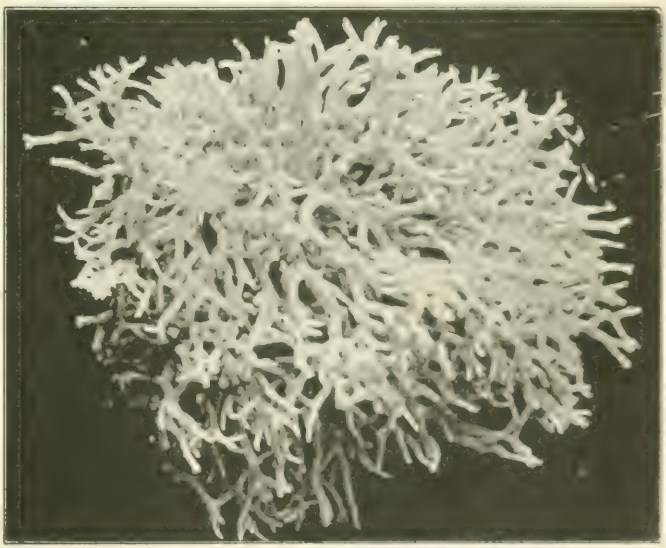


Fig. 11—Branch Coral, Pacific Reef.

upright in the water and from the lower portion throws out several roots and soon obtains a foothold and we have a coral key with a mangrove tree that by a system of rooting (figure 9) adds materially and rapidly to the stability of the island which, in a few years, may be the home of man.

This gives a very general idea of the growth of a coral key of the type observed on the Florida reef. Taking Bush key of the Tortugas group as an example: upon my last visit it was, perhaps, sixty feet long; was made up of dead coral heads on the sea front, while on the lagoon side a white sandy beach sloped down; a growth of grasses covered the summit, and six or seven scraggly mangroves twenty feet in height held aloft as many pelican nests on the southern side. A most interesting spot it was from which extended a long line of partly submerged reef upon which the sea broke with a sullen roar. Since then a hurricane has completely wrecked the island, and for the time washed it away. Reefs have been given various names to distinguish them, as fringing and barrier, while an atoll is a reef inclosing a lagoon. The one forming at the extreme end of the Florida reef being a typical example, while the Pacific Ocean affords some striking ones. One of the largest reefs is the great barrier along the Australian coast for one thousand miles, with an average width of thirty miles. Among the many misconceptions regarding



Fig. 12—Coralium.

coral is that it requires very warm water. This is not true of all kinds; the single polyp corals, as Fungia, (figure 8) is found in very cold water and at vast depths; thus Fungia symmetrica has been taken from shallow water and from a depth of three and one-half miles below the surface, where the temperature was but little above freezing and the pressure enormous. Coral does not grow so slowly as one would suppose; the madrepores of the lagoon (figure 2), mentioned

in the present paper, grew three or four inches in a year on the islands observed, while a specimen* of maeandrina convexa, which was watched by Dr. J. B. Holder, doubled its size in a year, or grew at a rate of one inch a year under unfavorable circumstances.

I have walked along a coral reef in New York State in the Helderberg Mountains—a fossil reef, that flourished there millions of years ago when the State of New York was in the tropics and its famous mountain range the bed of a coral reef, suggestive of the great geological changes that have passed over the globe. To-day the area of coral growth is more restricted. Corals are found off the Pacific Coast. The little white velvety Astrangia is found on the New England Coast — the only actinoid coral found in these waters. The area of the reef builders is more restricted; they are confined within the latitudes of thirty-five degrees, the northern limit in the Atlantic being the Bermuda Islands in latitude thirty-two degrees; the longitudinal range presents many interesting features. Thus, the greatest growth of coral is usually found on the eastern coast of continents. There are no great coral reefs on the west coast of tropical America, while the eastern coast abounds in them. The Atlantic Coast of Africa is not marked by large reefs, while that portion bordering on the Indian Ocean is famous for its corals. The vast reef on the eastern shore of

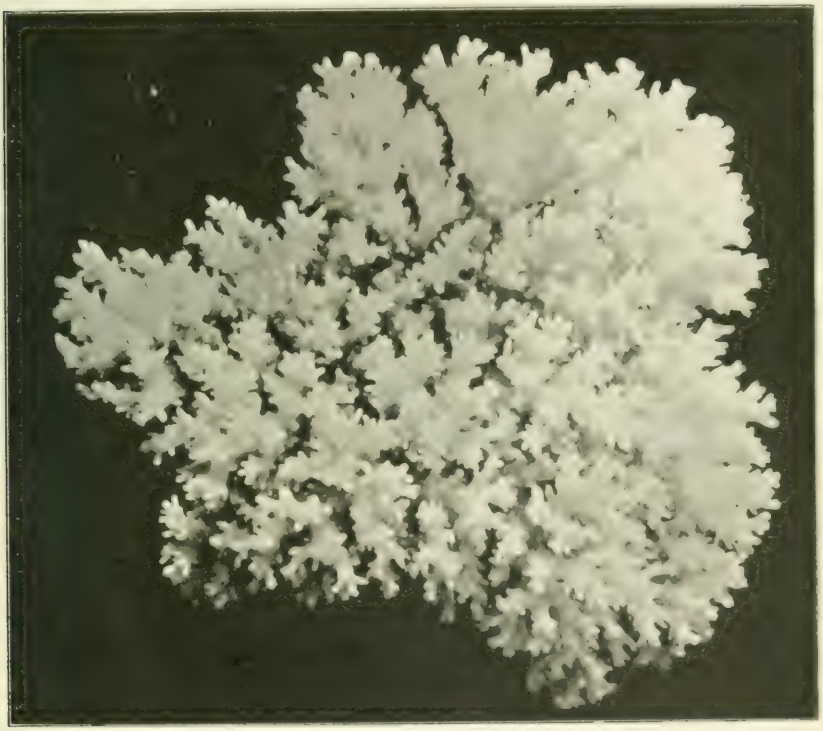


Fig. 13—A South Pacific Branch Coral.

*[A cut of this piece of coral can be seen in the writer's text book "Elements of Zoology." The head was kept in a tide-water aquarium on the reef where the food supply was poor; when placed in the aquarium, the head was on the edge of a brick, and passed entirely around in a year, doubling its size. A report of this was made by Dr. Holder and Prof. William Stimpson to the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and occasioned great interest, it being supposed previous to this that the growth of this coral was very slow.]
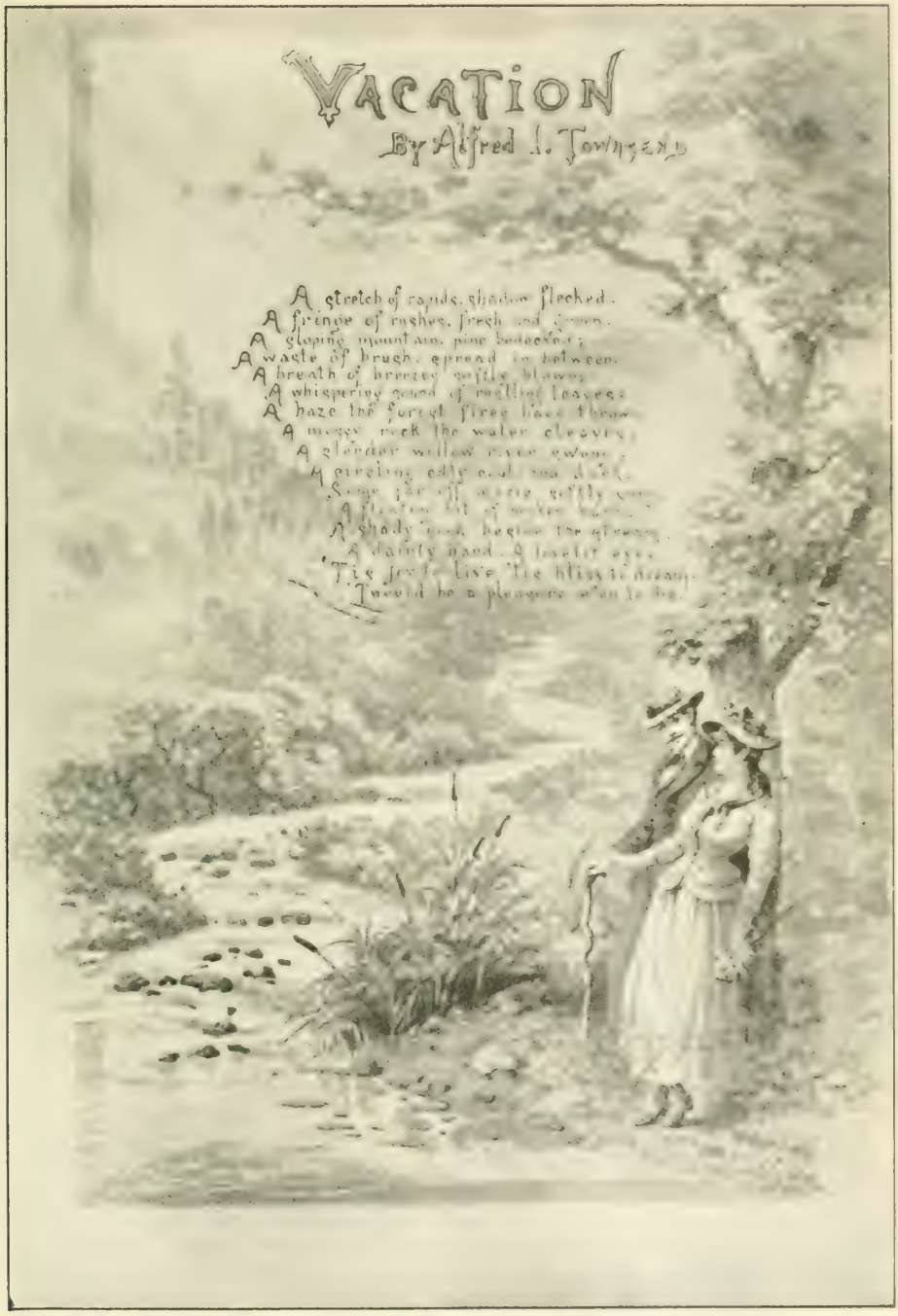
Australia has been referred to, while the western coast is almost destitute of corals. Without going into an analysis of the various causes which produce this, it may be said that it is due, in the main, to the direction of the large equatorial currents of the two oceans.

The coral which we see in the museum is but the sun bleached skeleton. The natural color is various shades of olive; vast quantities are placed on the market annually—the industry of collecting and preparing it affording occupation to many people. The red coral of commerce — that is termed Halcyonoida in distinction to the Actinoida which includes the reef builders—constitutes the center of a valuable industry, and many corals are utilized in various ways. The value of the corals as island makers can readily be seen. The coral polyp is the advance guard of the Florida peninsula, Loggerhead key being the most westerly point. Great reefs can be traced in New York and other states now far inland, showing that these delicate animals from time immemorial have been adding to the solid matter of the globe, the reefs forming the great girders of the continent.



Fig. 11. Madrepora Virgata.




VACATION
By Alfred J. Townsend
A stretch of rapids, shadow flecked,
A fringe of rushes, fresh and green,
A sloping mountain, pine bedecked;
A waste of brush, spread in between.
A breath of breeze, softly blown,
A whispering sound of rustling leaves,
A haze the forest fires have thrown
A mossy rock the water cleaves;
A slender willow, river sown,
A circling eddy, cool and dark,
Some far off music softly sung,
A fleeting bit of water bird,
A shady nook, beside the stream,
A dainty hand, A lovelit eyes,
'Tis joy to live 'tis bliss to dream,
Twould be a pleasure e'en to die.

CAN A CHINAMAN BECOME A CHRISTIAN?

BY REV. FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.

A FEW weeks ago there appeared in the columns of a widely circulated journal on this coast the following statement:

"The Chinese are irredeemably and irretrievably bad and vile, as a rule, and all the efforts to christianize them only make them greater hypocrites than ever. This is no slander, but a grave and solemn truth, and can be verified by the sad experience of men and women on this coast who have labored long and earnestly to convert them. It is utter folly to dream of the Chinese embracing the christian religion, for it is alien to their disposition."

If this is a mistaken view of the results of Chinese missions, it is time that something was said on the side of the truth; but if it is true as alleged, that the effect of christian work among the Chinese is to make that people worse instead of better, then it is time the missionaries, if fools, were convinced of their delusion, or, if knaves, were called to account for their dishonesty, and that the churches withdraw their forces to more promising fields.

That among the Chinese are found some very depraved specimens of humanity, my recent papers to THE CALIFORNIAN will attest. Is that so strange? It would indeed be strange if the Asiatics in our midst, the majority of whom represent the peasant class and many of them the dregs of a heathen population, should be discovered to be saints, or be found among us with habits and character averaging as high as the same class brought up in christian lands. As things look, *our race* cannot set up very high claims to social virtue. No intelligent man who lives in this land of churches and bibles can walk the streets of our cities at night, or read reports of official corruption and rapacity, or the sickening accounts of daily atrocities, social scandals, dueling, debauchery, villainy, and crime, and then turn round to fling pharisaical stones at a Chinaman for vices, habits and customs that are the outgrowth of a heathen environment that has made him what he is. It will be well to bear in mind that when christian missionaries found our ancestors a race of half-naked savages, idolators and pirates, the Chinese had seen over a thousand years of highly civilized life. Remembering, therefore, what christianity has done in civilizing the Anglo Saxon race, it does not become us to gather up our skirts and give John Chinaman a wide sweep as too common and unclean for the gospel. Nor is it right for us whose institutions and habits are the slow product of a thousand years of christian ancestry, to conclude missions a failure because a generation of christian work has not regenerated four hundred millions of people; has not made them better than ourselves; has not already ushered in the "nobler modes of life, sweeter manners, purer laws of the Christ that is to be."

The question whether a Chinaman can be converted is often asked, not with cynical scorn, but in the spirit of sympathetic appreciation of the immense difficulties that confront the missionary in his work.

In China the vastness of the field, the density of the population, the conservatism of the people, the tenacity with which they cling to national customs and traditions, the philosophical and religious systems that for forty centuries have molded Chinese thought and crystallized their habits; the tremendous influence of the clans and

ancestral religion are, it must be admitted, conditions very unfavorable to the propagation of a new faith.

One might expect to find a more favorable field for missionary enterprise among Chinese residing in a christian land, but this is not the case. The little credit a Chinaman gets on this coast for his christian profession; the cold suspicion with which he is often treated, as if he must necessarily be a hypocrite; the anti-Chinese sentiment of the coast, shared even by some ministers of religion; the appalling immorality and godlessness of our cities, which a Chinaman is not slow to detect; the fresh memories of murdered kinsmen, of riots, boycots and savage oppression; and the frequent hoodlum assaults made upon defenceless Chinese, even upon their women and children, as I have seen myself, do not make the white man's religion, morals and social life particularly attractive to the average Chinese mind. In the face of such gigantic difficulties one can excuse the skepticism that underlies the question, "Can a Chinaman become a christian?" The marvel is that any Chinaman will receive christianity from a white man's lips. Much of the popular information about Chinese missions at home and abroad has been gathered from traders, naval officers, and globe trotters, who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred have never been inside of a mission church or school and are as competent to give information of the results of



Rev. Chan Hon Fan, Methodist.



Gee Gam, Congregational Mission, S. F.

Rev. Luke Lowe, Victoria, B. C.

Lee Tong Hay, Methodist, S. F.

Rev. Tong Keet Hing, Baptist, S. F.

christian work in China as an average heathen Chinese merchant on Dupont street, or a Chinese sailor would be to estimate the christianity of America, judged by what he sees on Tar Flat or the Barbary Coast, or the number of white people that he sees going to church on Sundays. Travelers in China would not be likely to go to missionaries for information about the tea and silk trade and commerce in general. It is very strange that when these travelers are in search of information about missionary work they avoid the very people who are best informed on the subject, and go to men who know more about clubs than churches and who take more interest in horse-racing than they do in the regeneration of mankind. The same may be said of the majority of visitors to our local Chinatown. Where one visits the missions nine hundred and ninety-nine go slumming. Chinatown guides who are not usually regarded as the burning and shining lights of christianity, and who, it is safe to say, have never seen the inside of a mission church, are taken as infallible authorities upon everything pertaining to missionary work; and it is out of information supplied by them that the observing truth-seeking traveler, writes his newspaper sketches and prepares his speeches. He has gone through China and California and has never seen a single Chinese christian! It reminds one of the East India missionary who stated in a speech a few days ago that during ten years spent in Bengal he had never seen a tiger, a statement which, to ignorant minds would be sufficient to cast discredit upon every Bengal tiger hunter's story ever published. As a rule, men see what they look for.

In China nearly fifty thousand men and women have made an open profession of the christian faith, have given evidence of a change of heart and life, and have been admitted to the churches of the different protestant missions. In addition to this it is estimated there are over a hundred thousand more who are regular attendants at the mission churches. All this is practically the result of only twenty-five years of christian work. On the Pacific Coast during about the same time over two thousand Chinese have been received into our churches after giving proof of the sincerity of their convictions. Many of these have returned to their homes in China; some have gone to colonize missions in the east, while over a thousand remain with us. That some have proved false and brought disgrace upon the cause cannot be denied. Such cases are not unknown in American churches. When a Chinaman goes to the bad everybody hears it. The cases of declension are, after all, very few. Out of eighty new members received into my church during the last three years all but five remain faithful and true. The work is slow, but I am not sure that it is slower than any other department of christian work upon the coast, especially among European foreigners who are not less indifferent to the claims of evangelical religion than are the Chinese.

That many Chinese have been reached and permanently benefitted cannot be seriously denied. To see men who were highbinders becoming peaceable and law-abiding; idolaters becoming intelligent and God-fearing men; gamblers that have been changed into industrious, honest and upright men; opium smokers breaking away from the chains of an enslaving vice; and women once the inmates of the vilest dens of Chinatown, now domestic servants in American homes, or the mothers of christian families training up their children in the paths of religion and virtue, are surely transformations of character that are beyond dispute and are results that no hostile criticism can assail or ignorant ridicule disparage.

It is true that every christian Chinaman does not cut off his queue or adopt American costume. What of that? American residents in China

do not adopt Chinese modes of dress while living in that country and why should the Chinaman adopt ours? As to the queue, it has no more to do with heathenism than George Washington's pigtail or that of our American schoolgirls. It is really a mark of allegiance to his government, the mark of a loyal subject of the Emperor of China, and in view of the act of Congress that denies him the right of naturalization in this country, his retention of his queue and national dress involves a principle that commands my entire respect. Nor does a Chinaman's sincerity hinge upon what place he choses to lay his bones. "Joseph gave commandment concerning his bones," and it is no uncommon thing for natives of the eastern states residing among us to make a similar request before death that their bodies shall repose in some ancestral vault on the eastern slope. Yet I have never heard this urged as evidence of their heathenism. As a rule, however, Chinese christians are content to sleep in the christian burial grounds of California. All such objections as these are mere trifles. American tailor, milliner and barber fashions and social conventionalities are no part of christianity, and it is a good thing for christianity they are not. The tests of christian discipleship are laid down in the New Testament and the real question is: Do these Chinese professing christians conform in heart and life to these tests? There are a number of witnesses ready to be called into court. Dr. B. C. Henry, of Canton, says: "The character of the five thousand christians in Canton will compare favorably with the christians of any land." The late Rev. W. White, who labored amongst the towns to which the Chinese in California belong, wrote a year or two ago to a church paper in the East speaking of "the splendid christian character" of hundreds of these returned emigrants whom he compared to "beacon lights on mountain tops." A similar testimony is borne by Rev. H. V. Noyes, of Canton, who also says "of the thirteen native assistants who have labored in the Sze Yap districts six were converted in California, one in Australia, and one received his first religious impressions from a christian Chinaman while crossing the Pacific."



Lum Foon. Self-supporting Evangelist.

Rev. J. C. Nevin of Los Angeles, says: "After an experience of thirty-two years amongst the Chinese both in their own country and here, having seen them converted; having watched them live the gospel under more trying circumstances than fall to the lot of christians in our own country — having known them out of their slender income contribute liberally to the Lord's cause—having listened to their ofttimes earnest prayers and fervid addresses—having stood by the bedside of the sick and dying—having witnessed the trial and triumph of their faith * * * I can say with the utmost confidence that no greater proof of the power of the gospel to save can be

found amongst any people in the world."

The Rev. Ira M. Condit, for twenty-five years a Presbyterian missionary to the Chinese both in China and California writes: "As a rule I have as much faith in the religion of Chinese christian professors as I have in that of our own people. If they are not sincere then our religion is a sham and a delusion."

A lady in Oakland speaks of her Chinese cook as "the best christian in our family, whose integrity and consistency will stand against that of any white christian."

Rev. J. Endicott Gardner of Victoria, B. C., says: "In point of character consistency, zeal and liberality I consider my Chinese church members are on a level with the average members of any church."

Rev. W. S. Holt of the Presbyterian Mission, Portland, says: "I have been among the Chinese in China and the United States for almost nineteen years and am well qualified to judge. I consider the Chinese christians compare favorably with those of any nation in character and fidelity. They readily respond to the demands of benevolence and their gifts are on an average fully equal to those who have been trained in christian lands."

Rev. W. C. Pond, D. D., writes: "One-third of three hundred and thirty-six members of Bethany church of which I am pastor, are Chinese believers. While I joyfully recognize in the American members of my church a steadfastness and devotion I have nowhere seen excelled, I also testify that according to every test of christian character authorized by the Master our Chinese members are their full equals."

As Secretary of the Congregational Chinese mission, Dr. Pond says: "During the last seventeen years eight hundred Chinamen have been admitted to our churches. It is not claimed that none of them were mistaken or even that none of them were conscious hypocrites—we could not claim that of an equal number of American professors taken at random, but I do affirm that by every practical test of character, by their steadfastness, zeal, honesty, liberality, growing knowledge of the truth and increasing efficiency in teaching the truth to others they give on an average tokens of true conversion as clear as can be found in the christians of any land."

Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., of Oakland, says he has fifty Chinese members in connection with his church, and they are just as consistent christians as any fifty of his American church members. Rev. Dr. Bovard, presiding elder of the San Francisco district of the M. E. church says: "A close personal acquaintance with many of the Chinese christians in San Francisco for seven years leads me to the conviction that they are truly imbued with the spirit of the gospel. They not only know and accept the doctrines and essentials of christianity, but they give unmistakable evidence of having entered into the power and life of its truths. I have found amongst them such perfect sincerity of heart and transparency of character that could only come from a new heart."

Judge N. G. Curtis of Sacramento whose forensic eloquence has often thrilled our local courts, and whose profession has accustomed him to weigh evidence and read character, is a very valuable witness. Several years ago he had a young Chinaman in his family who became a member of the Presbyterian church. For several years he watched that young man's life very closely. He judged it by the severest New Testament tests. He says he found him devout, upright, honest and true, his spare time being devoted to the study of the Scriptures. The judge's family became much attached to him on account of his singular refinement of character and purity of life. At last he was taken ill. He was nursed with tender care during a lingering sickness borne with christian fortitude. Before he died he expressed a wish that

he might be buried with christian people and that his heathen kinsmen should not be allowed to take his body away. When the missionary came to attend his funeral the judge said: "I have been looking for a model christian life and I have found one in this Chinese lad from across the seas." In Sacramento city cemetery there stands a splendid marble monument that cost over one thousand dollars, erected at the expense of Judge Curtis, bearing the name "Ye Gon Lun," and the words, "He lived and died a christian;" and that costly tomb, the noble testimony engraven there, and the stainless record of that young Chinaman's life are plain, silent, thrilling evidence sufficient to convince the most cynical mind that a Chinaman may become a true christian.



Rev. Sia-Sek Ong, M. A., D. D., Foochow.

The *steadfastness* of Chinese christians under persecution is a powerful evidence of the genuineness of their conversion. The popular opinion is that a Chinaman professes christianity for mercenary ends and can change his faith as easily as he changes his coat. It is difficult to discover what temporal gain attaches to the christian profession of a man who finds himself cast out of family, clan, guild and employment, cursed as he walks down the street, and counted as the filth and offscouring of the earth. During my nine years' residence in South China, three years of which my mission journeys lay in that part of the province that is the home of the Chinese in America, I have witnessed what terrible persecution these converts have to endure on their return home. I have seen men who, on

announcing their christian faith, have been deserted by parents, wife and brethren; others who have meekly borne bonds and stripes and imprisonment because they would not renounce their faith or cease publicly to teach what their fellow-villagers call "the religion of the foreign devils." I knew a man who was baptized in the Methodist mission in San Francisco who invested his hard-earned savings in a lot of ground. When he began to build his house he refused to consult the oracle, would not call in the Taoist priests with their incantations to drive away the evil spirits. An epidemic of smallpox broke out in the village and was supposed to have been occasioned by the omission of these rites. His fellow villagers threatened him with death, but he refused to make peace with the gods. The poor fellow's house was torn down, his property confiscated, and himself beaten till he dropped down in a state of unconsciousness. I have seen these christian men suffer the looting and destruction of their houses because they would not subscribe to the festival of a heathen god. A small contribution of half a dollar would have spared them pain and annoyance, yet these brave men would suffer joyfully the spoiling of their goods rather than compromise principle and violate conscience. Were these men hypocrites? Did these heroic souls join the church for the sake of temporal gain? Nor are these solitary instances. The Rev. Dr. Henry of Canton says: "There is not a christian in Canton that has not been exposed to reproach, calumny, injustice or physical violence on account of his faith."

The London *Times*, that used to sneer at Chinese missions, has lately published a remarkable leading article on the heroism of the native christians of Szchuen during the recent persecutions. It says, with knock-down logic: "If the motives of christian converts in China are wholly mercenary why should it be necessary to persecute them so cruelly in order to drive them from a faith which means nothing to them but a little money?"

Let any caviler at Chinese missions read the heartrending accounts of the recent persecutions in China, published by the foreign secular press in that land, and ask himself whether *his* religion would stand such a test. It is not surprising that some shrink from the trial and quail in the presence of danger and death; but hundreds of them have counted it their glory to suffer for righteousness' sake, have sealed the truth with their blood, and have laid down their lives with the courage of martyrs rather than deny the christian faith. These are men of whom this narrow, sordid age is unworthy, whose unselfish heroism puts much of our modern christianity to shame, and the meanest heathen the sun has ever shone upon is the carping critic who, in the face of these martyrdoms, will maintain that a Chinaman cannot become a christian.

Their *liberality* to the church is another evidence of the sincerity of their profession of the christian religion. Taking into account their scanty means and the large part of their income which is sent home for the support of parents and families in China, their liberality is unsurpassed by any body of christians in the world. The Chinese of the Congregational missions—the largest on this coast—last year contributed six thousand two hundred and ninety dollars to the treasury of the mission.

In the Province of Canton, there is a band of native itinerant evangelists, physicians and colporteurs who are going from village to village preaching the gospel, healing the sick and selling christian books, and the whole expense of this mission is borne by the young Chinamen of the Congregational missions of this coast—by men who, we are told, are "irredeemably bad."

The Presbyterian Mission Chinese are equally liberal. Besides contrib-

uting to the expenses of the work here, they are sending generous assistance to the greater work being done in their native towns. Rev. H. V. Noyes, of Canton, writes that he has received one thousand five hundred dollars from California Chinese to build a new church in Canton, besides three hundred dollars towards a chapel in San Ning.

Rev. Ira Condit writes me: "The Chinese prove their religion by their works. The year before last the Presbyterian Chinese of California placed in the hands of trustees in the City of Canton, three thousand two hundred dollars, to be invested as an endowment fund for the support of the ministers of the church. * * * Last year the contributions of our Chinese christians on this coast amounted to two thousand two hundred and thirty-nine dollars."

The one hundred and twenty-five members of the Methodist Mission Church every year contribute from one thousand five hundred to one thousand eight hundred dollars to the church. They pay their share of all church benevolences, not forgetting the poor, infirm ministers of the conference to whom they give from fifty to seventy dollars every year. Their liberality is shown during the last seven years in gifts to the great Missionary Society that sent them the gospel, amounting to over three thousand five hundred dollars, or about five hundred dollars every year. Not satisfied with this, they have just formed a Missionary Society, like their Congregational brethren, to employ christian workers in their homes, for which purpose they have already raised over one thousand dollars. In the Baptist and Episcopal missions, there is the same spirit of benevolence. There is no space to



Rev. Wong, Presbyterian.

tell in detail of the many churches in China that wholly or in part maintain their pastors and places of worship; of Lo Hoy, the wealthy Methodist of Canton, who uses his fortune to pay the salaries of preachers and extend christian work; of Lum Foon, converted in the Methodist mission in San Francisco, who gave up a good business to become a self-supporting missionary in his native city, erecting chapel schools and residence, and presenting them and himself to the church; or of the Chinese cook, who a few months ago placed in my hands a packet containing one hundred dollars, the first money he had saved since he became a christian and which he desired to be sent to aid mission work in China; of the late Tiong Ah Hok, the rich Foochow Methodist, who gave ten thousand dollars to help found the Anglo-Chinese College, in that city; or of his noble and accomplished wife, the daughter of a Mandarin, who spends her life and fortune in charitable work, and who in a recent tour of the world was distressed to think she could not pay her personal respects to the church that had sent her the gospel because the exclusion laws of this christian nation shut her out. Yet we are asked to believe that Chinamen are utterly and "irredeemably bad," and the christians all hypocrites who have joined the church from mercenary motives!

The devotion of these people to their pastors and teachers is another feature of their character. Such prodigality of gratitude and such constancy of friendship were never seen as in the relation of flock to pastor in China. The Rev. Mr. Walley, who has just returned from China, was at Wuhu during the recent riots, and tells how nobly the native christians stood by him and his wife, and risked their lives in their defense, when all their European friends had fled. I know nothing in history or fiction more thrilling than his account of the way these christian Chinamen faced a raging mob and raging flames to rescue three little English children from a burning mission-house and restored them to the arms of their distracted mother. Ask her if she ever saw a christian Chinaman.

Shall I ever forget that September morning in Canton, eight years ago, when the streets were surging with a desperate mob three thousand strong, yelling, "Down with the foreign devils," when fourteen fine mansions of the foreign merchants were looted and burnt to the ground, the residents only barely succeeding in saving their lives? Deserted by fellow-countrymen, cut off from succor and with death staring us in the face, the only people who befriended me and my family during the long hours of that terrible day were christian Chinamen. It was a member of my church who smuggled us into his house and kept us concealed in a back room. It was a band of christian Chinamen of my church who forced their way through the mob, at the peril of their lives, to make sure of our safety, and who, within sound of the howls of the mob, the roar of the flames and the crack of musketry, stood round us in our defense, vowing that no harm should come to their dear pastor and his family as long as their lives held out. If these men were not christians then that word has no meaning to me.

Of the Chinese christian ministry much might be said in illustration of the capacity of a Chinaman to apprehend and intelligently expound the highest truths of the christian religion. Many of them are cultured gentlemen who have become christian ministers after throwing up more lucrative situations. The preaching of many of them would do credit to any pulpit of christendom. Their sermons, interspersed with apt illustrations, are packed with thought, profoundly exegetical and forcibly logical. Some are orators, others theologians, some practical, while

others bubble over with wit and humor. Blameless in their integrity, fearless in their denunciation of error, and suffering day by day contumely and insult, they seem to have come fresh from the apostolic age. There is the Rev. Kwan Loy, who preached in the market place of Kau Kong, knowing that offers of a reward of five hundred dollars for his head had been posted all over the town. There is Dr. Sia Sek Ong, a graduate of the Imperial University, who threw up a lucrative situation to become a Methodist preacher, itinerating from village to village and preaching the gospel, sometimes upon less than three dollars a month. The author of the prize tract, "Who is Jesus?" a successful pastor and presiding elder and four years ago delegate to the last Methodist General Conference, Dr. Sek Ong, is worthy a place in the highest rank of the Methodist ministry. Among Chinese preachers in California the most brilliant, perhaps, is the Rev. Chan Hon Fan, a man of liberal ideas, a good English scholar and a preacher of singular eloquence and power. No braver thing was ever done in San Francisco than his open attack upon Highbinderism while preaching on the open street of Chinatown a few months ago. On the very spot that a few days before had been reddened with the blood of murder, and under the rooms of a highbinder society the crowd stood for an hour and listened to this brave preacher openly exposing and denouncing the murderous secret societies that had disgraced their nation and terrorized Chinatown. Another noted preacher is the Rev. Tong Keet Hing of the Baptist mission, perhaps the best Biblical scholar and closest thinker in the Chinese church. He has been called the Chinese Spurgeon for his ready wit, his luminous presentation of truth, and his subtle and searching application. The Rev. Mr. Wong of the Presbyterian mission is a good, practical preacher, whose clear exposition and chaste diction make him a model for younger men. There is Rev. Ng Poon Chiu, who is a good English scholar, reads his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament and is about to be ordained to the ministry in the Presbyterian church. Mention must be made, too, of Gee Gam, one of the oldest and most respected Chinese christians in California, for twenty years court interpreter at Oakland, who spends his spare time in evangelistic work in connection with the Congregational mission. There is, also, Lee Tong Hay, the Methodist local preacher, whose sermons and addresses, in English and Chinese, are so full of pith and humor that some have called him the Chinese Sam Jones. Many other instances might be given, but these will suffice to show that Chinamen can not only become sincere Christian believers, but also preachers of the gospel as intelligent, faithful, earnest and consecrated as can be found in the pulpits of our own churches.

With these results it surely cannot be seriously maintained that Christian missions among the Chinese are a failure. Year after year these young men of "Far Cathay," who have been under our influence and instruction and have been brought in contact with the religion, science and civilization of the West, are returning to their native land, bearing with them the light of a new age, the principles of free institutions and the seeds of imperishable truth that will be planted in their far-off homes and become a power for good long after our work is done and our name forgotten.

JIMMY THE GUIDE.

BY WALTER B. COOKE.

I GO slumming occasionally, at least once a year, and sometimes twice, at times with some chosen friend, but preferably alone. It is such a change from the beaten path of every-day life; so different from the pleasant side of the world that one observes at home, in fashionable salons, or at balls and cotillons. Therein lies its charm, transitory though it be. One night recently, after a respite of perhaps a year, I donned an old suit of clothes and other accessories to match it, put a number of halves, quarters and dimes in my pockets for ready change, and proceeded carelessly toward Barbary Coast, the fountain head of vice and the haunt of criminals, and the most debased of our male and female population.

The Colorado, El Dorado, Arizona and Scandinavian halls were all inspected, presenting to my eyes no change in a year. The same faces were seen before and behind the bars, the same waiter girls "chased the duck" with agile feet, and their eyes were ever on the alert for a "sleeper," or an error in change, while the same motley crew of sailors, soldiers and others were being fleeced as usual. It was interesting, however, to a certain degree, especially in the Scandinavian, where two female "beer jerkers" were severely pummeling a friendless Italian because he, in his mild, drunken stupor, objected to paying twice for the same drinks.

I left there soon and crossed over to the Marble Hall, a large underground dive, well lighted, and crowded with patrons. Waiter girls ran to and fro with drinks, and as the asthmatic orchestra played "Mary Green," each sought a partner and danced a species of waltz, that would create a sensation if introduced at the meetings of the Friday Night Club. I ordered a pony of beer and sat quietly watching and studying the people there, endeavoring in my mind to form some idea of their vocation from their appearance. One man, quite near to me, attracted my attention particularly, as there was something reminiscent about his face and figure. The more I studied him the more my brain sought some avenue through which I could recognize him, until at length my thoughts traveled back through the vista of time twelve years, and the following narrative formed my mental photograph:

* * * * * * * *

In the early spring of 1880 a friend and myself resolved to make a trip to Yosemite Valley. Every one tried to dissuade us, but he insisted upon going, as he was from the East, and was obliged to return to his home soon. He was thoroughly determined to see the valley then or never; so we started. Merced was reached by rail and Mariposa furnished us shelter the second night, after a hard stage ride of twelve hours over rough roads. The following morning we secured saddle horses at Mariposa, and a guide in the form of a diminutive colored boy, or rather a man, as he was twenty-two years of age. His name was Mose, at least that was all he claimed ownership to. He was almost a prototype of the once famous "Little Mack," who was so well known on the minstrel stage years ago, and his comical appearance and make-up put us in good humor that cold, crisp morning.

We were assured that he knew every foot of the mountain country, and was honest and reliable. The express agent gave us this assurance, and coupled it with the information that a lady and gentleman had pre-

ceded us one day on the road to the valley. We struck out over the hills and mountains and reached Hite's Cove about four o'clock in the afternoon, feeling quite tired. To our surprise the lady and gentleman mentioned by the Express agent were at the hotel, and their detention was explained by the inn-keeper who said that the lady was too tired to travel; so with their guide they had taken a day's rest.

The guide was a strange contrast to our little Mose. He was over six feet in height, somewhat gaunt as to frame, though evidently powerful, and his long, matted, reddish-hued beard rested far down on his breast. His eyes were the peculiar feature of his physiognomy. They were sunken deep in the sockets and tufted almost all around by his beard and his heavy eyebrows that connected over the bridge of the nose. They were steel blue in color, but were as restless as a squirrel in a rotary cage. To me he was repulsive, and my companion shared my dislike.

At dinner we were introduced to the two travelers, Mr. and Mrs. Carew, of Kansas City, they styled themselves, and they seemed to be quite pleasant people. Although in middle life, and apparently married many years, they seemed, at times, almost as "kittenish" as a newly wedded couple. We all agreed to start together for the valley, in the morning, and they gave every evidence of delight in having our company. They retired early, but I and my traveling companion, Jack Gilman, an old college chum, went into the bar-room and played billiards. Soon the room became filled with miners, for Hite's Cove was a great mining camp then, and may be now, for all I know, and its gold sustained a high assay. These miners were not the class of men that one would meet at his club, and although they partially resented our intrusion, they gave but little outward evidence of it. Still we knew enough to stop playing billiards in a hurry, and took positions at the end of the long bar, adjacent to the doorway, leading to the hall.

A few minutes later Carew's guide entered, and as he did so, he was greeted with a shout and a chorus of blasphemous remarks from rough miners, who instantly seized him, bore him to his knees on the floor and then covering him with their revolvers, made him pray. He did pray and he prayed well and long. Then these demons made him sing hymns, and as he sang they formed a circle around and danced like evil spirits in high carnival. Each hymn or song was followed by a drink, and they came thick and fast. This was all very exciting and interesting to us "tenderfeet," as we had been dubbed, until some one threw a chair at the mirror behind the bar. Then thirty revolvers blazed out an anthem toward the ceiling and we disappeared through the doorway in great haste. The fusillade continued, and we sought fresh air at the rear of the house. At last the shooting ceased, and climbing carefully to a back window we saw that the bar-room was a wreck. Every mirror, bottle, glass and chair was broken and the miners were on the floor in a state of exhaustion, with the guide still kneeling near the stove. We had no desire to return to the scene of carnage; so we sought our rooms and were soon asleep. We arose at six o'clock, and before breakfast, had an explanation of the previous night's scene from the bar-keeper.

"You see," said he, "it was all on account of Jimmy the guide. He's one of them religious cranks called Seven Day Adventurists, and all the boys know it; so when he comes up here they just have some fun with him. They never hurt him nor any one else and always pays well for the damage done to the bar. I always tries to keep Jimmy away, but sometimes he can't help coming."

We took the explanation, and mutually agreed that we did not

admire the California miner's idea of fun. Jimmy turned up early, looking no worse than ever. Mose was on hand with his widely expansive, grinning countenance, and Mr. and Mrs. Carew were ready for the day's trip. Breakfast was finished quickly and our party of six were soon in the saddle. Our journey commenced by making an ascent of the almost perpendicular trail up the mountain side at the rear of the hotel, and it was a task for both horses and riders. Jimmy the guide led the way, with our little black man bringing up the rear. They exchanged very few remarks, and Jimmy always had precedence in everything. At last we reached the summit and soon afterward had a view of mountain scenery that has hardly a counterpart in America. Fierce-looking, rugged crags arose apparently to the sky from the pretty valley beneath us, and the immense layers of granite were tapestried in fanciful designs with fleecy masses of snow, cold, glistening relics of the winter that the sun was fast melting.

The scenery was that of Switzerland, and differed from that of the Yosemite Valley beyond it by being thoroughly picturesque without any tinge of grandeur or sublimity. Down we went over the mountain trail, our horses carefully feeling the way, until we reached the precipitous side of the mighty chasm through which the Merced River madly flows over the immense fallen bowlders of granite, seething and foaming in its wild course. There the trail ended, and across the chasm, eighty feet wide at that point, was a rudely constructed suspension bridge, wrought of boughs of trees woven together into a comparatively strong framework. It looked like tempting Providence to cross it, but both of our guides said we must as there was no other way to reach the other side and the Yosemite Valley, some fourteen miles away.

Jimmy told Mose to cross first alone, on foot, to test the strength of the bridge. He did so and returned in safety. Then after muffling the feet of our horses in gunny sacks to prevent them from slipping on the smooth surface of the bridge, Mose led his horse over the swaying structure, then Jack's, and afterward mine. He was about to take the other horses over, when Jimmy said to him, "Never mind them, I'll fix them myself." Then turning to Jack and myself, he said, "Now you two can go over, one at a time, and we will cross afterward."

I will pledge my word that all the hoarded gold of the Indies could not tempt me to cross that bridge again. Imagine that frail structure of boughs swinging to and fro with the wind that swept through the cañon, with only one narrow rail at either side as a support for the hands, while below me, a hundred feet, was the river, dashing along over the rocks, every one of which seemed to me to be a death's head staring me in the face. However, Mose, Jack and myself reached the other side all right, and as we mounted our horses, we noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Carew and Jimmy were having quite a serious conversation, judging from the expressions of their faces. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Carew stepped on the bridge together. She was ahead and he supported her as best he could. When they were midway over I noticed that Jimmy was on the ground near the big rocks at the end of the bridge, but I could not see what he was doing.

A moment later there was a crash, and the bridge was carried from its moorings on the other side of the chasm and fell into the abyss, carrying the two unfortunates with it. Piercing shrieks rent the air for a moment, and then were silenced by the ceaseless roar of the river as it thundered along. We were all spellbound by the awful catastrophe, but soon recovered, and, dismounting, looked over the brink of the precipice for the bodies. There they were, silent in death, being carried along by the flood, further, further away from

us until soon they were beyond our vision. What could we do? It was impossible to return the way we came, as the other end of the bridge was dangling below us on the rocks, our end still being held by the ropes. Jimmy was shouting and making frantic signals to us, but we could not understand him or hear him, as the rushing waters drowned his voice. So we finally turned to our guide for information. As we looked inquiringly at him he said to me:

"Boss, I always knowed dat bridge warn't safe nohow."

"But that isn't the thing," I said. "What are we to do?"

"Can't do nuffin' now, Boss, 'cept go to de valley," he answered.

This we did over an Indian trail for miles, leaving Jimmy to make his way back to Mariposa as best he could. After the experience we had, our trip was not a pleasant one, especially as most of it was on a narrow trail that was but a shelf in mid air, with a thousand feet of granite towering precipitously above us and a thousand feet more of the same below, with the Merced at the bottom. Upon arriving in the Yosemite Valley, we put up at Liedig's hotel and stayed there two days. It was impossible to make the ascent of any of the trails then, owing to the ice and snow that covered them. We returned to Mariposa by way of Wawona, suffering much in a snowstorm that struck us at Inspiration Point. At Mariposa, we told our story to the authorities. The sheriff had heard of it from Jimmy, the guide, who brought the horses back safely, and then suddenly disappeared. We returned to San Francisco by stage and rail, and soon afterward Jack went East. I have never seen him since nor did I ever hear the finale of the Carew episode.

This story, in brief, was what flashed through my mind as I sat in that dive and gazed at the stranger at the next table. Suddenly he turned in his chair, and, getting a full view of his face, I saw at once that he was Jimmy the guide. I immediately took a seat at his table and, tapping him on the arm, said to him:

"Hello, Jimmy, have you been up at Mariposa or Hite's Cove lately?"

He turned quickly and said: "Stranger, I reckon you've made a mistake."

"Oh, no, I haven't," I answered. "You are Jimmy, the guide, who was with Mr. and Mrs. Carew, in April, 1880, who went from Mariposa to Hite's Cove, and then were killed the following day by the falling of the suspension bridge over the Merced river. I know you."

"Oh, yes, stranger, I reckon I reckerlect you now. Yes, yes."

Then he mused for a moment and said: "I never expected to see you again."

"No, nor did I expect to see you. Here, waiter, two beers. Oh, you'll take whisky. Well, make it a beer and a whisky straight."

This interruption for refreshments was followed by a few remarks about my trip to the Yosemite Valley; then we had our drinks, and I asked him how it happened that the bridge broke down.

He turned to me and his eyes twinkled devilishly as he said:

"That woman used to be my wife, and she ran away with that man ten years before I met them in Mariposy. They didn't know me, stranger, on account of my beard, and I wasn't as pretty then as I used to be. I knew them, though, and that's how that bridge broke down. Look here! stranger," he then said, quickly, "I reckon I'm talking too much and I'm going out. Perhaps it'll be best for your health if you sit just where you are for half an hour and keep your mouth shut. If you do move, there'll be another bridge broken somewhere."

He vanished from sight and I held that chair down for an hour. Then I went home.

RANCHING FOR FEATHERS.

BY M. C. FREDERICK.

IN pageants of victory or gladness, in the mournful funeral cortege, in coronets of princes, in the ball room, on the street, always and everywhere, the beautiful, soft, bending ostrich plume holds proud dominion.

The ancient Egyptians, with true artistic discernments, chose it as the sacred emblem of justice and truth, and set it upon the head of their Goddess of Truth, because the vanes on either side of the shaft are so exactly balanced, while in other feathers the quill divides the web unequally.

Henry of Navarre, "The Plumed Knight," said, as he fastened on his helmet, ready for the battle of Ivry, which practically secured for him the throne of France: "My friends, yonder is the enemy, here is your king, and God is on our side. If you lose your standards, rally round my white plume; you will always find it in the path of honor and victory."

It is rarely suspected how much of Cupid's power is due to the witchery of an exquisite feather fan that lends its own beauty to the face it partly conceals, so charmingly reveals, when roguish eyes peep coquettishly from behind its rich loveliness; or to the long, elegant plume, curling lovingly over the brim of a Gainsborough that makes the plain face under it sweet and attractive.

For grace and beauty no ornament can be compared with ostrich feathers, and present fashions revel in them in all forms and for all uses. They appear in bands and edgings in odd and beautiful varieties on evening and dinner gowns of the costliest materials. Sometimes it is a row of the tiniest tips attached to a feather band, or, perhaps, a double row, or it may be a trio, falling over the band, which supports them, and forming most dainty garnitures.

Tall, Prince of Wales plumes, towering high above a flat crown are said to have a dignified effect. However that may be, one cannot help wondering what dire insult has caused the pretty, clinging things to stiffen their spines and stand erect in that haughty, defiant fashion. Or is it only that they are puffed up with pride and vanity at their high degree that they rise up in that saucy, look-at-me way?

Happily, the bloody reign of stuffed birds for hat trimming is over, and it is hoped that anything so unladylike, inartistic, and altogether revolting will never again come into vogue. Yet formerly it was only through the death of the ostrich that its rich plumage could be secured, and like the buffalo it would have been exterminated, had not a successful effort been made to domesticate it. This was first done in 1865, though it did not become general until about 1880, when it became a sort of mania, and two thousand five hundred dollars was no uncommon price for a pair of breeders, and even as high as five thousand dollars a pair was received, while eggs sometimes sold at fifty dollars each.

The great success of those engaged in the business in Africa prior to 1882 led to the introduction of that industry into Southern California, where the conditions are very similar.

From a troop of two hundred ostriches that were shipped to South America, which is well adapted to their requirements, twenty-four were sent by steamer to New York, and then by rail to San Francisco, where they were on exhibition for three months at Woodward's Gardens.

A company was formed and a

"farm" was established near Anaheim in Los Angeles County. It is now known as the Fullerton Farm, and the present owners are demonstrating that ostrich growing can be made a success in California.

The same year that these birds arrived (1882) the American Ostrich Company was incorporated under the laws of Maine, with C. F. A. Johnson as president. Their operations were



A Three-Year-Old.

conducted on entirely different principles. Mr. Johnson's son, who was chosen manager, went to Africa, where he remained nearly a year, thoroughly familiarizing himself with all the details of the business. Returning with twenty-one birds, Florida, some parts of Texas, and the vicinity of New Orleans were examined with a view of locating, but it was finally decided that Southern California was the only suitable place, and they were brought to the San Luis Rey Valley in San Diego County and located at Fallbrook. Mr. Johnson has given them his personal supervision and is well satisfied with his success.

In 1886, Dr. Sketchley, with the aid of English capital, imported thirty-two birds and opened a farm near Los Angeles, that resulted disastrously. The birds were purchased by Mr. Perry, who now carries on the business successfully at Santa Monica.

In 1887, Mr. Edwin Cawston brought a troop of forty-two birds from Africa, and after keeping them for a time in Los Angeles, established them at Norwalk where he has had satisfactory results.

When it was demonstrated that the birds readily adapted themselves to other countries, the Cape Colony Government, seeing their business seriously threatened by competition, imposed an export duty in 1884 of five hundred dollars on each ostrich and twenty-five dollars on each egg, though Mr. Cawston avoided this great additional expense by purchasing, at an average of seventy-five dollars each, from farms near Natal, and shipping from that point.

From these four importations originated all the ostriches now in this country.

Owing to the hardships of transportation, some of the birds died after their arrival, and there were losses from coyotes, barbed-wire fences and various accidents, so the original number was considerably reduced. Those that remained did not recover from the journey and become acclimated for some time, and it was many months before any little ones were hatched. As it requires four or five years for the young birds to mature, it will be seen that the increase has, necessarily, been slow. In addition to this there was great loss from the incubators. The eggs being so large, incubators had to be manufactured expressly for them, and it was a long time before a satisfactory one was secured.

Both Mr. Johnson and Mr. Cawston have sold birds that were shipped to Honolulu, where they have thriven; and four years ago Mr. Cawston sold some to Mr. Harbert, of Phœnix, Arizona, and these, too, have done well and now number thirty birds. Mr. Johnson also sold half a dozen that were taken to Colorado and are on exhibition near Denver. All the others, numbering one hundred and fifty-eight, are in Southern California, and are distributed as follows: Fallbrook, including its exhibits at Coronado and Riverside, one hundred and thirty; Fullerton, one hundred and ten; Norwalk, sixty-one; Santa Monica, thirty-six; Carpenteria, fourteen, and Los Angeles, seven.

Before the business had become well established in California, fashion decreed that the beautiful plumes, which could at last be had at no cost of life, should give place to the bodies of dead birds, and again the cruel carnage began. Ostrich feathers dropped in price fifty to seventy-five per cent., and in Africa the best pair of breeders were said to be worth not more than sixty dollars. But a fashion so barbarous could not long obtain, and plumes gradually came into use again, and are now as popular as ever. There are, at present, two hundred thousand ostriches on farms in Cape Colony, where feather producing is one of the leading industries, and from Port Elizabeth alone are shipped five million dollars' worth annually—one-half of which comes to the United States.

Some of the stories circulated by ambitious journalists in regard to ostriches and the profits in feathers, are somewhat startling. One familiar with the bird could hardly repress a smile upon being informed with the utmost gravity that the most valuable plumes hang in a delicate fringe all around its body. In the same newspaper article it is stated that during the second year of his existence a male bird furnished two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of first quality plumes and about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of second grade—all the numerals being carefully spelled out, doubtless to avoid mistakes which might occur by the addition of a cipher more or less.

A writer in one of the leading magazines of recent date places the value of a single plucking at the modest sum of five hundred dollars. When it is considered that only the wing and tail feathers are of value, even that amount is seen to be rather inflated.

The amount of feathers from one bird at a single plucking is variously estimated by the different California growers at from half a pound to one and a half pounds, and as each farm markets its crop differently, there is also variation in the prices received. An African paper gives market quotations for the latter part of January at fifteen to thirty-five pounds for prime whites, extra lots, and all the way down through first, second and third whites, and a long list of other qualities, numbering twenty-two in all; to "young birds (spadowas) one pound eight shillings, to two pounds ten shillings." Since then there has been an advance, and the highest price paid is two hundred and ten dollars a pound. In California fifty dollars per year is considered a fair estimate of the income from each bird.

At Santa Monica the feathers are manufactured by an employé, and sold on the grounds, many of them going to tourists who are anxious to secure the pretty souvenirs from birds they have seen. The best raw plumes are worth one dollar and a half and after being made up sell for six dollars each.

The Fallbrook Company send their product to New York, where they are made up in a variety of ways, aigrettes, pompons, collarettes, boas, etc., in addition to the plumes and tips, and returned to them, where they are principally sold at their Coronado exhibit. Their plumes retail at from one dollar to ten dollars each. The remainder of the California product is purchased by San Francisco and New York wholesale dealers.

The ostriches are first plucked when about nine months of age, and about every nine months thereafter, though the first plucking is of little value and the second not much better.

At the proper time several men enter the corral and gradually close in on one, as quietly as possible, for an ostrich's "heart is always in his mouth," and when frightened he is liable to do himself injury. He is grasped by each wing and a long bag or "stocking" is quickly drawn over his head, as when blindfolded he becomes comparatively manageable. He is then hustled like a resisting criminal into a strong plucking box or V-shaped corral, barely large enough to admit him, in which he cannot possibly kick or turn round. The twenty-four long plumes are clipped from each wing (those of the males being white, females gray) and the smaller feathers are removed with a quick jerk that must make his eyes water, for if allowed to become perfectly ripe the quality is impaired.

After the lapse of some weeks the stubs of the plumes that were left in the wings become dried up and are easily removed with pincers. A single bird rarely furnishes more than a dozen plumes of very best quality at a plucking, as they are liable to become worn or otherwise damaged.

Ostriches mate when four or five years old and thereafter evince great conjugal devotion. The cock assists at incubation, sitting two-thirds of the time, and if his spouse is negligent he drives her to the nest.



Ostrich Incubating Its Eggs.

Sixty or perhaps more eggs are laid in a season if the pair are not permitted to sit, and incubators are in general use. There is a wide difference in the success of raising chicks at the different farms, just as some people are more successful than others in raising poultry. However, at least ten chicks should be raised from a pair in a season.

The young birds, being tender and liable to colds, require great care, but

after a few weeks they become hardy and run about caring for themselves like barnyard fowls, and in California the grown birds have proved to be very healthy and remarkably free from ailments, the native stock being hardier and stronger than the imported.

Their food consists of corn, alfalfa, the native grasses, vegetables and green feed of any kind. At one time, when feed was scarce at the Fullerton farm they were fed chopped prickley pear that had first been scorched to remove the thorns, and in Africa this is a common food. An ostrich is not at all fastidious in his tastes and makes a good scavenger, greedily devouring almost anything that comes in his way. It is highly important that they be well supplied with bones and gravel. A large amount of food is gobbled up and then the head raised when it is plainly seen passing in a spiral direction, down the snake-like neck so long and flexile that the head may be turned completely around.

The variety of hardware with which he stores his interior is something amazing. Any bright article is appropriated with avidity, a silver dollar being relished quite as much as a grain of corn, while a cake of soap or a gimlet would be regarded as a dainty dessert. One of the birds at Santa Monica is the happy possessor of a gold locket stolen from a too trustful bystander, and a lady who made a study of them in Africa relates how a lighted pipe was snatched from the mouth of an Englishman and hastily swallowed before its designs could be frustrated.

Inquisitiveness is a prominent trait of the ostrich character and he always comes waltzing along with a springy step to see what is going on when anything new attracts his attention. When a visitor enters his domain he approaches as closely as his enclosure will permit, and peers about in a most curious manner, as though he and not the new-comer had paid twenty-five cents admittance and he was determined to get his money's worth.

His stupidity is proverbial and is a constant menace to life or limb. A California owner has seen one put his flat, brainless little head over the fence and back again beneath the board, half encircling it with his neck and then becoming frightened pull as if he were entangled. Being in a chronic state of alarm, he is always on the alert for danger, and usually succeeds in creating plenty of it in the above silly fashion.

The birds sometimes break from one corral into another, and when pursued they "lift themselves on high and scorn the horse and his rider." "I have seen them," said an attendant, "jump a fence five feet high, and on another occasion one went through a fence consisting of three bars of one-by-four pine, with such force as to shatter the boards, and continued in his mad flight as though he had met no obstruction."

Their peculiar habit of waltzing is worthy of note. It is usually done in the morning, when the sun comes up brightly, and they dance like a Dervish, round and round, at such a rate that sometimes it ends in a broken leg. Whether this is due to a twist the leg gets in crossing, or a sad tendency of the bird to become giddy and tumble, with the above result, is a matter of opinion. Nevertheless it is said that in Africa waltzing costs the owners eight to ten per cent per annum, for if an ostrich breaks its leg it is almost certain to not recover. If any casualties have occurred among the California birds on that account, they have not been reported.

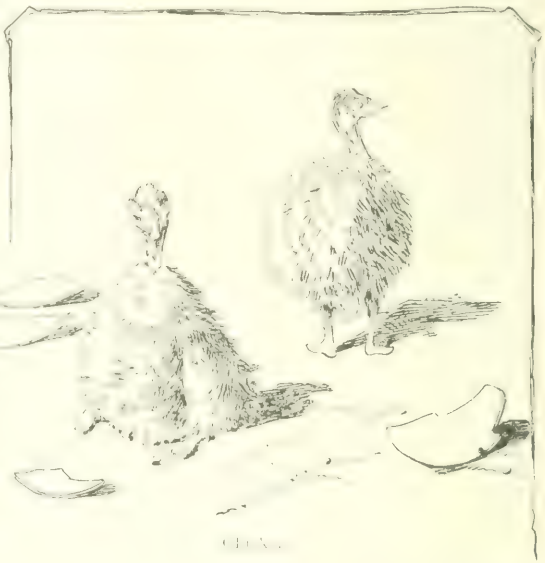
At Santa Monica an effort has been made to ride them, but there seemed to be no possibility of guiding them, and the project was abandoned.

If the gaunt, ill proportioned creature, which is scarcely a bird, nor yet a beast, is thought by many to be the embodiment of ugliness, he is certainly pretty enough in his baby days, with his large mild eyes and velvety

neck, so beautifully striped, and his innocent little face that looks up at you in trustful wonderment. The body is plump and shapely, and he waddles about on his two-toed, swollen feet in a way that frequently ends in a comical sprawl on his back and a heroic struggle to gain his footing again, all the while uttering a not unmusical sound. But he soon becomes angular, doffs his baby clothes, loses his voice, grows bald-headed and untidy-looking, lengthens his neck and legs a few feet, and the only beauty left him is his soft, pretty eyes. When in full plumage, he sometimes presents a fine appearance, yet his feathers are likely to be sun-faded and soiled, and his beautiful plumes often have a draggled and shabby look quite unlike the lovely airy things we see in the milliner's windows.

During the mating season the male is savage and aggressive, and frequently gives three deep roars—two short and the last one prolonged—so like the roar of the lion as often to be mistaken by lion hunters in Africa, the only difference being that an ostrich near by sounds like a lion in the distance. As an English lady observes, he does not show proper respect for his master, but runs at him, hissing viciously, whenever opportunity offers, and is as wicked as he knows how to be. The attendant must arm himself with a long stick, usually forked at the end, with which he wards him off by placing it against the neck of his irate enemy and keeping him at a safe distance. Should one assail a person not familiar with them, the safest thing to do, so says an experienced attendant, is to lie flat on the ground, as he cannot kick lower than three feet, and kicking is his only method of warfare. When being driven on horseback, he sometimes attacks both horse and rider, and the skirmish is sufficiently exciting while it lasts, but rarely results seriously.

The female is destitute of voice, and calls her chicks, when she is permitted to superintend their bringing up, by a rattling and a rustling of the wings.



Of course the all-important question in regard to the ostrich business in California is, "Will it pay?" and the several gentlemen engaged in that vocation reply as follows:

"The California product of feathers is considered by experts, including the New York manufacturers, to be very superior. They are finer than any imported, which is quite conclusive as to adaptation of climate, soil, etc., to their production. The industry seems now to be well established and the promise of success flattering.

Mr. Johnson, Sr., of the Fallbrook Farm: "Ostrich farming for feathers will pay if properly carried on, and in the most suitable localities will pay well."

Mr. Hodgson, Santa Monica: "There is no reason why ostrich farming should not become general in Southern California and also in Arizona,

especially as alfalfa grows so luxuriantly and is so cheaply raised. There are no more intricacies in the business than in keeping poultry. Nearly every farmer in Cape Colony has his quota of birds, and the farmers there are certainly not more advanced than they are here. We have no difficulties to meet here. All we need is a feather sale at stated periods, as in Africa, that buyers attend and buy parcels to suit them. When such a market is established I think investors will more readily engage in the new industry."

Mr. Atherton, Fullerton: "Ostrich farming is bound to become general in California because it is a very paying industry. It is being learned that any one may raise them that is so inclined. Should I be just wishing to start an enterprise in California, there is nothing, I think, gives greater chance of success and profit than an ostrich farm. Some of the California birds are now mature and are magnificent specimens. There is an import duty of twenty-five per cent on feathers coming into the United States, which is a profit to us here compared with the farmers in Africa."

Mr. Cawston, of Norwalk: "Although the arid lands of California and Arizona are suitable for ostrich farming, as it is done in Africa, I do not think they will be so utilized for many years, if at all, as so much better care can be given them by artificial feeding. It is for this reason that the California feathers are particularly fine, just as our domestic cattle are superior to those of the vast herds that roam over the plains finding their food as best they may. One or two men can care for a hundred birds. Of course, locality and proximity to food will vary the expense of keeping. Mr. Johnson estimates the expense for food alone of those at Fallbrook to be not more than six dollars each per year."

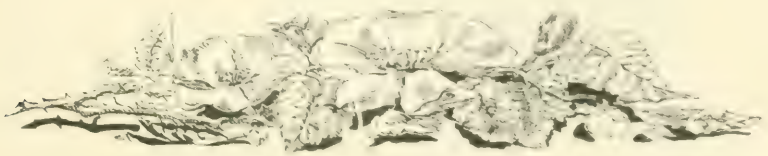
Mr. Cawston has twenty acres of alfalfa and ten acres of young fruit trees, between the rows of which he raises sugar beets—a choice article of ostrich diet—and thinks he could keep a hundred birds on that amount of land. He says: "I can keep eight ostriches to one cow, and as the profits from each are about the same (estimating the income from a cow to be fifty dollars), you can readily see how much more profitable the former is than the latter. Then there is the additional sale of egg shells for which I receive fifteen dollars per dozen."

Fencing is necessary—wire or board and wire being used—and is an important item in the expenses.

About the time of the introduction of ostriches in California, a few young ones were taken to Florida where they all died within a year, the climate, soil and feed proving alike unfavorable.

The French government has several ostrich farms in Algiers. General Gordon, of Khartoum fame, was the first to establish a farm in the Soudan, and several are being successfully conducted near Cairo at the present time, the North African birds being finer than those of the South. In South America the industry is also becoming prominent.

London has six auction sales of feathers annually, at each of which are sold from twenty thousand to thirty thousand pounds of feathers. Prices range from seventy-five cents per pound for those from chicks, to one hundred and fifty dollars per pound for prime whites—the proportion of cheap feathers bringing the average down to about fifteen dollars per pound.



ENGLISH SLUMBER SONG.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

Oh, wilt thou close thy violet een,
My tiny dimpled girlie?
And wilt thou be my fairy queen
And droop thy head so curly?
Then thou shalt sail on a golden sea
In a silver shallop, sweet, with me,
Which thy angel sisters bring to thee,
Nid-nod-nee!
So cuddle close to mother's breast,
My lovely lily lady,
And we will sail the billow's crest
To find an island shady
Where thou shalt ride on a starling's wing,
Or soft on a snowy thistle swing,
And list to the songs the peris sing,
Nid-nod-nee!

Now softly shut each silken lid,
My dainty little snowball,
And, darling, do as thou art bid,
I hear the fire-fly's night call!
For see, he has lit his torch in glee
To guide thee on o'er the amber sea
Where the elfin babies wait for thee,
Nid-nod-nee!
With cobweb strands of purple hue,
My turtle dove, my fairy!
We'll hitch the beetles two by two
And speed a wing so airy;
We'll steal away with the cricket's horn,
We'll tickle the bat with the rose's thorn,
And ne'er return till the break of morn
Nid-nod-nee!

So, sweetly, sweetly, take thy rest,
My bonnie one, love-lassie!
With dreams of joy thy sleep is blessed
And weary cares shall pass thee!
Oh, thou shalt dance with the moonbeams white
And sport with the misty gnomes of night
Till the stars laugh loud in wild delight,
Nid-nod-nee!
A cooing pigeon by thy side,
My pretty, drowsy dearie,
Will take thee for his tiny bride,
So slumber on—nor fear thee!
For he'll bring thee sweet nepenthe's bloom
And fan thy cheek with a lilac's plume
Till thy blue een steal the faint perfume,
Nid-nod-nee!



NEW LOS ANGELES.

BY J. R. HENDERSON.

IN ancient times, mighty cities arose on sites which would now preclude them from attaining the rank of third-rate towns. Now-a-days topographical position is one of those imperatively important factors of development that decide the growth of a town. If the site of a projected city is such that easy communication with the world can be obtained, whether by river or railroad, inland lake or oceanic highway, when the industrial products of which it is the focus require external markets for the excess over local consumption, vigorous and rapid will be the progress of the new town, which in time will rise to metropolitan dignity. If, on the contrary, communication by water be wanting, and that by rail difficult and tardy, the city will languish and its growth be dwarfed, in spite of rich surroundings and the agricultural wealth that lies dormant and neglected all around.

A better illustration of the truth of this remark can hardly be found than in the comparison of Los Angeles of the past with the Los Angeles of to-day.

Whenever the Spanish padres of old established a mission and settlement in a newly discovered country, they never failed to select a location that possessed the advantages of fertility of soil and beauty of scenery. Ten years before the founding of the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles, the mission of San Gabriel was established, and from it, September 4, 1781, twelve Mexican soldiers who had served their time sallied forth and settled with their

families on the site now occupied by the metropolis of Southern California. Beautifully located midway between the ocean and the mountains, with a climate unsurpassed even by that of Italy, the little colony slumbered in a cradle of indolence for half a century. Immense herds of cattle pastured in the meadows of the valley, and on the distant foothills; the rich lands eagerly responded to the rudest agricultural persuasion, yielding bountiful

In 1831 a spasm of energy seized this pastoral community, caused by the opening of the trail to Santa Fé, and a lively trade was opened with that great trading center of the past. The town that had so slowly, so very slowly, grown during its childhood, began to expand, and in 1835 it attained the dignity of becoming the capital of Alta California. It was the means of communication with another land that aroused it from its torpor.



The Los Angeles Normal School.

crops; and the simple-hearted people, devoted to a pastoral life, were happy and contented in their isolation. Rarely did vessels from Mexico touch their coast, sometimes not one in a year, and when they did so, they only stayed long enough to take on board the hides and tallows that had accumulated, having discharged such cargo as their captains could dispose of. Then the white canvases were hoisted and they sailed away again.

In 1847 California passed under the government of the United States, but Los Angeles profited little or nothing by the tremendous influx of population caused by the gold discovery. Its population in 1854 was four thousand, of whom only five hundred were Americans, and in 1860 it did not exceed four thousand five hundred. Plodding on in a quiet, sluggish kind of way, during the next twenty years, Los Angeles, according to the census



of 1880, had a population of eleven thousand three hundred and eleven, which increase was mainly owing to the completion in 1877 of the Southern Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Los Angeles, thus giving the city communication with the rest of the world. The year 1881, however, produced no increase, rather the contrary, for Arizona was booming under the influence of the discovery of the dependent upon Los Angeles for supplies. In December of that year some life was infused into the place, business thrived, and new buildings were erected. The dawn of progress was beginning to illumine the fogs of stagnation.

The initial start had taken place on the opening of the Southern Pacific, as already mentioned. Immigrants began to make their appearance, increasing



Boating on the Park Lake.

Tombstone mines and the prospect of an early junction of the Southern Pacific with Eastern railroads. Many of the inhabitants of Los Angeles deserted her, and hundreds of others tried to dispose of their property in order to seek their fortunes in the new mining district. Later in the year the junction of the Southern Pacific was effected, giving Los Angeles a shorter line through to the East, while the mining business in Arizona proved beneficial to the inactive town, inasmuch as that Territory was largely the population; large tracts of land were divided into portions suitable to the requirements of settlers; irrigation enterprises were established, and then progress paused. It was ebb and flow, "Forward, march!" and "Halt!" with Los Angeles during her dull, sleepy career, down to within the last half-dozen years. Such is a brief outline of the history of Los Angeles of the past. And now the crisis in her existence has arrived; a great tidal wave of immigration, urged onward by the motive forces that



The New Courthouse, Los Angeles.

impel mankind to sudden impulses, set in and landed her on the platform of permanent advancement and prosperity. Not instantaneously permanent, for the tidal wave receded and left much wreckage, but permanent as regards the future.

In 1885 a competing transcontinental railroad came into operation, the Santa Fé line having been completed



First Congregational Church.

in November. The prospects of the future were brilliant, so brilliant that thousands poured into Los Angeles from all directions, and a real estate boom, unsurpassed and probably unparalleled by any other similar boom was inaugurated. There had been symptoms of such a frenzy occurring, just as there are warnings of the thunderstorm or of the tornado's rush. The completion of the Southern Pacific overland line, in the latter part of 1881, marked the first movement of outsiders toward Los Angeles, under the steady pressure of which vitality became more active. By the summer of 1883 long-headed people began to invest in real estate, and a boom of the mild variety occurred, values having doubled during the period from 1881 to 1883, while the population increased in a corresponding degree. Progress continued, and in November, 1885, the Santa Fé road was opened to Los Angeles. From that time the boom was impetuous, rapid, bearing all before it like a mountain torrent.

People were intoxicated with enthusiasm over the prospects of Los Angeles and the county. It is impossible to describe the excitement that reigned during this period. Private sales of real estate and sales by public auction drew daily crowds. Purchasers formed lines before daybreak at the offices of



In the Sixth Street Park, Los Angeles.

real estate agents, in order to make sure of securing lots; bands of music enlivened the auction scenes, and lunch tables invited to good cheer. The advances in the values of real estate were excessive and of course unsound. The best available business property could have been bought in 1880 at the rate of one thousand dollars a front foot; during the boom it was valued at twenty-five hundred dollars. For a lot on Main and Sixth streets that was sold in 1863 for twenty dollars a front foot, eight hundred dollars a front foot were offered in 1887. Land four miles outside the city limits, that had been sold for one dollar an acre in 1868, rose to one thousand dollars an acre. Large tracts of outside land were bought by speculators—some with capital and some with none—and subdivided into lots to suit purchasers; new townsites were laid out, and new towns sprang into existence. Down to the close of 1886, no serious consequences were the result of this frenzied excitement, but at the beginning of 1887 a number of outside speculators from distant states flocked to Los Angeles, like birds of prey.



Electric Car, opposite St. Elmo Hotel.

Under the management of these old practiced hands the excitement was raised to the pitch of madness, and the installment plan was set to work. Under this process, what would have been a good, solid, and steady advance for three years was crowded into as many months; and then reaction naturally set in. The most curious feature about this boom is the fact that



The Sisters' New Hospital, Los Angeles.

most of the buyers during the spring and summer of 1887 were the people of Los Angeles themselves. The cry was raised by the speculators that during the following winter eastern people would swarm into Los Angeles, and that the time to purchase was before the land-hungry crowd arrived. Thereupon a mania for the acquisition of land possessed the inhabitants. Car-drivers and servant-girls, clerks and



Under the Pepper Trees.

waiters, salesmen and saleswomen practiced an unimaginable economy, hoarding up every cent they could, in order to pay the first installment of one third on a lot in some one or other of the mushroom sites of paper cities that sprang up in the summer of 1887.

To give some idea of the fatal, or rather disastrous termination to the previous healthy boom we will have recourse to statistics. During the period from October 1886, to May 1887, inclusive, the monthly sales of real estate steadily advanced from two million, two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars to eight million, one hundred and sixty-three, three hundred and twenty-seven. The sales in June of the latter year, after the appearance of outside speculators, amounted to eleven million, five hundred thousand dollars; in July to twelve million dollars; and in August to eleven million five hundred thousand, making a total of thirty-five million dollars, in round numbers, for three months only. After August the sales began to fall off, and those for November did not reach six million dollars.

And now the arrival of the eastern visitors in force was anxiously awaited, but the holders of lots were doomed to disappointment. No such enormous number as that predicted by the real estate "sharks" put in an appearance, and what was worse, numbers of those who did arrive, failed to find Los Angeles to be the angelic city which they had hoped for. Muddy streets, the impositions of boarding and lodging-house keepers, and the unscrupulousness of real estate agents—two classes of temporary contributors to the pop-



Bird's-eye View of Los Angeles, from the Courthouse, looking North.

ulation which at that time particularly afflicted Los Angeles—disgusted them, and they left in crowds for other and more congenial places.

The real estate boom was over. A vast amount of money was lost by the victims of the "eastern visitor" cry, but there was no collapse. What disaster there was, was borne with fortitude by the sufferers, and the community at large had learnt a lesson. Many valuable enterprises were begun and finished, during this extraordinary rise in real estate, which, regarded with calm reflection, now that it is an item of history, must be considered as a somewhat violent upheaval followed by beneficial results. After the subsidence of the real estate boom, a building and town-improving boom followed, which in turn was succeeded by a productive boom, the backbone and motor nerve-power of the prosperity of Los Angeles. Let us now look upon Los Angeles of to-day and see what the last five years have accomplished.



High School, corner Castelar and Rock Streets.

To state that the population of Los Angeles is now sixty-five thousand would be under rather than over the mark, and the reader can well picture to himself the great increase that has taken place in the dimensions of the



city during the last decade, when he bears in mind that the population in 1880 was only eleven thousand. We shall take a bird's-eye view of this same city. From our imaginary lofty standpoint we notice that the general trend of the town is northeast and southwest, stretching in a direction parallel with that of the river, on the northerly side of which the larger portion of Los Angeles lies. The business and denser portion is built somewhat toward the northeast, while far to the southwest extend streets and



Calla Lily Hedge in Second Street Park—in Winter.

streets of residences, which, as the distance from the populous business center increases, assume a suburban character. Residences, however, are scattered in all directions, while the public parks and squares, aggregating five hundred and forty-two acres, decked with choice semi-tropic trees and shrubs and private gardens adorned with many-colored flowers, give a rural aspect to this city of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels. Across the river lies East Los Angeles, a populous town in itself of eight thousand inhabitants; and on Boyle Heights is another appendage to the city proper; on the west lie tempting hills which attract home-builders by the beautiful sites they offer for private residences, and beyond them, seventeen miles away, stretches the expanse of the Pacific Ocean, while southward, twenty-two miles distant, lies the Bay of San Pedro. We mark the numerous stately edifices, public and private, the miles and miles of graded and macadamized streets; the many lines of street cars ceaselessly moving to and fro, and we ask ourselves is this the same city where, little more than a decade ago, the merchant sat on his dry goods boxes "waiting for" business "to turn up," like Mr. Micawber's "something," and the country peddler could not always obtain of the retail dealer the amount of goods he wished to buy?

Vast has been the stride made during the last five years. Adobe buildings have disappeared and magnificent structures, such as the Hollenbeck



The City Hall, Los Angeles.

Hotel, and Bryson-Bonebrake Block, the Westminster Hotel and the Phillips Block, the Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Baker Block, the Griffith Block, the Wilson Block, the *Times* Building, and dozens of other private buildings that proclaim the solid prosperity and welfare of the people of Los Angeles. That the public buildings are not behindhand in fitly representing by imposing architecture the institutions of a flourishing community, witness the Court House erected at the cost of half a million dollars, and the new City Hall, which cost two hundred thousand dollars. Turn where we will, we come across stately and beautiful buildings such as the High School in Castelar street, Temperance Temple at the corner of Broadway and Temple street, the Young Men's Christian Association building in South Broadway, and the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank at the corner of Commercial and Main streets. The value of city property is in quintuple proportion to what it was nine years ago, the assessed valuation for 1882–3 and 1891–2 being respectively nine million two hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars, and forty-five million nine hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars, in round numbers. During that period, and mainly within the last five years of it, twenty million dollars were expended in the erection of buildings.

The area included within the limits of this now beautiful city comprises thirty-six square miles, delightfully diversified by valley, hill and plain, each tempting to occupancy by its particular attraction, and offering to the home-seeker a multiplicity of sites to select from for the abode of his Lares and Penates. A great portion of this location, with its pure atmosphere and genial climate, is still occupied by vineyards and orchards, and by unimproved sunny hillsides waiting to dispense their wealth of hygienic blessings and display the glorious scenery they hold to view. Within the indefinite precincts of the already inhabited portion of this large area, the public parks deserve especial notice. It must not be supposed when the City of the Angels shook off the lethargy of a century's duration, —a lethargy due only to that incomprehensible web-spinner of controlling circumstances which rule the advancement or retrogression of communities —that she could leap on to the pedestal of completion at a single bound. Completion is the result of development, and development is the product of time and intelligence. Nevertheless, her present rulers, with provident foresight, have provided for the pleasure grounds and happiness of her public, as far as lay in their power. They have not been able to plant a Garden of Eden within the existing dimensions of the city, but they have met the requirements of the population of Los Angeles, as regards a popular resort, for many years to come, by securing, for the public, Westlake Park, thirty-five acres in extent, with its lake and drives and bosky walks ; the tiny Sixth Street Park, a jewel in a mural setting ; the East Side Park of fifty acres, in East Los Angeles ; and Prospect Park on Brooklyn Heights. Their providence, moreover, has looked beyond their own generation, and four hundred and fifty acres on the northwestern hills have been reserved as public park land. Elysian Park, with its magnificent views and the illimitable sources of recreation and enjoyment that it possesses, will, in all probability, be Elysian in fact as well as in name, within the next ten years. What a paradise will the alliance between art and nature make of it in thirty years !

To enter into details, with regard to institutions as represented at Los Angeles, is unnecessary. Her public schools and educational system, her college, the University of Southern California, her asylums and benevolent establishments, her social regulations with respect to charitable undertakings, and her attention to the arts and sciences and literature, correspond and



The Episcopal Church, from the Park, a Winter Scene.

are on the same altitude with her prosperity. Her citizens have made it their set purpose not to be found wanting.

Los Angeles had long ago been entered on the tablets of prosperity. During her long career of sluggishness, beneficent Nature was waiting to reward those who would meet her half way, in the surrounding country, to receive the wondrous wealth of produce she was eager to pour forth from her cornucopia of fertility. The time came and the people. The newcomers diverted her distant water courses and spread the vitalizing fluid over thousands of acres of ground that she had heavily charged with all the elements of vegetable life. Then, where erstwhile great flocks of sheep nibbled the parched pasturage, pregnant, all the same, with nutriment; where herds of cattle and big bands of horses browsed in the pastoral days; and where the sagebrush ruled supreme, orange and lemon groves sprang up, vineyards yielded their wine and raisins, the walnut tree reared its umbrageous form, vegetables of many kinds covered hundreds and hundreds of acres, and "waves of shadow went over the wheat."

We opened this article with the trite truism that communication with the outside world decides the welfare of a community, in this age. To-day eleven lines of railroad center in Los Angeles. But eleven hundred lines might have centered in the city and wrought little good to her, had not her citizens appreciated the latent resources of the soil, and had the enterprise to apply the touchstone of irrigation. It is only necessary to refer to the State Citrus Fair, held at Los Angeles in 1891, as an exponent of that enterprise. In no part of the world was ever such a display of fruit, and we can well imagine that Pomona herself was present in spirit and inspired the architects of the Ladies' Annex, on the occasion of that exhibition. The symbolic and artistic design, the elaboration of details, and the delicate construction work point directly to inspiration. As we gazed on the Goddess of Plenty with her upraised right arm and saw the profusion of fruits of many kinds issuing from the Zeus-blessed horn of Amalthea at her command; as we marked the rising sun shedding his first morning rays of golden glory on the orange grove that seemed to greet his radiance with promise of productiveness; and noted the lavishness of fruit around, we realized that the Ladies' Annex was one of the greatest attractions at the fair. At this great exhibition of the citrus fruits of Southern California, fifty thousand oranges, lemons and limes were used in constructing the exhibits made by the horticulturists of fifteen different localities, and more than one hundred men were employed for the space of eight days in constructive and other work.

In order fully to appreciate the magnitude of the results of irrigation, let the reader well consider the fact that the shipments of oranges alone over the Southern Pacific railroad, for the eleven months ending December of that same year, 1891, amounted to fifty-seven million and six hundred thousand pounds, or twenty-eight thousand and eight hundred tons.

A prominent feature, as a result of this progress, is the improvement in the streets and thoroughfares. No longer can the visitor proclaim his astonishment and sympathizing sorrow at the muddy condition of the sidewalks in this City of the Angels; no longer has the draught horse any danger of being foundered at a crossing. There are now ninety miles of graded and graveled roadway, and ten miles in asphaltum. The foot passenger can take his stroll on the level concrete pavement as long and as far as he likes, or the pedestrian can occupy the whole day at a seven-mile gait, if he could do it, and never tread twice the same sidewalk, for there are eighty miles of it.

Los Angeles is well represented by an intelligent and progressive press.



Millard Cañon Fall, Sierra Madre Mountains near Los Angeles

The Republican party finds champions in two papers—the Los Angeles *Times*, a sterling morning paper, edited by Col. Harrison Gray Otis, who has done much in advancing the interests of the commonwealth, and the *Evening Express*, edited by H. Z. Osborne, who has been a prominent figure in the upbuilding of the city. The *Herald*—Democratic—is a morning paper, edited by Messrs. Ayres and Lynch, well-known journalists, and as with the others, by its publication of special editions and valuable articles on the resources of the county, has aided materially in the true development of Los Angeles city and county. Los Angeles has a number of weeklies, as the *Porcupine*, the *World*, the *California*, and the *Rural Californian*, an ably conducted monthly, edited by Messrs. Heintz and Kruckberg.

What the Mexicans call *el movimiento* is an indicator of the activity of business in a city, and the street railroads form a principal factor of that indicator. There are now no less than one hundred miles of street railroad, extending along all the principal thoroughfares. In 1887 the first electric line—the Pico street line—was put in operation in Los Angeles. This was the first line to use electricity as a motive power, west of the Rocky mountains. It is a certainty that, for convenient and rapid personal transport, that method of locomotion will be an absolute requirement of the future. Enterprising men had foreseen this, and in 1890 the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railroad Company obtained a franchise from the city authorities, extending over a period of fifty years, commencing from October 14th of that year. The conditions of the franchise were made very favorable to the Company, which has been successful from the start. There are already forty-seven miles of road in operation all laid with forty-five-pound steel rails and supplied with cars of the latest and most approved style. General M. H. Sherman is president, Mr. E. P. Clark, vice-president and manager, Major A. W. Barrett, superintendent, and under their able management the affairs of the company are in a thriving condition. Their buildings and plant are situated in the southwestern portion of the city and constitute one of the principal signs of progress, so many of which now mark the advance of Los Angeles. All the buildings are of the most substantial class, being constructed of brick, iron, and Arizona red stone. The main building is one hundred and forty feet by one hundred and twenty-four feet, and contains all necessary offices, a reading room, and the engine and dynamo room. On the south side and on the first floor are the offices of the cashier and superintendent, elegantly furnished and of cheerful aspect. The free reading room, which is sixty feet long by thirty-five feet wide, is on the second floor, and is supplied with books, the daily papers and all the leading periodicals and magazines of the day. On the same floor are the offices of the electrical and mechanical engineers, in which are kept the plans, drawings, statements, etc.

The engine and dynamo room is worthy of particular description. It occupies the north part of the building and contains at present two low-pressure engines of the Thompson-Corliss type, each of seven hundred horse-power. These engines were made by the Golden State Miners' Iron Works of San Francisco, and furnish the power which puts in operation two two-hundred-and-fifty horse-power and one seven hundred horse-power Westinghouse generators. This generator is one of the largest in the world and was constructed expressly for the Los Angeles Electric Company. In addition to this machinery, the company will soon put up two other two-hundred-and-fifty horse-power generators and another engine, which are intended to furnish electric light and manufacturing power. The boiler-room is eighty feet in length by seventy feet in width, and is equipped with three one-thousand horse-power Sterling water

tube boilers. Crude oil is used for fuel, and is obtained from Santa Paula, California. The oil, driven by high-pressure pumps, comes in contact under the boiler with dry steam and forms an intensely heated spray. Apart from the economy of this kind of fuel, a great advantage is derived from the cleanliness enjoyed in the use of it. The black dust and suffocating clouds of ashes, and the accompanying dirt which make the typical boiler-room so disagreeable to its inmates, are here conspicuous by their absence.

The machine-room is eighty feet long by thirty-six feet wide and is equipped with a fifty horse-power engine, two large jet condensers, two feed pumps, two condensing pumps, all of large size. The machinery consists of iron lathes, planers, wheel borers, wheel presses, shapers and other necessary machinery, all being of the latest and most approved patterns. Car and machinery repairing, as well as that of the electrical plant, is done by the company, which also manufactures no small portion of their rolling and other stock. The car house is one hundred and seventy-three feet long by one hundred and sixty feet wide. An admirable regulation has been adopted and put in force by the officers of this company with regard to medical assistance. Each employé is required to pay half a dollar a month, which subscription entitles him and his family to the best medical attendance and medicine free of charge, the expenses being paid out of the medical fund thus obtained.

The railroad system of the company is divided into seven branches or main lines. These radiate from a common central point at the Arcade depot, pass through all the most important thoroughfares of the city and extend to all the best suburban places of resort, present or prospective. The first line leads to the University station and will run its cars through to East Los Angeles; other lines extend to West Lake Park, Elysian Park, and Boyle Heights.



The Power House of the Electric Railway.

That the success of the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railroad Company will be marked, there is no doubt. The electric company has been fortunate in securing a favorable franchise for the period of half a century; the foresight of its promoters, in looking

beyond the present, and in their mind's eye seeing the densely crowded streets of Los Angeles twenty years hence, and the many heavily loaded cars of their electric line passing to and fro without ceasing, has secured for the stockholders future wealth.

The future welfare and prosperity of Los Angeles are secured by two great factors of success—railroad communication and the inexhaustible fertility of the surrounding country.

With such a system to develop the outlying country, it can be seen why Los Angeles is growing so rapidly, and it should be noted that the indications are that the city is to be the great railroad center of the southwest. It is at present the central point of a number of roads, chief among which are the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, the Southern Pacific, while the Terminal leading from the sea to Los Angeles, through to Pasadena, and now being connected with the Lowe Sierra Madre Mountain railway, is supposed by many to soon become a third transcontinental road.

With two ports, those of San Pedro and Redondo, within short distances, Los Angeles almost occupies the position of a seaport. Her position as a commercial focus is undeniable, and the time is not far distant when ships from China and India will discharge their rich cargoes at San Pedro, Santa Monica and Redondo, and ship them eastward through Los Angeles. In time, also, manufactures will assume their just proportion in the industries of the city. At present the scarcity of cheap fuel is a retarding influence, militating against the development of the manufacturing industries, but when the proposed railroad shall have been put in operation through the coal fields of Southern Utah and Nevada, when the petroleum supplies in Southern California have been well developed, this suppressive factor will disappear. Even under the existing drawbacks, there are several hundred manufacturing establishments in Los Angeles. Raw materials are plentiful enough in the shape of fruits and vegetables, hides and wool, clay and cereals. Consequently there are fruit canneries and fruit crystallizing works, wineries, breweries, brickyards and flour mills There are, moreover, foundries, planing mills, furniture manufactories, iron-pipe works and many other industrial enterprises.

Los Angeles is destined to become the great sanitarium of the United States, as here, within a radius of thirty miles, are conditions found nowhere else in the world—localities that men who have circled the globe in search of health state to be most favorable to the invalid and health-seeker. A glance at these conditions may be interesting. Los Angeles stands midway between the Pacific and the lofty range of mountains known as the Sierra Madre; three lines of railway take one to the ocean at Long Beach, Santa Monica or Redondo in half an hour, where the finest beaches and bathing in the world can be had every month in the year. An interesting instance in actual life can be given to illustrate the climatic possibilities and extremes of the City of the Angels. Two brothers were ordered to Los Angeles by an eastern physician. Upon arriving, the Los Angeles physician ordered one to the sea and one to an altitude of six thousand feet. The brothers objected on the ground of separation, but the doctor laughingly reminded them that they were in California and that he would arrange it so that one would sit daily by the ocean and gain the benefit of the salt air, while the other would wander beneath great pines, over a mile above the sea, yet they could communicate with each other, and could reach one another within an hour or so if necessary. The patients laughed at what they considered a California joke, but the doctor was serious, and two days later one brother was domiciled at the beach, twenty-two miles from Los Angeles, while the other was at Mt. Wilson, six thousand feet above the

Pacific, just over Pasadena, and twelve miles from Los Angeles, where they carried on a conversation by means of the heliograph, and by signaling could have met in an hour's time.

In short Los Angeles is the central point of a remarkable region. The traveler can reach the ocean, lofty mountains, cool cañons, valleys rich in verdure, the orange, lemon and lime, dry, arid regions, farther inland, in fact almost every condition, all within a few hours.

It is almost impossible to describe the climate of this singular land. What does the reader think of a city in which the residents can say on a December day: "This morning I am going to take a sea bath at Redondo. We lunch in Altadena with Mrs. T—— to try her oranges and strawberries that are just ripe. Then in the afternoon we join Mr. S.'s toboggan and sleigh-ride party, on Mt. Wilson, and shall be back in Los Angeles by eight o'clock. This very simple plan is a winter possibility to the dweller in Los Angeles, and means that the participant has enjoyed the pleasures of an eastern winter, a summer dip in the ocean and a lunch in a semi-tropic orange grove all in one day. What locality in the world but Los Angeles can offer these inducements, can offer so much variety in so short a time? The seasons may be described as a warm summer, but not too warm, and a cool summer, but not cool enough to interfere with the most delicate flowers that bloom the year around. The summer time is the dry season, and the winter is the wet, the latter meaning about twenty inches for the season — half that of the yearly fall of New York. Sun-stroke is never known, and in ten years there were but thirteen days when the thermometer rose to one hundred degrees, and eight days when it fell below thirty-two degrees The average number of days annually, when the temperature exceeded ninety degrees, was fifteen. The statistics of the climate are extremely interesting, and show in brief that Los Angeles is in the true land of sunshine, accounting for the wonderful cures chronicled here and in the immediate vicinity. A great charm of Los Angeles consists in its beautiful homes, that the year around are embowered in flowers. A typical Los Angeles residence is well



In the Power House of the Electric Railway.

shown in the accompanying illustration of the residence of Mr. Albert McFarland, business manager of the Los Angeles *Times*. The location is on



Bird'seye View of Spring Street, from the Stowell Building.

"Crown Hills," commanding a magnificent view of the distant Sierra Madre, the site of the Harvard Observatory, that is to contain the largest telescope in the world. Here we have a home surrounded by lawns and terraces, where can be seen the fruits and flowers of almost every zone, from the palm and banana to the apple, pear and peach, suggestive of the delights of life in Southern California.

Around Los Angeles, after the advent of her prosperity, numbers of lesser lights have sprung into existence, each beautiful and attractive in its particularity of locality and surroundings. Each and all enjoy the most delightful climate, and each will march hand in hand with the metropolis of Southern California along the broad highway of success.

THE RISE OF DIAZ.

BY JOSE GONZALES.

WHEN, in 1821, Mexico achieved its independence, Agustin Iturbide attempted to establish an empire but failed and suffered death. Then the first republic was established with Guadalupe Victoria as President, and the first Constitution, similar to that in force in the United States, was adopted on the 4th of October, 1824. Two parties then were formed—the Centralists, made up of the old Spanish element, and the Federalists, that supported liberal ideas of Government. These two parties alternately ruled over the land, their struggles for supremacy giving rise to the civil wars that were then so prevalent in Mexico. After the termination of the war with the United States those parties became in name the Conservatives and the Liberals. The former wished to perpetuate the power of the church and of the privileged classes, whilst the latter advocated religious freedom and all the liberal ideas of government.

On the 5th of February, 1857, the Liberal Constitution, which is still in force, was proclaimed. Under it General Ygnacio Comonfort was elected President of the Republic, and Benito Juarez Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, an office which made him Vice-President.

Comonfort, yielding to the advice of false friends, determined to govern in an autocratic manner, disregarding the new Constitution. When he saw his error it was too late to retrace his steps, and he left the country, Juarez becoming President by virtue of his office. The Conservatives, led by Miramon, Zuloaga, Marquez and other men of note in their party, took possession of the city of Mexico, while Juarez withdrew to Vera Cruz, and there established the constitutional government of the Republic. The three-years' war, called, of reform then began.

Juarez then issued the laws which gave the death blow to the privileges of the church and the military classes, proclaimed the separation of church and state, the liberty of worship, speech and of the press, did away with cloisters and monasteries and confiscated church property.

In this war of reform many distinguished generals fought on both sides, such as Santos Degollado, Doblado and Gonzalez Ortega on the Liberal side, and those already mentioned for the Conservatives. At one time it seemed as if the Liberal party was to fail altogether, and Miramon, with a large army, besieged President Juarez at Vera Cruz ; but soon reverses overtook the Conservative leaders, until in December, 1859, at Calpulalpam, General Gonzalez Ortega gained a decided victory over them.

President Juarez returned to the City of Mexico in 1860, and, soon after, an election was held, when he was elected Chief Executive of the Nation.

The country seemed to be about to enjoy peace under Liberal institutions, when, early in 1861, a coalition was formed between England, Spain and France to force Mexico to pay certain claims, the legality of which was somewhat doubtful. The forces of the invaders, upon their arrival at Vera Cruz, obtained the sympathy and support of a portion of the Conservative part, but the rest of the nation rose up in arms to resist the foreigners. Spain and England, convinced that they were arrayed in favor of an unjust cause, withdrew their forces from Mexican territory ; but France, which was then governed by Napoleon III, determined to continue in the field. Its

troops, led by General Laurencez, attacked the City of Puebla, and there, on the 5th of May, 1862, sustained a crushing defeat. The Mexican troops



The Late Emperor Maximilian.

were there under the command of General Zaragoza, and among those who fought under him were Generals Diaz, Berozabal, Alatorre and others who afterwards bore such a distinguished part in the second struggle for Mexican independence.

Napoleon III then sent further reinforcements, and these, led by General Forey, renewed the struggle. The French at the beginning of 1863 laid siege to the City of Puebla, which was defended by the Mexican patriots under General Gonzales Ortega. The siege was a long and stubborn one, and lasted nearly three months. After all the ammunitions and provisions were exhausted, the Mexicans surrendered, after destroying their arms. The Mexican officers captured were sent to France as prisoners of war, but some of them, like General Diaz, escaped before being sent, and went to swell the ranks of those who continued to fight against the French and the few Mexicans who joined their ranks.

President Juarez, with his Cabinet, left the Capital and established the government at San Luis Potosi, then at Saltillo, Monterey and Chihuahua, and finally at Paso del Norte.

The French entered the City of Mexico, and set up a government composed of some of the leaders of the conservative party. These in turn asked Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, to become Emperor of Mexico. This offer was accepted by Maximilian, after he was assured the support of Napoleon III.

When Maximilian and his wife, Carlotta, entered the City of Mexico, and were received with pomp by the French and the few Mexicans who assisted them, the Mexican patriots, under the leadership of Porfirio Diaz, Escobedo, Corona, Rocha, Regules and other brave generals, were fighting stubbornly and well against the invaders of their country with varying success. However, it may be said that at no time was Maximilian's power acknowledged, excepting in those places held under check by the French arms.

When Napoleon III determined to withdraw his troops from Mexico,



Empress Carlotta.

Maximilian, who had theretofore tried to conciliate the Liberal party, though without success, threw himself into the arms of the Conservatives and

appointed Generals Miramon, Mejia and Marquez to lead his troops. The Mexican forces obtained victory upon victory, until in the spring of 1867,



The Late Ex-President Juarez.

Maximilian and some of his generals were besieged and then taken prisoners at Queretaro.

While the siege at Queretaro was going on, General Diaz achieved a glorious victory at Puebla, which city he took by assault on the 2d of April, 1867. After defeating the Imperialists outside of that city, he laid siege to the Capital that was defended by General Marquez. Soon after Queretaro fell, the City of Mexico surrendered to General Diaz, and the Liberals were restored to power.

Prior to this, however, Maximilian and his two generals Miramon and Mejia, were tried, and despite the influence brought to bear on President Juarez and his ministers Lerdo de Tejado and Yglesias, the sentence of the court was carried out, and they were executed on the Cerro de los Campanas, outside of Queretaro. This execution was necessary to preserve the peace of the country, and Maximilian truly brought it on himself, because he had issued a decree ordering the shooting of every Mexican who was taken by the Imperialists fighting for his country.

Benito Juarez was elected again to the Presidency after his return to the City of Mexico, and thereupon three parties were formed, though all advocated Liberal principles. One of said parties supported President Juarez, whilst the other two respectively advocated the election of General Diaz and Lerdo de Tejada to the Presidency. The struggle between these parties was first confined to the press and the halls of congress; but when an attempt was made to re-elect Juarez, the partisans of General Diaz rose in arms. The government endeavored to crush this movement by force, and although its forces were quite successful in many instances, the uprising was not put down. Despite the protests of the partisans of Diaz and Lerdo, Juarez again was installed as President of the Republic. The revolution continued, but the death of Juarez, occurring on the 18th of June, 1872, put an end to it. Lerdo de Tejada, by virtue of his office of Vice-President of the Repub-



Ex-President Lerdo de Tejada.

lic, became President, and General Diaz retired to private life.

Lerdo de Tejada, upon the termination of Juarez' unexpired term, was

elected President in 1872, and during the first years of his administration, no revolutionary movements were initiated. Towards the end of his



Archbishop Labastida.

term, his partisans began to advocate his re-election, whilst those of General Diaz presented the claims of their candidate. All the acts of the existing government showing a determination on its part to have President Lerdo re-elected, thus thwarting the popular will, which was overwhelmingly in favor of General Diaz, the partisans of the latter determined to uphold his claims at all hazards, and at Tuxtepec and then again at Palo Blanco, proclaimed their opposition against the re-election of President Lerdo de Tejada.

Civil war then commenced anew, and the fortunes of war at first did not favor General Diaz and his partisans, for after sustaining some reverses, they were apparently crushed at the battle of Ycamole. The administration of President Lerdo considered that the opposition was entirely crushed when it ascertained that General Diaz was out of the country and in the City of New Orleans. He took passage in disguise from New Orleans and was landed by the purser of the steamer at Vera Cruz, in June, 1876. He made his way to Oaxaca, where he organized an army and shortly afterward won the decisive battle of Tecoac, which caused Lerdo to flee the country leaving General Diaz in possession. At the elections held afterwards in 1877, he was elected President. When he entered upon the discharge of his duties, there was not a cent in the treasury; the country had no credit either at home or abroad; there was but little security for life and property; only about three hundred miles of railways, a few hundred more of telegraph lines. There existed a bitter hatred toward Americans, and industry and commerce were paralyzed. To-day, under General Diaz' wise administration, Mexico is respected among the civilized nations, her credit abroad stands as high as that of any other country. Her broad lands are crossed in every direction by railroad and telegraph lines, her manufactures and commerce, her mining and agricultural industries have been phenomenally developed. There exists to-day a friendly feeling to Americans as a nation and individuals. Peace has



General Manuel Gonzalez.

reigned supreme for fifteen years, and this wonderful prosperity is entirely due to the untiring and ceaseless efforts of the President.

POLITICAL DUTY OF CALIFORNIANS.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

CALIFORNIA became a state forty-two years ago. Her admission was not in conformity to the usual methods. Congress never gave her an organic Act and territorial government. Her tutelage and preparation were practically under military rule, nor was her admission preceded by an ennobling Act. The people proceeded in their sovereign capacity to elect a convention, which framed a constitution, and to which they gave their assent. The original thirteen states entered the Union by mutual consent, Texas was admitted by joint resolution, Maine was detached from Massachusetts, and West Virginia was carved out of the Old Dominion by the consent of Congress. In all other cases, admission was preceded by some preliminary action of Congress.

The manner of her admission was not the only exceptional feature. California had been acquired little more than two years before she became a state. The so-called native Californians, or Mexicans as they are better known, numbered about thirteen thousand, and the other classes of citizens in the main were new-comers from every part of the nation. They were brought hither by the gold excitement and a spirit of adventure. The area of California was large, climatic conditions were varied, resources were extraordinary as productions of the soil were abundant and rich, and covered a wide range. It was supposed that her wealth in the precious metals rivaled that of Ormus and of Indu. Enterprise was unbounded, wages were high, and the miner, banker, merchant, laborer and professional classes were generally prosperous. It was a land of large ideas, and living was extravagant. Many who aided in framing the first fundamental law expected to remain in the country only long enough to acquire fortunes, and the same was true of a considerable percentage of their constituents. The first constitution may almost be said to have been made by non-residents.

It is a well-known fact that nothing is so well done in a new as in an old country. Pioneers are always too busy with their private affairs, too intent on gaining a livelihood, and in preparation for comfortable life, to give their best thought to public questions, as is more common among people who possess competency and leisure. The first settlers are content to live in cabins for a time and until they are able to erect better residences, and provide ampler conveniences of life. It is quite natural that there should be a similar feeling in regard to matters of government. Compared with a majority of the states, California is young, but with a large minority she is old. Since her admission there have been many changes in the constitution and laws of the older states. The newer states in preparing their constitutions had the benefit of the experiences of others and the improvements made by them. California came in before there was the progress that has characterized the last quarter of a century.

At the time she acquired statehood, there was the most intense political feeling, and more thought was given to the disturbing questions then in issue than to providing the best machinery of government. The idea also prevailed throughout the nation that party success was best assured through the creation of a multiplicity of offices to which liberal compensation was attached that profitable employment might be given to those who

made politics a profession and performed political work. Those were days when spoil was the most powerful incentive to political effort.

Under all these circumstances it could hardly have been otherwise than that a constitution should have been framed that did not reflect the most advanced ideas, or recognize the principles of the most rigid economy. It was natural, too, that laws early enacted thereunder should have been of the same character. A superfluity of offices was created, and salaries and fees were in accord with the extravagant ideas then prevalent. Governments in California, state, county, and municipal, are among the most expensive in the nation. At the outset they were more so than at the present time, as to some extent salaries have been reduced and expenses otherwise curtailed. There is still ample room for improvement. Our courts are excessively expensive from the large number of clerks, bailiffs and hangers-on employed, and paid out of the public treasury. The practice, as administered is productive of delays as well as of needless expense. Our County Boards of Supervisors are clothed with extraordinary powers, and they have not been exercised as a rule in the interest of the greatest economy. The Supreme Court has recently made a decision which circumscribes their power to expend money. As the courts do not make laws, they can only limit expenditures by applying the rule of strict construction. The chief remedies must be sought from the law-making power.

We have county and municipal assessors, and consequently duplicate assessments, which impose an unnecessary and large expense. In other states, one assessment answers for all purposes. It is true that the Legislature, during the last session passed an Act which permits City Councils to adopt the county assessments as a basis of municipal taxation. The law is not imperative, as it should be, for wherever a ring is in control or the idea prevails that the more officers there are the better it is for party, Councils will disregard the option and retain the city assessors. We have county and city tax collectors, which are unnecessary officers. In many of the states county treasurers collect all the taxes, and pay over to the state, municipal, school and other treasurers the sums belonging to them respectively. To abolish these offices and impose their duties upon the county treasurers will save a large expense. Beyond this it is a great convenience to the people to have one place where all taxes are paid and a clean receipt given. To point out all the cases where the pruning knife should be applied and expenses lopped off would make an article too long to suit the taste of most magazine readers.

The Constitution of 1879 was intended to be an improvement on its predecessor, and it undoubtedly is in some respects. In one feature, experience has demonstrated that it works an injury to a class it was intended to benefit, and that is the provision which requires a lender of money to pay the tax upon land on which he takes a mortgage. If the conventional rate of interest were sufficiently limited, it might be otherwise. But as it is unlimited, the lender is sure to exact a rate high enough to cover the taxes, and generally a little more. The result is the borrower pays more interest than he would in the absence of any such constitutional provision. Moreover it complicates the assessment of lands and the collection of taxes. Those who fathered the provision ought to be satisfied that it should be expunged from the Constitution. To reduce expenses is not the only work to be done. Simplification and adjustment of the laws so as to create a harmonious system easily operative is necessary to facilitate the public business and reduce the cost of government.

Every people, when they have become accustomed to them, are apt to regard their system and methods of

government as the best, or at least with toleration, and hence there is an indisposition to make changes or to inquire whether improvements are necessary. It is true that change may not be reform, but it is also true that methods in California are not as simple and practical as are those in some of the states. It is not unnatural that it should be so, because they have had the advantages of longer existence and greater experience, and have not been environed by those tremendous and absorbing enterprises and efforts to develop the country, which have existed in this state. The time has come when there should be earnest and intelligent inquiry into conditions with a view to discovering where changes will be beneficial, and when discovered to see that they are promptly made.

It is quite different now from what it has been. Formerly there were better opportunities for acquiring large wealth by the few, in railway building, in mining, agriculture, in the appreciation of land values and in speculation. Lands have been cheap, and capital in the past could be more profitably invested than at the present time. The great ranches to an extent have been subdivided and sold to small farmers. Wealth *per capita* is less because population has increased through the immigration of mechanics and those who gain livelihoods from labor on the farms. When the bulk of taxes was paid by those whose incomes were large there was not a marked disposition to enforce economy. Taxation more seriously affects the farmers and mechanics, as their incomes are comparatively small. These changes of circumstances have produced a revolution in public sentiment, and it is increasing in its hostility to unnecessary public expenditures. It is best for the country that it should be so. The political party that is blind to or ignores the tendency of the times is destined to be engulfed in the maelstrom of popular disapproval. The two great political parties of this state in 1890 comprehended this, and sought to satisfy public sentiment by passing resolutions limiting the rate of taxation for state purposes. The Republicans said it should not exceed fifty cents on the hundred dollars, and the Democrats reduced it to forty-five cents. The principle is wrong, but the motive may have been good. Resolutions have no binding effect, and though faith may apparently be kept, yet actually it may be broken through an arbitrary increase of valuations by the Board of Equalization. There can be no cast-iron rule applicable to all circumstances. Fifty or twenty-five cents on the hundred dollars may be too much or too little. All and no more than is necessary should be appropriated. If they receive an equivalent in benefits the people are willing to pay any necessary rate of taxation. The only safe and just rule is to elect men to office who will keep expenses as low as possible, whatever may be the circumstances. Then it will be unnecessary to throw around them the restraining influence of resolutions adopted by party conventions.

Of our legislatures it has become a trite saying that the last is the worst. It is, probably, unjust to thus characterize all of them. Such opinions, however, prove that the people have little confidence in our solons, and also that there is general dereliction of duty, if nothing worse. Reputation has been bad so long that misconduct is practically tolerated in so far that effective measures are not adopted to guard against it in future. There has been plenty of rotation in electing legislators without improvement, in fact—or, at least so far as public opinion goes, whether there shall be a change for the better is a matter that rests entirely with the people. They are all-powerful, and unless they can be aroused to healthful and effective action there never will be reform. So long as the people are apathetic, incompetency, indifference and boodleism will rule. To elect Senators is not the chief object for which legisla-

tors are chosen, nor is it their mission to promote class interests, or to engage in jobs. Their duty is to make a study of the situation, to revise and improve at all points, and do their utmost to promote economy and effectiveness in government. It is not enough to merely elect new men, but the utmost care must be taken to secure those who are honest, capable and faithful. The official who is delinquent in the discharge of duty, and the rascal, must be visited with condign punishment—the former as a political, and the latter as a social, outcast. A proper bestowal of rewards and the infliction of deserved punishment will have a most salutary effect. We have had many good legislators, but the trouble has been that there has not been enough of them.

An obstacle to a more rapid approach to perfection in our institutions and laws is the proneness to allow political considerations to subordinate the public interests. Governors and legislators look too much after party or personal success to admit of that careful and comprehensive consideration of measures which is dictated by a paramount desire to promote the public welfare. The best party strategy is to give the people the best government. No public officer should be influenced by selfish considerations beyond the desire to deserve the good opinion and gratitude of the people by a wise and faithful discharge of duties.

Government is a progressive science, and the people, as well as legislators and officials, should ever hold the improving hand in readiness to be applied whenever or wherever defects are discovered. As the first settlers of a country are not apt to do their work with system and thoroughness, so the pioneers in instituting a government do not, as a rule, make the best constitution and laws. They should be changed to meet the exigencies of changed conditions. Experience is the greatest of schools. We have before us the results of experiments that have been made by all the states of the nation. Experiments have been so numerous that there is little danger of mistake if there is proper research, and changes are thoughtfully made. Errors in legislation may be in doing too much as well as not enough, while wisdom may be gained from the study of the institutions and laws of other states. Conditions are varied and changes should be made adaptable to our own. Defects in legislation are not the only evils. Details in administration demand faithful, intelligent and patriotic attention. There are extravagances and blunders to be guarded against in every branch of the public service. If the highest officials set the proper example, delinquency in subordinate places will be less likely to occur.

The true principles of popular government have become well defined and established after a century of experiment. They are no longer a subject of contention. The questions before us are material and social. A state has little to do with foreign commerce and relations. Its authority is mainly confined to its own internal affairs. The social feature involves questions of intellectual and moral development, as well as material; protection against crime and wrong, and fostering educational and charitable institutions. It is incumbent on the state to so regulate the relations of labor and capital that each shall receive its just rewards. These questions will not be wisely dealt with if partizan success is the controlling motive, nor if any considerable percentage of the citizens are neglectful in the discharge of their public duties. The best solution of all political, material and social problems will be wrought when the aggregate judgment of the whole is brought to bear upon them. If politics are left to rings and bosses, the wisest results cannot be expected. Since California became a state there have been before the country national questions of the gravest character. Happily many of them have been permanently settled.

National issues of importance, however, will always exist, and there is a tendency on the part of the people to permit them to overshadow those which are local to the state. Our political duties are dual to the nation and state. Neither should be disregarded. State government is closer to us than the national. It has most to do with business and social affairs, and it imposes the heaviest burden in the way of taxation. In natural resources, in the intelligence and energy of her people, California is equal to the greatest states, and in population and wealth she is destined ere long to rival the foremost. It should be the ambition of every class of our people to make her the peer of the best in the excellence of her government.

MORNING.

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK.

'Tis dawn; The voices of the night are stilled,
The voices of the day have not yet come.
Above, the glory of the stars is dimmed,
A soft gray light is over land and sea.
But even as I look, the sun's flame burns
The East to sudden red; swift golden rays
Shoot upward, bright precursors of the orb
That follows fast. Then, from one small brown bird,
Who sits and sways upon the pine tree's top,
There falls a flood of song, so sweet, so clear,
It seems as if an angel leaned from heaven
And touched his harp; thus sweetly doth he sing,
Till all his mates are wakened, and sing too,
Filling the air with boundless melody.
So is the new day born, midst hymns of praise,
And the sweet incense of most perfect sound.

* * * * * *

Swiftly the scene has changed; the sea that lay
In misty slumber one short minute since,
Now gleams and glistens in the sun's glad light;
And lo! A white sail dances o'er the waves,
Bearing brave fishers, who have toiled since eve,
To home and rest. The hills, that looked before,
Like darker clouds the sun would soon disperse,
Now show their outlines sharp against the sky.

Too soon the birds grow still, and common sounds,
The crow of cocks, the hum of busy bees,
Perchance the gentle lowing of the cows
Calling the sleepy milkers from their beds,
Proclaim the world awake. Night hath flown far
Beyond the seas, and every living thing
Gives welcome to the glory of the day.

SIGNALING MARS.

BY WM. M. PIERSON.

THE possibility of communicating with other planets of our system has been alternately encouraged and discouraged, as scientific minds have by turns regarded the planets as inhabitable or not. It was quite fashionable in scientific circles, in the beginning of the century, to regard the planets and even the sun itself as inhabited. The theory that the moon is inhabited was for a time greatly stimulated in the minds of those who had paid no attention to the facts, and, even by some scientific men, by the publication in 1835 of what turned out to be the greatest scientific hoax of the age, Richard Alton Locke's paper in the New York *Sun* on the pretended revelations of a lunar people by Sir John Herschel's great telescope.

The views of a great many good people on this subject are largely promoted by the belief that all the planets and their satellites, or, as it is more generally expressed, all the countless millions of the stars, could not have been created in vain, and that they must have been created in vain unless made the seats of intelligent races of beings, unmindful of the fact that the finite mind cannot possibly comprehend the purposes of the Infinite, or that it might far more accord with Infinite wisdom that the stream of life should flow on forever, as planet after planet and system after system became fitted for its current, than that all the heavenly bodies should simultaneously bear life, and, relatively speaking, simultaneously decay. The one thought is definitely finite, because astronomy and geology have both demonstrated that life on any planet must have begun and will end at some time. The other is infinite, because the never-ending evolution of matter from the nebula to the life-supporting planet, and thence to its decaying condition of coldness and death, is even now visible, in all its stages, to the scientific eye.

The question in hand must rest, of course, on the fact that a given planet is inhabited, for, if not, any signals which we might make could meet with no response.

Does life exist on any of the planets of our system, or are any of them capable of sustaining life? Here we must discriminate, for we require more than mere life. We must have sentient, intellectual life. For example, the earth was endowed with vegetable life long before it had animal life and animal life long before it had intellectual life. Therefore we are compelled to find a planet whose condition now is the same substantially as that of the earth during, say, the last hundred thousand years or so. Are there any such? Science must say no. Of all the planets in our system, science must say that each of them is either a "has been" or a "will be." Without entering into details which might expand this paper far beyond the dimensions assigned to it, it may be said that the planets are of different sizes and at different distances from the sun. To support life, as we understand life, a certain amount of heat is, among other things, required. The dimensions of the planets and their distances from the sun, are the controlling factors in the question of temperature. An excess of heat will prevent, as well as destroy life. A diminution of heat will destroy it, if it ever existed. The heat may be as well internal as external, but its existence within certain definite extremes is indispensable. Now it may be said with confidence that none of the

planets are in the condition that the earth is with reference to this indispensable element. Some are far too hot, some far too cold. The hot ones are the "will be's," the cold ones the "have beens." Life, doubtless, once existed in some form on the moon. Now the moon is too cold, and life, unless in some low form, has perished from its surface. Life, doubtless, will exist on Jupiter and Saturn. Now they are each too hot.

There are but two of the planets which at all resemble the earth as to heat—Venus and Mars. The former is on the average a third nearer the sun than we are, and is of about the same size; the latter, half as far again, and of little more than half the earth's diameter. Venus receives more heat from the sun than the earth, but is enveloped with a very dense atmosphere which perhaps mitigates its fervor. This circumstance, however, also effectually conceals her surface from the eye, and would prevent communication with her people if she have any. Mars, then, alone presents the possibility of inter-communication, if inhabited, for his surface is visible without serious interception by clouds.

Is Mars inhabited at this time by beings having substantially the intelligence of our race? Probably not. Being half as far again distant from the sun, it receives but a quarter of the heat that we do from that source. His atmosphere is an exceedingly rare one, so rare that the barometer at his surface would mark but five and one-half inches of mercury, as against thirty at the earth's surface—an atmosphere as light as that which would be found at an elevation of ten miles above the earth's surface. Life such as we conceive it, could not exist under these conditions. Mars is one of the "has beens." Being but one-fourth of the volume of the earth, it cooled much more rapidly, and has doubtless passed the life stage and is now decaying to the condition of the moon.

But the discussion of the question under consideration requires certain assumptions, if it is to be discussed at all; and violent as they must be, let us assume that Mars is inhabited; that its inhabitants are equal to us in intelligence; that they have vision like ours, telescopes like ours, and observers who reason on the same lines and from similar premises, and who desire to make themselves known to us. Is intelligible communication possible?

At intervals of fifteen years and two years, and again fifteen years and two years, the earth and Mars approach each other to within a distance of about thirty-five millions of miles. These are their closest approaches to each other, and are called the near oppositions—an opposition being the position when the sun, the earth and a planet exterior to the earth are in the same line. There is an opposition of Mars every seven hundred and eighty days, or every two years and fifty days, but the distance between the two planets varies from thirty-five millions of miles, at a near opposition, to sixty-three millions, in a far one, owing to the fact that the orbit of Mars is not a circle but a very eccentric ellipse. That planet, therefore, at all oppositions except the close ones mentioned, is far more distant from us than at his near approaches. One of these near oppositions occurred in August of this year, the next will take place in October, 1894, and then there will be none until 1909 and 1911.

It would seem quite obvious that if any signaling could be accomplished it would be most feasible at these close oppositions. But is this so? The reader will observe that the earth is between Mars and the sun, and at opposition the earth would, therefore, be quite lost in the sun's rays as seen from Mars. It would be in the same situation as Venus is to us when the earth, Venus and the sun are in the same line, or as our moon is when it is new—not the new moon, as we call it, when it is a couple of days old, but when really new and passing between us and the sun. In other words, the

dark or night side of the earth would be presented to Mars on those occations, and then very indistinctly even in telescopes, because of the great splendor of the sun's light.

Now, the conditions as to Mars would be exactly reversed. We would only see the day or illuminated side of Mars, as, indeed, with the modifications hereafter alluded to, it is all we ever do see. So that signaling at these times, when the two planets are so comparatively near to each other, would seem to be out of the question unless we assume that some signal made from our dark or night side could or would be responded to from his light or day side, which is highly improbable.

It may be taken for granted, therefore, that at opposition—and this may be said both of a far or near opposition—the conditions would be so totally dissimilar that communication would be practically impossible; for it would seem that the first essential of a signal between two planets should be that it be made and responded to in kind—*i. e.*, a day signal calling for a day signal response, or a night signal with a night signal reply. As at all oppositions the earth presents her night side to Mars' day side, this would be impossible.

To secure these indispensable conditions, we are compelled greatly to increase the difficulty of communication. The Martian can see a portion of our night side, and we can see a portion of Mars' night side, at what is called the quadrature; that is, when Mars is in such a position that the lines joining the sun, earth and Mars form a right angle; or when Mars is in the same relative position that the moon is at her first quarter. Owing, however, to the fact that the orbit of Mars is far beyond us, much less than one-half his night side is visible to us. But to the Martian the earth would appear like the moon at first quarter—half illuminated. At these points, then, which are reached before and after opposition, we have a condition in which the inhabitants of both planets could, with their telescopes, see a portion of the night and a portion of the day side of the other planet. But the difficulty spoken of lies in the fact that the nearest distance of the two planets, when Mars is in quadrature, is about one hundred and twenty millions of miles, or more than three times the distance of a near, and twice that of a far opposition. Only the astronomer can fully realize how this increase of distance intensifies the difficulties of observation.

Are day signals, or signals from the illuminated or day sides of the two planets, practicable? An eminent French Astronomer has suggested that geometrical figures might be constructed on the earth of sufficient dimensions to be visible with powerful telescopes from Mars, and that as we are assuming that there are astronomers on Mars, the geometrical relations of the angle or circle would be significant to them, and would be responded to by them by similar constructions. This suggestion, of course, implies some structures or works which would be visible on the illuminated or day portion of the earth. Indeed, the idea arose out of the discovery by Professor Schiapparelli, of Milan, of certain curious lines on the surface of Mars which he unfortunately termed "canals," and it was conceived by M. Flammarion that these "canals" were, perhaps, intended by the Martian scientists as signals to us Terrenes. But while we can readily perceive the markings on the illuminated hemisphere of Mars, no object on the surface of the earth, however large, could probably be seen from Mars while that portion of the earth's surface was illuminated by the sun's rays. Aside from fogs and clouds, which effectually conceal the surface from external view, a moment's consideration will demonstrate that the atmosphere itself, when illuminated by the sun's rays, must have the same effect even when there are no clouds. We see no stars with the naked eye in the day time, and yet they are shining as well by day as by night.

True, we are able to see a star or the more brilliant planets in the day time through telescopes, but the view is of the most hazy character by reason of the sun's illumination and the refracting power of the air. Long after the sun has completely set, it still lightens the atmosphere; that is our twilight. Were the atmosphere entirely removed we would see the stars at mid day, and the sun would shine from an absolutely black background. The effect, then, of our atmosphere is to transform this intensely black vault of heaven into the azure of the noon-day sky. That being the effect in looking outwards, it must have the same effect on looking inwards, for in both cases the eye has to penetrate the same atmosphere, illuminated in the same way. If we cannot see a star at mid day, looking outwards, how could we see the surface of the earth at mid day, looking inwards? Such we conceive to be the reason why we can discover none but the most dubious and uncertain markings on the surface of Venus, for we are attempting to pierce her atmosphere, probably not unlike ours, while illumined by the sun.

But even were this not so, the construction of geometrical figures on the earth of sufficient size to be seen and interpreted at a distance of one hundred and twenty millions of miles, or even at half that distance, would involve such a colossal expenditure of labor and money as to render it simply chimerical. Could the earth's surface be seen at all from Mars (which, as we have seen, is impossible), the Martian could discern only objects of the same dimensions as those we can detect on Mars' surface. By the greatest telescopic power and under the most favorable conditions, and at near oppositions, when Mars is within say forty millions of miles, we do obtain fugitive glimpses of lines on his surface, but the narrowest observable are at least sixty miles in width. These lines, which, as has been said, have been denominated "canals" (probably for the reason that they appear to be straight), extend at different portions of the surface a distance of a thousand or more miles in some instances. It is because they are lines, and long ones, that we discern them at all. A square of sixty miles on Mars' surface could not possibly be seen at Mars' distance. Being darker than the surface of the planet, these lines are assumed to be bodies of water. Now, the absurdity of constructing a geometrical figure in this way, or even a straight canal on the earth's surface, of sixty miles in width and a thousand or even five hundred miles long, as a signal to another planet, is apparent from the statement. It would require the engineering genius of the entire earth and the labor of a nation for scores of years, and then it could accomplish nothing, for the obvious reason that a *permanent* work of that kind, of whatever form, would signify nothing to the Martian. It would indicate nothing more than would the outline of the continents of North and South America, or the Atlantic Ocean, or any other permanent marking on our planet. And if we sought to obviate this difficulty by filling up our canal, and digging another of a different form or in a different direction, the absurdity becomes still more apparent, for centuries must elapse before such changes could be either effected by us or noticed by the Martian observer.

Even could we "move mountains" into geometrical forms, it would still be idle. Neither the Rocky Mountains, the Andes nor the Himalayan ranges could possibly be seen at Mars' distance. We observe the details of our moon's surface, not by looking at the illuminated portion of her disc, but at the shadows cast by her mountains and crags at what is called the "terminator," or dividing line, between light and darkness at sunset or sunrise on her surface. Had we, like the moon, no atmosphere, the shadows cast at sunset and sunrise by these lofty ranges of mountains might be indistinctly visible at Mars, but we

have an atmosphere, and that renders them invisible. Besides all which, the rearrangement of the mountain system of the earth for signaling purposes is at present a little beyond our engineering skill.

The only remaining method would be signaling from the dark or night side of the planets. Here some large assumptions must be made. Have the Martians the means of constructing illuminating signals? Fire may be unknown to them, and unnecessary to their habitat. Their atmosphere may be unable to support combustion; but fire alone would be unavailing as a signal either there or here, for we must recollect that we looking at Mars, or the Martians at us, are looking down. We see Mars as from a baloon, above his surface, and so with the Martian looking at the earth. Therefore any fires, even if they could be maintained of sufficient magnitude to be visible at the enormous distance, would be rendered wholly invisible by the smoke which would rise and spread over them like a canopy.

The electric light, if employed on an enormously large scale, could furnish a sufficient signal, but here again we must assume that our Martian neighbors have rivaled us in the domain of electricity, or are in the possession of some equally powerful illuminant. And if so, what then?

When we come to consider the lighting power required for such an experiment, the problem becomes appalling. We have a guide in this matter which is tolerably reliable. Mars has two satellites, discovered in 1877. One is about ten miles, the other about twenty miles in diameter. It takes the power of great telescopes even at near oppositions to discern them. If a light could be flashed from the dark side of the earth, and from that portion of the dark side of Mars visible to us at Mars' quadrature, of equal power to the light of the smaller satellite Phobos, it might be visible in powerful telescopes to the denizens of each planet. But what does this imply?

In the first place, the electric arc light would have to be reconstructed in some manner so as to permit the arc to be seen from above; for as now constructed, the hood which covers it, and which contains the mechanism for keeping the carbons in position, would conceal the arc from view from overhead. By having the carbons moved horizontally instead of vertically, the arc could be viewed both from below and above.

In the second place, it would require electric arc lights of at least twenty-thousand candle power, each to be placed at distances of ten feet apart on an area of at least ten miles square, to furnish light sufficient to be discerned at Mars, even with powerful telescopes; and then it could only be seen as a brilliant point of light. If flashed according to some formula such as our lighthouses are operated by, it might attract attention, and be responded to by our Martian friends, if they have similar facilities for gratifying our curiosity.

But the twenty-thousand candle power arc light referred to is not the twenty-thousand candle power arc light of commerce. We are advised by an expert electrician that through a mistake in measuring the photometric power of the electric arc, when the light first became prominent (a mistake which, perhaps for commercial reasons has never been corrected) the so-called twenty-thousand candle power light really gives the illumination of only seven thousand candles. To produce a seven-thousand candle power requires a force equal to eight and a half horse power, and therefore, each twenty-thousand candle power light would require more than twenty-four horse power per light.

For a field of ten miles square there would be required, if placed ten feet apart, twenty-seven million eight hundred and seventy-eight thousand four hundred lights. The horse power, therefore, required to furnish

the light would be that number of lights multiplied by twenty-four, or six hundred and sixty-nine million eighty-one thousand and six hundred horse power. As the entire estimated horse power of the world is only three hundred and ninety-four million, we fear that this method of signaling our Martian friends must temporarily be postponed.

But it is hardly worth while to stop here, considering how grand the assumptions which we have been indulging in; and therefore, let us suppose the apparatus complete, the question arises as to what we are to signal. The construction of geometrical figures could be adopted, it is true, but if the ten-mile square of illumination, which we have referred to, would only represent a point of light at Mars' distance, the construction of long lines of illumination such as would be necessary to represent an angle or a circle, with each line ten miles in width, would require an enormous expansion of the project.

The principal object to be attained is to demonstrate to the Martian that the illumination proceeds from design, and is not a physical and natural phenomena. For example, if we perceived for a number of years a spark of light on the surface of the moon, we would not suppose that the light proceeded from design or was artificial, but that it represented some volcanic action or possible reflection of the sun's rays. If, however, it was intermittent, flashed according to some regular sequence or rhythm, we might suppose it to be regulated by human action and intended for communication with us.

There is one signal that might be intelligible to the Martian, and that is an indication of our and his relative position in the solar system. With the exceedingly attenuated atmosphere of Mars, the astronomer there can easily see the planet Mercury, and therefore understands that the earth is third and his own planet fourth in distance from the sun. He has also learned that we have one moon and his own planet two. Signals, therefore, which would flash out "three-two," and then, after an interval, "four-three," and then be repeated in the same order, might indicate to him that we, as the third in the order of the planets from the sun, with two bodies, recognized that Mars was the fourth in order with three bodies. Such a signal might be recognized as proceeding from design, and if responded to appropriately, would assure us that Mars was inhabited and by an intellectual race.

When we consider, however, the instability of the premises on which all these conclusions are based, and the colossal expenditure required to insure the success of our end of the experiment, we apprehend that our curiosity on this subject will not speedily be gratified. Our Chicago friends seem to be equal to almost any occasion, and perhaps the project would commend itself to their sublime confidence.



AN EPISODE AT FIDDLERS'.

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE.

FIDDLERS was excited, not that there was anything extraordinary in that for the Flat was in a normal condition of excitement over one thing or another every hour in the day and vented it in much drinking, loud talking and fighting, but on this particular occasion the excitement was of a unique order, that in its still intensity chilled and silenced the mob of men that crowded in and close about the doors of the "Mary's Eyes" Saloon and gambling house, the proprietor of which, Velvet Jack, was at that moment being tried for his life before that most terrible of earthly courts, Judge Lynch.

It was not the first killing at the Flat, this shooting scrape was only one of dozens of others during the five months of Fiddlers existence, but the victim was a peculiarly inoffensive creature known as "Mud" to the camp. He had no other name that they knew of and had earned his soubriquet by his unfailing ill luck at the gaming tables, and his equally unfailing remark as he rose penniless from his bout with the tiger, "Wal, my name's mud, agin," but on this particular occasion Mud's luck had run his way and he had sat hour after hour at the little oblong faro table since the night before and won with unfailing regularity through every deal.

Velvet himself had the shift at deal when Mud had won the last ounce in the "bank roll," and as the lucky player rose from his seat opposite him, the gambler had, without a word, shot him through the heart. The cold fiendishness of the act was too much for the nerves even of Fiddlers and the camp rose to a man and cried aloud for vengeance. They were waiting now for the sentence. Long Smith was the judge. He occupied a chair placed on a faro table at one end of the long, narrow cabin, the identical chair that Velvet sat in when he shot Mud. Velvet sat a little to his left, a guard at either side, on his right, the hastily chosen jury of twelve sat or stood, and beyond a rope stretched across the room, was the silent, expectant crowd. The evidence was all in and Long Smith was settling himself down into a comfortable position to listen to counsel for defense, when Velvet suddenly rose to his feet and said: "See here, boys, what's the use of going on with this monkey business any longer? I shot Mud and you've determined that I must hang. Can't you drop this and take me out and hang me and be done with it instead of torturing me with all this —— nonsense. You know you're only doing it to amuse yourselves?" The eyes of every man in the crowd were fixed on the prisoner during this speech, then turned expectantly to the judge. "Prisner et the bar, yer bein' tried fer murder by the only kin' 'o er co't this yer kentry hez. Ef ther's enythin' ye hev ter say yer'll hev er chance ter say it furder on." There was a murmur of approval from the audience and counsel for the defense went on with his argument, followed by the counsel for the prosecution. The court summed up and charged the jury, which, without a moment's hesitation returned a verdict of guilty.

The judge arose from his chair and said: "Velvet, yer gone in," there was no further assumption of judicial dignity; it dropped from him as one drops a cloak from his shoulders, "ther boys hev giv' yer a squar deal, which 's more 'n ye giv' Mud, 'n yer'll hev ter go under. What hev yer got

ter say agin it?" Velvet smiled and shook his head. "You've got the drop on me, I reckon," he said, "and I can't kick." Just at this moment there was a struggle as of some one trying to force an entrance through the crowd at the door, and the shrill tones of a woman's voice could be heard demanding access to the court, that was trying the man that had killed her's. "I'm Mud's wife," she insisted in shrill, shaky voice. "O, I know what yer nicknamed him. His 'n my name 's Dobbs, 'n he were er good nuff man most ways 'n I want ter see ther man what killed hin 'n lef' me ar lone widder rite in the prime er life." The relict of the late Mud was at the bar of the court by this time. She was a tall, angular woman of forty or so, dressed in rusty black, with an immense calico sunbonnet that projected over her face like a section of stovepipe and effectually concealed her features. The eyes were bright and keen though, and swept quick glances from prisoner to judge and jury.

The court ordered a chair for her inside the bar, and when she had seated herself remarked to her, "We never knowd ef Mud were a mar'd man, marm; ef we had, we'd shorly hev waited this trial for ye."

"D' yer mean to say yer've gorn 'n tried this yer man for killin' mine, 'n me not here ter see? Yer a nice kin 'o er judge, I mus' say. Wal, yer kin jest go ter tryin' 'm rite over again, now I am yere," and the widow settled comfortably back in her chair and took a dip of snuff. The court, counsel, jury and spectators were melted in a moment. They were Missourians, almost to a man, and the "one touch of nature" that snuff dip awoke in them made them the widow's slaves for the moment. The court, counsel and jury consulted for a few moments, and the judge intimated to the widow that they had concluded that her request was a very natural, and under the circumstances, a very proper one, and that with the prisoner's consent they would comply with it, but as he had already been tried and found guilty once, they thought it hardly fair to him to try him again without his consent. Velvet arose, the eyes of the throng upon him. He was a tall, slight, graceful fellow, with a certain devil-may-care swagger about him that insensibly attracted men and women alike, and with a smile that showed his white teeth under the black moustache, remarked that he was always delighted to please a lady, but that under the circumstances he could not see anything to be gained by it. He had, in fact, plead guilty in the first place, and all that remained for the judge was to pass sentence; but as they had insisted upon trying him once to please themselves, they might as well try him again to please the lady. There was a murmur of approval at this sentiment from the audience, which was sternly checked by the court. The widow had been dipping snuff and eyeing Velvet during his and the court's remarks, and seemed to have made up her mind to something she had been considering, for she suddenly closed her snuff-box with a click, rose from her chair, and turning to the court said: "Jedge, I'm the person what's bin most hurt in this yer scrap. I'm lef' a lone woman with nary man ter provide fer me, an' I've been er thinkin' ther best way out o' this yer biznis is fer this man what kilt my man ter git me er new one." She stopped amid a death-like silence. Velvet was the only man that preserved his customary unruffled composure. Every other face wore an expression of horrified astonishment for a moment, and then a yell of delight went up from the crowd. The cool effrontery of the woman had caught their sense of the fitness of things. Here in a country where a woman most needed a man's protection, her man had been taken from her. What more just than that the man who had caused his taking off should replace him? The racket

subsiding, the court gravely arose and said: "Prisner at the bar, yer hev bin tried 'n foun' guilty of murder. Hev yer anythin' ter say why ther sentence in thish yer co'te should not be past 'pon yer?" Velvet shook his head smilingly and the court continued: "Ther sentence in ther co'te is, thet yer shall marry this yer woman 'n the co'te, ez a jestice will tie yer up right now." At this there was a yell that fairly shook the roof, and the audience rushed inside the bar to shake hands with the prospective bride and groom and offer congratulations; but the bride had something else to say first. "Jedge," she shrilled, "I've bin tell'd thet Mud win'd a consid'ble et gamblin' last night 'n I want ther money."

The coin and dust had been impounded by the court, and he reluctantly turned it over to the widow. After looking it over, she stowed it away in a voluminous pocket and announced her readiness for the ceremony. The counsel for the prosecution and defense acted as groomsmen, a couple of "ladies" from the "hurdy-gurdy" next door as bridesmaids, and the foreman of the jury gave away the bride.

Surely such another wedding was never seen. The festivities lasted until Fiddlers was completely exhausted; and when a couple of days later the Flat recovered from its carouse, Velvet and his bride had disappeared.

* * * * *

A few days later a tall, swaggering, black-moustached man, accompanied by a woman dressed in rusty black, with an immense sunbonnet covering her head and face, stood on the deck of a Panama steamer making its way down San Francisco bay towards the Gate. They were at the rail gazing at the fast-receding city. Suddenly the man snatched the sunbonnet from the woman's head and whirled it overboard, and as it floated astern said: "Good-bye to the Widow Mud, and now, old girl, we can be comfortable again. The old bonnet served its turn, and served it well, but I can't look down two miles of stovepipe every time I want to see your pretty face."

TOO LATE.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

We said goodbye, in your dear eyes were tears,
 Each knew betwixt our souls, a shadow lay,
 I longed to take you in my arms, and pray
That the fond love of all the vanished years,
Should kiss away the doubts, the pains, the fears,
 But you were silent, and I would not say
 One word, pride said "some other day,"
And now your love, your life, all disappears.

And you are dead, my darling, the unknown,
 That all forgiving, I shall ne'er forget;
 What hurt so deeply, you could so wound me:
Lies twixt our souls forever, all our own
 Mocking the misery of vain regret,
 And grief sobs on as endless as the sea.

THE ELECTION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

No. II.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

GENERAL GARFIELD had no taste for political manipulation, and if he had any talent for it, he had had no occasion to employ it. He represented a district which is mentioned by Mr. Bryce, in his American Commonwealth, as an oasis in the desert of political uncertainty, fraud and corruption, a district represented successively by Elisha Whittlesy for twenty years, by Joshua R. Giddings for the same length of time, and by Garfield himself for eighteen years, with a single intervention of four years. The people of that district have always been distinguished for their adherence to convictions, and for fidelity to a man who served them acceptably. He was always nominated and elected without a resort to humbug or tricks, and no man was left so free to devote himself to work for the whole country. This district had few special wants, and the field was open to him to become a statesman, a publicist, and the more he towered in the work of promoting the greatness of the country, the more closely his constituents clung to him. He was elected to the Senate without a particle of scheming; the people chose a Legislature, practically instructed to make him senator. At one time in Rome it was a common saying that Cato was the ablest, and Nasica was the best senator. In choosing Garfield senator, the people of Ohio believed that he combined the elements of both a Cato and a Nasica.

As I was to accompany him to Ohio from Chicago, I met him at the depot the morning after his nomination. He was serious, instead of buoyant as was his wont. He said he had spent a good deal of the night in looking over the ground and calculating the chances of success, that he had made hundreds of speeches in Congress on the stump and elsewhere, on all kinds of subjects; and he could not remember all he had said, and wondered if he had said anything which might be seized upon to his injury, but that he was unable to call anything to mind that would do him harm. He further said that he had always advocated what he believed was right, regardless of personal consequences, but that there was a disposition in the heat of a political contest to distort and misrepresent. I asked: "Do you doubt that you will be elected?" He replied that he feared he might not be. I said: "You will be elected," and he asked why I thought so. My answer was that the Convention seemed well satisfied with the nominations, and in fact that nearly all were relieved, after a contest so spirited and protracted; that he had been a lifelong Republican, had gained a reputation for ability and courage as a soldier, and that he had achieved great distinction in the popular branch of Congress. There was no reason why he should not be elected, and that his friends would see that all honorable means were employed to secure his success.

The whole country along the line of the railroad over which he passed was advised as to the coming of the train which bore him to Ohio. Large numbers assembled at all the stations, and wherever the train stopped, he made a speech and there was displayed the utmost enthusiasm. His little speeches were models, and his serious and unpretentious manner made a

most favorable impression. The old soldiers were out in great numbers, and as a large number of them served in the army of the Cumberland, in which he served as department chief of staff, they applauded him vociferously. One man put up his hand and said: "The last time I saw you, General, was when you rode through a storm of bullets from General Rosecrans to General Thomas."

The general practice had been for presidential candidates to content themselves with addressing the people through a letter of acceptance. General William Henry Harrison made a few speeches, John P. Hale stumped the country in his own behalf, General Scott made a tour to Blue Lick, and said some things damaging to his cause, and Horatio Seymour made a few speeches. General Garfield broke over all precedents. He early went to New York and made speeches on the way and in the city. He impressed himself so favorably upon popular audiences that Murat Halstead, who had not been friendly and who accompanied him, urged General Garfield to take the stump generally. He considered the matter, but concluded not to do so. It soon became apparent that he would be called upon by committees, delegations and considerable bodies of people for an expression of his views upon a great variety of subjects. He said to the writer that this gave him a good deal of trouble, but he argued if he declined to express himself it would be construed as a dodging of issues, and that as he had always been in the habit of speaking his honest sentiments, it was but right and good policy to make known his views whenever called upon. He added that he made an effort to find out on what subject he was to be called out, but many times he was unable to, and that often what he said was entirely impromptu. The success of this method of campaigning is likely to become a common practice. His speeches daily gained him votes. After the election, Senator Hoar wrote him a letter of congratulation, and said that if he had known at the beginning of the campaign that he was to make speeches on all manner of subjects presented to him, he would have despaired of his election, but that Benjamin Franklin could not have acquitted himself better. It was a method adopted by General Harrison in 1888 with so much success. It is an excellent practice, for the people thereby become thoroughly advised of a candidate's views, and are able to determine whether they are being treated to dishes of ambiguity and demagoguism. A political campaign should be one of education; full and frank discussion enlightens all around, and is a barrier against misapprehension and deception.

The situation in New York was for a time a source of anxiety. Mr. Conkling, who was potential with the stalwarts of that state, sulked for two or three months. He had gone out of the Chicago Convention discomfited, and was greatly enraged at the bolters in that state from the unit rule, and because they had gone from Blaine to Garfield. If the Grant line had been forced to give way, and had gone to Garfield, the case would have been different. He and Mr. Arthur had been a long time personal and political friends, and through his and General Grant's influence he was at last induced to take the stump. Next to Garfield's own efforts, those of General Grant were most effective. He was a patriot and devoid of all refractory feeling. He was not an orator, and in that campaign he took the stump—the first and only time. There were an eloquence and an effectiveness in his simplicity and clearness beyond anything the most trained elocutionist could produce. The rural districts rallied to the support of Garfield beyond anything experienced since the days of Lincoln. He made a profound impression on the intelligent and cultured men of the nation. The English press called him the Gladstone of America. But his election was con-

tested with more than usual energy by the Democratic party. His nomination by the Republicans forced that of Hancock by the Democrats, that soldier might be pitted against soldier. While the latter was the greater soldier, he was not to be compared to Garfield in any other respect. Garfield stood high as a legislator, and had studied the whole range of public questions profoundly. His speeches in Congress constituted an encyclopedia of fact and sound principle on all the great questions that had been before the country during twenty years of its most eventful period. His political opponents were unsparing in vilification, and they even resorted to new and unprecedented methods to compass his defeat. The infamous Morey letter was a disgrace to American politics. It had no effect, however, except on the Pacific Coast, where its influence could not be counteracted for want of time. The people in Northern Ohio, where he was born and spent his life, gave him an indorsement never given to any other candidate. His neighbors knew him and believed in him.

To General Garfield the work during the campaign was most arduous, and no man ever more keenly felt the responsibilities of his position. When the election was over, there was a period of relaxation, but it was of short duration. He almost immediately gave attention to the work before him. His nature and habit were to do everything thoroughly and well. Never did president-elect make a more thorough study of the surroundings and doings of his predecessors. I was frequently at his house, and several times he was at mine. He carefully re-read the inaugural addresses of his nineteen predecessors, and informed himself as to their troubles in forming a Cabinet. It was almost a relief that others had experienced the difficulties that surrounded him. He several times cited the case of Franklin Pierce, who was complained of for delay in selecting a Cabinet. A friend said to him a Cabinet ought to be made in a week. Pierce replied that if he would make a Cabinet in a week that was satisfactory to himself, he would adopt and appoint it. The friend tried it and gave it up. As the nation has grown, the difficulties in making a Cabinet have increased, because there is a wider range of interests and a greater number of able and deserving men. It was his idea that as far as possible all sections and interests should be recognized. He did not approve the giving of a Cabinet place to a man from the President's own state. Two Ohio men were urged who were strong with him, but he said, "I represent Ohio in the Cabinet, and the state must be satisfied with me." He was pressed to give liberally to the volunteer soldiers. No man was a better friend to them, but he thought that by putting Mr. Lincoln at the head of the War Department, who was a volunteer, and that, as he was at the head of the Cabinet by virtue of his office, it was as much as they should ask for in the councils of the nation.

The making of a Cabinet involves consideration of appointments to the principal foreign missions and to what are termed secondary places, such as assistant secretaries and heads of bureaus, so that distribution may as fairly as possible respect localities and the merits and deserts of individuals. General Garfield made a careful study of all these matters, but in all directions he found conflicts of opinions and interests. Republicans had been divided most pointedly in the Convention and in the country over the candidacies of Grant and Blaine. It had become bitter in some localities, and more especially in New York, where the factions were designated as stalwarts and half-breeds. It was a division that had its ramifications throughout the nation. There was also a so-called liberal or reform element which had supported Garfield with zeal, which contributed, in no small degree, to his election. There is no

doubt that so far as New York was concerned, the tremendous energy of the stalwarts, who were inspired by General Grant and General Arthur, were the largest factor in giving that state to him.

One of the questions was what was to be done with the South? On purely political grounds it was entitled to no consideration, for the electoral votes of that section had been cast solidly for the Democratic candidate, but it was an important part of the nation whose interests for partizan reasons, should not be disregarded. It was also wise that it should be treated with magnanimity. President Hayes had appointed a Southern Democrat Postmaster-General, and had been liberal if not profuse in appointing Democrats to local offices. This policy had no effect except to excite derision, and to cause the charge to be made that the appointments were in the nature of bribes to those thus favored, with intent to disrupt the Southern Democracy. It weakened rather than strengthened the Southern Republicans. It was thought unwise to make a selection from the "carpet-bag" class. Hence General Garfield decided to take a native Southern loyalist and Republican. It was not easy to find a satisfactory one.

Quite a number of names were canvassed, but to some there were serious personal objections, and to others there was decided opposition from their own localities by the Republicans. I was present when, two or three days before the inauguration, the navy portfolio was offered to Mr. William H. Hunt of New Orleans. I had known Mr. Hunt intimately for fifteen years. He was a native of Charleston, South Carolina, but had lived in New Orleans from boyhood. All his brothers were distinguished in the learned professions, and one of them in ante-bellum politics in Louisiana. He was an able lawyer, an orator of no mean power, with high social standing, was loyal during the war, and a Republican thereafter. Mr. Hayes had appointed him Judge of the Court of Claims. Mr. Hunt had little political knowledge or influence, but his selection would show to the South that it was not to be ignored, and that the Northern Republicans appreciated those to the "manner born," who had stood by the country in its perils, or by the cause of freedom during the troublesome period of reconstruction. Mr. McVeagh was regarded as a proper representative of the liberal or reform element, which had recently shown such strength in the city of Philadelphia, but his selection was not approvingly received by the great body of the Pennsylvania Republicans. Senator Cameron was consulted about it; he said to General Garfield that Mr. McVeagh was his attorney, personal friend and brother-in-law; that he was an able lawyer and an honest man, but in politics he was foolish, "and he thinks that politically I am the same."

The filling of the Treasury Department gave a great deal of trouble. It has been charged that General Garfield, during the campaign, promised it to Mr. Levi P. Morton, of New York, and at the request of the representative stalwarts of that state. If he made that promise it could not be kept. President Grant nominated Mr. A. T. Stuart to that department, but it was discovered that he was ineligible, and the same thing happened in the case of Mr. Morton. He was ineligible — a fact not known, and overlooked until after the election; and if there had been a promise, he made the amende honorable, for he appointed him Minister to France. General Harrison, of Indiana, was sounded on the subject, and General Garfield desired to give him the place, but he preferred the senatorship which was to be conferred upon him. Mr. Allison was favorably considered, and he could have had the place, but he was disinclined to leave the senate. Judge Folger, of New York, was urged, but not until it had been determined to fill another department with a New York man. Mr. James

had acted with the stalwarts in that state, and for several years had been postmaster of the City of New York. His services had been acceptable to the people of that city in that capacity, and he was commended in the highest terms by the newspapers, without distinction of party, but for some reason his selection displeased Mr. Conkling. Several names were also considered in connection with the Interior Department. When General Garfield left home for Washington, but four names had been fixed upon in his mind for Cabinet positions. They were Messrs. Blaine, James, Lincoln and McVeagh. Mr. Lincoln's acceptance, by reason of his absence from home, was not received till after General Garfield arrived in Washington. When Mr. Windom was decided upon for the treasury portfolio, Mr. Kirkwood's selection for the Interior at once followed, and also that of Mr. Hunt for the navy. There was some delay in making up the list, out of deference to Indiana, which had so splendidly set the wheels of victory in motion at the October election. It was designed that that state should have a place in the Cabinet, but there were numerous aspirants, and there was no agreement as to the one who should receive an appointment, until after the Cabinet had been made up and the names sent to the senate. The Cabinet fairly represented the several elements of the party. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. James had favored the nomination of Grant, Mr. Windom and Mr. Kirkwood were of the stalwart order of Republicans, and Mr. Hunt had made no expression of his views, being on the bench. There was no doubt of the proclivities of Mr. Blaine as to the candidate of his choice before the Chicago Convention. Mr. McVeagh probably took no part, but evidently favored the most liberal candidate. So far as political complexion was concerned, the stalwarts had no reason to complain.

(*To be Continued.*)

THREE MYSTERIES.

BY ALICE I. EATON.

A glimmer in the sky; a shooting star;
A soul is born on earth; a spark of the
Love that reigns in Heaven in human hearts
Is kindled. The great mystery of life
Begins again. Shall it unfold itself
In things unspeakable, sublime? Or shall
It veil itself in mystery and sin,
Until the darker mystery of death
Shall end it all? Ah! birth's a mystery,
And stranger still is death; but most of all
Does mystery lurk in that which men call life,
The sea that rolls between two unknown shores,
Touching on each, yet silent as to both.

Albany, N. Y.

THE PRE-COLUMBIANS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BY JAMES M. CARSON.

THE relics discovered in this great field of ceramic products known as the pottery of the Mississippi Valley are divided by Mr. William H. Holmes, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, into three groups, namely, those found in the Upper, Middle and Lower Mississippi Provinces, which latter he also calls the Gulf Province. The Middle Mississippi has hitherto proved the most prolific in ancient pottery, and from that area the greater portion of collections have been made. To that region we shall confine ourselves in the present article.

This earthenware is exceedingly fragile—so much so that the opinion has been expressed that a considerable portion of it was merely sun-baked. There is no doubt that the period during which it was produced was one of open-air baking, a fact which will account for the imperfect fire-hardening process. We are indebted to the practice of burying articles with the dead, prevalent among all peoples, for supplying us with the means of procuring many whole specimens of this fragile ware, which has been unearthed from burial grounds and mounds in great quantities, while at the same time refuse heaps on house and village sites have furnished the archæologist with a large amount of fragmentary pottery.

The Middle Mississippi Province is very extensive, and the area in which relics of this group of pottery are found embraces the greater part of the states of Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee, large portions of Mississippi, Kentucky and Illinois, and extends into Iowa, Indiana, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas. The types are better marked, and the products more abundant about the center of this area, which includes those parts of Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee that are contiguous, Pecan Point, Arkansas, being a marked focus as regards abundance of relics.

In this province the pottery is remarkably homogeneous in character, which points to the fact that the people who practiced the art formed an ethnological group of closely allied tribes. Though not of the same race as the builders of the mounds in Wisconsin, Ohio or Georgia, they were, nevertheless, undoubtedly "mound builders."

In very primitive times, all vessels were intended for domestic use, including the ordinary receptacles for food and drink, and a few simple utensils employed for cooking purposes. Form, as these uses differentiated, underwent many changes, and a great variety of different shaped vessels was produced, only a small percentage of the relics found showing indications of having been used over fire.

Neither wheel nor lathe was used in construction. At the advent of the whites the natives were observed to employ the *coiling* process, and models made of gourds, blocks of wood and hardened clay. Probably in many cases no mold was used, but a rounded object of small size was held in one hand, while the base of the vessel to be formed was worked over it with the other. Rounded pebbles or mushroom objects in clay, sometimes found in the mounds, would have served the purpose. Baskets, nets and coarse cloths were also used as molds. The finishing was accomplished by means of such

implements as trowels, paddles, polishing stones, etc. In all probability the work was performed by women, among whom were skilled potters.

The material used in the manufacture was clay, in all grades of refinement, tempered with pulverized shells and potsherds, the former being obtained from the neighboring rivers.

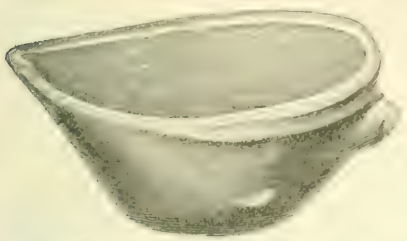


Fig. 1—Bowl imitating a modified Conch Shell.

Sand was also used as a tempering ingredient. The clay was procured from the alluvial deposits of bayous. There were two marked varieties of clay as regards color, viz., a dark and a light hued kind. The more prevailing color of the paste was dark, ranging from rich black to all shades of brown and gray. The lighter tints were usually warm ochery grays, rarely approaching a reddish hue, and there is some reason to conjecture that the different shades of color were produced intentionally by some process by which any tint could be obtained, inasmuch as certain forms are generally dark and others universally light. Sometimes a coat or wash of very fine clay was laid on the surfaces of the vessels, the walls of which were often thick and uneven.

In this Middle Mississippi ware there is a marvelous variety of form, many shapes being very pleasing and not inferior in outline and elegance to those exhibited in the ancient Pueblo pottery, though ranking lower than those of Mexico, Central America and Peru. They are higher in rank, however, than the prehistoric wares of Central and Northern Europe. The finish of this ware is decidedly rude as compared with that of civilized nations, the surface being often only smoothed with the hand, or trowel, though generally more or less careful polishing was performed with implements of shells, bone, etc. No glaze has yet been found on the more ancient specimens, though to facilitate polishing, a film of fine clay, as mentioned above, was sometimes spread over the surface. In many instances a coat of thick red ocher was applied.

The ancient potter of this province evidently took pride in the ornamentation of her wares, and produced a very varied and interesting number of designs. Fanciful modifications of natural forms constitute the first stage of embellishment, followed successively by relief ornaments, intaglio figures and designs in color. The modifications of shape, as exhibited in the wares of the ancient people of the Middle Mississippi region, indicate that the potters had no very refined ideas of elegance of outline. Nevertheless, the simple forms of cups, pots and bowls did not satisfy them, and there are specimens that indicate a taste for higher types of beauty. There is, moreover, a marked tendency to the grotesque. Utility was often sacrificed to the suggestions of fancy, and convenience was disregarded in yielding to the inclination to fashion bowls, vases

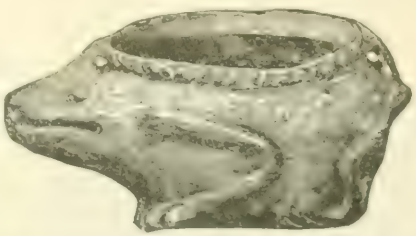


Fig. 2—Frog-shaped Bowl, Craigshead Point, Arkansas.

and bottles into animal and vegetable shapes.

Relief ornamentation, sparingly employed by the Pueblo Indian potters, is much more frequently found in the Middle Mississippi group, and was worked out in both low and salient relief by the application of nodes and

fillets of clay to the plain surface of the vessel—the fillets being laid on in



Fig. 4—Frog-shaped Bowl, Pecan Point, Arkansas.

horizontal, vertical and oblique bands. Intaglio designs were accomplished with pointed implements. Vessels of both plastic and sun-dried clay were treated in this way, and occasionally fire-baked surfaces. A wide range of artistic embellishment is exhibited by the figures thus produced, which illustrate the various stages of progress from the most archaic type of ornament to elegant combinations of curves, and lastly to the delineation of life form and fanciful conceptions. Impressed or stamped ornaments rarely occur in this group of ceramic relics, while in the Gulf States, or Lower Mississippi region, stamps constructed especially for the purpose were used to a considerable extent.

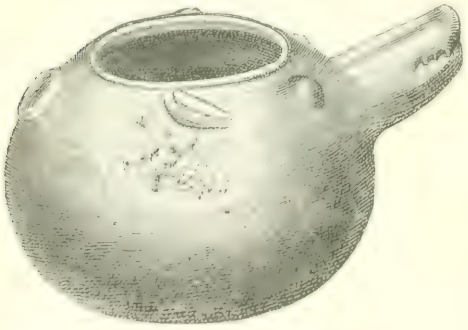


Fig. 5—Animal-shaped Bowl, Arkansas.

Designs in color were depicted in white, red, brown and black; the paint, which was generally composed of opaque clayey paste, being laid on with brushes of hair, feathers or vegetable fiber. The forms embrace meanders, scrolls, circles and combinations of curved lines in great variety. There are, also, rectilinear forms, such as lozenges, zigzags and checkers. Mr. Holmes calls attention to the prevalence of curved forms, and to the fact that the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley seem never to have achieved the rectangular linked meander, while the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest found in it a chief resource of decoration. The reason for this, he remarks, must be sought for in the



Fig. 5—Bird-shaped Bowl, Arkansas.

antecedent and coëxistent arts of those tribes—basketry and the manufacture of textiles—the "mound builders" not being highly accomplished in the textile arts, the influence of which gives rise to angular geometric figures.

In the arrangement of form-groups of archaic earthenware, the archæologist is naturally governed by the progress made in the art from simple to complex. The simplest forms are those of dishes, cups and bowls; these are followed by wide-mouthed, globular-bodied vases, generally known as *pots*. Next in the order of development come vases with narrow mouths and full bodies, commonly termed jars. Lastly on the list are the high, narrow-necked vessels universally denominated bottles. These four general groups do not include a number of vessels which, owing to complexity of design

and peculiarity of form, cannot be classified with any one of them.

Bowl-shaped vessels range in size from one inch in diameter and depth to over twenty inches in diameter and twelve inches in depth. They exhibit a great variety of form, from that of a shallow saucer to those of hollow globes with orifices. Some vessels are elongated, others are conical, while a few have rectangular or irregular shapes. Stands or legs are but

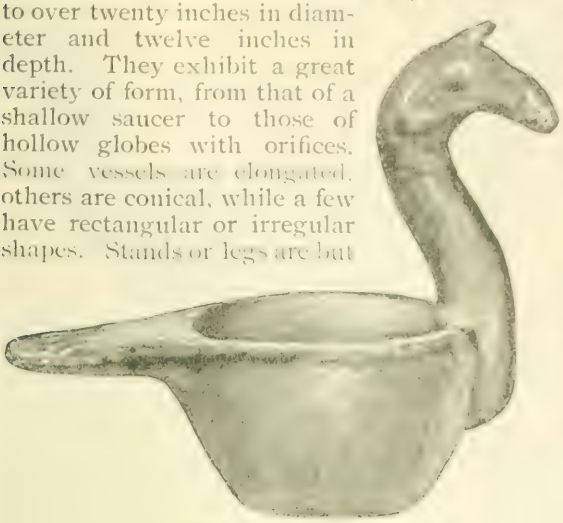


Fig. 6—Bird-shaped Bowl, Ark

rarely attached, and handles seldom occur except in the grotesque group of this class. As ornamentation was gradually developed, the first simple forms were greatly modified according to the fancy of the potter. Nodes and ridges, the more archaic types of ornament, were enlarged and fashioned into innumerable natural and fantastic forms. Birds, beasts and fishes, reptiles, human beings and imaginary creatures were finally fashioned out as ceramic embellishment. With this preliminary sketch of the earlier stages of the potter's art in the Middle Mississippi Valley, we will proceed to the development of life forms in the decoration of pottery.

A large proportion of the bowls found in this province has undergone modifications that exhibit the tendency of the ancient potter to produce representations of living creatures, especial attention being given to the heads. Mr. Holmes finds it very difficult to determine the origin of this kind of ornamentation, and seems inclined to believe that it is not to be found within the plastic art itself, but in the shapes of antecedent and coëxistent vessels of other materials in which life forms had been employed, or in the use of natural objects themselves as utensils, suggesting the employment of other natural forms.

Antecedent to vessels of clay were such primitive utensils as shells, and the hard cases of fruits and seeds. These were the natural models, and from such incipient efforts the Mississippi potter advanced to the imitation of life forms. Though nothing is known of the origin and significance of the practice, it soon became a prominent feature of the industry, and in time the artist reached a freedom from the restraint of antecedent impressions that enabled her to indulge in the production of any form that superstition or fancy might suggest. The artist cannot be considered to have followed nature with much accuracy in details, but the essential characteristics of any particular creature were never lost sight of.

The frog appears to have been the favorite among reptilian forms, and figures numbered 2 and 3 are illustra-



Fig. 7—Toad-shaped Bowl, Arkansas

tions of bowls so ornamented. It will be noticed that in Fig. 2 the members of the body are boldly outlined, and that the long toes extend beneath it.

The rim of the vessel is notched and two small loops connect it with the head and tail of the batrachoid curiosity. The color of this vessel is red, while that of the one represented in

gests an exaggerated representation of the cartilaginous excrescence that rises above the upper portion of the beak in certain species of the anatidæ.

An idea of the extraordinary variety

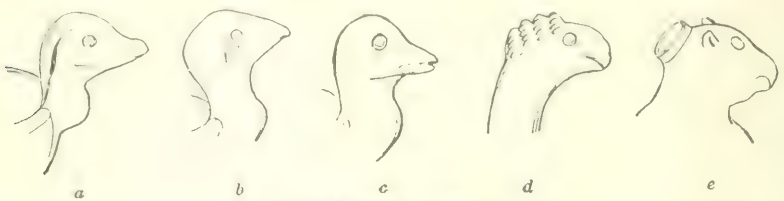


Fig. 8.—Heads of Birds.

Fig. 3, which is similar but with a front view, is dark.

A remarkable specimen of animal form is presented in Fig. 4. It is a deep globular bowl, representing the head of an animal that has a decided porcine expression. One side of the vessel is embellished with a long snout, with the teeth and nostrils strongly exhibited. Two nodes occupy the places of eyes, and behind them well defined ears appear. The circular hollow node on the side of the vessel

of form attained by the ancient potter of the Mississippi Valley, and of the ingenuity the artist displayed in designing novel shapes, may be obtained by an examination of illustration Fig. 7. It is an imitation of a bird—but of a bird placed on its back. The neck and head are looped up at one end of the vessel to form a handle, while the legs are tucked up above the under side of the tail for the same purpose at the other end. Coarse lines engraved on the sides of the vessel represent the

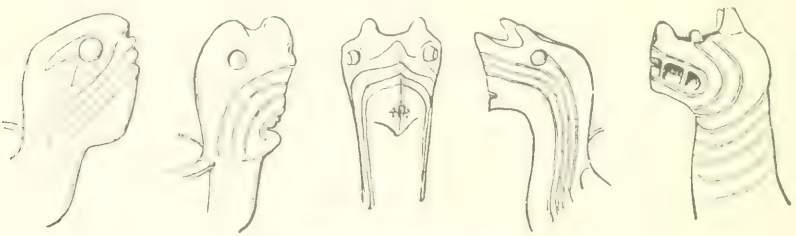


Fig. —Grotesque Heads.

opposite to that from which the snout projects suggests the idea of a severed neck. The bowl is of dark, well-polished ware.

Bird forms appear in illustrations Figs. 5 and 6, the former bearing a strong resemblance in the head to a turkey, while Fig. 6 would seem from the length of the neck, the projection of the breast bone, and the shape of the tail, intended to portray a goose or some long-necked aquatic bird. The elongated node on the head sug-

wings. In illustration Fig. 8 the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* and *e* represent respectively the head of the summer duck, the grouse or partridge, the pigeon or dove, the vulture or eagle and the owl.

We have now arrived at the divergence of imitations proper of animals and birds, however rudely executed, to grotesque forms, in the production of which the artist appears to have given full rein to her fancy or superstitious imagination. One of the most

unique vessels of this kind yet discovered is exhibited in illustration Fig. 10. It is a heavy, rudely finished



Fig. 10—Bowl with Grotesque Heads, Arkansas.

bowl to the rim of which, placed opposite to each other, two monstrosities are attached which may be designated as Indian ornithological gargoyles, though it is possible that the one on the left may have been intended to represent the plumed serpent that so often occurs in aboriginal American art. The other head with the double comb and prominent eye, reminds one of the domestic fowl.

Nothing could be conceived more grotesque than the heads which decorate the vessels represented in illustrations Figs. 11 and 13. The bowls are rudely finished and very heavy, the first being dark in color and the other red. A high bulbous nose and a grinning mouth; upright ears with projecting eyes formed of rounded nodes and curved seams, incised or in relief, extending from the mouth or eyes, are features which characterize this class of outlandish heads — see illustration Fig. 9. The animal represented bears little resemblance to any creature in nature, and Mr. Holmes was inclined to think that they may be the result of attempts to model in clay the mythical plumed serpent, but it would seem that he found reason to change his opinion for he adds: "The fact that in one case legs have been added to the base of the body militates against this theory. Their resemblance to the gargoyle heads of mediæval architecture suggests the possibility of early European influence." A great number of bowls, or deep pans, are found similar in make and general appearance embellished with the heads of animals. Illustration Fig. 13 presents such a one. The resemblance of the head to a doe or a fawn is decided, the tail on the opposite side of the bowl is pendent as in nature, and the legs which have been added to the base of the vessel terminate in cloven hoofs beneath the body.

Between the class of vessels above described, and pot-shaped vessels, there is no hard line of demarkation. The material used in the construction of the latter is generally coarser, and the finish more rudely performed than in other forms, indicating, probably, that they were used exclusively for culinary purposes. They have a wide range in size, the larger sometimes being fifteen inches in diameter and



Fig. 11—Bowl with Grotesque Head, Pecan Point, Arkansas.

twenty in height. Looped handles are mostly confined to this class of

pottery, and are generally ranged about the neck or rim. Less than four handles to a vessel of this kind is seldom found, while it is a common thing to find fifteen and twenty handles set about the rim. The ornamentation of this ware consisted of incised figures, principally exhibited in groups of straight lines forming angular designs; of punctures made with a sharp-pointed implement, and forming encircling lines and carelessly executed patterns; and of nodes, ribs and fillets, the manner of fashioning which has already been described.

Jars, or wide-mouthed bottles, were probably not used as utensils for cooking. Handsome in shape, tastefully decorated and small in size, their appearance, as there is no indication of wear, does not suggest the use to which they were devoted. Like all other forms, they are found buried with the dead, at the head or feet, or within reach of the hands. Without entering into further detail regarding the more ordinary forms of this interesting group, we will pass on to the stage of development where the ware put on the robes of eccentricity, and the artist began to imitate life forms and finally produced the human head in earthenware.

Among the life forms noticeable in this group are those of the sunfish and opossum, while other shapes are so rudely fashioned that, without being grotesque, nevertheless afford little suggestion as to the animal intended to be represented by the potter. On the other hand, there are specimens of exceedingly grotesque beasts, having horns and expanded nostrils, grinning mouths exposing long fearful-looking fangs, and clad withal with what might be imagined a dragon's coat of mail would be.



Fig. 3.—Head-shaped Vase, Pecan Point, Arkansas.

It was but natural that a people having such a taste for life form in the embellishment of their domestic utensils should attempt to imitate the human face and head. The "mound

builders" of the Middle Mississippi, and other kindred tribes had already, before the discovery of the potter's art, made considerable advance in the carving of wood and stone. They displayed a decided talent for sculpture, and it might be expected, considering the facilities offered by plastic clay over the less easily worked materials of hard wood and obdurate stone, that the primitive potter would produce better work than the primitive sculptor. Such was the case, and the Indians of the region under consideration are found to have attained a remarkable success in the modeling of the human face.



Fig. 11.—Bowl with Grotesque Head. Peruvian [illegible]

Only a few specimens of these curious head-shaped vases have been obtained, and, like other vessels, were found associated with human remains in graves or mounds. Whether they were used exclusively for sepulchral purposes cannot be decided, though the death look that has been given the faces leads the archæologist to suspect that such was the case.

The finest specimen of these head-shaped vases yet obtained is represented in illustration Fig. 12. It is so interesting in its features and expression that Mr. Holmes' description of it and remarks upon its characteristics will not be out of place here. He says:

"In form it is a simple head, five inches in height and five inches wide from ear to ear. The aperture in the vase is in the crown, and is surrounded by a low, upright rim, slightly recurved. The cavity is roughly finished, and follows pretty closely the contour of the exterior surface, excepting in projections, such as the ears, lips and nose. The walls are generally from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness, the base being about three-eighths. The bottom is flat and takes the level of the chin and jaws.

"The material does not differ from that of the other vessels of the same locality. There is a large percentage of shell, some particles of which are quite large. The paste is yellowish-gray in color and rather coarse in texture. The vase was modeled in the plain clay and permitted to harden, before the devices were engraved. After this thick film of fine yellow-

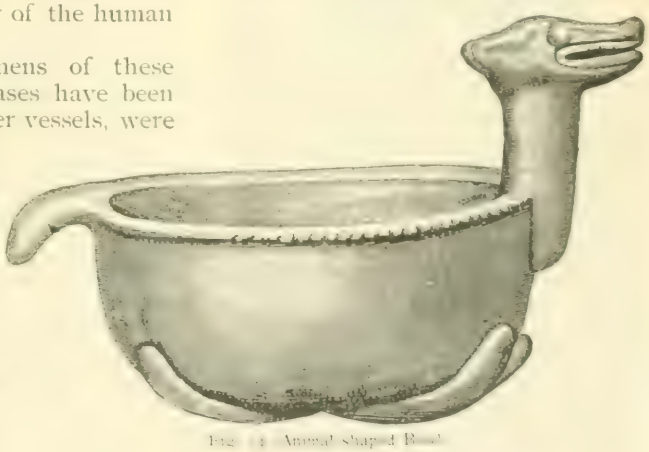


Fig. 12. Animal Shaped Bowl

ish-gray clay was applied to the face, partially filling up the engraved lines. The remainder of the surface, includ-

ing the lips, received a thick coat of dark red paint. The whole surface was then highly polished.

"The illustration will convey a more vivid conception of this striking head than any description that can be given. The face cannot be said to have a single feature strongly characteristic of Indian physiognomy. We have instead the round forehead and the projecting mouth of the African. The nose, however, is small and the nostrils are narrow. The face would seem to be that of a youngish person, perhaps a female. The features are all well modeled, and are so decidedly individual in character that the artist must have had in his mind a pretty definite conception of the face to be produced as well as of the expression appropriate to it, before beginning his work. It will be impossible, however, to prove that the portrait of a particular personage was intended. The closed eyes, the rather sunken nose and the parted lips were certainly intended to give the effect of death. The ears are large, correctly placed and well modeled; they are perforated all along the margin, thus revealing a practice of the people to whom they referred. The septum of the nose appears to have been pierced, and the horizontal depression across the upper lip may indicate the former presence of a suspended ornament.



Fig. 15—Head-shaped Vase, Pecan Point, Arkansas.

"Perhaps the most unique and striking feature is the pattern of incised lines that covers the greater part of the face. The lines are deeply engraved and somewhat 'scratchy,' and were apparently executed in the hardened clay before the slip was applied. The left side of the face is plain, with the exception of a figure somewhat resembling a grappling-hook in outline, which partially surrounds the eye. The right side is covered with a comb-like pattern, placed vertically, with the teeth upwards. The middle of the forehead has a series of vertical lines and a few short horizontal ones just above the root of the nose. There are also three curved lines, near the corner of the mouth, not shown in the cut. * * *

"The head dress should be noticed. It seems to have been modeled after a cloth or skin cap. It extends over the forehead, falls back over the back of the head and terminates in points behind. Two layers of the material are represented—the one broad, the other narrow and pointed—both being raised a little above the surface upon which they rest. This vase is somewhat smaller than the human head."

Similar in conception and execution are several other head-shaped vases, an example of which will be found in illustration Fig. 15, which represents a specimen exhumed at Pecan Point by the agents of the Bureau of Ethnology, and now in the National Museum. In size, form, color, finish, modeling of features and expression, this head closely resembles the one just described. The curious device near the left eye, as mentioned above, appears in this specimen on both sides of the face. Three lines cross the upper lip and extend over the cheeks to the ears. A band of fret-like devices extends from the corners of the mouth to the base of the ears, while another band filled in with reticulated lines, passes round the chin and along the jaws. The ears are perforated and the septum of the nose is partly broken away as if it had once held a ring. The face is coated with a light yellowish-gray slip, the remainder of the surface being red.

In the collection of Mr. Thibault, of Little Rock, Ark., is a very interesting specimen of the red pottery of that state. It is represented by the illustration Fig. 17. The human face, in this example of head-shaped vases, is modeled on one side of the vessel and interferes little with the outline, the face being only slightly relieved. It extends from the neck of the vessel to the widest part of the body of the same. Across the face from just above the eyes to the bottom of the lower lip, a light, flesh-colored paint has been applied, the remainder of the surface being of a bright, rich red color. As in the case of all other face vessels, a death-like appearance has been given to the countenance.

High-necked, full-bodied bottles form a marked feature in the pottery of the Middle Mississippi region, it being rarely found elsewhere in the United States. Their forms are greatly and beautifully varied, exhibiting numerous examples of globular, conical, cylindrical and even terraced construction. A striking peculiarity in this group is the presence of legs and supports used in tripod fashion—a

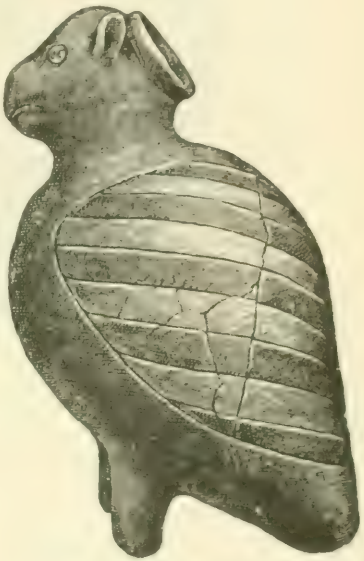


Fig. 16—Owl-shaped Bottle, Arkansas.

device doubtless suggested by the bird forms modeled from clay, and which were made to rest upon the feet and tail.

The styles of decoration show no distinction from those of the previously described groups, but the patterns are more elaborate and the designs in color more carefully executed. As in the antecedent classes, the simpler forms of bottle-shaped vessels were made to assume modified shapes according to the fancy of the potter, and life forms appear as plentifully in this group of ware as in the others. Quadrupeds, fishes and birds, as well as the human form, are represented—the employment of such embellishment being

adapted to the ruling configuration of the ware. Space will not admit of our entering into more detail with regard to this group, and we shall dismiss it after calling attention to that retrospection and investigation into the primitive condition of mankind and mankind's environments are parallelisms, in opposite directions, with future discovery and invention.



Fig. 15. Head-shaped Vase, Arkansas.

illustration Fig. 16, which represents an owl-shaped bottle. The bird of wisdom was a favorite subject with the potter, and the specimen alluded to is a handsome one of its class. The wings are well treated, and the plumage is indicated by alternate bands of pale red and yellow-gray. These bands are outlined by fine incised lines; the remainder of the body is painted gray. The reader will not fail to notice that the vessel rests upon the feet and tail —a natural tripod. The surface is carefully finished and the modeling unusually successful.

In the development of civilization the progress from stage to stage to a higher platform, whereupon greater comforts and luxuries are gained, does not satisfy the human mind. The intellectual inquisitiveness of cultured man does not point its finger ever forward. In this age of rapid advancement, the question of man's future is so closely connected with his origin The intelligent being of to-day cannot rest with inquiring only into his future; the human race wishes to know something of the pre-historic past. It is to the labors and researches of archæologists and ethnologists that we are indebted for the revelation of many mysteries that wrapped our past in a veil of mist; every effort of theirs unfolds archaic scenes to us.

Retrospective scientists rend aside those portions of this veil of mist that corresponds with their particular lines of research. The geologist reads the illustrations printed on the strata of rocks hundreds of thousands of years ago. Agassiz and Owen and their followers have produced models of the pre-Adamite animals of the earth, and even somewhat definitely pointed to the earliest appearance of the human being upon it. The ethnologist traces out the progress and particularities of man's advancement by studying the relics of his handiwork.

MARKETING CALIFORNIA FRUITS.

BY W. H. MILLS.

AMONG the many questions of vital interest which affect the horticulturist, the farmer, and the prosperity of California at large, none is more important than that relating to the marketing and distribution of fruits.

The orchard and vineyard products of California, to reach consumers outside of our State, must travel an average distance of about two thousand five hundred miles, and the best method of sending the fruit of California in its green form, directly to the consumer, deserves careful consideration. The plan heretofore adopted followed the ordinary methods of commerce; that is, the fruits have been shipped to the large commercial centers for distribution.

Every commonwealth must have what is known to the political economist as a basis industry. Such an industry has its permanency in physical or climatic advantages. Pennsylvania may be used as an illustration. Coal and iron constitute the basis of the industrial opulence of Pennsylvania. The products of these furnish a foundation of growth and prosperity upon which other industries stand as a superstructure. Coal and iron are found in large quantities in that State. They are found contiguous. Their extraction is economic, and their relation to and interdependence upon each other furnish the opportunity of founding a great industrial empire upon them as a material basis.

The commercial relation between all parts of the world grows constantly more intimate. With that intimacy the competition between climates and soils, and mines, in fact all elements of production, becomes more intense. The iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania and the resultant products of the labor founded upon these, added to the geographical position of Pennsylvania, enable that commonwealth to place the products of iron and coal in the markets of the United States advantageously, with reference to the competition offered by other localities. The Government has extended to the iron industry in the United States a vast subsidy in the way of protection. Thus the basis industry of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania is under the fostering care of the Government. The economic facts controlling the product of iron and coal in the United States make Pennsylvania practically independent as to the effect of domestic competition. A protective tariff relating to iron and its products emphasizes that industry, and relieves its products from foreign competition at least in the home market. This superiority of advantage becomes a guaranty of permanency. The products of coal and iron in Pennsylvania confer upon the people of that commonwealth a purchasing capacity, and an accumulation of capital which generates enterprise in infinite variety. Incidental to this great leading industry, other industries become possible. But the industrial fabric, like all other structures, has its architectural design, its foundation, and its superstructure. The extent to which the basis industry of a commonwealth is the source of all industrial prosperity, is not apparent to casual observation; nor even to close analysis. An approximation of the extent to which all industries are dependent upon some great leading and standard industry can be reached by imagining, for illustration, that all the iron mills of Pennsylvania and all the mines of that State were suddenly eliminated from the industrial category.

It is not difficult to imagine the disaster which would ensue. In fact, the statement that the whole industrial fabric would fall, will be readily received. In the building of commonwealths we must observe the analogies of all great structures, and in building our California the question naturally arises: What have we here possessing economic advantage in the intensified competition of production throughout the world, which constitutes at present, or will constitute in the future, a basis of our industrial system? As already noted, the existence of such industries, or basis industry, with its wealth-generating power, will eventuate in enterprises as broad as the field of human activity. Mining for precious metals was the original and paramount industry of the State. It attracted the pioneer population, but countries prolific of precious metals are proverbially poor. The production of a million or ten millions of gold and silver, as a result of mining, proclaims the impoverishment of the mines to that extent. It indicates plainly that so much has been extracted and that that much less remains. Nor is it an industry which enhances skill or encourages the productive capacity of a people. On the other hand, the creation of ten millions in the way of agricultural product or manufactures discloses a capacity which of itself is a guaranty of a repetition of the annual product in an increasing ratio. The continued production of wealth in the first instance is dependent upon the existence of precious metals. In the second instance, it shows a productive capacity inherent in the character and habits of the people producing it. Mines are easily exhausted by modern methods of extracting ores, but skill, industry, intelligence and stability of character are inexhaustible, because they are elements capable of constant augmentation. An industrial prosperity founded upon fertility of soils, clemency of climate, the skill and intelligence of a people, the stability of personal character and government, may be depended upon, because all these things may have indefinite perpetuation. If upon such a basis, the mining for precious metals stands related as incidental, then it may be a valuable adjunct, supplementing symmetrical development. But to reverse this order and found a commonwealth upon the ephemerous industry of extracting precious metals, when, as indicated the very prosecution of the industry is itself a process of impoverishment, offers no guaranty of stability. Mining for precious metals then cannot become the basis or standing industry in any country.

Looking from this field of original enterprise to later industrial development in California, we find at last in the fertility of our soils, and the expanded possibilities of our climate, the hopeful direction of permanent greatness. For the sake of perspicuity, let it be repeated that the permanency of a basis industry is dependent upon conditions favorable to successfully meeting a competition offered by other countries. Viewing California from this standpoint, it becomes more apparent every day that horticulture is to become the great industry of this country, to which other industries will become subordinate and incidental. All people find it advantageous to buy from abroad the articles which will be furnished more cheaply than produced at home. Between individuals and commonwealths, the law of economic production enforces the policy of directing the individual and general productive activity into the most profitable channels. If the products of our orchards and vineyards can be offered in Eastern markets, at rates which will justify their purchase by consumers, as against the production of like articles at home, our industry in this regard is permanent. The question of probability, as to whether California can become the orchard of the whole country, is answered by experience.

The writer finds a prevalent opinion

to exist, which is a matter of surprise, to the effect that California sells fruit to the East, because of earlier conditions. It is the commonly received opinion, that our fruits ripen at a different time, and that our sales to the East are made when the home product is unavailable. This is not true. The fruits of the East, when taken in their entire variety, ripen in the months of July, August, September and October. Take the green-fruit shipments of 1891: We shipped from California, in the green-fruit form, three thousand four hundred and twenty carloads to the Atlantic States, Middle States, Western States and the State of Colorado. Of this total shipment, two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three cars were sent forward in July, August, September and October, the four months covering the fruit harvest period of the East, leaving but five hundred and twenty-seven cars for the months of May, June, November and December. It is significant that we shipped no fruit in the months of January, February, March and April, and but twenty-two cars in May; the first five months of the year, therefore, practically show no shipment. Our shipment begins in June, and more than eighty per cent. of the entire shipment finds a market at the East, in the face of the domestic fruit production of those States.

I have previously expressed the opinion that we had not placed our fruit within the reach of five millions of people. If this statement needs modification, it is in the direction of a reduction of the number. The early fruits reach the Eastern market at such rates as to make them luxuries. I have personally examined the market in the month of June, and found cherries selling at two dollars and fifty cents per box, when they were being marketed in San Francisco at thirty-five cents per box. I have information to-day that California peaches are selling at seven cents a peach in New York, at the retail stands. It is not enough that our fruits are placed in the markets of the East; they must be placed there at such rates as will enable the masses of people to consume them. Considered in this light, we have not placed our fruit, on the average, within the reach of one million of consumers.

I have also stated, from data which may not be disputed, that the orchards of California last year produced three hundred thousand tons of green fruit, which was shipped in the various forms of dried, canned and green fruit, and found market in the world. This statement will not be controverted, since it cannot be successfully. Within twenty years, fruit shipment has grown to the enormous proportions herein indicated. The question we are considering is: How shall we so distribute the fruit, as to bring it within the reach, physically and financially, of a larger number of consumers? And the question is one of simple proportion. If at the present prices, and with the present facilities for distribution, we have found a market for three hundred thousand tons, and yet have placed the fruit, when the price is considered, within the reach of five millions of people, may we not hope to double the market, when we bring that product within the reach of twice that number, or treble it, when we have reached three times that number?

The whole subject opens a wide field for contemplation, when we consider the leading factors of the problem. First, we have an unlimited capacity for the production of fruit. Second, we have economic advantages in its production, which will enable us to offer it to sixty-five million of Eastern consumers, at a price which will justify them in purchasing. Between the price paid to the grower, and the price paid by the consumer, there is a vast margin. The commission alone on the sale of our fruit is seven per cent., and that of itself constitutes a market-seeking fund, which should incite distributors to the highest activity.

The present method of distribution is costly to the consumer, and all high cost to the consumer means a small reward to the producer. The higher the price paid by the consumer, the less the producer will get. High prices discourage consumption, and enforce the condition of over-production. So far as relates to green fruit, the commodity is exceedingly perishable. Commercially considered, every cargo lost is charged to the successful venture. Further examination into the subject convinces me that much improvement has been made, over former years, in the way of distribution. The more important intermediate stations are supplied with carload lots. But the general statement that the fruits are shipped in carload lots to the large commercial centers for distribution remains true. In the year 1891, we shipped to the Atlantic States, nine hundred and nine carloads of fruit. There are but five places of consignment, as follows: New York, five hundred and thirty cars; Boston, one hundred and twenty-one cars; Philadelphia, eleven cars; Baltimore, one car, and Buffalo, one car. Of these five cities, two receive one car each, and one, a city of a million of inhabitants, receives eleven cars. There is a growing market for fruit west of the Missouri River. As an illustration, of the shipments of 1891, Butte, Montana, received forty-eight cars, and Denver, Colorado, one hundred and fifty cars. Can it be said of an enterprise that it has reached its full development, when a market is found in New York City for five hundred and thirty carloads of green fruit in the year, while in Philadelphia, but eleven cars are used? Philadelphia has at least one-half the population of the City of New York, while the climatic and commercial conditions are completely analogous. But these nine hundred and nine carloads shipped to these Eastern centers, pass through towns, villages and cities, whose population in the aggregate is equal to the population of the cities, to which the fruit was consigned.

Briefly then, what is proposed is a system of direct distribution. It is evident that the one thousand one hundred and forty-two carloads of green fruit shipped to Chicago were in part re-shipped, and this is the feature to which objection is raised. If a carload of fruit was shipped to Chicago, and was subsequently re-shipped to Milwaukee or Indianapolis, an additional profit to the middle man ensued. Thus the fruit was burdened with a price that placed a limit upon its consumption. It will be gratifying to all Californians to know that the proposition of direct shipment to all the centers of the East, great and small, instead of shipping to commercial centers for secondary shipment, or re-distribution, has met with concurrent favor at the hands of the press, and those directly interested. The transportation companies of the country stand ready to second any improvement which may be devised or be sought to be applied by the consignors of the freight. The present facilities for freight shipments from the Pacific Coast to the Eastern States constitute the cheapest service, when rate and speed are considered, that is performed by the railroads of the United States. This great concession to this industry by the railroads of the country stands fully acknowledged by shippers engaged in this species of merchandising. The determination of methods of distribution of any species of merchandise does not lie with the carrier. It belongs to the shipper wholly. Fruits are shipped by order of the consignor, and are delivered to the consignee. The vast system of network of railroads, connected by the long distended lines which reach the Pacific Coast, stands ready to perform the carrying service, and has actually performed this service at the minimum cost of movement alone. A better system of distribution is, therefore, not obstructed either by the rate at which the fruits are carried, or by want of liberal facilities for the car-

riage. Distribution is the office of merchandise. The problem to be solved is, therefore, mercantile, and its solution is with the merchants engaged in this great enterprise, and not with the carrier who carries the fruit to its proper consignment according to order.

What is sought is a market commensurate with the possibilities of production in this State. The magnitude of the opportunity is appreciated only by those who have given the subject thoughtful attention. A single purchaser of dried fruit in the City of San Francisco purchased in the space of one month one million dollars worth of fruit, and even the recitation of this fact does not disclose fully the vast volume of business possible to that industry.

The next consideration relates to the profit of fruit-growing. A profit equal to one dollar a tree, or half that sum, or a quarter that sum, will confer upon our commonwealth a profit far in excess of that attending any other cultivation of the soil. We are enjoying in the current year the highest prosperity the fruit-growers have known, and yet the whole enterprise has made its way against continued predictions of over-production and ultimate failure.

The magnitude of the opportunity also suggests at once the possibility of a special equipment, and special treatment of the whole subject. We are in plain view of the ultimate possibilities of this industry, and the time has arrived when we may safely prepare to adopt such methods as to its commercial features as will take it out of the list of ordinary commercial transactions, and justify the inauguration of separate and special instrumentalities of distribution. In its practical aspect, the proposition demands the formation of a commercial company for the sale and distribution of the fruit. The auction method having proven successful, it is practicable to send to every town or city, in the United States, where a market for a single car might be found, a carload of fruit, to be sold at auction; and this fruit should be sent directly from the centers of distribution in California, and regardless of centers of distribution at the East. As supplemental to this, it is competent, over Eastern lines, to distribute fruit in less than carload lots, over short distances of distribution. Thus continuing the present method of sending all fruit to the great commercial centers of the country, for which a market might be found, let it be supplemented by an organization, which will establish agencies in every town or city, that will take one or more carloads, and this be further supplemented by a distribution, in less than carload lots, through the instrumentalities of local railroads everywhere. When that is accomplished, a process of the steady growth and expansion of the industry will have set up. It will have become organic, and, obeying the law of all organism, will continually grow. It will offer a competition to the growth of fruits in climates not favorable to their production, which will eventually give us absolute control of the markets now being supplied by Eastern producers. This is true, because it is true in modern economic methods, that notwithstanding the distance intervening between points of production and consumption, every article is being produced in the soil and climate, and under the conditions most favorable to its production. It is absurd to suppose that this law of modern economics is not equally applicable to the production of fruit in California, when the favoring conditions in this State are understood, or when they are contrasted with the unfavorable conditions of other portions of this country. The very contrast closes the argument.

General farming, however profitable, can never confer population. Whether true or false, it is a leading tradition of general farming in this State that its highest profit is derived from large aggregations of ownership. These large aggregations have taken place,

and the tendency is constantly in the direction of still greater consolidation of ownership, and consequent depopulation of the country. On the contrary, the industries connected with the orchards, vineyards and gardens of California have an inherent tendency of segregation. Ten acres of orchard, vineyard or garden will afford profitable employment equal to that required upon one thousand acres of ordinary wheat land in this State. The acquirement, then, by this commonwealth, of a great substantial industrial foundation, lies plainly in the direction of availing ourselves of the peculiar advantages of our climate. The absence of a cheap coal, that reservoir of mechanical power, forbids the hope of the establishment here of great manufacturing enterprises, with their attendant density of population. In fact, as already shown, the successful establishment of a basis industry will eventually confer upon us manufacturing facilities and incidental enterprises in every direction, for, wherever a substantial industrial basis is established, diversity of profitable occupation arises as an inseparable incident of prosperity.

Commerce is but an incident of industrial activity. The volume of commercial transactions, as relates to any people, is measured by their purchasing power, and the supreme source of wealth in any community is the productive capacity of its people. Horticulture, prosecuted under the unrivaled advantages which attend it here, leaves us without a competitor. Upon this substantial and enduring basis, the entire industrial structure will eventually rise.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

BY FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER.

Ill shall it be in time to come for those
Who, careless living 'neath a bounteous sky,
Calmly indifferent, can hear the cry
Of thousands helpless in the mortal throes
Of desolating hunger. If we chose
What saving ships across the sea should fly,
Climbing th' uneasy wave, each day more nigh
To the sad northern land of steppes and snows.

Almighty God! If by a miracle,
As in old days, thou now should'st prove thy power
And show the exceeding brightness of thy face
So long withdrawn——! With love unspeakable
Touch thou men's hearts, and but for one short hour
Let mercy all the suffering world embrace.

SUPERSTITION.

BY BETTIE LOWENBERG.

SCIENCE has partially lifted the veil, and accounted for various phenomena formerly unintelligible to us, but we are still novices in many things; and what is now attributed to supernatural agency, stubborn facts will sooner or later demonstrate, and the hold of superstition upon the human mind will grow weaker and weaker. Surrounded as we are by the almost impenetrable walls of nature, we are filled with an indefinable awe at her wonders, and as we are blown hither and thither like straws before the wind, we accept certain manifestations, construe them to our liking, and become imbued with superstitions. The stronger the mind the less it accepts, unless demonstrated by facts.

In very early days, before the sun of intelligence had shed a ray of light over this benighted world, the devil played a very conspicuous part, and governments as well as individuals took advantage of the weakness of mankind. The majority of us have gotten bravely over the belief of a devil in propria personâ, and many of us do not believe in a devil at all. But what a "turning of windmills into giants," what a struggle to be relieved of that non-existing horror, and what battles, real and imaginary, have been fought over his Satanic Majesty! It would be ludicrous were it not pathetic. From the belief and hope in immortality have sprung the superstitions with which the human mind is tinged. Resent it as we will, there rise up in the strongest intellects moments in which we wonder whether there are not "more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Suicides have often been forbidden burial in consecrated ground, and governments have often denied them burial at all, which may seem harsh, but the motive is very good in deterring others from doing likewise. It is all very well for us to say that we can stand alone and require no support; that we are not affected by our neighbor's actions, and that they are not contagious like disease, but it is nevertheless true that we are more or less influenced—imperceptibly, perhaps—by our surroundings and associations. An eminent physician told me that a child affected with certain nervous infirmities is sufficient to work up a whole school of children. It is said that "nations, like individuals, have their whims, peculiarities and superstitions," and do we not all hug them with the fervor of a youthful lover?

It is so easy to fill the mind with testimony from every flower that blossoms, from every fruit that ripens, from the clouds that sound in the air. The imagination works such wonders that delusions become realties; the air is peopled with invisible beings, creations of the brain, and they linger as superstitions. Superstition grows rank in the soil of ignorance and weakness, and in the uncultured and undisciplined mind. We have only to wake up and throw off the shackles, for superstition is slavery. We all know that a superior mind exerts a decided influence upon a weaker one. It is only when our minds are feeble, or become so by a concentration of thought on one subject, that we get ideas which are at variance with established rules of right and wrong. Women are much more easily affected than men by magnetism, hypnotism and all other *isms*, being of a more nervous temperament and finer organization, therefore more susceptible.

The manipulations of mesmerism—if the purpose were unknown to the patient—would be of no avail, proving conclusively that it concerns the mind alone.

In all ages there have been adventurers and impostors, and these have disciples, and these disciples followers, until a delusion or superstition has an army of adherents. Now, though science and discovery have gone far, and though we know accurately of what the diamond is composed, we cannot make the diamond, still less attempt to make an element. These are treasures locked up in vaults to which there is no key; no more can we solve the mysteries of the future or communicate with the unknown world. Though nature may indulge in freaks, she never deals in the supernatural; what appears so is done by human agency.

Superstition is a dark band over the eyes. It has a hold like a mania and maddens its victims, causing them to commit the most frightful crimes. We often read in the present day of needles being swallowed and ejected from different parts of the body; two or three centuries ago this fact would have been attributed to witchcraft, and such things have cost many an old woman her life. To put a person on trial for witchcraft—still more that person's condemnation—I think is a reflection on the intellectuality of man; and there are few who would wish to revive the superstition of the Dark Ages.

To this day there is in Italy and some other parts of Europe the belief of the evil eye. In Bavaria, in 1600, people were executed for saying: "What a sweet child!" "What a lovely woman!" "What a strong man!" because the belief was that they would be immediately afflicted with disease and wither away. Salem, Mass., in 1692, suffered from a delusion of witchcraft, and many persons lost their lives. The witch mania caused Stearne to say: "What a beast man is!" The incubi and succubi, male and female demons, lived in the immensity of space to torment mankind. The belief of the power of the devil to assume certain shapes gave rise to sorcery, and persons were condemned to be burned, upon statements so absurd that it seems almost impossible to conceive minds so narrow in the form divine. To such an extent was this, the greatest superstition of any age, carried that husbands informed against their wives and vice versa. In England, in 1562, even under the sapient Elizabeth, the statute was passed, recognizing witchcraft as a crime of the deepest enormity. Indeed, superstition fastens itself on ignorant minds and grows with amazing rapidity.

The picture of Archbishop Laud, not long before his martyrdom, fell at full length, the cord having snapped. He considered it as a warning of death. Pictures have been known to fall before and since, mirrors to break, and lives to flow on as serenely as ever; but when something unpleasant occurs, we attribute it to these otherwise ordinary happenings. It has been shrewdly and perhaps not untruly observed that "a genuine and solemn citation may tend to work its own fulfillment in certain minds, who, by allowing the thing to prey upon their spirits, enfeeble the powers of life, and perhaps as the critical date arrives develop some latent or dormant disease into action."

The world has been deluged with myriads of superstitions which came and attacked mankind like epidemics. As for prophecies and omens, there is scarcely anything that cannot be made to prognosticate good or evil. The flapping of the wings of the screech owl at midnight, the chirping of a cricket, the treading upon a beetle, putting on your stocking wrong side out, sneezing twice, a dog or cat following you, a swarm of bees alighting in your garden, and a thousand other trivial things are interpreted into something of good or bad import; everything animate or inanimate can be construed

as pertaining to our good or bad fortune. In regard to the superstition of thirteen at table, that one must die during the year, I agree with Dr. Ritchener, who facetiously said, "that there was one case in which he believed it was really unlucky for thirteen persons to sit down at dinner, and that was when there was only dinner enough for twelve."

Though many fallacies and delusions have been remorselessly swept away by time and the progress of centuries, still many remain that have abided with us for ages; one of these which centuries have not exploded is the interpretation of dreams. From the earliest time, faith has been placed in them; and which one of us has never been disturbed by disagreeable dreams, which, no doubt, come from indigestion or concentration of thought upon one thing? We never dream of anything of which we know nothing. Of course some have dreamed of heaven, but it is always the heaven pictured in their imagination, an atmosphere redolent of perfumes, adorned with marble streets, canopy of gold set with gems, angels floating round, etc., etc.

At one time popular superstitions were that if the accused went unscathed through certain trials, he was innocent, and if not, guilty. One of the ordeals was the judicial duel—which is the origin of the duel of modern days—and it was sanctioned in primitive times both by the civil and ecclesiastical law; there was also the ordeal of boiling water, boiling oil, hot iron and various other trials, which were appealed to. The superstitious still think cholera, smallpox, yellow fever and other epidemics are sent by God to punish the wicked, but they forget the bacilli!

Religious superstitions were undoubtedly first encouraged by the wise as a substitute for the law. When the law was lax, might was right; but the superstitions of the mind conquered many of those rude, haughty spirits. Egypt, though one of the most enlightened nations of ancient times, was totally blind in her superstitions. Not only were the people polytheists, worshipping the sun and moon under the names of Osiris and Isis, but they worshipped the ox, or Apis, the dog, the cat, the ibis, the ichneumon and the scarabeus. Ferocious animals, nay, the very garden plants, the leek and onion, received divine honors. Juvenal satirically says: "O, sanctimonious nations, whose gods grow in their gardens!" The cat was held in such reverence that in time of famine they preferred devouring each other to eating "the flesh of their imaginary deity." Eventually, heroes and good men were deified, as their creator was anthropomorphized. The Babylonians had their Belus, the Phœnicians and Canaanites their Astarte and their Moloch, and as they were astronomers, believed in the influence of the sun, moon and stars. The Persians, as well as many other nations, believed in sacrifices, and the advice of Cambyses I to his son Cyrus, the Great, was "never to undertake anything without having consulted heaven and offered sacrifices."

Moses is said to have worked miracles with his rod; from this came the divining rod, which, in later times, is asserted to have traced murderers and thieves, with the instinct of a bloodhound. It also found hidden treasures, water, etc.; and this faith in discovering metals is not yet dead. This species of divination is called rhabdomancy; it was popular among the Greeks and Romans, and was fully developed in the middle ages.

Men were condemned to death on such evidence. Well, the shock of a stick walking up to a person might have the wondrous effect of inducing one to confess crimes never committed!

What is the mythology of Greece and Rome but a mass of pleasing superstitions and beautiful traditions, with its gods and goddesses, living on nectar and ambrosia? Murray says: "In the best times of Greece, no doubt thinking men acknowledged one

Supreme Being, and looked on the crowd of other gods as merely his servants, and in no sense really different from our idea of angels."

It is on the records of China, more than four thousand years ago, that the two royal astronomers, Ho and Hi, were sentenced to death for not predicting an eclipse of the sun—such an omission preventing them from performing their religious duties, and bringing upon them the wrath of their gods. The ride of Mahomet to heaven and back, in a few days, upon his wonderful mare Al-Borak, and the marvelous things he saw there, are believed with religious fervor by many Arabians; to us it appears very weak indeed. So must all miracles of this kind, for they are unsupported by facts.

In the tenth century there was much poverty and destitution in Europe, so much so that people believed it was a punishment, which could only be averted by softening the wrath of God by penance and pilgrimages to Jerusalem. Such were the superstitious sentiments of the age which gave birth to the mighty wave of the Crusades, which swept over Europe with the force of a tornado. Comets, meteors and eclipses were long considered by the ignorant and superstitious as manifestations of the Divine power, portending disaster. The spilling of salt is considered a bad omen; well, possibly, as Sir Humphrey Davy observes, "it may arise from a disposition to apoplexy, caused by an incipient numbness of the hand and may be a fatal symptom." Many persons believe in certain numbers or days of ill omen; for instance, they will not commence any undertaking on Friday. The steamers and cars go every day, and accidents happen on one day as well as another, but no more and no less. Columbus set forth from Palos, Spain, on Friday, and the eventful discovery of a new continent was made on Friday.

All tribes, races and individuals have had innumerable superstitions. The Brazilian savage took the skin of his manitou and made a medicine bag out of it. This always accompanied him, the Indian paying the greatest homage to it, for upon that, according to his idea, depended his happiness through life.

The Chibehas, a tribe of Indians, never destroyed spiders, because they thought that after death they had to cross a great river on floats of cobwebs! A number of nations believe in metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. Of course the prevailing opinion among them is that the better the man the higher the animal that the soul enters into; the wicked pass into the lowest creation. The natives of West Indies believed in idols, and there was an idol factory on one of the islands. In Hispianola, we are told by Dorman, the cacique and priest concocted a contrivance by which an idol was made to speak. The statue being excavated in the interior, the priest spoke through a hollow tube which was placed in it. The Spaniards discovered it. The cacique entreated them not to disclose the secret to his subjects, as he governed them through that belief.

The narcotic plants among some tribes are supposed to contain spirits. In Peru, tobacco and cocoa are looked upon with veneration, and cocoa leaves are used as a charm. To some races the constellations are heroes apotheosized and translated to heaven. There is a pretty legend of the Greenlanders: "The moon had a sister, the sun, with whom he was in love and stole in the dark to caress her. She, wishing to find out who her lover was, blackened her hands so that the marks might be left on him; and this accounts for the spots on the moon. The sun, however, determined to get rid of him and flew up into the sky; but the moon pursued, and there they are to this day in the blue vault of heaven." You will see here that the moon is in the masculine gender and the sun in the feminine, as it is in the German language to-day.

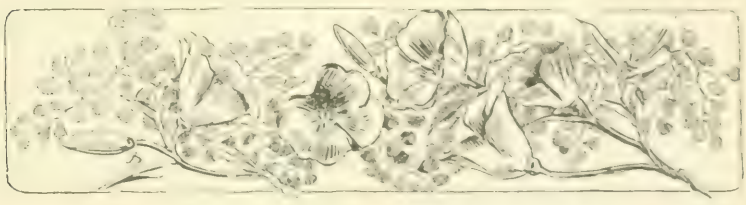
The Indian's dream of heaven is a

happy hunting ground where his dog and horse shall be. As there is no work to be done there, woman seems to be shut out from his paradise. The agitation of the present time among the North American Indians and the Aztecs of Mexico is the Messiah craze. Kicking Horse, a Sioux Indian, says that a great wave will come over the country, the pale faces will be buried, and the Indians must keep on dancing; and that they will be saved as a swimmer passes over the waves of the sea, and recover their endless prairies and chase the buffalo from the rising to the setting sun. Those who do not join in the "worship dances" will be turned into fishes. Such is the superstition which has resulted in an Indian war, and may lead to their gradual extinction. We have an example of the credulity of people in Mrs. Woodworth, who prophesied that many cities, and especially our classic Oakland, would be engulfed by earthquakes and tidal waves. Many placed faith in her words, and disposed of their effects and fled to the hills, waiting "for the destruction that never came," showing that whites as well as Indians, and in our enlightened nineteenth century, are still subject to that inexplicable emotion to which man has been subject since the creation.

*It is neither godly nor philosophical to believe in miracles, though from before the time of Moses individuals are said to have been gifted with that power. "A miracle," says Hume, "is a violation of the laws of nature, and, as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, a proof against a miracle is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined." Nature does not suspend her laws; nothing from the unknown world manifests itself; it is only an exaltation of the mind that causes these things to be photographed so vividly that they become realities. Miracles, necromancy, sorcery, etc., are the characteristics of bigotry, fanaticism, ignorance, weakness and fear.

Superstition has kindled many fires, and it is as difficult to eradicate from the human mind as to find the philosopher's stone. Though for ages all the batteries of education and civilization have played against the fortress of superstition, it has not yet surrendered. It will take centuries of progress, if ever it be done, to level it to the ground. It should be sponged out; we should be better and stronger for it. Let us open the windows of our mind; and let the broad sunlight of education enter, with charity for our neighbor's infirmities, sympathy for their afflictions, and, above all, *love* for mankind, which, as Drummond says, "is the greatest thing in the world;" and I assure you superstition will be chased out into the darkness from which it sprang.

*The CALIFORNIAN is not responsible for the views of its contributors, but desires to allow the freest expression upon all questions, compatible with good taste.



SHALL MACHINE POLITICS RULE?

BY MAJOR WM. H. BONSALL.

IT is the proud boast of Americans, under our form of government, with its free institutions and universal suffrage, that this is "the land of the free and the home of the brave." In keeping with our form of government, the whole people are called upon to select individuals to perform the various functions of office through national, state and municipal elections, and it is in regard to the methods of political parties in naming their candidates, that this paper is addressed. A careful analysis of the condition of political affairs as they exist to-day, of the strength and weaknesses of party management, will disclose more weakness than strength and show the proud boast of Americans to be a barren idealty; that they are not so *free* as they think they are, and are not deserving of being heralded through the cycles of years to posterity as "*the brave*," until they show some capacity and determination in so plain and simple a duty as selecting the best men as candidates for office. A government resting upon the popular will is thoroughly free; as a people in business and social affairs we are free, and we are also free to cast our ballots as we choose; but yet we are not really a free people, because through political machinery and conventions an honest and intelligent expression of the popular will is often prevented, and the masses are made to groan under the burdens and injustice of government. This is more especially true in regard to municipal government. The American people are brave in all affairs, except in politics, and they are brave there also in emergencies, but on ordinary occasions they are disposed to cringe in the presence of the political boss and the ring. The masses have the courage to face dangers, but the responsible elements are disposed to cower and shirk before the disagreeable.

Good men freely admit that through their inattention and neglect they suffer from bad government, which might be prevented through the united and honest efforts of the substantial classes. When asked why they do not take part in politics and apply a remedy for evils, they frankly admit that they have not the courage to face the disagreeable surroundings and combat the machinery of the bosses. Those who manipulate politics understand this cowardice of the most interested and responsible elements, and they use their power to benefit themselves. It is a universal complaint that the strongest and best men are not always selected as candidates. In fact, it is frequently asserted that they cannot be induced to accept nominations, because of the bad influences, surroundings and many disagreeable things they might have to resort to in order to be elected. This is the fault of the people themselves, not because they do not wish to correct the evil, but for not changing the present method of making nominations, which is to do away with nominating conventions, letting the people themselves make the nominations direct.

The solidity of our government rests in the honest and patriotic hearts of our people, and they can be depended upon to make good selections, and thus the political trickster and demagogue be relegated to seclusion and his occupation gone forever. Political parties are useful and perhaps necessary; in fact, no cause can be successfully advanced without organization and a certain degree of discipline. Political

bosses understand this, and through party organizations their power is greatly enhanced; and it will be overwhelming, so long as the masses abstain from active participation through indifference to the public welfare, or a want of courage to do their duty under unpleasant environments. The caucus and convention are not *per se* improper agencies through which to select candidates for office. The first is supposed to be composed of the people themselves, and the convention is presumed to be constituted of delegates who faithfully represent the wishes of the people expressed in the caucus. The initial step is the caucus or primary, and if the people fail to do their duty there, then the very spring and fountain head of political action is corrupted. The people must not only express themselves fully at the primaries, but must enforce obedience to their behests in the convention. Because they fail in the discharge of their duty, the boss and machine dominate. Talk has been vain, so far as producing a fixed sense of duty to be performed year in and year out. Hence plans have been devised to overcome the squeamishness or cowardice of the better classes, and legislation in some States has gone so far as to regulate the holding of primaries and the methods of presenting names to the people for their suffrages. The effect on the whole has been beneficial, but the evil of bad government still exists. One difficulty is that business men are loth to accept office, and certainly they are indisposed to secure nominations; and hence the field is substantially left to the professional politician and office-seeker. It is an old saying that "what is everybody's is nobody's business," and it may be true in all else but politics, for the political manipulator makes politics his special business. It is admitted that in a small country town or neighborhood, where the adherents of either of the two great political parties assemble and honestly try to nominate a good ticket, that it can be done with success. The office seeks the man, perhaps, as was the case in larger conventions many years ago, and their nominations will doubtless be the best they could possibly make. Not so, however, in the case of larger towns, cities, or for a county ticket. In our present day and generation, in the hands of machine politicians and tricksters, the nominating convention frequently happens to be only a ratification meeting. In the hands of a political boss the nominating convention is his trick card or "joker," and it covers a multitude of sins. In case of complaint at the weakness of the men nominated, he complacently points the honest voter to the convention as having done so and so, the party whip is cracked, the bands are playing, while the cannon are booming and a red-hot campaign is in the zenith of its glory. What is the honest voter going to do about it? He looks through the ticket of the opposition—it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. The other ticket simply shows the work of the trickster on the other side—both tickets announced through nominating conventions. Thus it is that the honest voter thinks he has been cheated, and concludes thereafter to let politics alone. As before stated, there is no difficulty in selecting good men in country neighborhoods, but in large cities it is well nigh impossible, under present methods, because of the fact that the responsible element, largely made up of business men, are engrossed in their private pursuits. In early days the rule was that the office sought the man; and that was when the masses cast about their community for the best man. It was considered disreputable for a candidate, for nomination or election, to solicit votes. But there has been a radical change brought about, principally through the indifferences of the better elements to public affairs. The office-seeker now looks up the manipulator or boss and solicits his influence and makes promises as to

what he will do if he succeeds. He need not attempt to poll the masses to get an expression of their wishes, because it is unnecessary, they having abandoned politics to the professionals. "But," some one may say, "if the aforesaid honest voter will but attend the primary elections of his party under the present plan, he can see to it that a set of delegates are elected to the nominating convention that will reflect his views." This has been frequently asserted, and in the minds of many intelligent citizens it has come to be a settled opinion that most of the ills that the body politic is heir to, come from the fact, that the best citizens do not attend the ward primaries in sufficient numbers to outvote or neutralize the work of some unknown boss or the ward strikers, as they are termed. This is a mistaken notion, and if they were to attend, would not correct the evils spoken of, as will be shown later on. If we are to continue having nominating conventions, of course all good citizens interested in the nomination of the strongest men as candidates, should attend their ward primaries, and endeavor to select the best men as delegates to their conventions. Their being present at the primaries has the most beneficial effect in many ways, but that it results in a choice of the rank and file of their party, as to their preference of candidates, is positively denied. In nine cases out of ten, the good citizen is at open sea, and does not know what ticket to vote or what to do when he does attend the primary. From the very nature of the case it cannot be otherwise. He votes, say, for twenty or thirty men that his ward is entitled to, as delegates to the nominating convention. He may possibly know a few of the delegates he voted for; but suppose he knew all of them to be honest men, anxious to make the very best nominations. How is it possible for thirty different men to agree with the voter as to his personal choice for sheriff, clerk, auditor, recorder, treasurer and candidates for a long list of other offices?

Should there be some well-known gentleman in his ward that would make a strong candidate for county treasurer, for instance, the probabilities are that the delegation from that ward might be elected solely with reference to that one nomination. How will they vote in convention for all the others on a long list of nominations? Even in the ward referred to, there might have been hundreds of men in the party with an opinion that Mr. Blank of some other ward or township would even make a better candidate for treasurer than the one in his own ward. Why, then, should a proposed candidate have the delegation of a ward or township give thirty votes for him in the convention, simply because he resides in that ward, when the voters of his party favor another man? And why should all the voters of that ward or township be cut off from expressing a preference for all the other candidates to be elected? It is not fair to the voters; it is not justice to other candidates for the same office, or to the various candidates for the other offices.

Conventions, where there are numerous officers to nominate, too often are mere marts, where bargains and sales are effected. "You tickle me and I'll tickle you" is practiced in disregard of the popular wishes, and often results in the nomination of one or more objectionable candidates. The true method should be to have the members of a political party make the nominations by direct vote at the primaries, letting every individual voter express his preference of candidates for every office to be voted for at the next election.

This is absolutely the only way of giving every voter an opportunity of assisting in making the nomination of his party. It is a simple A, B, C proposition. The Republican and Democratic committees can issue their calls for the primary elections in the usual manner, setting a day for each,

but instead of voting for delegates to a nominating convention, each voter is furnished a skeleton ticket somewhat after this style:

Let the head of the ticket give particulars as to the date, state, county, etc., also as to its being Republican or Democratic, etc., then let the voter write in the names on his ticket:

For Sheriff . . .
" Treasurer
" Clerk
" Auditor
" Recorder
" Tax Collector

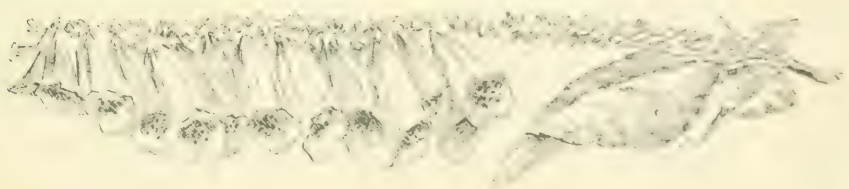
For judges, representatives, senators and whatever other officers to be nominated to be put in the skeleton tickets.

After the polls are closed, the clerks and judges of the primary election count up the ballot of each voter, and certify the result to the Central Committee of the party. The committee add up all the votes of the various precincts of their county, and the ticket thus nominated is the ticket of the party before the people at the next ensuing election; and every voter in each party will have thus taken a part in making the nominations.

This is absolutely fair to all concerned, and will result in getting strong tickets on both sides. It also does away with the expenses of a convention, which are always considerable in the aggregate when we compute the cost to each individual delegate in traveling expenses, loss of time, hall rent, etc.

This plan is adopted in localities of some of the States and has given satisfaction. The law in those States where it has been tried has left it optional with committees, and herein consists the error. It should not be left with a committee, but made compulsory. Under this plan, the candidates exert themselves before the primaries, and their merits are discussed by the people before they are saddled upon a party through a nominating convention. The advantages of primaries held in this manner are that fraud is prevented, the manipulation of shuffling and trading delegates made impossible, and the people are aroused to a performance of a duty at the incipient step. When the people have thus held a primary, future embarrassments are avoided. At best, the boss can then only manipulate a few votes, and would be powerless if the masses were to participate as they should. The primaries thus conducted remove disagreeable surroundings and associations, and work so that the modest citizen can have no excuse for staying at home. Such a regulation might not be necessary if there were not so many citizens who take no interest in those matters in which the public welfare is involved.

Nominations made by direct vote of the people is a proposition that presents all the essential elements of reform; but there is still a danger to be averted, and it is that the business and honest elements will not give heed to their duty. So long as the masses are heedless, of course the bosses will rule, whatever methods may be adopted. Legislation can prevent frauds, perhaps, but it cannot compel citizens to do their duty as to primary elections, unless it disfranchises for continued and inexcusable neglect.



OREGON.

BY EX-CONGRESSMAN M. C. GEORGE.

IN writing about Oregon for the eastern and European readers, it is necessary as a preface to correct the prevalent misinformation abroad as to the true position our state occupies, geographically and otherwise.

Oregon is not a part of California. The latter term is often accepted east of the rockies as descriptive of the whole Pacific coast.

Until recent years, Oregon suffered an almost total eclipse by reason of her dependence upon her sister state, California, for an outlet for markets abroad. Our geographical position rendered it necessary to carry on all communication with the outside world through the California gateway.

San Francisco, the commercial mart of that state, being on the line of ocean travel, our wheat and flour destined for the Liverpool market was carried to it in steamers engaged in coastwise trade from Portland and then trans-shipped in sailing vessels to Liverpool. It was not until 1869 that the first vessel was loaded at Portland, direct for Europe, and while since that time a magnificent and rapidly multiplying number of vessels load direct each year, yet even to this day an ever-decreasing proportion of our plump and firm grains of wheat and our extra fine flour finds a market over the steamships to San Francisco and thence by ship to Europe. It was so, too, with our fine fruit products, green and dried. For years they all found an eastern market only through coastwise shipment to San Francisco, and thence overland by rail to the middle and eastern states of the Union on the only transcontinental road then in existence. We were geographically isolated from the eastern states until the late completion of the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific railroads afforded us direct communication with their markets. Naturally, then, heretofore the superior products of Oregon not only became known to the commercial world as Californian, but in our rapid development they swelled the volume and enhanced the fame of the supposed productions of our sister state.

With a population exceeding her census rating of three hundred and thirteen thousand, and a square mileage of a hundred and ninety-six thousand—an area twice as large as that of England—were she settled as thickly as that country, Oregon would have as many people within her borders as the present population of the whole of the United States.

Situated on the western slope that runs from the rocky mountains and bounded for miles by the Pacific ocean, lying just north of California, from which she is divided by mountain barriers, Oregon is favored with an agreeable and sufficiently humid climate strongly resembling many districts in England, Germany and New Zealand.

The climatic effects are chiefly noticeable on the vegetable kingdom by growths large in size, firm in composition and rich in flavor, heretofore often reaching the alien consumer under the brand of California, notwithstanding that in the latter two respects, at least, that of solidity and flavor, they far surpass similar products of our more arid neighbor. The same misconception, through causes already explained, exists the world over with regard to Oregon cereals, the finest grades marketed being quoted in the Liverpool exchanges as from California. The same might with truth be said of our matchless lumber which with many other of our produc-

tions is too often accredited to our southern sister state. To put it plainly, the whole brood of Oregon industries has been overshadowed by the wing of a far from fostering foster mother. It was something like the old tale of a hen hatching the eggs of the ducks and claiming the brood for her own forever.

Education and travel are rapidly eradicating such geographically erroneous ideas and their damaging results. Indeed, the fact that the bulk of our fruit crops, owing to their superior texture, if it may be so termed, reaches eastern markets in a far better condition than forced products of California, has already attracted the attention of and enlightened our dealers as to their true birth-place.

To turn from the vegetable kingdom, let us see what climate has done for the human race. Travel around and notice the ruddy, clear-skinned sons and daughters of our favored state, note their robust frames and indomitable energy, and in this connection the conservative and solid character of all the enterprises developed under home management. Never was there a more striking object lesson establishing the theory of sympathy between skies and skins, barometers and brains, thews and thermal influences.

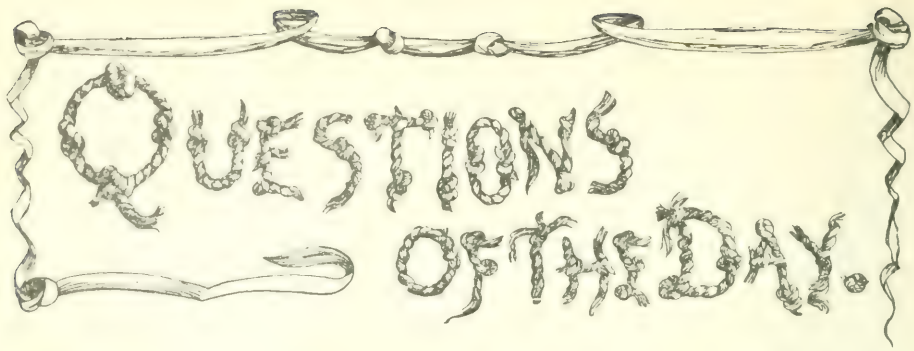
The main spring of Oregon's wealth and stability is water, whether considered in its grandest form in our ocean boundary, in the majestic Columbia River, the silent highway for millions of tons of export and imports, or as the fertilizer of slopes and valleys, or bound by the great architect of the universe in rocky bonds and broken in, as it were, to bit and bridle in human hands at our waterfalls, compelled in its turn to enslave the electric or supplant the fiery element, driving mill or dynamo with irresistible force, and blessing town and country alike with numberless benefits.

In times past, wheat and lumber were our chief sources of income, but a great variety of wealth-producing industries are springing up to crowd them to the wall. The mineral wealth now being developed is enormous and unlimited. The cash value of our wool export runs into many millions, and when the gains of the farmer and fruit-grower are tabulated, it will further illustrate the onward progress of our young state, fully exemplifying our motto, *Alis volat propriis*.

The natural division of our state into west and east by the cascade and coast range produces charming varieties of climate, valuable alike to the horticulturist, agriculturist, aboriculturist, and last, but by no means least, the invalid, nor do we invite the sportsman to our coast, our ranges and valleys, without offering him big game and small of almost all kinds known save the fast-disappearing buffalo and game of the more tropical belt.

It may be admitted that until quite recently Oregonians have been somewhat supine in bringing the advantages of their climate, their mineral, vegetable and animal wealth, and unsurpassed advantages of rail and water transit before eastern and European populations. This probably arose from a too great reverence for the twelfth commandment, that ordained that when one had a good thing, it was to be eaten alone. However, a better policy predominates, which is evinced by the attraction our industries are now exerting over eastern and European capital.

Our State Boards of agriculture, horticulture, immigration, etc., are daily tabulating and distributing facts that fully demonstrate the statement herein made, and an application is cordially invited to any of these bureaus by those anxious for detail to guide them in investment in seeking a home for health, happiness and prosperity.



THE NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT—WILL IT ENDURE LONG?

THE return of Gladstone to power in Great Britain is an event of great interest to the people of that country, and is generally hailed with satisfaction in this. Every change of administration in that as in this country attracts attention throughout the civilized world. There are two aspects of the change in Great Britain which are interesting: one relates to the man who succeeds to power, and the other is the importance of the question at issue in the late political campaign in that country.

Mr. Gladstone is not of the aristocratic class, yet he is a high churchman by breeding, and was reared and educated under the influence of conservative views. He began political life as a partizan of the Tories, a party always characterized by non-progressive ideas. He was highly educated and has been a laborious student all his life. Few men in any country possess a range of knowledge so wide, or attainments in learning, science, literature and statesmanship so thorough and complete. His career in parliament has been continuous and protracted almost beyond precedent, and he is at the head of the government at a greater age than any of his predecessors. That he is eighty-four and past, and interests himself in the great questions of the day with the zeal [illegible] and renders him inordinately conspicuous. The good wishes of the civilized world attend him in his labors and responsibilities.

Mr. Gladstone is an astute politician, and [illegible] has had to overcome the prejudice of Britain towards the Celt, and has been compelled to harmonize discordant elements, from local interests and prejudices. Successful politicians usually place themselves in the current of popular opinion, or do as the late Simon Cameron said he was accustomed to do, first discover the directions in which the people were moving, and then put himself at the head of the procession. Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question, though strenuously opposed, has created a sentiment favorable to his views. He has urged Irish Home Rule as a measure consistent with the theory of British home government, and with common justice.

Though the majority in the Commons seem compact and enthusiastically devoted to their leader, still the new Premier is not walking on altogether solid ground. The Home Rule bill is conceded to be predominant in the policy of the new administration, still the Irish members will not assent to much delay, nor to a measure that does not give their countrymen very large control in local affairs. They can, at any moment, terminate the government of Gladstone. The Welsh members are committed to church disestablishment, and if it is not granted, they are liable to be disaffected. But the Radicals are most likely to cause trouble. They are not suited with the Cabinet, as they are not given prominence in administrative councils. Whether the bestowal of minor places will placate them remains to be seen. There is but one distinctively labor member in the Commons, but several Liberals gained seats by the aid of the labor vote. The Radicals are the champions of the working classes, and hence they possess great power in many districts, and if alienated, they will make it

manifest in elections, as they occur from time to time.

Labor demands many ameliorations; among them is enlarged land-holding for the masses, which means subdivision of great landed estates, which will result in encroachment upon the possessions of the dukes and lords. The Radicals are ready to cripple the power of the aristocracy in all practicable ways, even so far as to disestablish the House of Lords. Their tendency is to a republican form of government, and they will naturally carry the working classes with them. They will undoubtedly agitate to gain converts to their views, but they may not be so destructive in their methods as to take a step that will insure a return of the Tories to power. It can hardly be said that Mr. Gladstone is backed by a party. It is a coalition, rather.

Changes in the government of Great Britain have been frequent for the last half century, and they seem to have become more and more frequent, as suffrage has been extended. It proves not the fickleness of the people, but that evolution and revolution in popular sentiment are continually taking place. Aside from the present important question of Irish Home Rule, issues are always arising on the budget and on foreign policy. The budget includes the methods of raising revenue and the manner of expenditure. Governments have often been overturned on what might be termed trivial questions. A vigorous foreign policy is popular in Great Britain, and in his former premierships Gladstone has been more conciliatory and less aggressive than most of the British Prime Ministers. It was on foreign questions that Disraeli was able to discomfit him.

Mr. Gladstone is so advanced in age that in the course of nature he cannot live many years. If he survives long enough to settle the Irish question to the satisfaction of the friends of freedom, in his last years he will have accomplished his best work. He is an exception to the general rule that with age comes conservatism and non-progression, for he seems to have grown liberal and advanced in views as he has grown old. The chances are many that his government will not endure for a great length of time, but its successor will be short-lived, if it does not recognize the fact that the people in all civilized countries are struggling for larger liberty. Great Britain cannot go back to the embraces of effete Toryism and remain for any considerable period, for monarchy and aristocracy are losing their hold, day by day, while the masses are at the same time gaining strength.

A MONUMENT TO CABRILLO.

A few months ago, THE CALIFORNIAN published the journal of the pilot, Ferrel, of the expedition of Cabrillo, who in 1542 discovered Alta California, and at various times reference has been made to this distinguished explorer. On the 27th, 28th and 29th of September, the city of San Diego proposes to celebrate the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the bay by Cabrillo's ships. This is a movement which deserves commendation, and should not be confined to San Diego alone, but should be taken up by every town along the coast of Southern California. Cabrillo was the original pioneer, the actual discoverer of the Golden State, and should be honored in some substantial way. While San Diego celebrates the date of his discovery, Los Angeles with its scores of wealthy citizens, could well afford to erect to the adventurous Spaniard a fitting monument in one of its many attractive parks. If one of the progressive papers of the City of the Angels would take this up, there is little doubt but what it could be carried on to a successful issue. Mrs. Leland Stanford has set an example in the statue of Father Junipero Serra, and the memory of many of the pioneers of two or three centuries ago should be perpetuated in some enduring manner.

CAN WE COMMUNICATE WITH MARS?

THE great interest taken in Mars at the present time, due to its near proximity to the earth, makes the article in the present issue from the pen of the president of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific of especial interest and value. He discusses the question which has been propounded to the leading astronomers of the day, whether we can communicate with Mars or not, and makes some interesting deductions: whether we can or cannot the time is coming when

the attempt will be made in America, and there are not wanting thinking men who believe that the inhabitants of our neighbor Mars have for years been signaling us, and who believe that the singular so-called canals have something to do with it. It is considered unscientific to theorize in this way, yet the question is one of the greatest interest; and while it may be unscientific, it is none the less a fact, that a discussion of the possible inhabitation of Mars, will attract the attention of thousands of people to astronomical subjects, where a discussion of the seasons of Mars would have no effect. In this way people are educated, astronomical facts are spread broadcast, and the cause of education aided.

PACIFIC COAST CITIES.

THE description of the City of Los Angeles in the present issue will be a revelation to people in the East who have known this section principally through stories of the boom. The story told is of new Los Angeles—the growth and development of this city—within the past two or three years, and the recital is like a fairy tale. Los Angeles is growing faster than any city west of Chicago; new buildings, blocks and houses are appearing at every hand; railroads of various kinds are reaching out into the country in every direction, and perhaps the most flattering prospect in view for this city is the growth of the outlying country, where towns and villages are enlarging their borders month by month, making an important back country for the city. Los Angeles is undoubtedly destined to be one of the important cities of the continent, taking rank in time with the great cities of the world, and its rapid growth and development is but characteristic of the onward movement of the entire Pacific Coast.

NATIVE ART.

THE article in the present issue on basket making as a fine art is one that should attract the attention of the thinking people of the coast, and result in a movement not only for the encouragement but the preservation of this art among the Indians. The well-known writer, Mrs. Carr, has taken a deep interest in the subject, and is trying to [illegible] basket making with that of lace taught in the Indian schools now being established in various portions of the State. She claims that fine basket making is now confined to the older Indians, and if the young are not taught to take it up, it will, in time, become, so far as the fine and delicate work is concerned, a lost art. It is to be hoped that the California basket makers will be represented at the World's Fair at Chicago, and some of the fine collections now in American hands be exhibited.

WORLD'S FAIR.

THE CALIFORNIAN began in the August number a series on subjects relating to the World's Fair. The first related to a possible collection of Pacific Slope antiquities, for exhibition, and in the present issue is given a paper describing the early inhabitants of the inter-continental region. The anniversary of the discovery of America naturally makes of interest questions relating to our early history, and a number of articles will be published at an early day bearing upon these most important questions. It is a common saying that America has no ancient history, and our English cousins often refer to this in a jocular way, when, if the truth were told, the antiquities of America are among the most ancient known, and equal in interest any similar discoveries in the world of ethnological science.

PURE POLITICS.

THE approaching presidential election renders political questions of especial interest, and THE CALIFORNIAN presents in this issue two important articles bearing directly upon reform in politics, one by R. H. McDonald, Jr., a San Francisco banker, and one by Mr. Bonsall, president of the council of the city of Los Angeles, suggestive that a movement in the right direction is being made by men who have hitherto stood aloof from politics and its machinery. So long as the influential business men of the community stand back and refuse to take a hand in the various manipulations, so long will the worst elements of the machine rule. Men of intelligence and honor are in the majority in this country, and it is but necessary for them to step to the front and do their duty as active politicians.

New Books

BARONESS VON SUTTNER, an Austrian noblewoman, has lifted her voice in strong condemnation of war. In "Ground Arms" she has evidently told the story of her own life, without plot or dramatic action, yet in such thoroughly realistic manner, and with such genuine fervor and tenderness as to interest and fascinate the reader.

The advocacy of peace is old. Its votaries have been regarded as narrow-minded zealots who seek to press the literal application of the doctrine of Jesus to an impracticable extreme. The treatment of the subject by Madame Suttner is new and striking, none the less so because she is a woman, and a German woman, who breaks the traditional reserve of her sex and shakes off the prejudices and social restraint of high life to give public expression to the sentiments of her heart. She steps upon the rostrum at Rome to address the International Peace Congress. She writes of the horrors of war with the force of a woman's instincts colored by a domestic military life in which she was bred, and intensified by personal experience and suffering visiting her in the loss of two husbands upon whom the fate of war had fallen.

The reader will be especially interested to observe how the mind of the author, closed to all individual inquiry by the discipline of the church, suddenly opens its windows to the light of truth and facts. She begins to read and investigate, and to test the dogmas she had learned. Darwin and Buckle open her eyes to the great change in the whole course and method of modern thought. She must have read in Victor Hugo that "races petrified in dogma are unsuited to be leaders to civilization." With the enjoyment of new light her mind acquires new force, and applies a critical judgment to the dogmas, the pious cant and the ecclesiastical platitudes with which she had been trained to excuse the injustice and explain the misfortunes of war. When her beloved husband, Arno Dotzky, is torn from her and sent with his command to battle, she is exhorted by her spiritual adviser to pray Heaven that the destroying bullet may be "diverted from his breast." "Diverted!" she exclaims. "In what direction? Toward the breast of some other man for whom some other woman was also praying?" And when, after the battle, she read the list of the killed, and folded her hands in thanksgiving to God that her Arno was not among them, she was struck to the heart by the "shrill dissonance" of her prayer, and says:

> Certainly those who prayed for Arno's death or Karl Müller would also thank God, should they read Arno Dotzky instead of the name they dreaded to find. And why should my thanks be more grateful to Heaven than theirs? Yes, that was the shrill dissonance of my prayer, the selfishness of it, which by them in and with [illegible] God that I was spared, when [illegible] Müller's wife, reading the list, wept out their breaking hearts.

This woman's brain is puzzled over the reconciliation of the doctrine of brotherly love and love to enemies with the "Martial Nazarene," whose benediction and protection are invoked to give victory to an attempt by sword "to preserve the balance of power," or to prevent a Hohenzollern from occupying the throne of Spain. One side pledges the aid of the "God of Battles" to soldiers who fight bravely and fiercely, while the other side promises the same Supreme Aid to support the opposite principle. The complication is made more intricate when she is told that the horrible carnage is ordained "to rouse a lukewarm faith," and when she finds that, while the ministers of Christ glory in war, those whom the church counts as infidels—Voltaire, Mirabeau and Renan—proclaim the duty of peace, and denounce war as destroying the love of truth.

The cure for the barbarism of war perpetuated by a Christian civilization is found in the exercise of a free, sober reason, and in dispassionate international arbitration. "Ground Arms" comes as the voice of God to the martial hypocrisy of Europe and the world. It is the most powerful protest of recent years against civilized war. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

EVERYBODY'S WRITING DESK BOOK is the unpretentious title of a neatly bound, pocket-size volume which will be of great use to all those who undertake to write their thoughts for others to read. After Richard Brinsley

Sheridan made his first speech in Parliament, he suffered the humiliation of a failure. His friends thought he had better not try again, but he said to them, "I have got it in me and it shall come out." Our nation is remarkable at the present time for the prevalence of mental activity and earnest thinking. Probably there is no other country in the world where so large a proportion of the people are aching to express their thoughts in print. They "have it in them," but a comparatively small proportion know how to "get it out" wisely and well. Young people are apt to rush into print on a pair of rhetorical stilts which the school has furnished them. Old people, who have not trained themselves in ready expression, dash into sentences only to become badly entangled. In both cases, there is a lack of interest for the reader, and the writers fail to say what they wanted to say. Language has hundreds of characteristics that are as much a part of its successful use as are the cogs and levers of an intricate machine. Success in public expression comes to the writer precisely as success rewards the gripman or the engineer—by familiarity and practice. Language is an instrument that will serve us well if we use it right. The man who advertised for a hostler "to care for a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind," knew what he wanted to say, but failed in expressing himself so as to prevent misunderstanding or doubt in the reader.

The unpracticed writer is apt to regard with jealous eye the editor who stands between him and the public. He is little aware of the soul-trying pains experienced by the benignant editor who does his best to make a harmonious whole out of a patched and tattered garment, and rescue the really good thoughts of the writer from assassination by his way of putting them; who tries to get over such small crimes as, "I had intended to have gone," "Between you and I," "John with his friends have come," "He will dine with you and I," etc. And when, in addition to these blunders, which mar respectability more than sense, there is a loose scattering of modifying words and clauses so as to separate them from their natural places, and thus obscure the thought; when the editor must lasso wandering "onlys" and return them to their proper fastenings, invert and transpose sentences to make them obey the commands of the author, rub out his italics, destroy his impudent capitals and commit all this literary havoc upon a closely written, perhaps pencil and badly spelled copy—then the ambitious but imperfect scribe will forgive the editor for kindly —sometimes almost profanely—refusing his product as "unavailable." Now the little Writing-desk Book will serve as a monitor to administer reproof for many of the great and small sins of expression. It will act as an instructor, showing the learner how to separate his paragraphs, arrange his clauses, bestow his capitals, commas and semi-colons, prepare his copy for the printer, and read and mark his proof. Thus it will promote the success of the writer and the morals of the editor. Published by Harper & Brothers, and for sale by Robertson, 126 Post street.

ALGEBRA, etymologically regarded, is suggestive of bone-setting. To many young students, it is more like bone-breaking. By the old way of teaching it, the sign-method of combining numbers was introduced to the pupil abruptly and with an unnatural shock. Commencing with arbitrary rules and definitions, the traditional introduction is deductive in a painful degree. This objection is effectually and admirably relieved in the revision by Professor Amringe (Columbia College) of Charles Davies' well-known and honored work, under the title of "New Elementary Algebra" published by the American Book Company of New York. The introductory lessons are given in facts and examples so linked with the arithmetical method as to build a natural bridge to algebra, and to lay a foundation for an easy comprehension of the definitions that follow. The book carries the subject through equations of the second degree; introduces the learner to proportion and logarithms, and is well adapted to conduct him over this rugged way without tears or broken bones.

HOW SHALL I PRACTICE is a delightful little book by Mme. Julie Rosewald, one of San Francisco's most accomplished music teachers, on the science and practice necessary to produce a good tone in the human voice. The author disclaims any magical or "lightning process" for developing the voice—a result to be obtained only by "patient study and long practice." But she brings efficient aid to the learner by a clear and simple method of practice based upon a scientific knowledge and rational exercise of the vocal organs. The work was produced by the San Francisco Printing Company.



A PIONEER EDUCATOR OF OAKLAND.

BY C. I. P.

THE lives of men and women who have achieved marked success under great difficulties are always interesting to those who are students of humanity and are in sympathy with all progressive movements.

Among the educators of our State are many such who are deserving of notice and commendation, for no work can be greater than the conscientious training of youthful minds. Before a general mention of representative instructors, we would speak of the pioneer educator of Oakland, Mrs. M. K. Blake. This lady, we may state, is a descendant, on the maternal side, of Cotton Mather, and of those once famous physicians who bear the name of Kittredge. Her birth-place was Essex, New York, upon historic Lake Champlain. In school-girl days, she planned what has since proved her life work, a work for which she possessed great natural ability; and after a careful and thorough education was completed, she began her duties as teacher, while still very young. After a successful management of private schools in her native State, she came to Oakland in 1852, and as soon as its growth warranted the venture, her seminary for young ladies was opened. The date of its opening was the 8th of November, 1858. Although discouraged by friends, who considered success impossible in so new a country, Mrs. Blake, with characteristic determination, kept steadily on, and eventually succeeded in establishing her school upon its present secure basis. The years of its existence have been marked by the approval of its patrons, and the mental and spiritual advancement of the pupils.

Her pleasant home, 528 Eleventh street, Oakland, is carefully arranged for the comfort, convenience and health of the young girls and children, to whom it represents both home and school. Among the pupils are several daughters of former graduates, who have deemed it a privilege to place their children among the same happy surroundings which have marked their own school days.

The teachers employed, all college

graduates, are specially adapted to their work, which is thorough and progressive; and nothing needful to fit young girls for their life duties, happy birds, should not be passed unnoticed.

And over this spacious, healthful, well-ordered school, presides a woman



Mrs. Blake's School.

either mentally, socially or physically, is neglected. The kindergarten is a most interesting feature of the school. The great sunny rooms, the well-kept lawn and bright flowers seen from its windows, the broad porch where the little ones cluster like whose life of energy and perseverance must be a living example to those under her watchful, Christian charge, so well cared for, counseled and instructed, that in their temporary exile from home the place of a mother is well supplied.



W. C. PATTERSON.

BY WM. C. CARROLL.

AMONG the presidents of the Los Angeles Board of Trade, who have been prominent factors in the development of city and county, is W. C. Patterson, the subject of this sketch. He was first elected president of the board in 1891, and was re-elected in 1892 by a unanimous vote of the members of the board. The magnitude of this honor will be better conceived when it is known that Mr. Patterson is a comparatively recent arrival in this community, and that his innate modesty and tendency to retirement preclude the possibility of his in the least degree moving to secure one vote in his own behalf. It is a spontaneous expression of the esteem in which his business associates hold him.

W. C. Patterson came to Los Angeles, in January, 1888. Early in the same year, he went into business by opening a general commission house. He had brought with him many letters of introduction from his old home in Ohio, in which such men as Governor Foraker spoke of him in the highest terms of praise. A few months of experience proved to the merchants of Los Angeles that not a word had been said in commendation of Mr. Patterson which was not fully merited. In 1890, the Board of Trade elected him a director; in 1891, president, and re-elected him, in 1892. Experienced in business, naturally shrewd in mind, and thoroughly honest in character, Mr. Patterson has made friends day by day, as he has become known to the public. Always attentive to business, always courteous to customers, and scrupulously conscientious in the discharge of all his obligations to those with whom he has dealings, Mr. Patterson's business has grown at a rapid pace, and rests on a very solid basis. His stores at 110 North Los Angeles Street, are a busy scene, as a great volume of goods comes and goes at all hours of the day. Under his wise guidance the affairs of the Board of Trade are on the same firm foundation, and its usefulness is greatly enhanced, owing to the careful business methods pursued, and to the absolute fairness with which all interests are regarded.

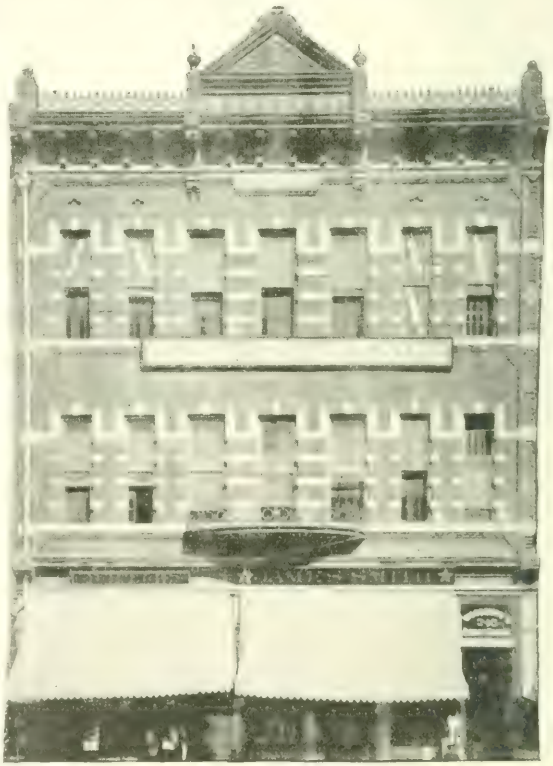
THE WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE,

LOS ANGELES.

BY CORLISS B. MASON.

THE Woodbury Business College, which is located at No. 245 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal., is one of the oldest, largest and best-known commercial schools on the Pacific Coast. Established in the summer of 1884, in response to the general demand for practical education, it has been a success from its inception, its attendance last year reaching three hundred and ninety-one different pupils, representing almost every city and town of Southern California. The college is located near the business center of the city, and occupies the entire second and third floors of a large business block. The rooms are attractively and conveniently furnished with substantial office furniture, everything being provided that is necessary for the convenience, comfort and health of pupils. There are four complete courses of study—the commercial course, the English course, the shorthand and type-writing course and the telegraphic course. A student completing any of these regular courses is awarded the college diploma, free of charge.

Public graduating exercises are held each year and diplomas are presented publicly. The graduating classes have been addressed by such well-known business men as Hon. E. F. Spence and Major Geo. H. Bonebrake. Ten regular instructors and lecturers are employed and the school sessions continue the entire year, thus enabling pupils to enter at any time and pursue their studies until graduation. The instructors are all men and women of character and experience, and parents placing their children under their instruction will make no mistake. We advise all who are interested in practical education to send for a catalogue of this excellent school.



Woodbury Business Coll[illegible]

The officers of the college are as follows: G. A. Hough, president; N. G. Felker, vice-president; E. C. Wilson, secretary.

ENTERPRISING WHOLESALE GROCERS,

HOWELL & CRAIG.

IT would not be easy to find the history of another business house in Los Angeles, which would better illustrate the growth of the city and surrounding section, than that of the wholesale grocery firm of Howell & Craig.

This is not a narration of personal matters, but the *personnel* of any establishment is always of interest, and a few facts in this connection are pertinent.

The senior member of the firm, R. H. Howell, was born in North Carolina, and bears in his manners and address all the characteristics of a successful business man. In early youth, Mr. Howell moved westward, and settled in Shreveport, Louisiana, where he remained in business for a round period of twenty years. Here he gathered the experience, and laid the foundation of close attention to business, and of steady habits, upon which he has built a career of quite remarkable success. With such experience, about five years ago, Mr. Howell removed to Los Angeles, and cast his lot with Southern California.

The other member of the firm, R. L. Craig, is to all intents and purposes, a Native Son of the Golden West, as he came to the State at so early an age that only his parents could give the date. He learned to lisp his first words in the breezy air of San Francisco, and, until he removed to Los Angeles, all the years of his life were passed amid the busy scenes that mark the growth of the Bay City. His life, from early youth, was spent in mercantile pursuits.

Four years ago, the co-partnership of Howell & Craig, Los Angeles, was formed. The first step was to secure an ample lot, on the principal wholesale street of the city, on which they proceeded to erect a handsome brick building, for the home of their enterprise. The precise location is 132, 134 and 136 South Los Angeles street.

Four years ago takes us back to the summer of 1888. The marvelous growth and speculative excitement of the great historical boom had come to an end, and the period of quiet, of depression natural to such an unparalleled development had followed, indeed had culminated, and its effects were being felt when these two men, full of hope, courage and energy, founded their great enterprise. A keen insight into the elements of the situation disclosed to their mind's eye a future of great promise for the young city, and for the surrounding region in the heart of which it is set.

The vital forces inherent in a land of such varied and special resources, and so exceedingly rich withal, they wisely concluded, must result in a speedy revival of business, and in a steady and rapid growth for many years to come. A half-hour spent within the walls of the brick block, which furnishes the illustration for this article, will prove how wisely these men builded.

The building is three stories and basement, the four floors being each fifty seven by one hundred and twenty-five feet, giving a total floor area of nearly thirty thousand square feet. It is a large amount of space, but every foot of it is put to good use. There is little subdivision of lines in the wholesale grocery business in this city, up to the present time, and for this reason a house, such as the one under review, finds it both necessary and profitable to carry almost everything in all departments of the grocery trade.

From the cellar to the roof, the four floors are literally packed with goods.



Business House of Howell & Craig.

To handle their trade, the firm have about twenty employes, most of whom are among our best and most thorough business men. All, in their several departments, take a special interest in the advancement of the establishment, and hence, with such care and precision, we see the increasing good results.

The attention bestowed upon this business has by no means exhausted the energy of these two men, who are in the very prime of life. They have this year leased the Whittier Cannery, and have there, during the season, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty persons employed, canning and drying the luscious fruits, which have made our semi-tropical clime so famous in all parts of the world. The plant has been worked to its full capacity, and is turning out many thousand cases of the finest fruits of this section.

The policy which has built up their grocery business so successfully will be equally effective in the handling of canned and dried fruits.

One of the members of the firm gives his personal attention to this department, and nothing but the very finest fruit is packed. With pure granulated sugar syrup, full-weight cans, the Whittier Cannery goods cannot be excelled.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S



Is the original "FLORIDA WATER" and has nothing in common with the numerous inferior compounds that are daily sold on the strength of its reputation.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

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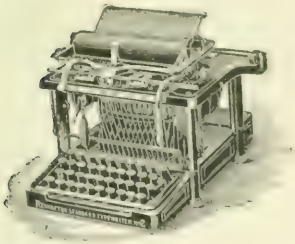
FLORIDA WATER



Insist on having the genuine perfume. There is nothing like it, whether for the HANDKERCHIEF, the TOILET, or the BATH. Remember the name

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G. G. WICKSON & CO.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Constant Improvement has characterized the history of the Remington Standard Typewriter.

The new Model presents no startling novelty and involves no radical departure from the principles of construction which have been approved by 20 years' experience.

The changes introduced into the 1892 Model represent the carefully tested results of expert study of various points deemed capable of improvement.

Old users of the Remington will find advantages in the quality of the work, and ease as well as convenience of operation. New ones will soon discover that the 1892 Model will increase the prestige of the

Standard Writing Machine of the World



"Make Our Own Engravings"

SEE PAGE 111

PRINTING

Have a very complete Printing Plant
Employing Sixty-four People

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Employing Fourteen People

Six Large Cylinder Presses
Of latest design

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San Francisco Printing Co.

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We print the "Californian
Illustrated Magazine"

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The Largest Sheet of Paper
Ever printed on the Coast

Work Cheaply
But do no cheap work

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PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Incorporated in September of 1891

BY

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Trial quantity without charge and post-paid, or 15 cents in stamps for box, post-paid. Your grocer has it.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 John Street, New York.

PRESS NOTICES

OF

Californian Illustrated Magazine

The geographical wonders of the country are being exploited from time to time in the CALIFORNIAN.—*Boston, Mass., Post.*

The CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE of San Francisco, for June, illustrates the fact that a magazine of the first class can be produced and successfully published on the Pacific Coast. The issue of June is a remarkable one in a typographical, literary and pictorial sense.—*Albany, New York, Times Union.*

Californians ought to be proud of this periodical.—*New York Christian Inquirer.*

The Magazine was a success from the initial number, and its success has lived and grown with each succeeding issue until now in matter and illustration it ranks high. It is devoted particularly to the Pacific Coast, and its illustrations of that region are worth double the price of the magazine. Next best to an actual trip to that country where Nature has lavished her multiplied wonders, is a year's subscription to the CALIFORNIAN.—*Ludlow, Vt., Enterprise.*

*** Both in literary ability and artistic illustration the CALIFORNIAN, although only in its second volume, takes rank with the chief magazines of the United States, which nobody denies lead the world.—*San Francisco Daily Bulletin.*

If the people living on the Pacific Coast want a first-class monthly magazine, fully up to the "Century," "Harpers'" or the "Cosmopolitan," they should take the CALIFORNIAN.—*Olympic, Wash., Tribune.*

This Magazine is forging ahead in circulation and fast taking its place among the leading magazines of the day.—*Monrovia, Cal., Messenger.*

The CALIFORNIAN is one of the neatest magazines printed, and we have no hesitancy in recommending it to our readers.—*Cornwallis, Oregon, Times.*

In literary merit and art treatment it is well up with the best Eastern work. The illustrations are fine.—*Los Angeles, California, Farmer.*

The illustrations of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE'S August issue are of a perfection that ranks it with the best monthlies either of this country or Europe, while the sustained interest and literary finish of its contributions—nearly wholly from new writers—make it a necessity in cultured circles.—*San Diego, Cal., Daily Sun.*

The editor and publishers are to be congratulated on the success of a literary venture which numbers but six months from the start.—*Toronto, Can., Week.*

THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is the swellest thing ever attempted in the West, and the publishers are reaping a fitting reward for their courage in producing such a really superb periodical. It is selling largely in the East, something unknown in a California journal, excepting only the one you are reading. The number for July went promptly out of print a week after publication.—*San Francisco Book and News Dealer.*

Few Eastern people know what a charming publication is this western magazine.—*Albany, N. Y., Times-Mirror.*

A surprisingly fine magazine in point of art and literature is the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED, which comes all the way across the Continent from San Francisco.—*Review of Reviews.*

*** Among the best literary monthlies of the country.—*Hartford, Ct., Post.*

*** One of the great fascinations of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for New Yorkers and readers is the minuteness with which it turns to descriptions of Western life. Its illustrations are always admirably selected and ably executed and the variety and richness of its sketches will always gain many admirers.—*Evening Mail, Herald.*

California is to be congratulated for having had so many articles descriptive of different portions of the State, putting before its readers in their homes some of the most wonderful scenes of nature found here. It has made the Magazine immensely popular.—*Oakland, Cal., Young Men.*

We have the July number before us, and the magnificent record already made by this Western giant in magazine literature is fully sustained in this issue.—*Piedmont, W. Va., Herald.*

*** This magazine is magnificent. You have never seen the like of the CALIFORNIAN. The art of printing, it leaps to its highest level at its very birth.—*Pacific Coast Musical Review.*

The issues of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for June and July each present some 100 pages of literary matter [illegible] more fully illustrated magazine in the country.—*Santa Barbara, Cal., Herald.*

*** Compares favorably with [illegible] magazines and may well claim an honorable position alongside the "Century."—*Watertown, N. Y., Herald.*

The Magazine seems to us to represent the Golden West in a better manner than it has ever been represented. It seems to us that it has a very brilliant future. Every loyal resident of California should subscribe to it.—*Tuolumne, Cal., Independent.*

The Silver State—Limited

THE ROCK ISLAND'S FAST TIME

A HIT

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway

In putting on a new train May 1st, between lake and mountain, made a decided "hit" by naming its East Bound the "Silver State," as will be shown by the following article from the Denver *Sunday Sun*, and the list of congratulatory telegrams it appends from various citizens, firms and organizations in the great silver state, Colorado. It says:

The nineteenth century will attract the attention of future ages for nothing more than its wonderful development in transportation facilities. The news columns of the *Sun* this morning offer to its readers a fresh evidence of the constant and almost daring advance in this direction in the announcement made by the ROCK ISLAND of the inauguration to-day of a special fast-train service leaving Denver daily at 9 o'clock in the morning and arriving in Chicago early in the afternoon of the next day.

Even in these times the thought that the traveler can breakfast in Denver this morning, leave on this new ROCK ISLAND train, which is happily named the "Silver State Limited," and arrive in Chicago to-morrow, and in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington or any of the great Eastern cities, in ample time for dinner and the theater the day after to-morrow, is well calculated to seem just a little appalling at first.

A singular fact in connection with this annihilation of space is the constantly decreasing cost to the pilgrim, accompanied by the constantly increasing cost to the transportation company. For years the railroad fares throughout the country have been gradually reduced until the cost per ticket to Eastern cities is now less than two and one-half cents per mile, and the fatigues of the 2,000-mile journey have one by one disappeared, until now the reading of a good or entertaining novel means a pleasant disposal of the time involved in the trip.

In the meantime, however, the railroads have kept adding to the expense of doing business, and the casual reader hardly grasps the magnitude of such an undertaking as the ROCK ISLAND assumes this morning. Take, for instance, this new train born to-day—a train limited to five cars, which, standing in the Union depot ready to start, represents an investment of over $80,000, and as four such trains are required to complete the service of the "Silver State Limited," the equipment alone of this one daily train each way between Denver and Chicago necessitates an outlay of $320,000. This does not include the cost of operating, such as wages, lighting and the endless sources of expenditure connected with the running of a train, which, when itemized in the annual reports of railroad companies, make such interesting reading, not alone to the stockholders, but also to the uninitiated.

The ROCK ISLAND, ever since its first entering Colorado, has been steadily winning its way into the favor of the traveling public by its hearty co-operation in every move looking toward the securing of low rates, reduction in time and improved facilities, and doubtless their latest enterprise in putting on this new "Silver State Limited" will win them many new friends and patrons.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders or desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN
Gen'l Manager

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The Santa Fe Route

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It is many miles shorter and makes many hours quicker time than any other line between the Pacific Coast and all Eastern Points.

It reaches nearly every large center West of the Great Lakes.

Its construction, appliances and equipment are first class, assuring comfort, safety and luxury.

It runs its own trains every day in the year between the Pacific Coast, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, passing over the desert in the night.

NO OTHER LINE

Rivals the Santa Fe Route

IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS coming from the East and would insure their comfort and safety, write them to call upon or address the nearest agent of the Santa Fe Route or write yourself to

K. H. WADE, General Manager, Los Angeles, Cal.
W. F. WHITE, Pass. Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
S. B. HYNES, Gen. Pass. Agent, Los Angeles, Cal.

John Brown Colony

INCORPORATED

MADERA - CALIFORNIA

A. F. JOHNS	President and Manager
D. M. TOMBLIN	Vice-President
J. E. NEWMAN	Secretary
BANK OF MADERA	Treasurer
PAUL B. HAY	Assistant Manager

HOME OFFICE:

MADERA, FRESNO COUNTY, CAL.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW ONE MAY PURCHASE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

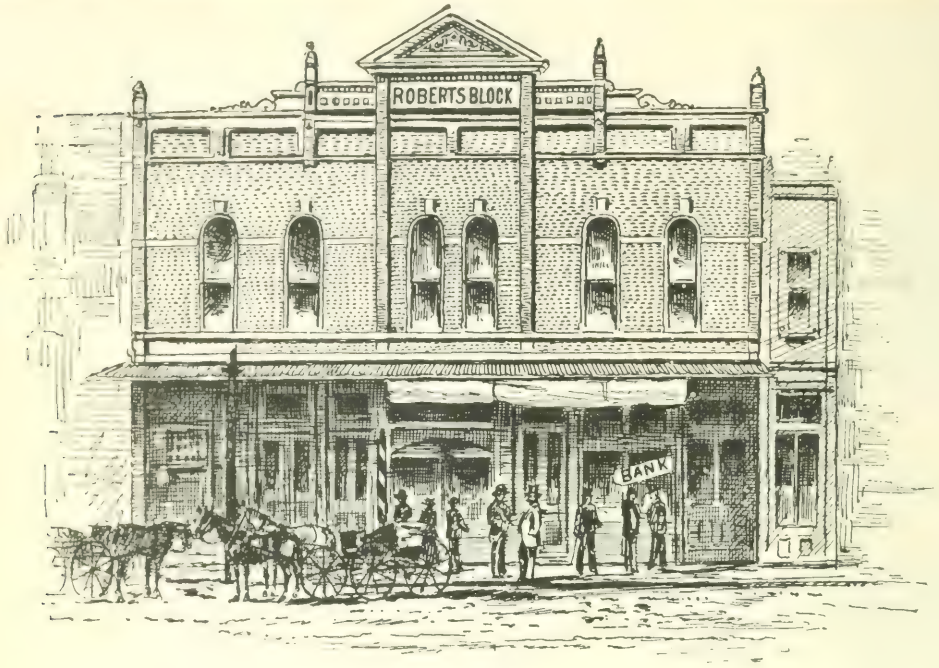
A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet), of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

The John Brown Colony, Madera, California



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D. B. TOMBLIN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Cashier
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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF LOS ANGELES, AUG. 20, 1892.



RESOURCES

Loans, Discounts and Warrants		$1,429,096 13
Banking House and other Real Estate		1,[illegible] 00
United States Bonds [illegible] par		50,000 00
Cash on hand	$[illegible] 01	
Due from Banks and U. S. Treasurer	350,527 65	[illegible] 69
Total		$[illegible] 82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$[illegible] 00
Reserve Fund		50,000 00
Net undivided profits collected		[illegible] 13
Deposits Individual	$1,624,834 11	
Deposits Bank	104,093 58	1,728,927 69
National Bank Notes, outstanding		[illegible] 00
Total		$[illegible] 82

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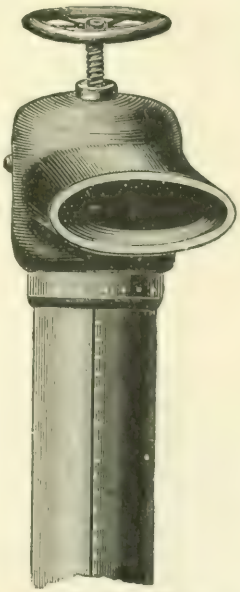
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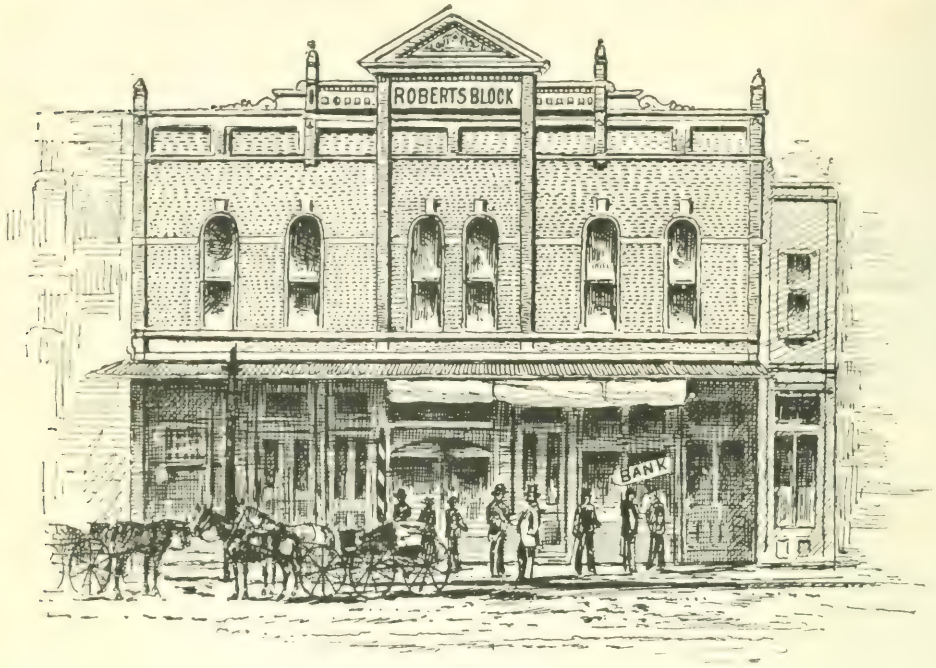
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MADERA, FRESNO CO.

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A. J. ETTER	Vice-President
D. B. TOMBLIN	Cashier
J. A. NEWMAN	Secretary

Capital Stock = = = $100,000

Paid up Capital = = = 50,000

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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF LOS ANGELES, AUG. 20, 1892.



RESOURCES

Loans, Discounts and Warrants		$1,42[illegible] 13
Banking House and other Real Estate		1[illegible] 00
United States Bonds 4½s par		2[illegible] 00
Cash on hand	$2[illegible] 64	
Due from Banks and U. S. Treasurer	[illegible] 65	[illegible] 00
Total		$[illegible] 92

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$[illegible] 00
Reserve Fund		[illegible] 00
Net undivided profits collected		2[illegible] 16
Deposits Individual	$1,0[illegible] 11	
Deposits Bank	10[illegible] 8	1,72[illegible] 00
National Bank Notes, outstanding		[illegible] 00
Total		$[illegible] 92

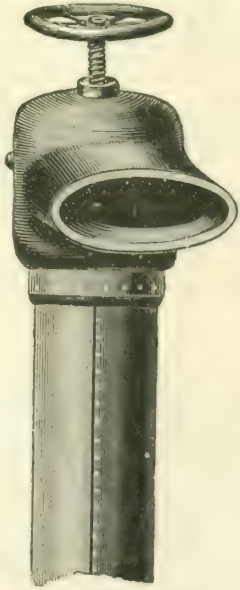
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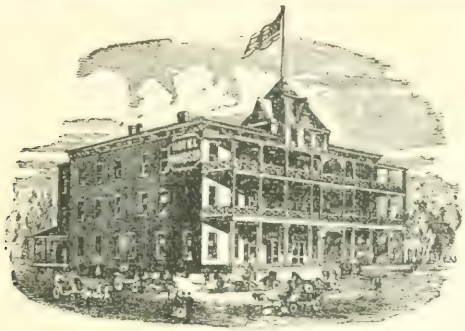
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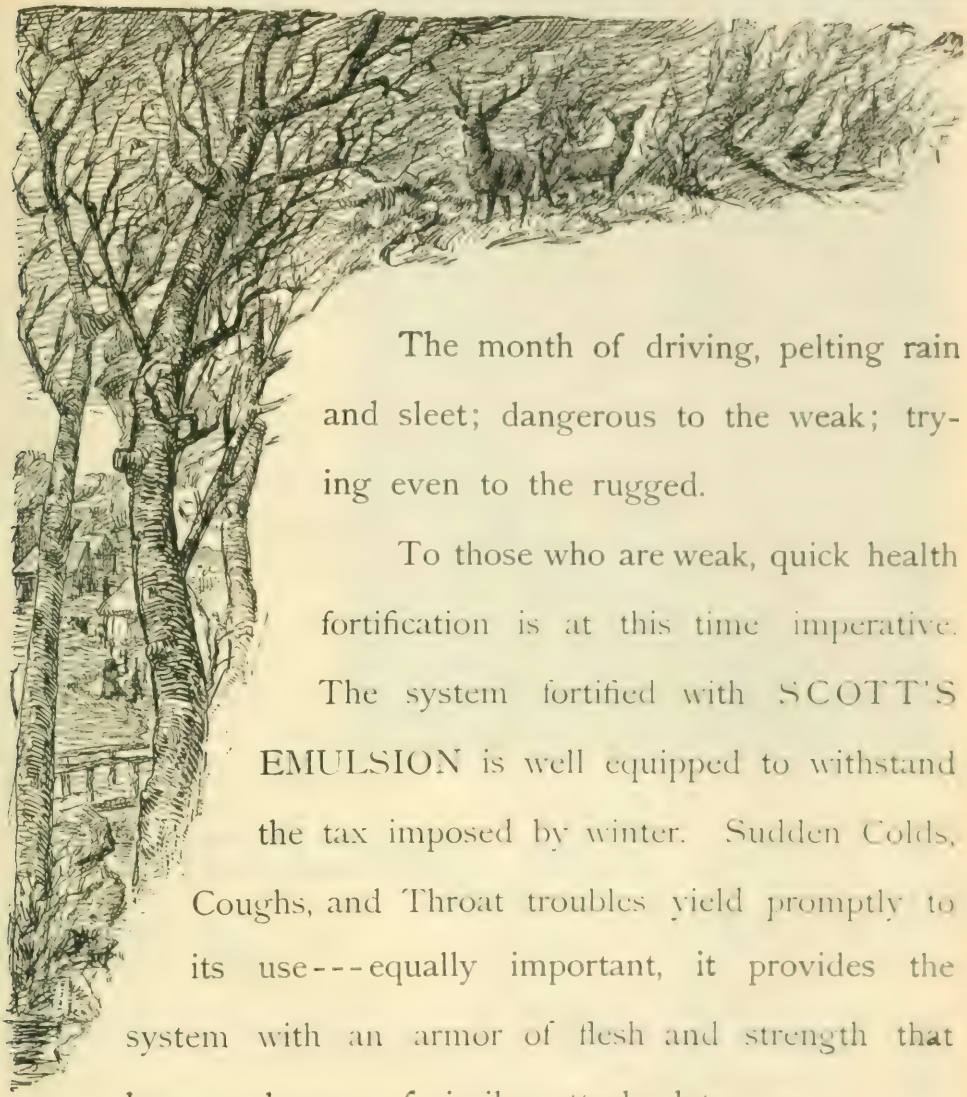
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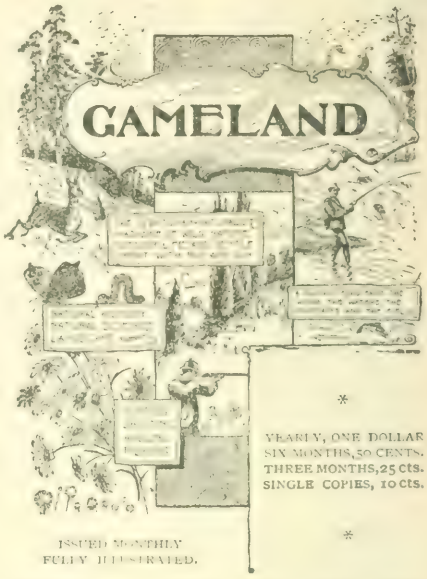
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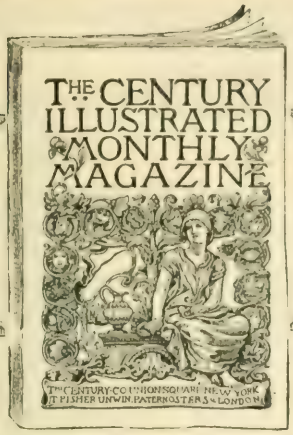
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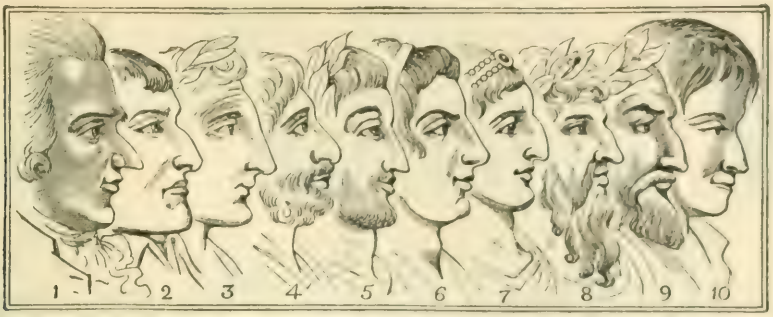
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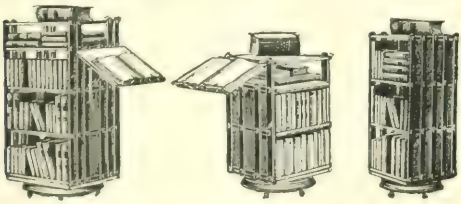
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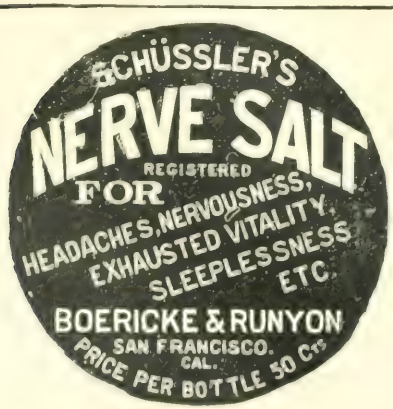


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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1892. NO. 9.

PAGAN TEMPLES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.



LONG ages ago, when our forefathers were ignorant idolaters whose altars flowed with the blood of human sacrifices, there is every reason to believe that the Chinese were a monotheistic people, who, according to their light and knowledge, worshipped the Supreme Ruler, speculated upon his being and attributes, and framed a system of theology which, notwithstanding its crudeness and admixture of error, astonishes anyone who believes that in the dark ages of the world the Creator revealed himself to no people but the Hebrews. The history of their religious degradation has yet to be written. It was with them as with nations of clearer light. "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image." The Emperor Hung Wu, of the Ming dynasty, actually issued an edict prohibiting all prayer to heaven, except his own, as the height of presumption. Their Confucian teachers also taught that the Most High was too exalted for ordinary mortals to approach and that the service of heaven could only be acceptably offered by their Melchisedek Sovereign, "the Son of Heaven," who is responsible to Heaven for his people's welfare and offers prayer and sacrifice on their behalf. It can hardly be wondered at that when Buddhism was introduced into China at the beginning of the Christian era, this religious people should turn to images of foreign Bodhisatvas or heroes of national fame, that they were taught to believe were potent for good or ill, according as they were propitiated or neglected. The monks from the banks of the Ganges changed the whole character of Chinese religion. The so-called "Light of Asia" has made them a nation of idolaters. Amidst much that is grotesque, degrading and sinful about Chinese idolatrous rites, two negative features place their temples on a higher level than those of any other heathen land. There has been no instance of human sacrifice and no deification of vice. No human victim was ever immolated on a Chinese altar. The cruel rites practiced by the ancient Britons, Aztecs and Egyptians would horrify the humane monks of Sakyamuni with Sutras in their hands that teach the preservation of all animal life. No Chinese religious sect has ever countenanced in their temple rites the least taint of such licentious orgies as were found in the hieroduli dance to Aphrodite Pandemos or the obscene rites of the Durga-puja. The Chinese pantheon, to its credit be it said, has never contained a Venus, Lakshmi, Mylitta, or an Ashtoreth. No nautch girls as in India, or courtezans as in

ancient Greece, ever found employment in a Chinese temple. No future explorations of China will ever discover such an infamous resort as that found in buried Pompeii, whose portals bore the inscription, *hic habitat felicitas.* Votaries of pleasure though the Chinese are, they have never allowed vice and obscenity to find a place in their temples and mythologies. How far that has operated to preserve them as a nation, while contemporary nations have gone to decay, who shall say?

While the Chinese believe in fiends and evil spirits and propitiate them just to keep them from mischief, their deepest homage is called forth in the worship of the heroes of their nation and the patriarchs of their tribes. Of the fifteen heathen temples in San Francisco, ten are erected in honor of ancient kings, statesmen or warriors famous in their history, who have become apotheosized as protectors of the people and benefactors of the nation worthy of their reverent homage. The remainder are dedicated to patriarchs of the village clans, patrons of guilds or the sages or genii of religious sects. The local Joss* houses are not very imposing edifices. Any one who has seen the ponderous bell-shaped roof, massive portals and imposing approach to a typical temple in China will be disappointed in the architecture of our California Joss-houses. The internal furnishing and equipment are of course modeled after temples of the same name in China, though on a smaller scale. Some are fitted in costly style, but there is nothing in this city that approaches the artistic beauty of the carvings and images of a first-rate temple in Canton.

The finest Pagan establishment in San Francisco is the new temple of Kwan Kung, on the west side of Waverly street between Clay and Sacramento streets. It was erected nearly two years ago in connection with the headquarters of the Ning Yeung or Sze Yap Company, the richest and most powerful Chinese guild in California. The lot and buildings are said to have cost one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The entrance bears the Chinese inscription: "Purify thyself by fasting and self-denial." The walls on each side of the marble staircase are adorned with thousands of slips of red paper, each bearing the name of some subscriber to the last temple festival, the amounts contributed ranging from one to a hundred dollars. On the first floor are the offices of the company and the guild hall, containing elegant embroideries, gilded carvings and ebony furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the most costly to be found in San Francisco. Over the guild hall is a gilt inscription: "Honesty is the bond of association." On either side are two poor paintings in oil, one of the terraced city of Victoria Hong Kong, the other a picture of General Grant's arrival at the Taku forts en route to Peking. Ascending another flight of steps, we meet with such inscriptions as "Men and women must be separated;" "Gentlemen will behave with decorum;" "Beware of little fingers (pickpockets);" "Highbinders keep away." Over the inner folded doors that stand in front of the temple, and are never opened except when the idol is carried forth in procession, hangs a magnificent monumental gateway piece of carved woodwork, the gift of the Lee family. It is an intricate device representing the principal gods of the Chinese pantheon, a most artistic composition containing miniature temples, pagodas and shrines festooned with flowers interlaced with gilded dragons, amidst which are the thrones of gods and goddesses, the highest being "the heavenly Mandarin." The piece contains crowds of illustrious generals and statesmen of historic fame, mingled with gorgeous peacocks and fabulous birds, standard bearers with flags and banners, the most conspicuous being the banner of the dragon king of the Eastern Sea and

*Joss—a corruption of the Portuguese word deos god—hence a Chinese god or idol.



Temple of Kwan Kung, belonging to Wu Hap Wo Company.

the banner of the Prince of the North, so familiar to readers of Chinese fairy tales. In a corner near the door is the shrine of the God of Earth, an image of painted clay with long white beard, clad in royal robes and seated in regal state. Behind the folded doors is an enormous brazen urn worth a thousand dollars. Over a hundred bright-colored tablets cover the walls or hang from the ceiling, bearing eulogistic inscriptions to the patron deity of the Ning Yeung Company. Many of these have been presented by worshippers in acknowledgment of supposed personal favors received from the god. One in crimson reads: "Thy grace abounds like ocean waves." A purple tablet reads: "The breath of the gods fills heaven and earth." Another tablet in blue bears a prayer: "May thy mercy descend upon our house," inscribed with forty names. Two long tablets in green bear a distich which cannot be translated in the antithetical sententious form of the original. "Thy glory all the empire fills and reaches distant lands like light from sun and moon." The altars are very fine, bearing costly urns, incense bowls, candlesticks and trays carved with those historic devices so dear to every patriotic Chinese heart. The silken scrolls and banners are exquisite pieces of embroidery presented by rich merchants of the guild, one splendid device representing an historic scene on the one side and a eulogistic motto for the idol's birthday on the other, stretching across the temple. The fronts of the altars are set with elaborate carved work representing historic scenes of feudal times, the pageantry of royal courts or figures of sages and kings belonging to that remote age of China's national greatness upon which a Chinaman loves to dwell. Out of compliment to the military god are seen stands of spears, halberds, battle-axes and other weapons with banners, *loh-sang* and battle flags. There is a huge brass dragon [illegible] tasseled and draped in peach colored silk, about ten feet long, placed in a stand. It is said to be an imitation of the weapon one hundred and ten pounds in weight used by Kwan Kung in battle. In the corner is a stand also found in every temple, containing a bass drum and a heavy bell, used to wake the god or call his attention when worshippers are present. According to an inscription, the bell was cast in the third year of the Emperor Tung Chi, and its frame bears the words: "Let my voice be heard ten thousand miles." Close by is a stand containing the temple roll of commandments and the great seal of the god, wrapped in yellow cloth and opened on high days to stamp good-luck papers—a rich source of revenue to the temple treasury. On the veranda over the door is another large device in carved wood bearing the inscription: "Leet Shing Kung," or Pantheon of the Holy Gods. It contains minute figures of the Chinese deities in heaven, earth and sea, so arranged that worship offered at this temple is accepted by all the gods. Two granite lions of fabulous design seated upon the veranda wall are worthy of remark. These are supposed to guard the aerial approaches to the temple and keep off evil influences. Each lion's mouth contains a loose stone ball chiseled out of the solid granite. The ball is emblematical of power, but how it was carved so round and smooth in so inaccessible a place is a puzzle. Close by stands a furnace where paper money and other sacrifices are burnt and are supposed to pass through the flames and smoke to the god, whose spirit is believed to dwell above, the image being regarded as its earthly representation. Re-entering the temple, we follow behind some worshippers. After passing two splendid altar pieces, with their costly service of urns, censers, bowls and vases, the visitor stands in front of the high altar, and a canopy of carved ebony, gilded with dragons and images of immortals and decor-

ated with embroidered draperies, silken banners, tinselled ornaments, gilded altar screens and fans of cunning workmanship. There is an enormous coil of incense in the shape of a crinoline hung up on a frame which burns for days. The worshipper kneels upon a mat in front of the altar, the priest drones forth his litany in unintelligible sounds, incense ascends in curling wreaths to the temple roof; bells tinkle and drums sound; a score of colored candles flicker forth their yellow glare; the holy flame from the altar lamp, that is never allowed to go out, sheds its ruddy light upon the stern visage of the nation's hero, that flower of Sahm Kwok Chivalry, the Saint George of Far Cathay, whose full apotheosis title is the faithful, brave and all-compassionate Prince, Kwan Kung, the God of War.



Woman's Joss House, Temple of Kum Fah or Goddess of the Golden Flower.

Of all the gods worshipped by the Cantonese in America, Kwan Kung is the most popular. He is the hero of their ballads, novels and dramas, the embodiment of Chinese patriotism, the center around which rallies the spirit of Chinese jingoism. In life he was a distinguished general who flourished in the third year of the Christian era. At a time when the empire was rent with civil strife and when the court was the scene of political intrigues, Kwan Kung, the patriot, came to the front and gave loyal support to the Emperor Lau Pey against the traitor, Tso Tso. His exploits are recounted at length in the popular novel called the "History of the Three States." It was not until eight hundred years after his death, however, that he became a god. The occasion of his canonization is said to have been the drying up of the salt wells in the province of Shan Si, a calamity that caused widespread misery. The Emperor and his

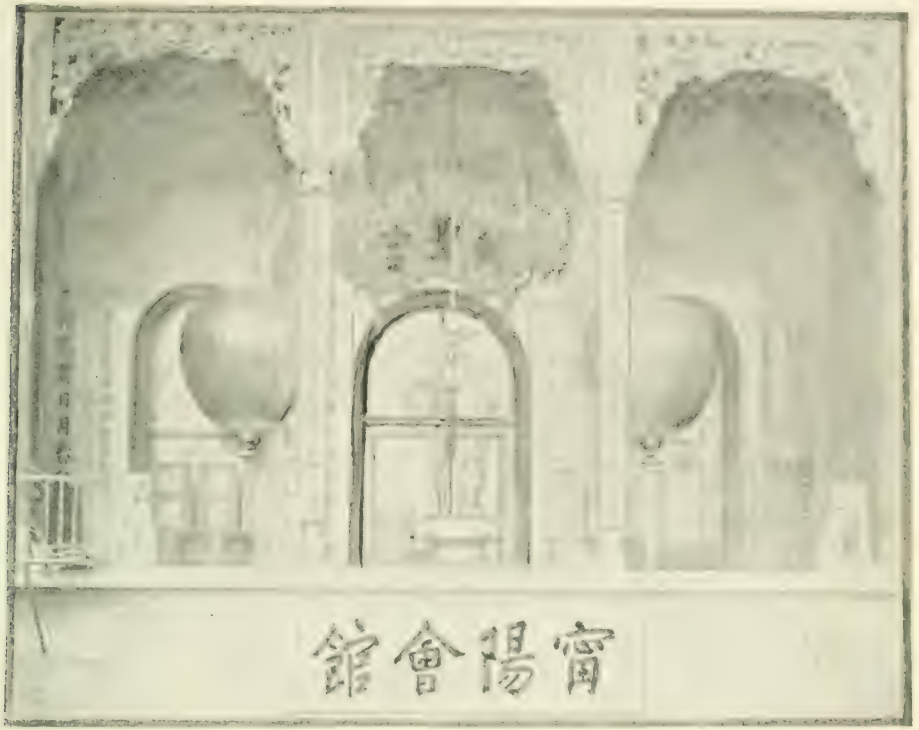
ministers are said to have prepared written prayers, which were burnt and conveyed up to heaven in the smoke. An hour had scarcely elapsed when, as the legend says, Kwan Kung riding his red charger, appeared in mid-heaven and informed his majesty that his petitions could not be granted till a temple was erected to his honor. No time was lost, hundreds of masons were set to work, and when the top stone was set in its place the wells once more yielded their supplies. It is said that during the rebellion of 1855, the hero appeared to the commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces directing the plan of the campaign, and assisting in the battle that led to the overthrow of the rebels at Nanking. Grateful for this interposition, the Emperor Hien Fung placed him on the same rank with Confucius in the national pantheon and Kwan Kung was henceforth known to men as the God of War, the protector of the people and the preserver of the empire's peace. In China there are one thousand and six hundred state temples to this god, at which the Mandarins worship twice a month and offer sacrifices of sheep and oxen.

There are three other temples to Kwan Kung in San Francisco. That of the Yan Wo or Hakka Company, at 933 Dupont street, is fitted up in elegant style, some of the carvings and floral pieces being very costly. The Hop Woh Company's temple at 751 Clay street, is a dingy looking place, the gilded woodwork all tarnished, and the embroideries grimy with dust and smoke. It was opened in the early days of Chinese settlement in California by immigrants from the county of Shiu Hing. It contains an image of Kwan Kung sitting in state with a crown of flowers upon his head and a long black goatee and moustache reaching to the girdle. Some enthusiastic devotee had pinned a fresh piece of red paper to the curtain bearing the words, "May it please thee to bless with peace, long life and prosperity thy grateful adopted son." The Kong Chau Company's establishment on Pine street, near Kearny, contains another temple of Kwan Kung. It is a dark, dismal-looking place, but contains valuable sacrificial utensils, some very beautiful carvings and numerous tablets bearing elegant compositions in praise of the god. This temple is supposed to be very *leng* or efficacious, and so numerous are the worshippers every year, especially at the anniversaries of the idol's birthday and canonization, that the company farms the post of temple keeper for thirteen thousand dollars per year. It is even then a lucrative position.

The temple of the Yeung Woh Company on Sacramento street below Dupont deserves special notice. It is dedicated to the honor of How Wong, who is the tutelary deity of the people from the county of Heung Shan. This deity was formerly a plain Mr. Kum, who flourished during the Sung dynasty, and by his scholarship and virtue rose to an official position in his native district. After his death a terrible plague swept over the province, taking away thousands of lives. One night a local medical man dreamed he saw Mr. Kum who revealed to him the efficacy of a certain herb as a remedy for the pestilence. The physician awoke, hastened in search of the prescribed herbs and gave his fellow practitioners the benefit of his discovery. The medicine worked like a charm, the pestilence was abated and the Emperor, who by this time had heard of Mr. Kum's fame, issued an edict bestowing upon that gentleman the posthumous title of "Shing Hau Wong" or "the Holy Marquis." This worthy, having been canonized has been chosen as the tutelary spirit of the county, and the patron saint of the Yeung Woh Company.

That the Heung Shan *genius loci* has been willing to give Sacramento street a share of his patronage is attested by the number of testimonials

and eulogistic tablets hung in the temple, its flourishing physic stall, and the sum of five thousand dollars paid by the temple keeper to the company every year for the privilege of selling incense and candles on the company's premises. Costly gifts have been made by local residents, among which is a fine tenor bell, the gift of Dr. Li Po Tai, whose name is cast in the metal. One of the tablets is unique: "I give thee banners and canopy. May it please thee to bless me with much yellow metal." This little image is the idol whose outing on the streets of San Francisco, some four years ago, cost the Yeung Woh Company twenty thousand dollars. It was a great spectacle to see a thousand gaily dressed Chinamen in line, some seated on gaily caparisoned chargers, others on foot carrying battle flags, spears, tridents, battle axes and other oriental weapons; to see little Hau Wong in a gorgeous chair, carried on the shoulders of twelve bearers clad in garments of yellow silk. Immediately in the rear of the idol came an enormous dancing dragon, one hundred and seventy feet long, supported by sixty actors got up regardless of expense, whose business was to make the monster wriggle and twist his huge scaly trunk, roll his bulging eyes, and open his horrid jaws—a feat that was supposed to effectually scare away all evil influences from Chinatown streets and bring health and peace to the community. It was an animated scene. The whole street was one mass of color and glitter. The tinseled banners and trappings, burnished spears and halberds, the gorgeous robed attendants, the boom of gongs, roll of drums and roar of firecrackers made up a show of oriental splendor that, it is safe to say, was never before



Porch to Temple of God of War, second floor of Nin[illegible]

seen on the streets of a civilized city. Some looked upon it with feelings of disgust. The Christian Chinese in particular were scandalized to think that such a barbaric heathen parade could be tolerated in a Christian country.

The oldest Joss-house in San Francisco is the Temple of the Queen of Heaven, on Waverly street. It was erected over forty years ago, and is the property of the Sam Yap Company. The goddess worshipped at this temple was a Chinese young lady who lived hundreds of years ago. She was born in the Province of Fokien, and was the daughter of a merchant of the Lum Clan. In her girlhood she is said to have displayed remarkable intelligence, and was above all renowned for her prophetic insight. Her father and four brothers frequently left their home on trading voyages up and down the coast. One day while two of her brothers were at sea she fell into a trance. Her parents thought her dead, and their lamentations were so loud as to awaken her. She told how she had just been in the midst of a violent typhoon and had seen her brothers tossing about on the wild waves. A few days elapsed and the youngest son returned home, reporting the loss of his brother at sea, and telling how in the height of the storm a lady appeared in mid-heaven who let down a rope and towed the ship to a safe anchorage. He was just relating the sad news of his brother's death, when his sister came into the room and congratulated him on his escape. She recounted with exactness the events of that fearful night, and told how she was just hastening to her brother's rescue when she was awakened by her parent's cries. Years passed and another calamity befell the family. This time the father was drowned at sea. The legend tells how the devoted daughter, on hearing the news, hastened to the seashore. She called in vain for her father's return. Louder and louder became her wails of sorrow, till, frantic with grief, she threw herself into the waves and was drowned. That night a fisherman stood aghast at seeing two bodies float past his boat. In the gray dawn there were found on the sandy beach the corpse of a gray-haired old man, and at his side, beautiful even in death, the lifeless form of a fair maiden. Father and daughter were laid to sleep side by side on the hill overlooking the sea. The sad sea waves boom upon the rocks below, and the winds soughing in the cypress bowers sing their requiem over their lonely graves. It is said that on black winter nights, when the tempest roars and the crested waves beat high, the Chinese sailor hears the far-off sound of bells from that rock-bound coast, and sees an angel form hovering near, holding out her white lantern to guide the shipwrecked mariner to the harbor of safety near which her temple stands. This is the maiden who was long ago canonized as the Queen of Heaven, the guardian saint of fishermen and sailors, and the protector of all good people who go down to the sea in ships. Her temples are found throughout China, where she is worshipped by landsmen and sailors alike. It is not strange that the Chinese colony of San Francisco, so many of whom have kinsmen and friends crossing and recrossing the ocean, should erect a temple monument in their midst in honor of the goddess who protects those in peril on the sea.

The most popular goddess of the Chinese pantheon is Kwan Yum, the Chinese Notre Dame. Her full title of canonization is: "Great in pity great in love, the savior from misery and woe, the hearer of earthly cries." Her shrine is found up a dingy staircase on the southwest corner of Spofford alley and Washington streets. In this smoky loft, with its rudely carved image and grimy vestments, one sees nothing of the beautifully chiseled statue, that image of repose we have so often seen in the Ocean Banner Monastery, on the banks of



PHOTO BY TAYLOR

Temple at Lung Gong.

the Pearl River. Tradition tells how Kwan Yum was one day seen floating upon a lotus flower near the Island of Pootoo, where her principal temple stands. Her countenance was of surpassing beauty, "radiant as gold and gentle as a moonbeam." The goddess is regarded as the best type of female beauty, and to say that a lady resembles Kwan Yum is the highest compliment that can be paid to grace and loveliness.



Kwan Yum, Goddess of Mercy.

Many are the legends told of this Buddhist Madonna. She is said to have been a princess of great beauty and talent, who spent her early youth in reading the sutras and meditating amidst forest shades. Refusing the most brilliant matrimonial alliances, and deaf to the remonstrance of family and friends, she resolved to become an inmate of the "White Sparrow" convent. There, at the instigation of her royal father, she was put to the most menial labors and degrading tasks, but the legend tells how dragons and wild beasts came to help and relieve her of her daily burdens. Seeing that no hardship could discourage her or change her purpose, the king sent troops to burn the convent; but Kwan Yum prays, and descending floods extinguish the flames. At last she was captured, carried in chains into her father's presence and told to choose between marriage and death. On one side of the hall her attention was called to an enchanting scene of dancing, feasting, gaiety and pleasure; on the other side was a scene of torture, misery and death. She looked at one, then at the other. Calmly and bravely she made her choice, preferring death to the breach of her convent vows. The inexorable monarch at once ordered his daughter to be put to death. The beautiful girl was taken below and there strangled. But genii came to her relief. One gave her the peach of immortality, while others carried her away to the bowers of the immortals. Her images represent her seated upon the lotus flower praying for the souls of men, her vow being taken never to rest till all souls are saved and brought safe to Nirvana shores.

In the Spofford-alley temple are found the shrines of some twenty other gods and goddesses, the principal being the Grand Duke of Peace, the God of Medicine, and Pan Kung, a celebrated Prime Minister of the Sung dynasty. The funniest discovery in

this temple was that of Tsai Tin Tai Shing. He is a beatified monkey in the image of a man. Hatched from a bowlder, this animal is said to have proclaimed himself king of monkeys. At last he learned the language of men, and finding himself possessed of supernatural powers, he obtained a place among the gods. Such is the legend. Chinese idolatry thus reaches the acme of absurdity and sinfulness in the canonization of a monkey. Thoughts of Darwin's descent of man at once flashed across our mind as we looked at this image. It was disappointing to one's curiosity to find that the old temple keeper who cared more for a pipe of opium than for speculations in theology and anthropology could not tell us what part natural selection played in the evolution of Chinese deities, or whether monkey worship was the newest phase of Chinese ancestral worship. Finding him lamentably ignorant upon the great question of the descent of man, we astonished him with a complete history of his monkey god.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more and his tail disappeared,
Then he was man and a god to be feared.

On Brooklyn place, a few doors from Sacramento street is the temple of Kum Fah or "Golden Flower," an unpretentious little Joss-house that seems to have escaped the notice of Chinatown guides. This is the temple of the tutelary goddess of women and children, second only to Kwan Yum in the estimation of the Cantonese women. She was a native of Canton and lived in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Ching Hwa. She was a constant worshipper at the temples and is said to have attained some notoriety as a necromancer. Like some modern spiritualists, her mind became unhinged. In a fit of delirium she one day threw herself into the river and was drowned. The legend says that in course of time her body rose to the surface of the water, and when brought to land, the air became filled with the odor of fragrant flowers. A sandalwood statue rose from the bed of the river where she was drowned, which was afterward placed in a temple erected to her honor on the Honam bank of the Canton River. She is now the Venus Genitrix of the Chinese and her votaries are principally women who desire to become mothers.

The temple on Brooklyn street is literally crowded with the images of goddesses, mothers, nurses and children. The central figure is Kum Fah. On her left is Kwan Yum, the goddess of mercy, with her feet upon the lotus, the sacred flower of the Buddhists. A Buddhist sutra is in her hand and she is in the attitude of giving instruction to the child upon her knee. On her right hand is Tin Hau, the Queen of Heaven, who has already been described in connection with her own temple. A pair of tiny shoes, such as are worn by bound-footed ladies, have been placed at the foot of each goddess ready for use when they take an airing. In the center of the lower row of images on the central canopy is Kam Kong, a red god with four faces and eight hands, who is said to have power to drive away the bogies that are the terror of little Chinese boys and girls when they go to bed. The little ones might well pray, "save us from our friends," for a worse bogie than Kam Kong could not be imagined. In the same row is Lau Sin Shi, the spirit who takes care of little children suffering from smallpox. In the left-hand corner, almost hidden from view, is the God of Wealth over whose shrine are inscribed the words, "If rich you'd be just turn to me." The character of the women who worship at this shrine is indicated by a bamboo divining pot containing sticks of fate bearing the inscription, "Good luck in lottery tickets." On the south and north walls of the temple are arranged altars extending the whole length of the room, upon which are placed eighteen images of the

ministering attendants of Kum Fah. Twelve of these are the wet nurses of the goddess, being women who were celebrated for their success in rearing large families, and can be distinguished from the others by being seated on a chair or stool.

The first is the midwife, Au Shi, who holds in her arms a baby wrapped in red flannel. The next is Shi Ma Ko, who gives life to the unborn child. The third is King Shi, who fixes the exact moment of birth. The fourth is Tsing Shi, who holds a pomegranate in her hand and receives the child when it comes into the world. The fifth determines the sex of the unborn. The sixth is the special patroness of male infants. The seventh takes care of women during gestation. The eighth superintends the cutting of the umbilical cord. The ninth attends to the preparation of infants' food. The tenth makes children happy and good tempered. The eleventh attends to the cutting of children's teeth. The twelfth, Mrs. Leung Shi, holds a child upon her knee with its face downward, her duties being the castigation of obstreperous juveniles who do not mind their mothers. One figure represents Kan Shan with weights and steelyard, in the act of weighing the baby. Another is Ngai Shi "the flower mother of the western garden," a lady who takes the little ones to the children's park in Amitabh Buddha's paradise. Another is Tow Ti, the keeper of the children's park, who holds a baby in his arms. On the lower platform are tiny images of groups of happy children dancing and playing instruments of music for the



The High Altar of the Kong Chau Company's Temple of God of War.

entertainment of the goddess and nurses to whose foster care they owe their life and health.

It is curious to notice the number of red "thank papers," that are pinned on the walls, announcing the birth of little Mongolian "Sons of the Golden West," for whom supplication has been made, and acknowledging the favor of the goddess. Some papers record the dedication of a child to Kum Fah, and the fact that it is called by her name. Strips of embroideries, silk or cloth, presented by older children, are also hung from the walls, one of which comes from twin boys and reads, "Your adopted sons, Lai Mau Lun and Lai Mau Pui, reverently present this to thee, O Holy Mother." The accompanying engraving represents Kum Fah's attendants that sit on the south wall of the temple.

Near Kum Fah's Joss-house is the fine brick temple of Lung Gong, belonging to the four clans of Lau Kwan, Cheong, and Chin, the whole establishment including temple and assembly room costing them over fourteen thousand dollars. This temple contains five large images, the highest being the Emperor Lau Pey, the four images below representing the warriors and statesmen associated with Lau Pey in the days of the Sahm Kwok. It is fully described in the "History of the Three States," to which reference is made on page 731. Kwan Kung's image is found immediately to the left of the emperor. The temple contains some very handsome carvings, pieces of gilt work, and embroidered decorations similar in design to those found in the temples already described.

Another temple worth visiting is the small but elegant Joss-house of the Tam Clan. It is one of the oldest in San Francisco, and is found on Oneida place, a dirty, narrow alley branching from Sacramento street. The patriarch Tam is represented with a bald head and a fine, intelligent face. Beautifully gilded and tasseled mottoes hang from the walls and roof. There is one motto that is very appropriate for a temple where kinsmen meet, of which the following is a rude translation: "That family with fragrance blooms, whose brethren, like flower calyxes, each to the other bound and all to parent stem, in undivided love abide." Another tablet in purple may be rendered in English, thus: "Upon us like the rain and dew, thy grace descends forever new." Another tablet inscribed by forty-eight names says: "The vastness of his mercy is boundless as the sea."

The altar service is of very chaste design, the center piece artistically enameled, surmounted with a brass lion with two dragons rampant, each with a projecting red tongue that moves at the least jar or breath of wind. On either side are two huge enameled metal candlesticks in the shape of towers, surmounted by two Caucasian figures dressed in the English costume of a century ago, each wearing stove-pipe hats and holding a torch-like candlestick. Worship was being offered by two Chinamen at this temple at the time of our visit.

A Chinese temple has no fixed time for religious service; no congregation meets together for united praise and prayer, or sits to listen to some exposition of doctrine and duty. The worshipper comes when he has something to pray about. Family sickness, adverse fortune or some risky business undertaking drives him to the oracle. As he enters the temple he makes his bow to the gods with clasped hands, he lights his candles and incense, kneels upon a mat and calls upon the god by name three times. He then takes up two semi-oval blocks of wood called Yum Yeung Puey, bows toward the idol, prays for good luck and then tosses them up. The success of his supplication depends upon the position in which these blocks fall. If they both fall in the same position the omen is unfavorable; the god has left his office or does not wish to be disturbed. If the

blocks fall one with the flat side turned up and the other with the flat surface turned down, the god is supposed to be taking some interest in his business. The worshipper now knocks his head three times three upon the floor, and offers up his petition. This done, he takes a cylindrical bamboo pot containing bamboo slips about fifteen inches in length, each marked with a number. These are called sticks of fate, and are shaken together with the ends turned to the idol, till one is jostled out. The priest or temple keeper looks at the number, consults his book and hunts up the answer given to the man's prayer. The drum beats and the bell tolls. Offerings of paper money, consisting of beaten tinfoil, a whole armful of which can be bought for half a dollar, are burnt in the furnace and are changed by fire into the currency of the gods. It has taken only ten minutes to burn candles, incense and gilt paper, say his prayers, cast his lot, and get his answer and be on his way home.

Some happy morning he may be seen repairing to the same temple to return thanks for some profitable venture in trade, for a relative restored to health, or for some good fortune believed to have come in answer to his prayers. An express wagon drives up to the temple door, containing roast pigs and the choicest vegetables and fruits laid out in trays, which he offers to the god with libations of wine and tea. The god is supposed to feed upon the fumes of the meat and food, after which utilitarian John carts them back home to the family pantry.



The Great Dancing Dragon (see page)

Much might be said of other Joss-houses in Chinatown. The temple of the City God, in Waverly street, opposite the Ning Yeung establishment, with its representations of the Buddhist hells; the temple of the god of the North Pole, and the azure heavens on Waverly street, near Clay; the little Joss-house of the famous Tso Sin Sze next door, with its curious divining drawer of incense dust; the temple of "Eastern Glory," or the God of Fire, at 35 Waverly street, and the temple of the "Holy Abbot," on Stockton street, are places where antiquarians would find many interesting relics and legends. Those

illustrations already given will suffice to show how much fable, myth and superstition have gathered around the worthies of their history.

It is easy to condemn the impiety of this apotheosis of human beings as objects of divine worship or to ridicule the extravagance of the legends that cluster around these shrines. From seven to twenty thick centuries lie between us and the heroes and heroines whose memories are there embalmed. Much of their true history is blotted out in the twilight of the past. A rude statue, a gaudy bedizened thing of clay and wood, around which has gathered a mass of myth and fable is all that remains. But amidst the smoke of sandalwood and wax candles, the kowtowing and tom-toming and jargon of Sanscrit litanies one can discover something good—a reverence for the brave, the wise and the good, and the expression of that universal truth, however grossly symbolized, that the grave is not the goal of human greatness; that wise words and noble deeds can never die. There were heroes, patriarchs and sages in China's hoary past, who lifted up their hand against oppression and wrong—men who tried to guess out the problems of life and death, and who held out their bits of torches trying to lead men to higher and brighter paths. Such men can never be forgotten. The nation will one day return to the worship of the Highest and the faith in the True. In the dawn of a clearer light shall vanish all that is extravagant, foolish and false; but through all time and change these heroes of her national history will live and their work abide.

"Heard are the voices,
The words of the sages,
The worlds and the ages."

Goethe.

IF THE SHADOWS FELL NOT.

BY MARY EMELYN McCLURE

If the shadows fell not—Oh! where were the stars,
The gems of the sky and the night?
If the shadows fell not, would the pale golden moon
Flood the earth with its rich, mellow light?
Oh! where were the sunsets unblazoned in glory—
Wrought vivid in nature, in song, and in story—
If the shadows fell not?

If the shadows fell not—Oh! where were the tears,
The crystals of love and of woe?
They would vanish with smiles born of sympathy sweet,
And its words whispered softly and low;
Oh! where were the heroes, the martyrs and sages,
The deeds of the noble, the wisdom of ages,
If the shadows fell not?

Ghent, Ky.



La Concepcion.

COFFEE IN GUATEMALA.

BY EMELIE T. Y. PARKHURST.

SOME years ago, the articles of export from which the Republic of Guatemala derived her largest revenue were indigo, cochineal, sugar, rubber, hides and cocoa. Then an enterprising horticulturist commenced making experiments with the coffee plant, and though he was discouraged and ridiculed by his friends, and his experiment was anything but a financial success, horticulturally the result greatly exceeded his expectations. Climate, soil, elevation and shipping possibilities having proved favorable to its production, it has superseded, in the last quarter of a century, most of the exports which were formerly so highly valued. Now that the fields in Java are becoming rapidly worn out; now that planters in Brazil have received such a severe shock through the abolition of slavery and consequent increase in cost of labor; now that Central American industries are being rapidly developed through the energy and push of American capitalists, that small but rich country bids fair to take its place at the very head and front of the coffee interests of the world.

To give one a fair idea of the appearance and workings of an average coffee *finca*, or farm, I have selected one of medium size and facilities. There are many fincas fitted out with far more complete machinery, whose proprietors not only prepare their own crop for the market, but who also buy the crops of the smaller plantations in the vicinity, very much after the fashion of old-time New England farmers who used to take the grist of their neighbors to mill. Save on the very largest fincas, however, extensive machinery would be sadly out of proportion to the profit possible in a small country, where the tariffs are yet high and variable, and transportation is attended with some difficulties.

On the Chocolá plantation, in the Costa Grande district, Señor G.,

who is an inventor of much of the coffee machinery now in use, not only carries on a coffee plantation, which he values at one million dollars, but raises and refines sugar. The Chocolá plantation is about one and a half leagues square, and the annual profits derived from it average about one hundred thousand dollars, I believe.*

But now you must go with me to a less pretentious finca. Landing at Champerico, we take places as far as Retalhuleu in a squeaking, jolting, dusty railway. There we transfer our luggage to the backs of some patient burros, and mounting other specimens of the much maligned species, we trend our way across the hills to the Pochuta district, a three days' journey over wide, well kept roads. On either side of us, as we lazily jog along, are extensive plantations stretching in every direction, for here, as in California, hillsides are no longer disregarded as unfit for anything save pasturage. On the contrary, coffee grown on well-drained hillsides, protected from high winds and frosts and exposed to the fullest influence of a genial sunshine, produces a better quality of bean than does even the richest bottom land.



Harvesting Coffee.

As one looks across the broad extent of fincas, there is no dull sameness to tire the eye, for the greatest variety in both form and color prevails.

The vigorous young fields are a rich dark green, except where the wind catches the glossy leaves and turns their silvery underside towards the sunshine, making them resemble flakes of snow shed broadcast. In older fields, one sees but few strong shoots springing from the midst of a

*Since the above was written, the Chocolá plantation has passed into the hands of a German syndicate, the price paid being one million dollars gold.

tangle of dead and prostrate branches. Other fields have just been planted and are conspicuous for their trimness and absolute freedom from weedy growths.

The atmosphere is burdened with a rich aroma like that of a prune orchard bursting into bloom. Countless swarms of insects hum and buzz, as they madly flutter in and out of the richly laden flower cups, inebriated and noisy after their copious and intoxicating draughts. Strange to say, not one of these many species of insect life is an enemy of the coffee, at least at this elevation of one thousand four hundred feet above the sea level. There are but two things of which the planter stands in dread: First, the gray-green mildew which follows an unusually wet season, choking the pores of the plant until it withers away; and secondly, the debility attendant upon excessive fructification.

The best producing districts in Guatemala are the Costa Cuca and the Costa Grande, but this Pochuta district holds its own pretty well. The rains come late in May, lasting till November, and are excessive, mostly one hundred and eighty-seven inches rainfall, generally. The soil is a rich adhesive adobe, mixed with leaf mould, and highly valuable, as it does not "wash," and thus expose the roots of the trees during the long wet season.

The plantation where we stop has been carried on for eight years by Señor J——, a wealthy Colombian. It is extremely interesting, with its large, cool residence, well protected from the heat by luxurious coco palms and banana trees; its extensive patios made of flat stones, upon which the coffee is spread to dry; beyond these a colony of thatched huts for the accommodation of the four hundred laborers and their families; in the center of this colony, the engine-house and the apparatus employed in pre



Native Coffee Pickers.



paring the coffee for the market, and beyond and around this miniature village, miles of rolling land covered with thrifty coffee trees and their burden of crimson fruit. This finca contains two hundred thousand trees, and they are preparing the ground for twenty thousand more. A certain tract is set apart for the use of the laborers who board themselves and raise their own maize and *frijoles*. Just here I would like to mention that this plan is being abandoned on many of the fincas, as the Indian laborers will sell their crops in advance and buy rum with the proceeds. They then have to beg, borrow or steal the veriest necessities of life until another crop can be produced. A thick coffee extract sweetened with crude sugar; *tortillas*, made from maize; *frijoles*, or black beans; *tasajo*, or jerked pork, and the much laughed at *tamales* form the staple articles of the laborer's diet.

During the dull season, but forty or fifty men are employed on the place—more in the time of pruning and cultivating—and in November during the harvest, between four hundred and four hundred and fifty Indians and their families make the place swarm with life. Each laborer can pick about one hundred and sixty pounds of fruit in one day, if he is ordinarily industrious, which alas! few of them are.



Wash Day on the Coffee Plantation.

Whenever practicable, the propagating beds are made in virgin soil. The great trees are felled and uprooted, the trunks and dry branches reduced



The Coffee Cleaning Establishment at Las Nuevas

to ashes, the long interlacing roots torn out as well as they can be, the earth plowed and pulverized and thoroughly warmed and dried by the sun. In the latter part of January the seeds in their outer husks, or *pergaminos*, are sown broadcast, raked under and thoroughly irrigated. One bushel of seed will produce about thirty thousand plants, for even in favorable seasons not more than seventy-five per cent of the seed germinates.

After an interval of thirty days, the young sprouts thrust their inquiring heads above the earth's surface. Each sprout, with its cotyledons still clinging to it, is gently taken up with as much earth as can be kept around the root. These are removed to another nursery, where they are planted nine inches apart. All crooked sprouts are cast aside, and the roots of the selected ones are shortened by sharp, oblique cuts, and every lateral rootlet is carefully removed. The plants are then placed in their holes perpendicularly, and the earth is well trodden about the roots.

The following year, in the early days of March, the plants are ready to be transferred to the main plantation. Señor J—— has the holes for their reception dug several months before they are needed, in order to permit the rain to moisten the earth and the sunshine to penetrate and warm it thoroughly. The holes are dug twelve feet apart, made large and wide, and arranged, for the sake of economy of space, in diagonal rows.

Many planters allow but ten feet between the trees, and others still less. There is a great diversity of opinion on this point, for several reasons. Some planters contend that trees placed six feet apart, the main stalk pruned to develop the trees horizontally, bear fuller crops, as the interlacing lateral branches shade the roots from the intense heat, and tend to conserve the moisture of the ground. Others, like our host, assert that trees should be planted ten or twelve feet apart, and well pruned out, in order to increase the vigor of the remaining branches as well as to permit the freest circulation of the air above the plants, and give each heavily burdened limb the fullest benefit of the sun's maturing influence.

Señor J—— uses one-horse cultivators between the rows to loosen the earth and free it from weeds. A much better method is in vogue on the Chocolá plantation, however—hoe cultivation. The first cost of hand cultivation is much greater than that by machinery, but the result in this peculiar country pays ten per cent. on the original outlay. On the Chocolá plantation the holes, six feet square, are dug between the trees. They are two feet deep on the lower side, and one foot deep on the side toward the top of the hill.

When the heavy rains come, the rich surface soil, instead of washing into the valleys and bottom lands below, is caught in these "traps," the water percolates through the roots of the trees and finds its way out, without carrying away the nourishing properties of the soil and without exposing the roots of the trees. Each year the holes are dug in a different place, so that the earth is kept cultivated as well as if a machine were run through it.

Two years after leaving the second nursery, coffee trees bear a few berries, but a full crop is not had until the fourth year. Of course location and altitude vary these figures considerably.

The coffee begins to ripen in August, and is ready for picking as soon as the *cereza*, or berry, assumes a dark red or purplish hue. It is a beautiful sight to see the ripening berries in all the vivid tones of red; the creamy, fragrant flowers, and the glossy green leaves all flourishing on the tree at one time. As to methods for the treatment of the berry, they all seek:

First, the removal of the outer pulp by maceration in water.

Second, the drying of the seeds in their husks.

Third, the removal of the several husks.

Fourth, the sorting of the seeds, according to form and size.

As soon as the ripe berries are gathered, they are placed in large cement vats and covered with water. This must be done within twenty-four hours after gathering, the sooner the better, as it is rather difficult to clean the seeds after the pulp commences to dry. After the berries have been kept under water for twenty-four hours, they are passed through a pulper. This machine consists of a revolving shaft fitted with short copper teeth which scrape against a perforated cast-iron apron, the holes of which are just large enough to permit the passage of a coffee grain from which the pulp has been denuded. The pulp, with the aid of a continuous and forcible stream of water, falls down into a waste vat on one side of the apron, while the cleansed grains pass through the perforations and fall into a vat on the other side. This iron apron requires the nicest adjustment, for if it is placed too near the spiked shaft, it crushes the grain; and if placed too far away by the fraction of an inch, many of the berries are not pulped at all, but simply fall into the waste vat and are lost. Of course those lost grains may be saved from the waste pulp, but after remaining for a short time in the dark-red mixture, they are so discolored that there is a loss in market value. There are hundreds of pulpers in use, but this one, patented by John Gordon & Co., of London, is the best; for, not having any compli-



Cocales La Concepcion.



Harvesting the Berries.

cated machinery, it is easily kept in order, and it can be run by the most ordinary laborer. This is an enormous advantage in a country where unskilled labor is the only available material at present in the market.

After leaving the pulper, the coffee grains are left in the vat into which they have fallen, for from twenty-four to thirty hours, in order to ferment the mucilaginous substance in which each coffee being discolored, and losing in price some three to four cents per pound.

When sudden showers occur, the driest patios are cared for first, as half-dried coffee is not especially injured by any sudden access of moisture. The seeds are quickly heaped up in the center of the patios by means of large wooden rakes, and the *mozos*, or laborers, bring out portable thatched



Grove at Old Calvaris.

seed is enclosed. They are then thoroughly washed, drained in iron sieves, and spread out on the patios to dry.

The best patios are constructed of broad, flat stones, or as is now generally the case, of artificial cement or brick, and thus hasten the drying process. The surface of the patio is slightly rounded toward the center, to assist in the draining off of the water, as well as to provide against soaking in case of sudden showers, soaked sheds, with which they cover the coffee until the rain is over. Eight or ten days in the patios suffices to dry the seeds so that they can be hulled. On the Chocolá plantation, hot-air driers, invented by the former proprietor, Señor Guardiola, are used. These, however, require much delicate handling in the matter of heat and degree of dryness, and it is so easy to ruin the coffee, by exposing it to too high a temperature, that many planters resolutely cling to the old

patio method, particularly in districts where the rains do not come too soon. In the Guardiola drier the seeds are placed in a large revolving drum, through which a continuous stream of heated air is passed. By this method the drying is concluded in twenty-four hours. Each drier contains two thousand six hundred pounds of dry coffee.

The seeds are now placed in the hulling machine, which removes in one process the *pergamino*, or hard horny husk; the *cascara*, or tough second husk; and the silvery pellicle which covers the seed itself. Formerly, and indeed even now, on very small or remote fincas, this hulling is performed by the women, who work with a mortar and pestle.

The best seeds are a translucent bluish-olive in color, and quite small and round in form. Round berries roast more evenly than flat ones, and hence are highly prized by connoisseurs. The pale, large berries, rather discolored in appearance, are the poorest of all. In Java the coffee kept over one season in its *pergamino* takes on a rich brown hue, and brings a high price in the market. One enterprising manufacturer, whose catalogues may be found on the library table of many a Central American planter, advertises a huller with a hopper attachment for containing dye stuff with which old Government Java may be made to order.

The final process is sorting. The beans are spread on long tables, where they are carefully picked over by women, in order to eliminate the black seeds, whose presence lessens the market value of the product. The women receive twelve and one-half cents a quintal, and they make about sixty-five cents a day. The coffee is then sewed in sacks and carried in pack-trains to the San José railroad, a journey taking some twenty-four hours.

A considerable part of the Guatemala crop goes to San Francisco. (The best quality goes to London, next best to Hamburg, and third and "triage" to San Francisco.) It is said that ten million pounds annually are consumed on the Pacific Coast alone, and the figures are every year increasing. If such is the case, and these figures represent but a small part of the available coffee market, and if it is really a fact that the new system of paid labor has worked such a revolution in the coffee culture of Brazil, then it is no wonder that Central American planters are jubilant and regard coffee as the very cream of all business enterprise.

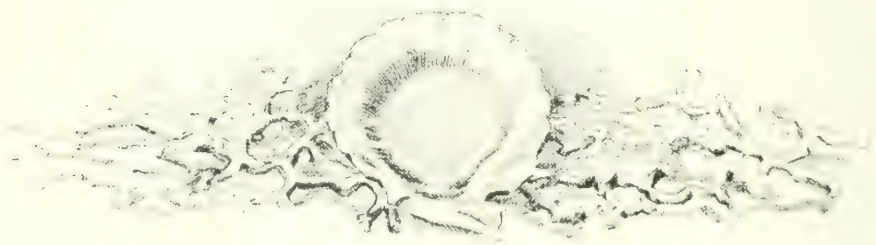




Fig. 1—Aztec Calendar or Water Stone.

DID THE PHOENICIANS DISCOVER AMERICA?*

No. I.

BY THOMAS CRAWFORD JOHNSTON.

LIEUTENANT A. G. FINDLAY, F. R. G. S., in describing the stone remains on the Island of Rappa, in the Austral group, says in his "South Pacific Directory:" "On the summit of six of the highest hills are to be seen square terraces, or fortified places, some of which are of very elaborate construction; but what is very singular, they are mostly solid within. The stones are well squared, of very large size, and well cemented, and are evidently analogous to the terraces described on Easter Island."

Again, in describing Easter Island, he says: "This is one of the most interesting spots in the Pacific. It is remarkably isolated, as it is some two thousand and thirty miles from the coast of Chile, and one thousand five hundred miles from the nearest inhabited land, except Pitcairn Island, so that its people and their history are an ethnological problem, worthy of much consideration, while their origin is one of the most important problems connected with the migrations of races.

How the early navigators in their canoes managed to reach this lonely spot, in the teeth of the usual tradewinds, is one of those mysteries, the solution of which would clear up many difficulties in the history of

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the early races and civilization of Peru and Central America.

"The character of the architectural and other remains evidently points to



Fig. 2.—Steumanu, Governor of Apia, Samoa.

an Eastern origin. This little island, therefore, as a stepping-stone to the solution of this question, is of more than ordinary interest. Its position should afford a clue to the mystery of its original settlers. It is near the southern verge of the southeast trades, which blow during the Southern summer, from October to April, when they commence and leave off, being strong for about a fortnight. During the rest of the year, it is in the tropical variables. For a few months, westerly winds prevail, which bring much rain. It is therefore probable that this was the time of the voyage; but how such a craft could be guided due east, without a compass, will be a mystery to modern navigators.

"The papakoo, or cemetery, on Easter Island, is a terrace, or platform, by the sea, made of rolled sea stones carefully fitted together; but another very singular structure found there is the platform on which numerous images have been placed. They are built on the land facing the sea, and constructed with large unhewn stones fitted with great exactness. On this platform are numerous images, now prostrate; some low pillars, apparently used for sacrifice, and others for burning bodies, as burnt bones were found near them. Similar platforms have been found in the islands to the northwestward, especially one buried under guano, on Maldon Island, and this, again, connects them with analogous ruins in Peru."

Mr. Rawlinson says of the Gibeonites: "They were specially skilled in the hewing and squaring of those great masses of stone with which the Phœnicians were wont to build, and we probably see their work in those recently uncovered blocks of enormous size, which formed the substructions of Solomon's Temple (1 Kings, v. 18). At a later date, they were noted as 'caulkers,' and were employed by the Tyrians, to make their vessels water-tight, Ezekiel (27 and 29)."

That there should be any connection between the Phœnician race, the origin of the Aztecs, the mariner's compass, the ancient cities and high civilization of Central America, the substructions found on the Islands of the Pacific, and those of Solomon's Temple, seems too wonderful to be true, and yet I think that the data



Fig. 3.—Easter Island Platform, center stone five and a half tons.

contained in this paper will remove any future doubt on this subject.

During a year and a half spent

among the Islands of the South Pacific, just prior to the Samoan war, I came across some facts that so arrested my attention as to awaken a new line of inquiry, that in course of time has woven itself into a series of connected and inter-related data, of so extraordinary and far-reaching a nature, that I now feel that it is time to call the attention of the scientific world to them, in order that a larger field of observation, and a more numerous body of capable investigators may verify or contradict the conclusion arrived at.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Rawlinson's scholarly work on the Phœnicians may remember his description of these people. He says: "They were of a complexion intermediate between the pale races of the North and the swart inhabitants of the South, having abundant hair, sometimes curly, but never woolly. They were above the medium height, and had features not unlike the Aryans, or Caucasians, but somewhat less refined and regular, the nose broadish and inclined to be hooked, the lips a little too full, and their frames inclined to stoutness and massiveness, while both in form and feature they resembled the Jews, who were their near neighbors, and not infrequently intermarried with them."

It is impossible for one to spend even a short time in Samoa without realizing how suitable such a description would be if applied to the Samoans, while each day's observation of them, their habits and customs, would only deepen the conviction that the observer was in contact with a people whose social usages must, at some possibly remote period, have been in very close touch with Hebrew institutions. The only point on which there is any weakness in the description is the nose, and this is easily accounted for by a curious custom that prevails over these islands of manipulating the cartilages, while the child is young, so that what they call the disfigurement of the "canoe nose" of the Semitic may be removed—a custom that is universal over these islands. Not only is there to be found circumcision and the test of virginity, neither of which has the adopted Christianity of to-day removed, but marriage itself is hedged about with restrictions in the form of a table of consanguinity that is almost



Fig. 4—Lanetiti, Sieumanu's Wife.

a duplicate of that found in the Bible, while the intensely spiritual form of the early native worship, with an almost total absence of idols, gives cause to look for further evidence of the relation that at some date must have existed between these people.

I am aware that there are many other and different types found in that region, but that is only what may be expected when we recollect the influences that have been at work, and the time that has elapsed since the first settlement. This, however, does not weaken but rather strengthens the claim of such evidence as we now find of the presence of the Phœnicians in that portion of the Pacific.

That a high civilization, having an identical origin, must, at some remote period, have prevailed throughout

Polynesia, no one who has come in contact with the native usages, and the various stone remains on Easter, Rappa, Ascension, Marshall, Gilbert, Ladrones, Swallow, Strong's, Navigator, and Hawaiian Islands, can for a moment doubt; and, curiously enough, the native traditions of all of them refer their origin to some land lying in the direction of the setting sun.

The relation of Strong's Island to round the harbor, which had been occupied by a powerful people called 'Anut,' who had large vessels in which they made long voyages east and west. Many moons being required for these voyages."

When we come eastward, and reach Mexico, we find the evidence of their presence intensified a thousandfold, not only in the architectural remains where the conglomerate decorations



Fig. 5—Feisamoa, Chief, with Feather Head Dress.

this line of research is a peculiarly interesting one. At the entrance to the harbor may be seen a quadrangular tower, forty feet high, and some stone-lined canals, while on the adjacent island of Hele are cyclopean walls formed of very large stones, well squared, which form an enclosure overgrown by forests. These walls are twelve feet thick, and in them are vaults, artificial caverns, and secret passages. The natives of this island have a remarkable tradition, namely: "That an ancient city formerly stood

carry the marks of their peculiar genius as clearly as the Greek does in its own way, but also in the form of religious worship, which is clearly Phœnician in its base and entire outline.

The human sacrifice, and the idol, half-man and half-brute, are beyond question those of the Phœnician Baal or Moloch; while on the various bronzes we see the winged disc of Egypt,* which Mr. Rawlinson mentions as one of their peculiar designs. And perhaps more curious still, we

* Fig. 13, in Part II, this article.

find among the remains of this people in the ancient and Capital city of Mexico what has been called a calendar stone (Fig. 1), which anyone may see at a glance is a national monument of a seafaring people in the form of a mariner's compass, and to which they probably attributed the fact that they had discovered this new world.

entire thirty-two parts into which what we are accustomed to call our improved compass is divided are present, while in the main point will be seen the faces of Cox and Cox, the Mexican Noah and his wife, the first recorded navigators, and underneath these the Aztec symbol for water.

The wonder does not, however,



Fig. 6--Siotolana, Maid of Village Samoa

On looking at this stone carefully, it will be noticed that the only feature giving weight to the Calendar theory is the hieroglyphics on the inner circle, which correspond to the twenty-day month of the Aztec. When, however, we read the stone as a memorial of the compass, it is far otherwise, for it will be seen that there is not only a north and a south, but also the other and remaining cardinal points, duly emphasized; and amazing to relate, not only this, but in subdivisions the

cease here; for if we place the stone in the correct position with reference to the sun-god, in the center, it will be observed that the determined point is not north but south, and that in this respect it is identical with the Chinese compass, indicating that it must have had its origin among a people accustomed to navigate in latitudes to the south of their permanent home.

Now this so corresponds with our knowledge of the main trend of early Phœnician navigation and commerce

as to form a fresh and interesting link in this chain of evidence ; and this the more so because we know that the Chinese compass was a rude and altogether unsatisfactory instrument, having only twenty-four points, whereas we find in this the evidence of a comprehensive apprehension of the scientific value and use of the instrument, which were essential to the wide-spread navigation, and characteristic of the finished work and mathematical precision of the Ocean, where the pole-star cannot be seen, and where, indeed, if it could, the knowledge of its existence would be of little use to them. All steering is done by a determined north; either a true north or a magnetic north, and we know that the magnetic qualities of metals were known to the Phœnicians, for Sanchoniathon ascribes to Chronos the invention of "Batulia," or "stones that moved as if they had life," and we know that Chronos lived two thousand eight hundred



Fig. 7—Easter Island Platform.

Phœnicians. But apart from this, there are some historic facts in existence which, while isolated, might be questionable data, that in connection with this receive a new value.

That the Phœnicians ventured on long voyages, there can be no question, for Herodotus makes a distinct statement to this effect, and says they were accustomed to steer by the pole-star. In this he simply wrote as a landsman would. Mariners do not steer south by east, or due east or west, as these Phœnicians were accustomed to do on their historic route, by the pole-star, for the simple reason that the main trend of their navigation was in the Indian years before Christ. We therefore conclude that the knowledge must have passed from the Phœnicians into China, the more so because McDavies, whose elaborate investigation of the history of the compass has made him one of the eminent authorities on this subject, states that the earliest date at which it was known in China was 2604 B. C.; and, curiously enough, the term used by the Chinese two hundred years after Chronos, is almost identical in its significance with that of the Phœnicians, the Chinese compass being called the Tche Chay, or directing stone.

The history of the Phœnicians was a remarkable one for many reasons,

for apart from the fact that they claimed to be the most ancient of mankind, and in their day exercised an influence on the world that in these late years finds a suitable counterpart only in the history of the scientific, commercial and philological supremacy of the English-speaking peoples, yet their ruling characteristic seems to have been not so much their individuality as their pliability—a characteristic that was absolutely essential to their colonial and commercial success.



Fig. 8—Easter Island Platform.

They seem to have had a wonderful faculty of adapting themselves to every condition of human life, and to the peculiar bias and feeling of the varied civilized and uncivilized peoples with whom they came in contact in course of their mercantile ventures. They were not warriors, although they did and could fight when occasion called for it, but even then, as Alexander found, the quality that was opposed to his force of arms was not warriors so much as men of the keenest intellectuality, who used that power by methods never dreamed of by their duller opponents.

With all the great nations of their time, they were on the most familiar footing, the Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Babylonians, Greeks and Persians not only welcoming them to their territory, but, as if by mutual compact, protecting their caravans and opening their ports to their merchantmen, whose business it was to cater to their needs and adapt themselves to the requirements of every country with which they had established business relations.

In consequence of this fact, as Mr. Rawlinson points out, their commercial relations with these varied peoples had a reflex influence on themselves, their work, wherever found, showing that in their metallurgy their motives are invariably either Egyptian or Assyrian, while their sculptures usually showed a large admixture of Greek.

This is a most important point, and I seek to emphasize it, for it is the key to what, up to this date, has been an unsolved enigma of unusual importance, the solution of which will set in operation a new set of facts, whose influence will be so far-reaching as to afford more or less light on some of the most interesting as well as per-

plexing of the ethnological and philological problems of to-day.

Of all the nations of their time, the Phœnicians stood in the front rank. In the practical arts, as well as in the exact sciences, they were in their own wide sphere, without a competitor. They were masons, dyers, glass-blowers, workers in metal, and at the same time carpenters and shipbuilders, but beyond all other peoples, navigators and explorers, being the first to face the dangers of the open ocean, and make known to civilized nations, not only the remoter regions of Asia, Africa and Europe, but, as I think I shall succeed in demonstrating, the first to discover America, and the authors of the ancient and high civilization found there, which, up to this time, has been an unsolved enigma.

Of the wares which they purveyed to the various nations using their commodities, many samples have in



Fig. . Aztec Vase with Asiatic Decoration

these late years been found, that give much light on the influences that seem to have been at work in the manufacturing establishments of this extraordinary people, and as this is essential to a complete understanding of the subject, I may say that Mr. Rawlinson, whom I have followed closely in this investigation, points out that the Phœnicians had two instructors in their gem engraving, namely, Babylon and Egypt, deriving from each certain features of their practice.

Animals, for the most part griffins and sphynxes, but often accurately copied from nature, form the great staple of Phœnician art. The subjects of their designs, however, show little originality, being in almost every case adapted either from Egypt or Babylon—the hawk of Raa, the Egyptian sun-god, the cynocephalous ape, sphynxes, winged disks and serpents, drawing of an original character being shown only in very few instances.

It is impossible to overrate this testimony as to the peculiar bent of the genius of the Phœnicians, for in its own broad line of demarkation, it not only makes them a unique people, with an apparent mission to the remainder of mankind, but likewise enabled them to fill what was as essential a sphere in the populating and civilizing of the outskirts of the then known world, as was the genius of the Greeks for a more limited sphere, or of the Jews for the preservation of a pure moral code, when the remainder of mankind had run riot with undisciplined excess.

It is not strange that it was so. Indeed, it was on just such lines that we would expect to find the genius of a great mercantile people develop itself, for the reason that their success depended in no small measure on their recognition of the fact that the national, and especially the religious prejudice of the peoples to whose wants they catered must be respected as well as stimulated. As artists and artificers, there was ample room for the exercise of their peculiar genius in the production of wares whose form and adornment would be acceptable to the highest culture, and as merchants in providing such wares as would command the readiest sale among the wealthier portions of those communities, where the highest forms of civilization were found closely associated

with all acceptable forms of government. Of course, in the less civilized countries it would not be necessary to follow so closely this idea, and the various articles in less active demand, as style or pattern altered, would naturally find their way to the less frequented routes.

The flexibility of the Phœnicians, like that of the English, who are their modern and legitimate successors in their peculiar sphere, was phenomenal.

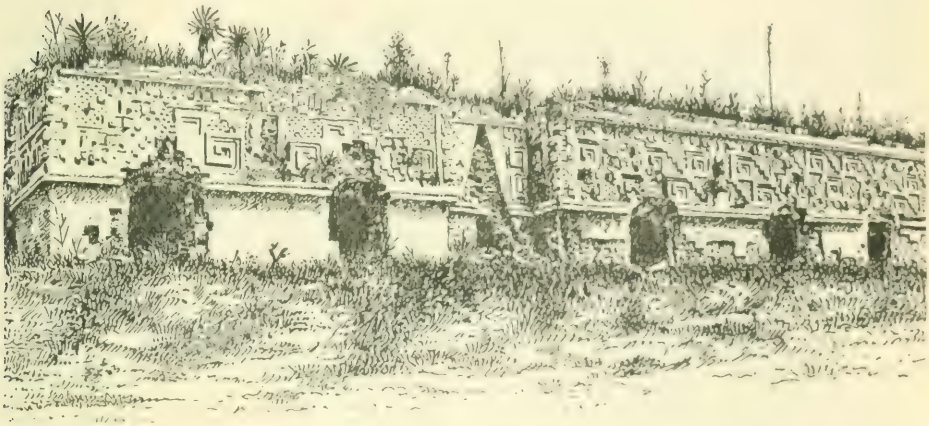


Fig. 10.—Ruins of Palace at Palenque—after Charnay

He who would attempt to trace, a thousand years after this, the course of English adventure over the face of the earth by comparing the languages found in such localities as they were supposed to have visited with the Saxon root, would inevitably fail, for the reason that it has now incorporated inflections from every quarter in which English influence has been felt, and is, in consequence, the most flexible as well as the most conglomerate of all modern languages, and will become increasingly so as time and the influence of the people and the language increase. So, also, he that would seek to determine the limit of the presence of the English-speaking peoples by measuring the stone erections found in such localities as they are supposed to have visited by an early English standard, would inevitably build data far removed from the real facts of the case. The determining quality in such matters is neither Saxon nor Norman; the solution will require to be found on totally different lines, since the strongest evidence of their presence will not be found in any one type so much as in the proof of their versatility, and their faculty to make tributary to a wide and pressing commercial need the best found suitable to their purpose, in every country that has come in contact with their influence, not simply reproducing designs, but with peculiar skill adapting them, with suitable modifications, to new conditions and environment.

In consequence of this fact, we must, therefore, expect to find the marks of the national life of the Phœnicians most pronounced in what were, during their time, new localities, and in places where the circumscribing and limiting influence of a large civilization (which is usually conservative) is absent; and in consequence of this fact, it may be

wise to consider shortly one or two points.

As masons, the Phœnicians were in request by Solomon in the erection of the temple; and as the record of this association will be helpful in the elucidation of this problem, I will refer to it shortly.

It is doubtless well known to all readers of Scripture that a warm friendship existed between Hiram, King of Tyre (by which name Phœnicia at that time went), and David, King of Israel. In 1 Kings, 5th chapter, we read: "And Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his servants unto Solomon; for he had heard that they had anointed him king in the room of his father: for Hiram was ever a lover of David." What the nature of the message sent to the young King of Israel by this old friend of his father's was, we do not know, but it is apparent from what follows, that it was a message that contained much more than mere congratulation, and was probably accompanied by an offer to the son and successor of some tangible evidence of the warmth of his feelings towards the memory of his deceased father, and of his interest in the future of the young king; however that may be, the reply sent by Solomon showed his peculiar fitness for the onerous position that he had been called to fill, and bore on the face of it evidence of so lofty an affection for his deceased parent, and so loyal a desire to carry out his last wish, that Hiram not only acceded to the request of Solomon, but in the words of the seventh verse of the chapter "rejoiced greatly and said, blessed be the Lord this day, which hath given unto David a wise son to rule over this great people."

The result of this interesting and affecting exchange of courtesies between the old and the young kings was that Hiram undertook in conjunction with Solomon the erection of the temple at Jerusalem, in fulfillment of David's last wish, and also of the projected palace of Solomon at Lebanon. Hiram, undertaking to fell the necessary timbers for both buildings in the forests of Lebanon, bring them down the rivers on the winter floods, and deliver them in rafts to such ports as Solomon should find to be most desirable, the only stipulation mentioned was that Solomon provide food for the various camps or households of workmen furnished by Hiram. Of the stupendous nature of the operations, which were in this manner inaugurated, we may form some idea from the following quotation from 1 Kings, 5th chapter. "And the Lord gave Solomon wisdom, as he had promised him: and there was peace between Hiram and Solomon; and they two made a league together. And King Solomon raised a levy out of all Israel; and the levy was thirty thousand men. And he sent to Lebanon ten thousand a month by courses; a month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home; and Adoniram was over the levy. And Solomon had threescore and ten thousand that bare burdens, and fourscore thousand hewers in the mountains; Besides the chief of Solomon's officers, which were over the work, three thousand and three hundred, which ruled over the people that wrought in the work.

"And the King commanded and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stonesquarers; so they prepared timber and stone to build the house." That is, there were thirty thousand timber fellers in Lebanon, seventy thousand burthen bearers, eighty thousand hewers, and three thousand three hundred overseers, or in rotation, as explained, a total of one hundred and eighty-three thousand and three hundred Jews; and if an equal number of Phœnicians were added, an army of men amounting to three hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred employed in this joint undertaking, which explains, in conjunction with the geographical situation

of Phœnicia, the necessity for Hiram's request, and the obligation of Solomon, as we find it in the 11th verse: "and Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food for his household, and twenty measures of pure oil; thus gave Solomon to Hiram year by year."

There is one point in this connection which it is necessary to understand in order that we may obtain some light not only on the characteristics of Phœnician architecture and the substructions found in the Pacific, but also on the enormous army of laborers, or as they are called here "burthen bearers," employed on this work.

M. Renan, in his work on "Architecture," says: "The foundation of Phœnician architecture is the carved rock, not the column, as with the Greeks. The wall replaces the curved rock without entirely losing its character. Nothing conducts to the belief that the Phœnicians ever made use of the keyed vault.

"The principle of monolithism, which ruled the Phœnician and Syrian art even after it had adopted much from the Greek, is very contrary to the art of the Hellenes. Grecian architecture starts from the principle of the division of the blocks of stone into small pieces, and avows this principle boldly. Never did the Greeks derive from Pentilecus blocks of a size at all comparable to those of Baalbec and Egypt. They saw no advantage in them; on the contrary, they saw that with masses of this kind, which are to be used entire, the architect had his hands tied; the material, instead of being subordinated to the design of the edifice, runs counter to the design."

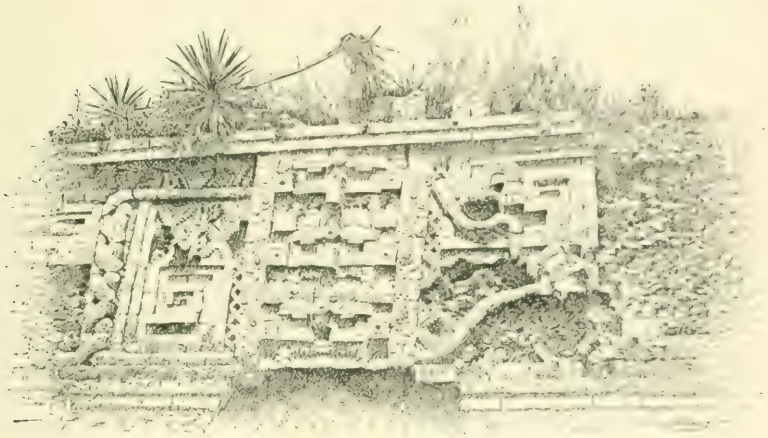


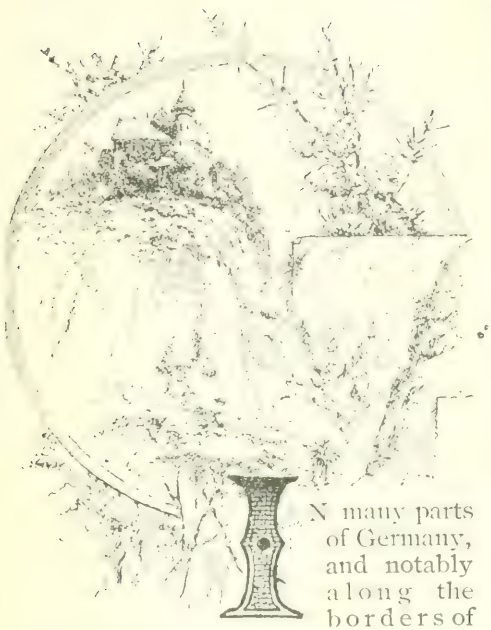
Fig. 11.—Mural Decoration at Uxumal. (After Charnay.)

The Syrian and Phœnician architects and even those of Egypt are at the command of their material. The stone does not submit to the shape which the artist's thoughts would impress upon it; it continues to be with them mere rock, more or less, that is to say, undetermined matter. This is the reason why the Grecian architects never made what we meet with at every step in Phœnicia, at Jerusalem, in Persia, in Syria, in Phrygia—architectural works in the living rock.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE STORY OF ROTHENSTEIN.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.



IN many parts of Germany, and notably along the borders of that great tract of wooded mountains and valleys called the Thuringian Forest, a mountain top without its castle would be an anomaly strange enough to evoke a wondering question. Many of these nests of the old privileged birds of prey, as Heinrich Heine not inaptly calls them, are but dilapidated remnants of their originals, of whose shape they furnish scarcely a clue. Some have kept but a single straight tower, round or square, whose rough and massive masonry looks as if it were to stand for all time. Some show long lines of crumbling walls that still exhibit the outlines of the original structure, while still others are but grass-grown mounds, above which, literally, not one stone has been left standing on another. Not all, however, are in such a ruinous condition, at which they have arrived through special vicissitudes of fate. Some, and these in their beginnings I fancy quite as old as many of their dismantled neighbors, have come down to the present day, not only perfect externally, as pictures of an earlier time, but are still inhabited by the descendants of those who built them.

Such a castle, with its outworks and approaches, its bastions now leveled to make room for terraces, not infrequently crowns the whole summit of a high hill, while lower down, about the sides and feet, straggle the crooked streets of a village of red-tiled, moss-covered houses, often apparently as old as the more pretentious buildings above. The likeness of a hen, with outspread wings, protecting the defenseless chickens at her feet, has often been found in these old castles, with their attendant towns. It may, however, be suspected that in the old days, whose conditions produced the one and whose exigencies the other, the relationship was rather that of the wolf playing shepherd over a flock of sheep, who were glad to fly to him for temporary safety, at least, rather than to be ruthlessly devoured by his brother wolf, who had his vantage-ground elsewhere. However this may be, the figure has long ago lost its force, and both are now primarily but the homogeneous parts of a landscape which would lose a charm, if either were absent. As, no doubt, was the case in more ancient times, the village is, besides, still economically necessary to the other as a base of supplies, and the castle a requisite of the village as a consumer of its overplus; although so far as this last is concerned, both are not uncommonly, in their latter days, in a condition of senility, where little is required but sleep.

Egersdorf and the Rothenstein—which are not, however, their true names, because of the story that follows—are such a village and castle. The village has been named first, but it is in reality neither large nor important. In point of location, the castle so dominates the town that the former is visible far out in the land, while the presence of the other is not suspected, until one is almost in its streets. The highway approaches it through a narrow, deep valley, thickly wooded to the top, on either side. There is only just room at the bottom for the road and a rapid little stream that is first on one side and then on the other, and once in a while a wooden cross tells of the difficulties and dangers of the way. It is a solitary road, and you will only rarely be met by a chance pedestrian, unless it be some old woman toiling along under a heavy bundle of faggots, or, if it is at evening, by a boy who is bringing his tinkling herd down from some distant mountain pasture. Here and there on the slope of the valley can still be seen faint signs of a terrace that shows where the old Roman road ran evenly along, and one can fancy without much effort, for the place lends itself to that, the steady tramp of the legions, as they made their glittering way northward through these forests, to return by-and-by with captives—fierce men, and wild-eyed women, and strange beasts. On the road at the bottom of the valley, the knights of the Rothenstein marched, more than once, with plumes and banners flying, on their way to Palestine, from which they never returned to tell the story of their misadventures. All this the valley has seen, and more, but these have gone by and have been so completely forgotten, that the very knowledge of them has perished from the region. This contact with a storied past, it may be imagined, has nevertheless, though unsuspected, left its effect behind in a dreamy atmosphere that leads to the introspection and a morbidness of imagination that was often noticed in the inhabitants. No region is richer in folk-tales or traditions of the past, and no people are more credulous to believe them.

At the deepest and darkest part of this pass, between the mountains, as you follow the road upward, the valley suddenly widens, and all at once you are out in the daylight, where the village lies basking in the sun, with the castle high above it. So perfect a picture it is on a summer's day, such an embodiment of an Old-World idyl, that at the very first glance one succumbs to its charm, and, afterward, go where you will, you will never forget it.

We came upon Egersdorf, very much as has been described, one morning late in June. We had read, to be sure, the guide-book description of it and its surroundings, and knew that it was there, and that it must be fine, but we were quite unprepared for it as we found it. The only inn was in a crooked street, half-way up the hill, toward the castle; and when we had swung open the narrow window of the room assigned us, and looked out over the moss-grown roofs across into the valley, with the forest-clothed mountains always beyond, we rejoiced as the children of Israel must have done when they arrived in the Promised Land.

As the Rothenstein was the natural center of the whole region, it was, as a matter of course, not only the first, but the frequent objective point of our excursions from the village, from which it was approached either by the broad high road that led up to the drawbridge that still crossed the moat, or by a narrow paved way shut in by walls, and cool and moist even on the hottest and dryest days of summer, that conducted one through mysterious passages to a courtyard at the back. At the time of our visit, the public was freely admitted to most parts of the castle and grounds. We had learned in the village that no members of the family were there; that the Baron had been dead for a

number of years, and that the widow and her two children, a boy of fourteen, the successor to the title and estates, and a girl two years younger, had lived constantly abroad since his death, nor was it known when they would return. The castle was, consequently, unoccupied, except by the Castilian and his wife, two faithful retainers who had grown old in the service of the house into which they had so completely merged that they had no thought or question of a possible disassociation from it. They were a communicative pair when once their confidence, inspired by almost daily visits to the castle and its terraces, had been gained, and they knew the family legends as far back as legends go, and that in places like the Rothenstein is usually very far back, indeed.

This particular castle, like the whole region, as has been said, was notably rich in such legendary matter. Every room and passage and stairway, it appeared, had its story, some of them gruesome ones. Many of these rooms were not regularly shown to chance visitors, and as time went by, we thought we had probably seen them all. It was accordingly, in a mood more idle than inquisitive, that we asked one day how it was, in a castle as large and old as the Rothenstein, there were so few pictures or portraits of the old knights and ladies of the family. The question, as we saw with some surprise, was received in silence. The Castilian, it was noticed, glanced questioningly at his wife, and a look passed between them. It was apparently one of assent, for the old man presently said: "There is a picture gallery that is never opened now."

"Indeed," we said, "and why?"

"The Baron was found there," he replied. "It was nearly ten years ago. He lay there on the floor dead. Old Marie found him."

We saw that he was reluctant to tell the story. "And who is old Marie?" we asked.

"The nurse who attended him as a child."

"Is she still alive?"

"O, yes," he said, "she lives in the village," and he mentioned the street and house.

"Will she tell us the story?"

"You may," he said, seriously, "at least try."

The advisability of showing the room was apparently considered after we had gone, for, on our next visit, the old man, of his own accord, conducted us to a door near the end of the main corridor of the castle, which he unlocked with evident hesitation and an apprehensive glance, as the unused hinges creaked open, at some point in the middle of the floor.

The picture gallery at the Rothenstein is a square and rather low room, an effect that is heightened by the heavy oak wainscoting and the paneled ceiling almost black with age. Its whole effect is gloomy. Originally it had been light enough, as the numerous windows attest, but ivy had been left to grow neglectedly over them, until many of them are now so completely covered that they are invisible from the outside, and admit only points of sunlight through the thick leaves. Coming in from the light of day outside, one's eyes must first accustom themselves to the obscurity, before the details of the room and its belongings can be realized, and even then there is much that is impossible distinctly to see. The Rothenstein pictures are not remarkable, at least, in their present uncertain light, which detracts, also, from the really unique collection of armor and trophies of all sorts with which every available place is filled. There is, however, one picture that it is wrong to include in any general characterization, for it is remarkable at this period, long after the time I last saw it; it seems to me, indeed, one of the most remarkable pictures I have ever seen. It hung, and, doubtless still hangs, in the most prominent part of the room, directly over the great stone fireplace, opposite the door, so that it was not only the first object that met the eye upon

entering, but it was felt afterward so to pervade the whole apartment that all else in it was accessory. At a first glance all that one saw was the face of a man of fifty, that stood out from the canvas even in the gloom, as if it must be living flesh and blood. The eyes shone cold and determined, and the mouth was shut close and hard as if with unalterable purpose. It was a stern, stubborn face, but not a cruel one. It told unmistakably of a person of little human charity; of a will that would suffer no opposition, and a heart that knew no forgiveness. A nearer view showed the full length, life-size figure of a cavalier, of about the time of Charles I, in doublet and hose, with one hand on the hilt of the rapier at his side. Although there is neither sign nor signature visible on the picture to determine it, it looks like a portrait by Velasquez, or by one of his immediate pupils, which it may well be, since the date of its subject and tradition, as we afterwards learned, coincides with the lifetime of that artist. It was an evident relief to the Castilian when we presently signified our readiness to leave; and only after he had safely locked the door behind him, and we were again out in the sunlight, away from its peculiar influence, did he tell us with an ill-concealed reluctance to discuss the subject, and in as few words as possible, that it was the portrait painted from life of the knight of the Rothenstein, who, the histories tell us, fell in the memorable battle of Lutzen, in 1632; and with that he abruptly dismissed the subject, nor would he again recur to it in spite of our manifest curiosity.



"The face of a man of fifty, that stood out of the canvas, even in the gloom, as if it must be living flesh and blood

"Mark my word," I said to B., my companion, "there is more

about the picture than we have yet learned."

What we had seen and heard had only awakened our curiosity to know more of the story of the portrait whose living features haunted us. "No wonder," we said, "that the Castilian dreads to enter the room, for there is something uncanny in the place, and an unmistakably evil influence there that we do not understand." It was then that the earlier remark about old Marie occurred to us. "Her story," we said, "if she can be induced to tell it, will, undoubtedly, throw some light on the matter; for it was in this very room, according to what we have been told, that she found her master dead."



"I saw it with my own eyes, and I am the only one."

Egersdorf is a little place, and we easily found Marie, a woman wrinkled and bent with age and infirmity, who sat all day long propped up in a chair near the window of her cottage, in which she lived alone, except for a village woman, her care-taker, who looked in from time to time to see that she had what few attentions she required. She was fond of visitors, and was garrulous enough about the castle and its family, with whom she had always lived, up to the death of the late Baron; but, although we led the conversation at the first visit, and many successive ones up to the subject we most desired to hear, not a word could she be induced to say in regard to it, and we had almost given it up. We found her, however, one day when we came to make the call that had become a matter of habit, in an altogether unusual state of excitement. There were bright spots on her cheeks and a light in her eyes that we had never before noticed. Something extraordinary we were sure had happened, and we asked solicitously after her condition. Her thoughts, however, to-day, were plainly not of herself, for she paid not the slightest attention to us or our inquiry, and we were on the point of stealthily withdrawing when she straightened herself up in her chair, and said more steadily and clearly than we had ever before heard her speak, "Do you know the story of the Rothenstein? I saw it with my own eyes, and I am the only one."

I cannot give it all in her exact words, for it was broken and interrupted, and took much for granted that we had to elicit by questions, but this is the story she told:

"Hugo von Rothenstein, over two hundred years ago, rebuilt the castle that had always belonged in his family, and left it as it stands to-day, for the buildings themselves have never since been changed, though there are now gardens where there used to be walls and ditches. He lived much in foreign parts, now in this country and now in that, and sometimes years would go by before he returned. Only a part of the castle at that time could be lived in; the rest was old, and had gradually become almost a ruin. One spring, after a long absence, he appeared unexpectedly, and soon after, a great many men were at

work tearing down and replacing the oldest parts and adding new ones. A year after this time, when the south wing had been completed, he brought back a beautiful young Englishwoman as his bride. For a number of years they lived up at the Rothenstein in peace and happiness, while the one son that had been given to them was growing up, and by-and-by he, too, in his turn went away, as his father had done before him, to see the world outside. I do not know just where it was, but in another part of Germany he fell in love with a girl of his own rank, and came back and announced his intention of making her his wife. To his surprise and consternation, the father, who, it seems, had designs for him in a wholly different direction, absolutely refused to countenance it; and not only that, he set himself like flint against it, and forbade him passionately to have anything further to do in the matter.

"The son was, however, made of just as determined stuff as the father, and without more ado, as soon as he could get to her, married the girl out of hand. What he ought not to have done, in hope of forgiveness from one who did not know how to forgive, either in this life or after it;" and the old woman paused with a look on her face as if she, too, had been an actor in this drama two centuries ago. "He not long after brought back his young wife to the Rothenstein. In spite of the prayers and supplications of the mother, who threw herself on her knees before him, old Baron Hugo did not even allow his son to enter the castle, but cursed him outside like a dog, and not only him, but his descendants to the remotest generations. The son never returned again in his father's lifetime. The mother soon after died, it is said, of a broken heart, and the old Baron himself went abroad and finally was killed at Lutzen. A year or so after he was dead, the great picture of him that now hangs at the end of the picture gallery, over the fireplace, was sent from abroad, some say from Spain, where it was painted by one of their greatest artists; but mark my word," she added impressively, "no human artist painted that picture that has blighted the whole house for all these years, and nobody suspected it until I saw it with my own eyes."

Her vehemence had exhausted her, and it was some time before she went on.

"After his father's death, the son came back with his wife and a boy, their only child. The picture gallery at that time had not been completed, as I have heard, and the portrait of old Hugo hung in the long corridor. There, early one morning, they found the knight of the Rothenstein dead, pierced to the heart, they said and still say, by the sword that he even then held tight in his hand."

"It is a gloomy story that follows," old Marie added, wearily. "Old Baron Hugo's grandson finally completed the picture gallery, and the portrait was hung where it is to-day, but where it would not be, if I had my way. The Baron was only a man of forty, as you may still see on the stone in the chapel, when one day he was found dead, and, like his father, evidently by his own sword that lay beside him. This time, however, the deed had been done in the picture gallery. Neither in his own case nor in that of his father was there any apparent reason for such an act. They had both lived peaceful lives, without harassment or care.

"For six generations the story I have told you has been the same. My Hugo's great-grandfather, his grandfather, his father, and finally he himself, have all gone the same way—all have died alone from a sword thrust in the heart. A curse, everybody said, has fallen on the family, that impels them all to take their lives—old Baron Hugo's curse when he drove his son away—but they never thought of the accursed thing that I knew was the real cause of all this misery."

"My Hugo," continued the old woman, "was as fine and frank a lad as the old castle had ever seen. He always had a happy life, but sometimes I could not bear to watch him, for I knew how certain was the fate that hung over him. But he never suspected it, and grew up and went away, and then came back a man, full-grown and handsomer than his father or his grandfather, whom I remember to have seen as a child. And by-and-by he brought a wife to the Rothenstein, and they were very happy together, and two children were born. They are all away now, and have never been back since he died."

day. They were all so happy. The Baroness and the children had surprised him with their gifts, and we had all congratulated him, I first of all. There was no invited company, but it was a holiday at the castle, and the flags were flying, and flowers had been placed everywhere, and there were to be lanterns out under the trees in the evening, that were never lighted. Late in the afternoon," her voice trembled almost to a whisper, "I was going alone along the corridor, past the door of the picture gallery. The long passage itself was empty, but when I was exactly opposite the door, I heard the quick stamp



"The old man coolly wiped his sword, and put it back in the scabbard at his side."

It was a long time before she resumed her story: "Ten years ago this very day was his thirtieth birth-

of a foot, and then the click of steel striking against steel. At first, I could not believe my ears, and I

stopped still and listened. All at once it came to me what it meant. O God! I thought, to-day! to-day! and though I could scarcely move, I trembled so, I threw myself against the door and burst it open. There, in the middle of the room—God! that I should ever have lived to see it!—stood my Hugo, his sword drawn in defense; and opposite him, his cold eye fixed upon him, and his rapier just ready to thrust, was the old Hugo of the picture there in the flesh again. And while I was looking, in an instant the thrust had been given, and my Hugo threw up his arms and fell, and even as he reeled, the old man coolly wiped his sword, and put it back in the scabbard at his side. Only then I shrieked at the horror of the thing, and fell fainting across the threshold where I stood.

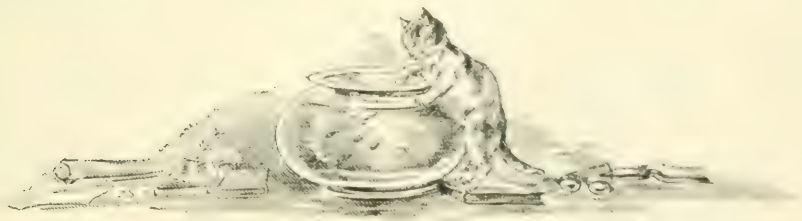
"It was dark when I came to myself again, and sometime before I could realize what had happened, and give the alarm. It was too late. My Hugo was dead. Again, they whispered, the curse has fallen, and the Baron of the Rothenstein has taken his life. They would not listen to my story when I told them how he had fought for his life, where no human arm could prevail, and how foully he had been murdered under my very eyes. But as God is my witness, I saw him fall, and old Hugo von Rothenstein struck the blow!"

This was old Marie's story, and, though we questioned her more minutely, as to some of its points, nothing could cause her to vary its details, or could shake her belief in its truth.

We met the physician of the district once at Marie's cottage, and afterward took occasion to question him about her story, which we found he had heard. He had been called, it appeared, to the castle, as soon as the body of the Baron had been discovered, and it was true that Marie had first come upon it in the picture gallery, where it lay on the floor. There was nothing to show, he said, that he had not committed suicide, and the sword, an old French rapier that had been taken down from among the weapons in the room, lay a short distance from him, where he had flung it as he fell. "There was no blood on the blade," he added, thoughtfully, "as I remarked at the time, but that may be accounted for by purely natural causes, for, like many others in the collection, it had been oiled to keep off the rust."

Marie's story had made a profound impression upon us, and once more we questioned her about its incidents, but she shook her head, and said she should never tell it again. Later in the summer her health failed fast, and one day, on our way to her cottage, our friend, the physician, met us and told us she was dead. "And her story, doctor," we asked, "did you believe it?"

"She certainly believed it," he said, "and who shall say that it may not have been true?"



MILLIONAIRES.*

BY DR. LYMAN ALLEN.

IN beginning the consideration of questions pertaining to the disparity in the material conditions of the people, and the causes of this disparity, we will first observe men of greatest wealth, and the sources from which their vast accumulations have been derived; and perhaps in taking this general survey we may be able to learn some of the causes of poverty, by observing the sources of greatest individual wealth. When too much of the life current flows to the central organs of the body, the extremities become cold, and the patient has a chill. In like manner we may reasonably expect that when a large proportion of wealth—the life current of the nation—flows into the coffers of the few, the many must needs be impoverished by the drain upon the common source of supply. With the nation as with the individual, congestion at one point produces lack of blood at another.

Reliable information regarding the number of millionaires, and especially the amount and sources of individual wealth, are not readily obtainable. A statement of the amount of wealth of any of our great millionaires should be taken as approximate. We have, as a rule, no means of ascertaining with exactness the wealth of rich men in the United States, except after their death. In England, where an income tax is collected from the rich, it becomes the business of the Government to know the wealth of individuals. But we may learn the amount of the wealth of our rich men with sufficient accuracy for our comparisons.

Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, in his *Forum* article, has made an extended enumeration of some of our great millionaires, with an estimate of their individual wealth, which is probably as nearly correct as may be found. The *New York Tribune* has also furnished an extended list of men throughout the country who are reputed to be worth a million or more, but it does not give estimates of individual wealth, except in a few instances, so that its list is not satisfactory in this respect. There is a wide difference between a fortune of a million and one of a hundred millions. A notable fact in regard to millionaires is that the United States has furnished, during the last thirty years, a field for the accumulation of large fortunes vastly beyond that of any other nation or of any other period in history. Indeed, in that time individual fortunes have been amassed in the United States upon such a stupendous scale as to very far surpass any acquisition of wealth before known among men.

England is the great commercial and financial center of the business world, yet England, with her landed nobility who own vast estates, her great bankers, manufacturers and merchants, does not furnish millionaires to compare with those of our country. The noted bankers of England and France, whose names are familiar to American readers, do not nearly approach in the magnitude of their fortunes the colossal wealth of several rich Americans.

During these three decades, while wealth has greatly increased in the hands of the few, as a rule, the values of the farmers' lands, except in the newer States and in proximity to cities, have depreciated, and the proportion of farm mortgages and of tenant farmers has largely increased. This would seem to indicate that the

* This article is an abridgement of the first chapter of a volume by the author entitled "Political Problems," and soon to be published by the Californian Publishing Company.

causes which have made a few rich have made many poor. And not this alone, but the fact that along with this rapid accumulation of great fortunes we have an increase in the proportion of people who lack for the comforts of life, who are forced to the most exacting toil to maintain a bare existence or are unable to find sufficient employment to provide for a decent living; that with our illimitable sources and facilities for producing almost everything required for the comfort of mankind there should be so many who do not secure a fair share of the wealth produced—these facts are arresting the attention of the American people, and have incited the present upheaval in our political life.

With such notable and unquestionable facts, showing the existence of conditions which have produced and are still producing this wide inequality in the distribution of wealth, we may well consider what are the causes and what shall be the remedies for these evils.

In our search for millionaires we will first look among the farming classes, as they constitute the largest number of workers, and are the principal producers of wealth. Do we find them? Is there a considerable proportion of farmers who have become millionaires? No. There is not. We might search diligently and would find but few instances of men who have made a million in any ordinary farming enterprise. Men have made millions by securing large tracts of cheap lands, especially of Government lands, by fraudulent entries or by collusion of dishonest Government agents and holding for advanced values; by herding large flocks of cattle or sheep upon the public domain; and in some western States by growing grain upon an extended scale. Many farmers become "well-to-do;" they acquire thousands, but not millions.

Who, then, are the millionaires, and how did they make their money?

They are men who manage the railway and telegraph lines and express companies; men who control the production and distribution of coal, and oil, lumber and refined sugar; those engaged in manufactures of iron, steel, glass, cordage; those engaged in mining silver, gold, copper and lead; bankers, brokers, speculators; those who have been made rich by rise of real estate in cities; men who are in the position to dictate the prices people must pay for their meat and many other articles of prime necessity; these and others who have to a large extent a monopoly of the business in which they are engaged, and are enabled to exact exorbitant charges for the services rendered the people.

By far the larger number of great American millionaires, and especially those whose fortunes have been acquired during the last three decades, are men who have made their money mainly in constructing, capitalizing, managing and consolidating railway lines. Perhaps one-half of the total acquisition of the notably great fortunes in that time have been made in that way. These are the men whose absorption of a large proportion of the profits of labor has been a chief cause for close times among so many people.

It is probable that a list of fifty individuals, including estates, could be made, whose combined wealth would aggregate $1,500,000,000 mainly amassed in railroad affairs. This list would include Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Leland Stanford, John I. Blair, Colis P. Huntington, G. B. Roberts, F. W. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Calvin S. Brice, Charles M. McGhee, Chauncey M. Depew, Chester W. Chapin, John H. Inman, Samuel Sloan, Samuel Thomas, Timothy Hopkins, Frederick L. Ames, James I. Hill, Erastus Corning, Austin Corbin and J. Rogers Maxwell, and the estates of Charles Crocker, Thomas A. Scott, J. W. Garrett, Moses Taylor, Mark Hopkins, Nathaniel Thayer, E. F. Drake,

William L. Scott, William Thaw, Horace F. Clark and Sidney Dillon.

Also smaller fortunes have been made by a much larger number of men in a similar way, and by men who were also engaged in banking, mining or other business, and a considerable part of whose wealth was acquired in railway investments. No very definite estimate can be made of the aggregate wealth possessed by these lesser railway millionaires, but we may fairly assume that, taking altogether the men who have made large fortunes in railway affairs, their total wealth acquired by this means amounts to at least one-half as much as the present total value of all the railways of the country—about $2,500,000,000 or $3,000,000,000.

But, be this as it may, the indisputable fact remains, that much the largest number of our great millionaires are railway men, and this fact is a significant one for the American people. It shows that the question of cheaper transportation is the greatest economic problem before the American people. It means that a large amount of wealth has been taken from its legitimate channels by men who have been managers of what should be national highways, by exacting extortionate tolls upon the traffic over these highways and thus taxing the industries of the whole country, and is now piled up in these colossal fortunes. It does not stand for legitimate earnings, savings or profits.

For the farmer this wealth has stood for low prices of wheat and cattle and corn, and for high prices of coal and tools and lumber. It stands for mortgages on many farms. For the mechanic, laborer and tradesman it has added to the cost of his food, his tools and his home, and has deprived him of many comforts and luxuries which he should have had, in order to swell the vast fortunes of these railway millionaires.

The average earnings of able-bodied mechanics, farmers and laborers in the United States, those who are fortunate and have work, is less than $500 a year. The average savings of such men who are ordinarily thrifty is less than $100 a year. Mr. Jay Gould has amassed a fortune of about $100,000,000, in the past thirty years, by managing and manipulating railway properties. This fortune represents an amount equal to the total earnings of 200,000 busy men for one year; it represents an amount equal to the total savings of 1,000,000 busy and thrifty men for one year. As the majority of men do not earn or save so much, and as many do not have steady or profitable employment, such a fortune is a greater sum than the total savings of 100,000 ordinary men in a lifetime.

If Ferdinand and Isabella had decreed that Christopher Columbus and his heirs after him should receive a perpetual pension of $250,000 annually from the Spanish Government as a reward for his great service in the discovery of a new world, and the amount had been regularly paid from 1492 to this date, the total payments would have amounted to a sum no greater than the present wealth of a Gould, Vanderbilt or Stanford.

As we investigate the problem of our railway management, we shall find that there are many ways in connection with it by which the few are enriched and the many impoverished. As indicated by the proportion of our great millionaires who are railway men, we will find that the present methods of railway management in our country are one of the chief causes for the disparity in the conditions of the people, and one which we have not as yet begun materially to remedy. The railway problem is an important one, and one which urgently demands the attention of the people. The subject is treated at length in several chapters of this work.

John Jacob Astor, William Waldorf Astor and Mrs. William Astor are supposed to be the three wealthiest persons of one family in the world, with possessions valued at about

$100,000,000 each. John Jacob Astor, founder of the Astor estate, made a great fortune for his time, by merchandising and in the fur trade, and this fortune, invested in New York real estate in early times, has grown to be the largest estate held in one family, unless it be that of the Vanderbilts.

Commodore Vanderbilt got his start in life in the steamboat business, but he early embarked in railway management and made the bulk of his fortune in that line of business. He was the first of the great railway managers, and was a notable financier. Although the Astor estate had grown to many millions before Vanderbilt was fairly started on the road to wealth, yet the Vanderbilt estate, now owned principally by three sons, amounts to nearly or quite as much as the wealth of the Astors.

The most notable group of millionaires next to the railway managers is composed of the Standard Oil men. Mr. John D. Rockefeller stands with J. J. Astor, William Waldorf Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Leland Stanford, having wealth in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. John D. Rockefeller, Wm. Rockefeller, H. M. Flagler, O. H. Payne, John H. Flagler, Oliver B. Jennings and others, including the estate of Charles Pratt, representing the Standard Oil Trust, have a combined wealth of about $300,000,000.

There is a considerable number of millionaires who have made their fortunes mainly in banking and in merchandising, but there is no instance of a fortune having been made in either of these lines which amounts to even one-half as much as those of the great railway kings, unless we except the Astor estate, and this was not, for it was built up mainly by the rise in value of New York real estate. Neither bankers, merchants, nor men engaged in any other ordinary calling, where there is no special opportunity for controlling an entire line of trade, have furnished any very marked examples of great millionaires. The most prominent of these are A. T. Stewart, H. B. Claflin, John V. Farwell and Marshall Field among merchants, and F. A. Drexel, A. J. Drexel, J. S. Morgan, J. P. Morgan, and the Seligmans among bankers. But neither of these amassed a fortune amounting to but little more than one-fourth as much as those of the great railway magnates, although requiring a longer period of time in acquisition.

The Oil Trust, the Dressed Beef Trust, the Sugar Trust, some protected manufacturing and mining industries and other combinations of capital aside from the railway, telegraph and express lines have often exercised great power in obtaining legislation in their interests. Great wealth in the hands of a few men represents a great and very dangerous power over productive, financial and commercial interests, over legislation and over the conduct of government.

It is this vast power which capitalists and combinations of capitalists have, not only over almost every material interest throughout the land, but over large bodies of mechanics and laborers, over whole communities of men and women in manufacturing and mining districts, that has brought the burning question of the "irrepressible conflict" between capital and labor to a point where it is imperative that the State and national governments shall come in and decide by legislation and by arbitration all differences between such large contending interests. These large fortunes and this vast power in the hands of a few men have been built up, have been made possible, through and by the direct aid of the government and of the whole people: by franchises, subsidies, bounties, privileges, loans and credits; by high tariffs and by the protecting hand of a strong government.

That which the government creates it should control. We should not construct engines that we cannot man-

age when built. We should not help men to build great highways by granting franchises, special privileges and bounties, and when built submit to a direct tax from the men we have aided, by allowing them to "charge what the traffic will bear." If we subsidize favored industries by aid of high protective tariffs which act as a direct tax upon all consumers of the products of such industries, we should at least see that the laborers engaged in them, those who make the wares, should have a fair proportion of the profits. Not only the *industry*, but the laborer engaged in it should be protected. It should not be left entirely to capital to say what reward labor shall receive.

Our country should no longer be disgraced and the well-being of the laboring masses jeopardized by strikes and lockouts; by riot, murder and wholesale destruction of property; by the exactions of powerful corporations on the one hand, or the clamors of noisy and unreasonable leaders among employes on the other. It is high time that instead of all this we should have a reign of reason, law and order, and that the questions of rights and compensations between employer and employed shall be decided and enforced by competent authority.

The ultimate solution of this labor question, so far as regards the differences between great corporations and their armies of employes, will not, however, be found along lines so far suggested. In the case of the transportation problem the results of legislation and commissions have been found to be only palliative, and the solution of the question is to be found only in the line advocated in the several chapters on that question in "Political Problems." So in regard to this labor problem, the results of legislation and commissions will be found to be but palliative, and the final solution of the question must come along the same line as will the final remedy for the burdens resulting from our present system of corporate management of the railways. But, as a present remedy, government arbitration should be resorted to wherever the differences between the conflicting interests cannot be otherwise amicably settled.

We have also the political plutocrats—men who have amassed wealth by managing politics; by getting fat places and holding them for all the money that could be made out of them; by levying tribute upon the people; by jobbery and plunder. Of such is the political "boss," and some of these have been able to place themselves in the United States Senate.

Most of the men who have made great fortunes in the past thirty years have been enabled to do so by direct aid of the people; by grants of land; by credits, subsidies, loans; by franchises and special privileges and immunities; by laws which favored monopolies; and by combinations of capital and power which acted to destroy competition and afford clear fields for the operations of great trusts. The railways have been, to a large extent, built by subsidies and favors from the people. The Standard Oil men got special rebates on freight charges from the railways, which alone would have enabled them to kill all competition. And so by subsidy, special privilege, jobbery and combine are many millionaires made.

It is not a crime to be rich. A man may be a millionaire and not be a villain. It does not always follow that a man has swindled the people in accumulating a million, but it does follow that he has obtained wealth which he has, as a rule, not earned, and is not justly entitled to. And it follows that the people are not wise in offering premiums to the millionaire industry, in voluntarily paying tribute to it, in furnishing special inducements for its growth. It is among the industries which we do not need to "nurse." It is not on the "infant" list.

The problem of how to favor the millions, and how not to favor the

millionaires, is coming to be an important question with the American people, and will, in the process of time, be considered by American statesmen. There are many questions which bear upon this problem and become a part of it, and a large part of this work is devoted to a consideration of some of these questions. We can plainly show how we have been as a people, systematically, blindly going on laboring to enrich the few and impoverish the many, and how we may and should cease to do evil in these ways, and learn to do well by lightening the burdens, smoothing the rugged pathway and adding to the comfort and the store of the toiling, care-oppressed millions.

A remedy for the perpetuation of millionaire estates by the transmission of wealth from parent to child may be found in a graduated tax upon legacies, making a heavy tax on the estates of millionaires. This subject is treated in the chapters on taxation.

HIGH TIDE.

BY AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

The rounded moon, sole mistress of the tides,
 Fathoms the fog that strove to hide her face,
And, trailing riven vapors, slowly glides
 Across the blue unbounded fields of space;
Now, as she casts aside her radiant veil,
 Shamed by the naked splendor of her state,
The stars grow wan, the planets shrink and pale,
 And, where the waters seemed to sleep but late,
White-crested waves—each one her votary—
Fling wreathes of foam in mad idolatry,
Or sink to sudden silence as they lie
Rapt in a swoon of utmost ecstasy.

The sleeping earth, transfigured by her gleams,
 Smiles in a dream. The silent mountains, though
Austere by day, grow warm now in her beams,
 As if a heart throbbed 'neath their shroud of snow.
Higher she sails; and showers of silver light
 Bathe all the world! The billows leap and break
And fret the quiet of the hallowed night,
 Spending her strength for her great beauty's sake.
All ugliness is banished by her power—
Earth's boundaries have vanished. 'Tis the hour
When Thought can seek exalted solitudes
Where Peace, the hidden soul of Beauty, broods!

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY FRANCIS PEYTON.

THE first snowstorm of the New England winter had come and gone. The old landmarks had struggled bravely, but had gradually disappeared from sight. The firs were bowed with their load of white, and the barren branches of the poplars changed into huge pompons, grim and ghostly. Where meadows and pastures had been, the snow stretched away as white as ermine, gleaming in the moonlight, completely covering the fences, reaching up to the distant hills, and even capping the summits most exposed to the blasts with a deep blanket of snow.

Not a night to be abroad, yet up the hill toiled a sleigh, its bells jangling merrily on the frosty air, bearing a stranger, who, after many years, had come back to spend a New Hampshire Thanksgiving at the old home. How eagerly he plied the old driver with questions regarding the friends of other days! How he scanned the familiar landscape! Not even the mask of snow could deceive him. Yonder was the pasture into which he had often led the sheep to salt. Beyond were the same old chestnut trees, God bless them! every one a friend, and he wondered if his name, cut on a sturdy limb twenty years ago, was still there. Down the hill was the pond he had dammed, year after year, to insure skating; and beyond, the apple orchard, and the old square red house, back from the road. Emotion fairly overcame him, and his eyes filled with tears of joy as the lights of the old home gleamed brightly through the small window panes, and a moment later burst gladly out through the open door, as the inmates, who had been listening for the sleigh-bells, came out with a mighty shout to welcome the son who had come home again. How he was handed from one to another; buffeted this way and that by loving hands; introduced to new cousins, who were shy; clasped in stout embrace by old boyhood friends, who had staid by their farms; and finally, flushed and filled with joy, deposited in the big chair, before the roaring fire with the old mother by his side, and the rest all about him. How dear it all was! In the great world from which he came, everything was changing from day to day; but here was the same old home. The very fire seemed to crackle a welcome, and the great brass andirons gleamed a recognition. The tall clock in the corner, with the impossible moon and the short-legged crane flying in a red sea, had the exact tick it had ten years ago. Even the rag carpets were in their place; how well he remembered the pattern! The small secretary, behind whose green baize curtains was the old library, was in its place, not a crack or scratch on the mahogany; and he knew that the big leather-covered Bible, the bell, "Fox's Martyrs" and the "Friends' Review" were on the shelf, just as when he left. There was no change here; a few more wrinkles in the dear old face, a few more gray hairs—that was all.

Later came the trip around the house, every portion of which had to be inspected, from the parlor with its horsehair furniture, which was rarely used except on ceremonial occasions, to his old bedroom with the very bed in which he had slept in feathers, three feet deep by actual measurement. Out into the great kitchen they went, into the dairy, where many a time he had skimmed the milk with the big clam shell, and laughingly did it now, just to see how it seemed. Then up into

the attic they trooped—what a chamber of wonders this had always been! The seasoned wood gave out a rich, pungent odor; he would have known it anywhere. There were the nails in the big beams he had driven, as a boy, and where his winter coat and scarf were hung. The floor was strewn with oil and hickory nuts, that fairly cracked their sides in the general merriment. In the corner was the spinning-wheel which the grandmother to come on the morrow had used, and near it stood his own cradle, still as good as old mahogany could be. Overhead hung chains of dried apples in remarkable tints of terra cotta; yards of onions depended in fantastic festoons, while here and there, upon hooks and nails, were ancient articles of wear: an old coat worn by a great-grandfather, in the Revolution, in whose ample folds he had often masqueraded as a boy; a sword and belt used by a later generation in the civil war, ancient dresses—bewildering watered silks, taken out for the occasion, about which hung faint odors of mignonette. Here a trunk bound in iron clamps, covered with cowhide, piled and packed with letters and old books, treasures of past generations—how the memories floated out with the indescribable odor, as he raised the lid! Then came the supper bell, and they trooped down into the old dining-room, and ate from the same blue dishes that graced the china closet in his youth.

Later they gathered around the great log fire, that seemed to blaze a welcome. The wind arose, as the night grew apace, caught the fluffy snow and whisked it around the house with a gleeful sound. Now they heard it down in the chestnut grove, roaring on, growing louder and louder until it reached the house, shrieking beneath the eaves, rushing down the chimney, buffeting the sparks this way and that, creeping beneath the very doors, driving in the snow in grotesque figurings on the floor, then away in a wild chase after snowy wraiths, over the fields, to lose itself among the distant hills. How the fire blazed and sparkled, while the little panes of glass in the windows gradually became covered with castles, minarets and towers of frost, to the delight of the little ones!

Now came the corn poppers, and red, burnished ears of corn were like magic changed into fluffy balls of white. What a cracking of hickory nuts on upturned flatirons! How the candy turned from brown to gold in vigorous hands until the laughter and the popping fairly drowned the noise of the gale that roared about the house! What stories were told of strange things in far-off lands, of wonders never dreamt of before; and then a real ghost story that made even the old folks draw nearer the fire and start nervously as the wind came screaming, blustering under the eaves to die away in a plaintive moan. Then the bedtime. How they laughed as the young folks disappeared in the wealth of feathers, in the old four posters to sleep, where their eyes first opened to the day!

Thanksgiving morning in New England, the greatest day of the year. The snow plough was early at work with all the young folks aboard, the four yokes of oxen steaming in their endeavors to break the drift, moving slowly on amid joyous shouts and laughter. As the sun rose higher, the old skating pond was visited; the snow was swept by a score of brooms in eager hands, and soon curious skates with rounded points tipped with brass acorns, which had been hanging for years in the old attic, were bearing them about the pond, and the delights of youth renewed. Then came the inspection of the great red barn, bursting with hay, a hunt into the loft, a well-paid search for eggs, a visit to the livestock, and finally, the old sleigh was dragged out, and the event of the day begun.

The houses in the village are an eighth of a mile apart, every occupant is a cousin, and the horses are rounded

up at each until the old sleigh fairly groans with the burden. Who shall describe the New England Thanksgiving dinner? The steaming turkey, the countless kinds of pie—apple, custard, mince, cranberry, lemon and Washington; the fragrant apple sauce, the biscuit, cookies, brown bread and beans; the young porker as natural as life, with a lemon in his mouth; the foaming cider, very hard, from the fourth barrel on the right in the cellar for the old folks, and very mild from barrel number one, for the others; the smiles and laughter, the universal good nature, the thankfulness of it all—who shall describe it? It can only be experienced in these old New England homes from which has radiated much of the goodness and godliness that has made American homes all over the land what they are, what they ever will be.

ANOTHER THANKSGIVING.

It was but a few weeks after Thanksgiving in California. Bountiful rains had come in October, instead of lagging on until the mission bells told of Christmas time, as was their custom, and not only man but all nature gave thanks. A year before, a young girl had spent Thanksgiving day among the New Hampshire hills, and had looked out upon the deep snow of an Eastern winter. To-day she stood beneath the blue sky of California, her mind reverting to the events and surroundings of the previous year, in silent wonderment at the contrast. She stood in a field that King Midas might have touched; a blaze of golden yellow stretched away in every direction, a veritable field of the cloth of gold. The color came from the poppies that covered the ground, extending in sinuous trails to the foot of distant mountains, whose summits were white with snow. From a distance the flowers presented a tint of fiery hue, so deep that she was told in days gone by the mariners on the distant ocean recognized the glow, and knew the slopes as the land of fire. At her feet the floral showing was seen to be made up of many kinds. There were violets shyly nodding in the breeze — pale cream cups — of exquisite design, from the gaudy painter's brush, the wild heliotrope that filled the air with fragrance, and many more bewildering to the eye. It was the beginning of winter, and in the old New England home great snow flakes were slowly sailing through the air, the advance guards of the snow storm. Here, also, winter was coming, and this wealth of flowers was the greeting, but how strange a winter —green not white—was its emblem. On either side groves of oranges and lemons stretched away, their boughs supporting green globes that would soon take on the tints of the poppy. Some were in blossom, and the soft wind wafted the odor across the field of flowers, the incense of nature, while the white petals falling changed the earth to a creamy white, the snowflakes of this California winter. From where she stood, silenced by the very wonder of it all, a land literally of milk and honey stretched away; vineyards but recently shorn of their tons of grapes, groves of the olive with its ever-green leaves, the tall eucalyptus, graceful pepper, palms, bananas, and a host of others, as far as the eye could see, covering the land with verdure.

Here were fields of grain, the bursting seeds suggesting the coming crop of wheat and barley that would be ripening, perhaps, at Christmas-time. Not far away a rancher was following the plow, turning up the rich earth at the very time when the Eastern farmer had housed his implements, and was devoting his energies to securing wood with which to fight the long, cold winter; yet winter was here. The flowers were the messengers. The carol of the meadowlark told the story. The mockingbird in the grove echoed it, and a host of songsters, that made joyous every grove and field, were demonstrative

evidence of the presence of this California winter; no need surely to announce this a day of thanksgiving, when all nature sang the anthem, "Who was not glad, who did not give thanks?" Scores of homes among these orange groves bore men and women, husbands, wives and mothers, who had come over the mountains, weary at heart, despairing, leaving some loved one to go to California in search of health, and had found it. Men and women, who had looked death in the face not many years ago in the East, were now more than thankful for the new lease of life the pure air this Californian home had given them.

Here all was joyous and full of life. There was no snow, yet the young girl had but to raise her eyes and see the snow of an Eastern winter on the distant peaks, and the gay load of young people who were riding by waving their flowers, and she knew were going to ascend the range, and leave their garlands in the snow banks. Every one was a-field. The cañons were filled with picnickers—a May-day festival, it might have been. Then came the dinner at the old Spanish ranch. How strange it was! The grim, whitewashed adobe, the red-tiled roofs, the horses with their curious saddles, bearing the guests of the day; then the dinner, the tomales so mysterious, delicious fryoles, red peppers biting, and many more; then the fruit, the grapes of kinds bewildering; then the games, during which the young men performed various feats of horsemanship; the javelin was thrown with consummate skill. Others rode at the rings, picked coins from the ground, rode their fiery mustangs at a dead wall, stopping just in time, and giving many more trials of skill and endurance. As night came on, the notes of the guitar floated in, as "La Paloma" was played in the ramada, and soon the measures of the Spanish dance were being stepped, and golden showers from the cascarones of the gallants glistened as they fell. Here the old tales were told as the night grew apace—stories of Father Junipero, Micheltorena and Alvarado, and more. The wind, too, sighed beneath the tiled eaves, as it had a year ago in New England, but the sound was the rustle of banana leaves, and the shadow on the window-pane was a rose, hanging from the adobe wall.

NIGHT.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

Night in her sable mantle cloaks the world,
And folds it closely to her loving breast:
The gaily-tinted sunset flag is furled;
Its last faint hue has died from out the west.
Stilled is the tumult of the noisy day,
And labor's ever fretful voice is dumb:
Anxieties grow dim and fade away,
And God seems nearer now that Night is come.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

No. III.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

MR. BLAINE was early slated for the first place in the Cabinet. His selection was not publicly announced, but it was generally understood that it had been made for a considerable time before inauguration day. This fact greatly increased the difficulties which surrounded General Garfield in making a Cabinet. Not that Mr. Blaine was not personally a fit man for the position; on the contrary his eminent ability was conceded on all hands. He had twice made campaigns to be nominated for the presidency and had failed. It could not have been otherwise than that he had incurred obligations and had created enmities. He is a man of an aggressive spirit as well as of great ability. Such a man moves directly to the point sought to be reached, and is inclined quite as much to override as to conciliate. Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay were marked instances of men who possessed these characteristics; and while such men have earnest and active friends, they have as earnest and active opponents. John Quincy Adams and Mr. Lincoln furnished the only precedents of appointing rival presidential candidates to the Cabinet; but it was done by the latter when the country was in the greatest peril, and when men were coerced by public sentiment to be self-abnegating. And yet Mr. Lincoln's administration was not a little disturbed by the machinations of some of his Cabinet. Mr. Blaine's philippic against Mr. Conkling, in the House of Representatives, had made the latter an irreconcilable foe, and he was a man of great influence and power. Mr. Conkling was hardly reconciled to the position in which defeat in the Chicago Convention placed him; and when he became satisfied that his enemy was to head the Cabinet, he felt that he had been subjected to an unendurable humiliation. If Mr. Lowell, who had no factional or personal antagonisms, had been recalled from the Court of St. James and placed in the State Department, and General Grant had been appointed to succeed him, there would have been little trouble in making a Cabinet; there would have been no factional quarrels with the dire result that followed. Mr. Conkling could not have antagonized an administration that thus honored General Grant, and Mr. Lowell would have brought no controversies with him. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling would have remained in the Senate to fight out their personal battles, if they felt so disposed, and the administration would have been free from the pressure of extraneous obligations and enmities. I felt at the time that Mr. Blaine's selection for the first or any place in the Cabinet was a mistake, and I do not say this from any feeling of hostility to Mr. Blaine; on the contrary I admire and most highly regard him. During the entire term of his speakership I was a member of the House of Representatives and was the recipient of many favors from him; and in the Chicago Convention of 1880 I voted for him thirty-four times, and only abandoned him on the thirty-fifth and last ballot when I voted for Garfield.

No man has ever lived who had a more generous and grateful nature than General Garfield, especially one who for so long a time had been in public life. He and Blaine entered Congress at the same time, and served

together continuously till the latter entered the Senate. They were friends, and Garfield actively supported Blaine for speaker, to which place he was chosen at the beginning of the forty-first Congress. After my election to that Congress, Garfield wrote and requested me to favor Mr. Blaine. He was appointed to the chairmanship of Appropriations of the forty-second Congress, to succeed Mr. Dawes, who had been made chairman of Ways and Means.

At the beginning of the forty-third Congress an effort was made to induce Speaker Blaine to place Mr. Wheeler, of New York, at the head of Appropriations, and put Garfield back to the chairmanship of Banking and Currency. He regarded the movement with some anxiety, for the pressure was supposed to be considerable. It did not, however, have any effect upon the Speaker, and when the committees were announced Garfield said to me: "Blaine has withstood the pressure and has shown that he is faithful to his friends." Garfield was a splendid mathematician, but a poor politician. He applied mathematics to the question of Blaine's appointment to the State Department. He said: "Blaine in the Chicago Convention had the delegates from nearly two-thirds of the reliable Republican Congressional districts;" and from this fact he argued that he was the choice, as between him and all the other candidates originally before that convention, of a majority of the Republican voters. The idea that it is as essential to successful administration to avoid, by reasonable action, arousing the antagonism of a considerable minority of a party, as it is to give reasonable satisfaction to the majority, seemed to have had no weight with him, if indeed it occurred to him at all. The friends of Blaine would have been satisfied with the selection of any fair men, except those who were controlled solely by considerations of patronage. It was feared by the Stalwarts that Blaine's influence would be actively exerted to their disadvantage, if not from his own disposition, through the pressure of those who had exerted themselves to secure his nomination to the presidency. The break from the New York delegation had been effected through the influence of Blaine and in his interest. The censorious and severe spirit of Conkling could have no other effect than to embitter the New York factions towards each other. The new President had hardly taken his seat before the contest opened in Washington. Mr. James was easily forced to an acknowledgment of his adhesion to the fortunes of Conkling and the Stalwarts. He did not possess the strength to resist the forceful will and great intellect of Conkling. The Stalwarts did their utmost to make James a power in the Cabinet, in their interest, but he had not the qualities that would make him effectively serviceable where ability and stamina are both called into requisition. Mr. Blaine was watchful for the interests of his New York friends. It was but natural that he should have acted thus, for they had placed him under obligations by their previous adherence to his fortunes. It was a New York conflict with more or less ramification throughout the country.

The President had become impressed with the idea that Conkling intended to make war under any circumstances. That he had a following of no mean magnitude was very apparent. There are always disappointments when there are more applicants than offices, and there are also some who carry their disappointments so far as to become refractory. Such was the case at this time, and the followers of Mr. Conkling received large reinforcements from that class. The scramble for place was tremendous; seemingly it was beyond all precedent. The election of Garfield, it was believed, assured an abandonment of the hybrid policy of Hayes, and a return to Republicanism; hence

it was almost like an administration of one party being succeeded by that of another. There is no doubt that Garfield was under obligations to the supporters of Blaine for his nomination, but the Grant men had given him their best efforts at the polls. The question was how to get along with New York. Neither faction was backward in demands. In numbers, in that State, the Stalwarts were vastly in the majority, and had done their full share in carrying the election. Stalwarts were given a member of the Cabinet; the French Mission; the Second Assistant Postmaster-General; the postoffices in New York and Albany; the Marshals in the northern and southern districts; the attorneys in the eastern and southern districts, and the Collector of Customs at Buffalo. Mr. Conkling was not satisfied, and claimed that he had not recommended them. Just what he wanted, it was difficult to determine, unless it was to have said to him that he could control the whole patronage of New York. He manifested his disposition, however, to antagonize and thwart the "Half-breeds," and in turn some of them were quite willing to do what would especially exasperate Mr. Conkling. The liberality displayed towards the Stalwarts was chiefly to do what was just towards them, and incidentally to gain Stalwart support in case Conkling should become openly hostile.

The Senate on the 25th of March entered into a deadlock, both parties having an equal number of Senators, and it continued till the 1st of May. The nomination of Mr. Robertson to the collectorship of customs at New York, which was sent to the Senate on the day the deadlock was entered upon, embittered Mr. Conkling and his followers beyond measure. This nomination was precipitately made and under tremendous pressure. The numerous appointments given the Stalwarts excited their opponents in New York and in other States. Protests against turning that State over to Conkling came from many sources, and statements to the effect that the course pursued would disintegrate the party and ruin the administration were made by many of the sincerest friends of the President. Information had been given him which led him to believe that Senator Platt was under obligation to support the confirmation of Robertson, and that this obligation was assumed at the time of his election to the Senate. The contest waxed warmer, as time progressed, and all unconfirmed New York nominations were withdrawn except Robertson's. Conkling and Platt resigned, and sought re-election from the New York Legislature which was in session. They were defeated, and supporters of the administration were chosen.

Near the end of Mr. Hayes' administration frauds had been discovered in the "star route" mail service. President Garfield at once ordered the investigation of the voluminous charges that had been made, and agents were put vigorously at work investigating them. This soon became known and "star routers" joined in the attacks upon the President and Blaine. The talk on the streets and in the hotels of Washington was denunciatory in the extreme, and some of the newspapers were bitter. The Washington *Republican* belched forth abuse day after day. The half-crazed Guiteau, who was a disappointed applicant for a consulship, was cognizant of the feeling thus manifested, and evidently conceived the idea that the assassination of Garfield would be popular, and that if he should be instrumental in making Arthur President, he would not only receive immunity, but would be honored.

During his short and unhappy term, Garfield had to deal wholly with the distribution of patronage. It was not only uncongenial to him, but it was a work for which he was unfitted, from the absence of experience and the want of taste. His kindly nature and his

disposition to oblige, and make others happy, often made him appear wanting in firmness, and were almost weaknesses. He possessed great personal courage, and when principle was involved he was as stubborn and energetic in combat as was ever a Roundhead or Puritan. Yet in other matters he could be pushed by appeal or pressure of friends to do what was not wisest. While the campaign was progressing he was full of interest as to the issues involved, but after the election was over, and he was forced to give his mind to the arrangement of appointments, he lost buoyancy, and seemed like one fed on innutritious food. There was no session of Congress except the customary executive session of the Senate, and hence he had no opportunity to make known the policies he favored upon the public questions of the day, beyond such generalities as appear in his inaugural address. He had enlarged and well-defined views, for he had been an active participant in Congressional debates for eighteen years, and had profoundly studied commercial, financial and economic questions. He possessed the largest information. He was for readjustment and reform of the tariff laws to the extent of removing excrescences, crudities, and incongruities, adapting them to present conditions, and reducing duties so that no more revenue should be collected than was necessary to supply the legitimate needs of a vigorous administration ; and so adjusting them as to protect labor and stimulate all practicable industries. He was for building up our export trade through encouragement to our merchant marine, believing that no nation can successfully engage in competitive traffic without adequate means of transportation. He looked upon the Southern countries on this continent as the most promising fields in which to develop our export trade, and he partially elaborated a plan of reciprocity with those countries. Before and after inauguration he employed every moment that could be snatched from consideration of the distasteful subject of patronage in the study of the policies he would recommend to Congress and the country. He was ambitious that his administration should stand high in history, and he did not think that could be achieved by skill in patronage distribution, but only through the enactment of wise laws and an able and honest discharge of administrative duties. If he had lived, his first message to Congress would have disclosed knowledge and wisdom that would have placed it on a level of the best production of any of his predecessors. In this field he would have been a master spirit. The study of great questions was congenial to him, and was the sphere in which his intellectual power was most conspicuous.

In the Convention, before the country in the campaign and during his brief administration, Garfield, Blaine and Conkling were conspicuous names. In fact, for several years, each had been famous, having been prominent in Congress, and recognized as a man of unusual ability. They were nearly the same age, Conkling being the oldest, and Garfield the youngest. They were unlike in capacities and characteristics. All the advantages for early training Garfield created for himself; the others were more fortunately situated. They resembled in qualities the great English trio, consisting of Burke, Fox and Pitt. The nearer we approach the mountain the less lofty it appears ; so it is when we scan the characters of men ; and hence it may seem presumptuous to compare the three men so near us, with the three historical characters of England of nearly a century ago. Garfield was like Burke in learning, in comprehension, and philosophical grandeur of mind. Blaine was a Fox in debate, and Conkling possessed the linguistic power and aristocratic spirit of Pitt. They were all orators. Garfield was analytical, profound and often sublime. As was said of Brougham, "he snatched

a beam from every science to strengthen and embellish his work." Blaine is direct, pungent, electrifying and skillful in parries and thrusts. Conkling was a trained elocutionist, cultured and ornate in phraseology. As a reasoner he did not excel, but in treatment of antagonists he was supercilious and severe. John Randolph of Roanoke, alone in our history, stands as a rival of Blaine in philippic. Garfield made no study of political management; his idea of influencing the people was through argument, and in producing conviction. He did not indulge in *ad captandum*, and was a poor judge of what would move any but the thinking classes. Conkling believed in leadership to which a party should yield unquestioned obedience. He was intolerant to those in his party who differed with him. Blaine is a master in knowledge of human character, and comprehended what will favorably strike the public mind. He is gifted in knowledge of grand political strategy. He controlled to no small extent through the positiveness of his character, and yet he is tolerant and conciliatory. All three were sincere in their convictions. Blaine and Conkling could not work in unison any more than two batteries positively charged can be brought into harmony. Blaine has elements that adapt him to the work of diplomacy, but Conkling was deficient except in imperiousness, which, under some circumstances, may be a useful quality. Blaine had more versatility. As speaker, he had wonderful control over the House of Representatives, through his knowledge of parliamentary law, and his power to attach men to him. He was accommodating and liberal to opponents, but when necessary he ruled with a strong hand. Blaine draws to himself through his charm of manner, but Conkling repelled through his autocratic bearing. Blaine sparkled with wit and humor, but there was too much asperity in Conkling to indulge in them. Blaine is approachable and companionable, but Conkling was quite the reverse. Both were combatative, when the gauntlet was thrown down. Garfield was unostentatious and genial, though when absorbed in work, at times, he appeared to lack courtesy. He was rarely humorous, except in intercourse with family and friends. He enjoyed a joke and a witticism, but his speeches are remarkably destitute of the humorous. Garfield was a great legislator, and his footprints are numerous upon the statutes enacted during his long service in Congress. Blaine was for years a journalist and possessed the wide range of knowledge gained by the higher order of the class. Conkling was a lawyer of thorough and comprehensive reading, and had considerable practice before he entered politics. Garfield was never in general practice, but had made a study of jurisprudence, and had practiced enough in important cases to have become a forensic debater of reputation. It aided in developing his analytical power, for which his speeches in Congress and on the stump are distinguished. Both Blaine and Garfield were splendid mathematicians. All these were learned, but Garfield was the ripest scholar. He was a natural educator, and spent several years in teaching. All were patriots, but Garfield demonstrated his patriotism in military and civic services. Blaine and Conkling aspired to the presidency, and the former made vigorous and persistent efforts to attain it. The presidency came to Garfield without effort on his part, but he was not without ambition to achieve it.

FOLLOWING THE BLACK-TAILED DEER.

BY DONALD MASON.

"WILL meet you with the dogs at Black cañon at 4.30!" This telegram explained my presence in the San Juan Valley, one Thanksgiving at the stillest time of night, between three and four. I had three miles before me, and my horse, fresh and full of spirit, bounded away, his clean-cut hoofs ringing out upon the night air with a musical and exhilarating sound.

There was no moon, and the sky was filled with stars that fairly elbowed each other in their efforts to be seen. Away to the south, the valley was covered with a veil of silvery fog that had crept in silently from the sea, and above which the white peaks of the ranges rose like grim ghosts. There had been a slight frost, and the road was white and clear before me, while the air was redolent with the fresh odors from the numerous flowery shrubs that lined the road. On the right, rose the lofty peaks of the Sierras; beyond the slope of the valley to the left the rounded summits of the foot-hills. For a mile, not a sound but the pounding of ringing hoofs; a stillness that was oppressive. Then as I neared the opening of the cañon, there came on the still air the musical note of a hound I knew. Then the silvery tone of a horn broke the stillness, and a few moments later I pulled up and received the best of welcomes from my friend and his famous pack of foxhounds—hounds who would rather hunt than eat, which is saying a deal for a dog. The pack was eager and anxious to be off; so we drove up the cañon, then turned up to the hills that constitute a lofty spur, and came to a halt on a narrow cañon that wound away—a green river of verdure up into the range. My companion was an old hunter who knew the great range from the desert to the sea, and to whom the trails of the black-tailed deer were as familiar as the roads of the adjacent valley.

His plan was to send me up the main ridge, or hogback, on my horse, while he took to the cañon with the dogs; in brief, I, as the guest, was to have all the sport, while he, generous soul, did the work. The dogs were eager to be away. Some ran around with nose aloft, scenting the morning air; others renewed old acquaintance with me, while old Jack tested his mandolin-like voice in musical and fitful baying.

Finally we were off, soon plunging into the narrow trail that wound away up the cañon. The trail had evidently not been used for some time. The branches of wild lilac had grown over it and it soon became a case of butting on the part of the horse, and lying flat with head upon his neck. I allowed him to push ahead, trusting to his sagacity. Twice I was completely swept away by a heavy limb of manzanita; and finally, when carried away on a steep grade, I seized the tail of my faithful steed and allowed him to pull me up a slope which might not inaptly have been compared to the roof of a house. Resting, climbing, stopping to cut away branches, we moved on, the horse never failing but once, when the treacherous disintegrating rock gave way and he fell, rolling completely over, while I slipped off and followed to help him up. A terrific climb it was, our only stimulus the occasional bay of a hound that came from the deep cañon below. After a final burst we came out upon a nob clear of brush, a vantage-point of the coyote, 2,000 feet above the sea.

The view well repaid the climb, as

I was high above the valley, looking down upon the sea of cloud that seemed to fill it up from range to range. To the east great pencils of pink were beginning to pierce the sky. The notes of the blue shrike caught the air, and all Nature seemed to feel the coming day. Gradually the eastern sky became lighter, and the blue changed from purple to gray; then a flush of crimson that suffused plain, valley and mountain; and the sun, a globe of fiery light, rose over the mountains. Like a living thing, it brought a change in all Nature. The deep shadows of the cañons slunk away like evil things; floods of light were poured into darksome places, and the great range developed from shadowy indistinctness into stern reality, with its mass of ranges, cañons and peaks.

As I sat on the saddle and took in this transformation-scene, the sharp, quick bay of a hound came like an electric shock. I felt the horse start, and we both knew from the peculiar intonation of the bay that it meant something. The assumption was correct, as following quick and fast came other sounds, the joyous notes of the pack, some high, some low, others deep and musical—all constituting a requiem of sounds calculated to send the blood wildly through the veins, and bring a glow to the cheek. A deer had been started, and the dogs were wild. A babel of sounds told that the scent was hot; up it came rising from the deep gulch into which the sun now poured, and here and there a waving bush far below told of the onward flight.

The proposition now was to discern the deer, by Nature so deftly garbed that it found almost absolute protection in the scrub. Louder came the baying; then a shout from my companion, while here and there the blue shrikes that found a home in the brake could be seen darting out of the scrub, and diving down still deeper into the cañon. Louder grew the music of the dogs; I could distinguish their voices, especially that of old Rex, whose tuneful note was now pitched at a key that told that he was not far behind a black-tailed deer. Fiercer grew the babel of sounds, and suddenly out from the wild lilac, with a gallant burst, came a buck. With a mighty spring he cleared a bowlder, and dashed along a little clearing upon the edge of a precipice. So far away was it, so deep down in the cañon that the buck appeared not larger than a big dog; and none but a chance shot could hit the flying animal, and the chance was mine. The horse was as rigid as the rock upon which he stood, and aiming a little ahead of the fleeting shadow, I fired; and wonder of wonders! down went my game—no, only a stumble. Up again, and with a gallant leap he is away, while I worked my repeating "forty-four-Colt" as it never worked before. Down again, and now the hounds have struck the blood and are filling the narrow cañon with their melody. What a sound it was, rising on the still air, making the blood quicken, and my horse quiver with excitement! Up again; for I must have hit the gaining animal twice. It is away again, to fall, and turn and lower its graceful antlers against old Rex, who plunges on in savage delight; and a moment later, dogs and buck are rolling down through the brush in a final fight to death. Such is one feature of deer hunting in the Southern Sierras.

The dogs take the bottom of the cañon, while the hunter holds to the ridge near the summit, and kills his game at long range, the latter having a fair chance for his life. The black-tailed deer is still common in the mountains, but prefers the close thickets where the grease wood, manzanita and wild lilac grow thickly, from which the game can only be driven out by a faithful pack of hounds; and to sit on the saddle on some exposed spur and watch the chance, and participate in it, is far ahead of the "jack-light" methods employed in the Adi-

rondacks, where the deer has no chance for its life.

In an hour my companion appeared with the buck upon his shoulder. He had packed it down one side of the cañon and up the other, and threw it down, while the dogs dropped with contentment on their faces.

"I saw a singular sight here once," he said, as pipes were lighted. "Beyond here, there is a fall of about forty feet where the water from the upper range comes down, apparently rushing out of a hole in the rock. I had followed a deer down the stream from the north side of the mountains, and was sitting among the brush, just as we are now, when I heard a rush; and the next second, before I could grasp my rifle, the largest buck I ever saw dashed by and directly behind it came a mountain lion. The buck sprang into the stream, and in a moment was at the edge of the fall with high rocks on either side; there was no time to stop; I fancied it hesitated a second; saw its ears drop; then the plucky animal took the leap, sprang over the fifty-foot fall, which meant death on the rocks below; but instead of falling it landed nearly thirty feet away on the almost perpendicular side of the cañon wall, and clung on the roots and vines from which it slowly slipped to the bottom.

"Did I shoot? No indeed; I took off my hat, astonished my dog by giving a cheer, and as the lion stopped, too cowardly to take the leap, I poured bullets enough into it to ensure its skin as a rug in my study today."

The deer hunter in California must be a good climber; must from the very condition of things give the little animal fair play; and when the game is honestly followed there is no better sport in the country.

DREAM OF CALIFORNIA.

BY WM. T. BUMSTEAD.

O South-land, O dream-land, with cycles of green;
O moonlight enchanted by mocking-bird's song;
Cool sea winds, fair mountains, the fruit-lands between;
The pepper trees' shade, and the sunny days long.

Hesperia, Orient, strangely are blended;
Far sea-voices echo the Mission Bells' chimes.
Fond hopes are renewed and lone heart-aches are ended,
Where rose-arbors shelter sweet friends of old times.

O land of my love, in thy heart may I rest;
My hopes are thy bounties, my dreams are of thee;
Thy medleys of fragrance are borne from the west;
In spirit I follow the sun to the sea.

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

SINCE the attractive city of Riverside has been described time and again by those who have lived long within its borders, it may be of interest to know how it impresses those who merely visit it, as did the writer, for the purpose of testing the truth or falsity of the glowing, indeed marvelous tales told of its beauties and productive soil.

Readers of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," as translated, will doubtless recollect this passage :

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose ?

If Goethe were living now, and had traveled, he would answer his own rapturous query and say : "Why, certainly ! that's Riverside, California, U. S. A.," and he would only speak the bare truth ; for, besides lemon and orange, laurel, myrtle and rose, every flower of temperate and semi-tropical climes, whether the lovely violet, the humble mignonette and honeysuckle, the gardenia, myosotis, jasemine, magnolia, verbena, and hosts of other sweet-scented flowers too numerous to mention (which would need a florist's catalogue to properly recapitulate), this industrious, thriving city and district produce every sort of cereal, vines galore, guava, apples, pears, cherries, luscious watermelons, tons of such deciduous fruits as apricots, nectarines and peaches, nuts, walnuts, peanuts, olives and strawberries, for ten months out of the twelve ! For has it not at least three hundred sunny days out of the three hundred and sixty-five ? And though on "Boxing Day," 1891, little icicles did nip the evergreen grivellias and pepper trees that shade its wide avenues and roads, at noon of that day was not the sun shining, and was not the air as balmy and delicious as a midsummer day in June, in England, when all are making hay ?

Up to 1870, this Garden of Eden was a wild waste, a dusty desert of decomposed granite ; and save that the self-same soil is singularly free from stones to a depth of many, many feet, one might think that the poet, John Phillips, had it in his mind when he wrote these lines :

Rough unweildly earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones,
And gravel o'er abounding.

And to say truth, there are stones and big ones, too, in the very center of and round about Riverside ; and they are so big that they are termed foothills or sierritas (little sierras or mountains), and some are named "Rubideau" or "Roubidoux Mountain," and "Pachappa," and some are unnamed, so far as I know, and they are all granite ; while yet another, called by the Indians "Catalmakay," by the Mexicans, *Cerrito Solo*, meaning "little lone mountain," (for fifty years ago California was part of Mexico) and Slover Mountain now, is one solid mass of beautiful marble of varying hues, from white to green and black, and of such uncommon hardness and closeness of grain that ink won't stain it ! But, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "That's another story."

And why was this land so desolate ; and what has operated such a miraculous transformation scene in the last two decades ?

Rain was so scarce that agriculture was said to be impossible ; and the

late landowners had hereabouts large ranches or ranges (the ranch is now synonym for a farm) of many square miles in extent, on which browsed herds of sheep and cattle.

About the beginning of this century, the then owner induced some Mexicans to settle along the Cienegas (or water marshes) at the foot of the Slover Mountain, where the topsy-turvy Santa Ana washes it to keep off the redskins, who used to raid the old don's flocks and herds; and in turn the Mexicans became robbers and worse; for did not they one day kill on their mountain a reputed old miser named Slover, to get his wealth, though they found none? And because of it the mountain is termed "Slover" to this day.

A few of the redskins' descendants are now living at Riverside, within half a mile of the City Hall, under the lea of the Roubidoux Mountain, overlooking a lovely part of the Santa Ana Valley. After much persuasion, and by sundry bribes of "quarters," dimes and nickels, I induced a few of them to come out of their winter huts and be photographed. See the old buck "Umbri," with his little grandson; the asthmatical squaw squatting on her haunches; and "Fred Hall," as the lame man with two sticks, sitting in a chair, calls himself now. They do nothing the livelong day but sleep and feed; and as the land was, so with them is it still around their camp, dusty and desolate.

How have dust and ashes become smiling gardens, fruitful fields, and a prosperous community of many thousands in so short a time? What has worked the miracle? But one word answers it—mud.



The Riverside Water Supply.

Readers of W. Grant Allen's very interesting paper in last December's "Cornhill Magazine," will at once understand me. Says Mr. Allen: "Mud is the most valuable material in the world. It is by mud we live; without it, we should die; mud is filling up the lakes; mud created Egypt, and mud created Lombardy." Likewise, by turning Jurupa (pronounced Huroopa) dust into Riverside mud, (Jurupa was the name of this place till the 14th of December, 1870,)

by scientific irrigation the barren has brought forth abundantly, wonderfully! aye, so wonderfully that I fear to write the exact truth.

Norfolk and Eastern County farmers, Lowland men, so skillful in agriculture, will say, "An acre of ground produce $50.00 (£10) a year net profit? Nonsense; impossible!" But it is not nonsense; it is far below the truth; you must, if you please, multiply it by ten and then you are getting near exactitude.

Yes, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and owners of real estate whose good arable land in England and Scotland will not produce now more than 30s. (or $7.50) an acre to your hard-working tenant, or more than three per cent a year interest by way of income for yourselves, here in this former desert land, the house of the ruthless redskin, migratory Mexican, and the cunning coyote (or wild dog); here a community of men, of whom the pioneers were not farmers or laborers, but doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers and business men, teachers and preachers, not mere striplings, but men advanced in years; here, I say, by turning dust into mud do hundreds now live comfortably,



A Riverside School.

each on a ten or twenty-acre farm or so; and in the main, through the culture of fruit, but mostly of oranges. And all this by irrigation, carefully done and scientifically applied.

I am not going into a dissertation on irrigation and orange growing, but if anyone wishes to settle at Riverside, let him write to the City Clerk there, with one shilling (or twenty-five cents) worth of postage stamps, and ask for the Board of Trade's "Illustrated Pamphlet," of 1888. He will then see how the city and district are gov-

erned by a board of five trustees, a city clerk, a recorder, a city engineer, a marshal and superintendent of streets; that it has gas and electric works and a water company; a tramway company, a fire department, and a military company; about a dozen churches of the various principal denominations, including an English Episcopal Church and rectory; three or four banks, a commodious and not inelegant opera-house; many packing-houses handling citrus and other fruits; cold-storage and ice works, lemon-curing establishments and fruit-canneries; two daily and two weekly newspapers; many drygoods stores (linen drapers' shops), hardware (iron-mongers') shops, bakeries, planing mills, druggists, tobacconists, furniture, tin, plumbing, and jewelry stores; five hotels, five large boarding-houses, several restaurants, job-masters' shops, livery-stables, steam laundries, smiths' and carpenters' shops; doctors, dentists, lawyers, photographers, insurance and other agents; numerous branches of Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Grand Army of the Republic, and kindred orders, all with flourishing lodges of the different degrees; a Young Men's Christian Association in a handsome brick-built home of its own, with some two hundred subscribing members; a Women's Christian Temperance Union; a Woman's Relief Corps—all successful and flourishing to this day.

The aforesaid pamphlet will also give full information respecting the three independent systems of irrigation here that water the country, and the artesian well-water for domestic supply; full information as to the staple industry; respecting the market prices of land, whether cultivated or not, with the best kinds of orchards, orange, lemon trees, and raisin vines for planting. It also contains pictures of apricot and raisin drying; of irrigation in the groves, ranches and gardens; of the sorting and packing of its thousands of boxes of oranges yearly; and it will tell how the city and district from their fruit alone enjoy an annual income of $1,500,000 (£300,000), which is constantly increasing.

The pamphlet will also give sundry views of the irrigating works of many of the comfortable homes of its prosperous people of whom a goodly number are English.

If I were to speak more definitely and give fuller particulars and names, the carping critic would say that I have been paid to "write up" this place, but I haven't; I am giving you my genuine impressions, resulting from a personal visit, and from inquiry, inspection, and view taken on the spot, in January, 1892.

It should be said by way of parenthesis, that unimproved lands with water-rights and guaranteed titles are selling from $250 to $500 (that is, from £50 to £100 an acre) according to location; land in profit brings from $1,000 (£200) to $3,000 (£600) an acre, according to position and the age and bearing of the trees on it.

I believe that English squires and clergymen with sons to start in the world, who desire a healthy, pleasant, useful life, where they can thrive, can only do one thing better than write for further particulars, and that is, take a trip across and see! From Southampton and Liverpool the regular mail steamers to New York do the distance in a week; and from New York several railway systems reach Los Angeles in five or six days. At Los Angeles take a peep. It is a delightful city; to my mind, the brightest spot in the California State. Then go to Colton Station, on the Southern Pacific Railway, and thence by "motor" or steam tram-line to Riverside; or by the Santa Fé Railway to Riverside direct. The distance from Los Angeles to Riverside is about sixty miles. The cost of the journey will be nothing to speak of, when one is desirous of giving a son a fair start in life; besides, if nothing come of it, the scenes on the way there



The Grand Drive of Riverside, Magnolia Avenue.

and back, if a return journey be made, which I take leave to doubt, will alone be well worth the money.

This is not a rough, unkempt neighborhood, quite the reverse. There are a cricket club, a very flourishing tennis club, of at least one hundred members, where the lady members in turn, every Saturday afternoon hold a reception in their pavilion, and offer tea, coffee, cake, ices, etc., to their guests and co-members. There is also a popular dancing set called the "Cotillion Club," governed by a committee of three ladies and three gentlemen, giving some thirteen dances every rainy season, when a string band from Los Angeles discourses bright music, and the ladies appear *décolletes*, and the gentlemen in evening dress, as in London.

Here there are no four seasons, as in the old country, but merely two, the wet and the dry. The wet begins about October and ends in March; but it rains generally at night, and often it does not rain at all for two or three weeks at a time; and the rain here is more like our April showers at home than the downpour of the Tropics. In fact, the rainy season is the nicest time of the year; then wondrous flowers start up everywhere in the most unexpected places; everywhere the dusty halo of the dry season makes way for an enchanting verdure.

There is a gun-club here, and a comfortable whist-club. But the Americans as a nation won't play scientific whist as we understand it. At present, they flatter themselves they know the game, and they are in the lamentable condition described by King Solomon in Proverbs, xxvi, 12.

There is also plenty of sport in quail-shooting, hunting jack-rabbits (a sort of hare with its fore legs as long as its hind legs), killing coyotes; also bear, if you would like to go a day or two's journey into the mountains.

The temperature in summer sometimes rises high, but it is not oppressive, and every day about noon a cool breeze springs up and fans deliciously the sunburnt cheek. But there are no thunderstorms, and sunstroke is unknown, the air is so dry. In winter time, at rare intervals, say once in twelve or fifteen years, there is a cold snap for a day or two; and for a few hours between sunset and sunrise the thermometer may fall to 28° F.; and some old residents can perhaps recall a drop of 22° F.; but, as soon as the sun rises, the cold flies, and the thermometer at midday will hover between 70° and 80° F.; in fact, the weather then is so deliciously agreeable that mere existence is a joy.

The dry air cures many incipient cases of consumption; and instead of becoming dots in God's acre (and there is a prettily placed cemetery here called "Olive Wood") the people thrive and become healthy men and women, active citizens and useful members of society.

Riverside is a great temperance place; it has only two saloons (or public houses), and these are threatened with extinction. For the government of the city there are its charter and some one hundred and twenty or more ordinances, which fill an octavo book of some six score pages; but let me quote part of Ordinance No. 8, "Concerning Drunkenness." "The Board of Trustees of the City of Riverside ordains as follows:

"Whoever shall be found within the limits of the city in a state of intoxication in any public place, or in any dram-shop, or in any place open to public view shall be arrested by the marshal, and on conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding $20.00 (4£), and in default of payment thereof be imprisoned and made to work on the streets under the direction of the marshal, until the fine be satisfied, at the rate of $1.00 (4 s.) per day for each day's work." Passed Dec. 13th, 1883.

I should say that Riverside is beautifully located; it occupies a vast

mesa (tableland), or a sort of loamy and stoneless soil, through which courses the ofttimes tumultuous Santa Ana River, and in its center the city is about 850 feet above sea level. It is most picturesquely set amongst mountain ranges, which are snow-capped till late in June, and some have snow-peaks all the year round.

Tahiti oranges that had decayed during shipment to San Francisco, and planted the seeds from which came the first Riverside orange groves, it proved to be the nucleus of wonderful things.

That was twenty years ago, when the California Silk Culture Association, disheartened by the death of their leader, Louis Provost, only three



An Irrigating Ditch.

Here the mountains, after the Spanish mode, are called "sierras," and surround the district thus: San Bernardino, with its giant "Grayback" over 11,000 feet high, to the north; the Temescal range to the south; the San Jacinto (pronounced Hacinto, meaning Hyacinth) to the east, and the Cucamonga range to the west. A few paragraphs may here be fitly devoted to some important historical facts.

When "Uncle" Pryor Russell, a "forty-niner" who still resides in Riverside, secured several barrels of

months after their incorporation, decided to abandon their enterprise, and their lands were purchased by the Riverside Colony.

The beginning was only a sheep pasture, dry and barren, but situated in a beautiful valley through which ran the Santa Ana River; and the handful of men who composed the colony originated the idea of constructing canals and conducting water from the river to the otherwise unproductive land. They had little more than their energy and faith for their capital, and no assurance of success; but there

were men of sterling worth at the head—one of the original stockholders being the newly elected United States Senator, C. N. Felton—and all things are possible to him who believes. How well they succeeded is best told in the statement that last year fifteen hundred carloads of oranges were shipped from their six thousand highly cultivated acres, and a million dollars of unused money was lying in the two banks, while the fame of Riverside oranges is known throughout civilization. Many of the orchards give a yearly return of $500 per acre, and the population of the place numbers about 5,000 people.

The valley declines gently from the foothills to the river, and although the first canal was carried as high up on the plain as was possible to conduct the water from the river at the point from which it was taken, there was still a larger area of equally fine land above the canal that could not be reached. A few families took claims on "Dry Side," as it was called, believing in a vague way that water might some time be developed and make it valuable, but with no idea how. It furnished them homes, while they obtained a livelihood in Riverside proper.

Mathew Gage, a native of Ireland, came to Riverside from Kingston, Canada, in 1881, and purchased a young orange grove, also engaging in the jewelry business in the village. The level plain above the canal had a great fascination for him, and almost immediately he secured a claim thereon and began thinking out a method, not only of irrigating it, but for the improvement of the whole tract, nearly all of which he purchased.

The year following his arrival he began to act; but like all great schemes, this developed slowly; and it was only after three years of negotiation that real work began, in October, 1885. A year later, water was delivered, and the new addition became East Riverside.

But where did the water come from? Mr. Gage had purchased some land southeast of San Bernardino, and about twenty miles from Riverside in the Artesian belt found at the foot of the San Bernardino mountains; and on this a number of wells had been sunk with the result of an abundant flow.

Obstacles were met at every turn, perhaps the most formidable being lack of funds and adverse public opinion. A friend relates that while the scheme was yet in embryo Mr. Gage drove with him over the tract, and laid his plans before him with an eloquence and enthusiasm that won his admiration, but which seemed wholly impracticable. To his query as to how the funds were to be obtained to accomplish all this, that gentleman replied in his inimitable way, quoting from Shakspeare: "We'll fight with gentle words till time doth lend us friends, and friends their helpful swords." And so he did. Gradually convincing capitalists of the plausibility of his undertaking, he secured small loans, worked until that was gone and increased development secured larger amounts—until a total of nearly a million and a half dollars had been expended—but increased the value of the twelve thousand acres of practically worthless land (including Arlington Heights) to six million dollars; and the men who had been farsighted enough to take claims on that tract received their share of the benefits. The average price per acre, under the Gage canal, is $500 for unimproved land, some bringing as high as $800, and there are now more than four hundred homes where five years ago was scarcely half a dozen.

In the early part of 1890 Mr. Gage interested English capital and effected a sale of his canal, land and water rights, including a right in the Santa Ana River, in addition to the streams arising from springs on the artesian lands, to the Riverside Trust Company (limited) of London, he himself retaining a large share of the stock and becoming managing director.

The new company is spending half a million more in development, the number of artesian wells having been increased to fifty, and they are continually sinking others. The main canal, which has sixteen tunnels aggregating nearly a mile and a quarter in all, and thirteen flumes amounting to a mile, $400,000, water having been piped to each block, and this season nearly two thousand acres will be planted to oranges, five hundred of which are being planted by the company. The Riverside Company has purchased 500 acres at $400 per acre, for orange trees, and 500 acres have been sold to



Residence of O. T. Dyer, Manager of the Riverside Banking Company.

is now twenty-five miles in length, with ninety-five miles of distributing mains and one hundred and forty-four miles of laterals.

Arlington Heights is a tract of six thousand acres of Government land joining Riverside in the south, which Mr. Gage purchased some time ago, and which was included in the transfer to the English Syndicate, that is only just being developed. The cost of improvements on this tract is private parties for immediate improvement.

The company is also improving the tract of 3,000 acres, called Victoria, on which the water supply is obtained, though none of this land is placed on the market.

The amount of irrigable land in Riverside has been at least doubled by Mr. Gage's great achievement, and only time is required to make it as beautiful, if not more so, as productive

and as valuable as that which has become world famous.

Nearly all prophesied failure, and the work was made harder—at times well nigh impossible—by the incredulity and lack of sympathy and assistance of his fellow men. Yet Mr. Gage, at a banquet given in his honor after the completion of the work, refused to take all the credit to himself, but paid a feeling tribute to his wife, who, he said, had always aided and encouraged him; and no small share of his success was due to her hopeful confidence and support.

Mr. and Mrs. Gage are still young; and although he is as deeply immersed in business as ever, they find time to enjoy, with their family of little people, the prosperity which has come to them, and through them, to the many beautiful homes made possible by the Gage Canal System.

Very great credit is due to its founders in the way Riverside is laid out. Its streets, or roads, and avenues are at right angles to each other; it abounds in beautiful, umbrageous roads, and the Magnolia avenue should and will soon be world famous. It is twelve miles long, and a hundred and thirty-two feet wide; it has a double carriage-drive, shaded the entire route with pepper, Australian grivellias and eucalyptus trees, all evergreen. It is also adorned with numerous fan-palms, aloes and other sub-tropical plants; and on either side are beautiful houses, each ensconced in orange groves that are in bearing, and which yield beauty, fragrance and wealth to their fortunate and industrious possessors. For a distance of seven miles from the City Hall a tramline gives handy means of access to the public up and down the avenue as far as the hamlet of Arlington. No one visiting Riverside should miss a drive through this avenue.

Though planted only in 1879, the trees are already some 50 or 60 feet high; everything grows here with asparagus-like celerity; irrigating canals keep the trees well watered and the avenue free from dust; and though I have visited many lands and three continents, I cannot recall any carriage-drive to equal it. Its name is certainly on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle; but it was baptized before its trees were planted, the wish being father to the thought that magnolias would prevail numerically; but they do not flourish here exceedingly well, and instead are the trees above named; but at each of its many cross-ways there are six magnolia trees to aid the orange-groves and rose-gardens in embalming the perhaps too heavily scented air, when all the trees are in their gorgeously-bountiful bloom.

Another avenue equally fine, and named the "Victoria," has been laid out about a mile off, and nearly parallel with the Magnolia avenue, by the Riverside Trust Company, Limited, an English Company, with headquarters in London, which is the owner of one of the irrigating systems here; beside some 6,000 acres of land on a tract called the "Arlington Heights." This year it will plant Victoria avenue with trees to vie with the Magnolia avenue; and thus add to the many beauties and attractions of this pleasant place, which is even now quite a health resort for folks afflicted with bronchitis and asthma, or with incipient phthisis. This company, too, has just built and opened Victoria Bridge to the public, which bridge is about 500 feet long and 65 feet high, across the Tequesquite arroya, to connect the Victoria avenue with the outside city. An "arroya," it may be explained, is a hollow place or large gulch; a gulch is a wash-out caused by some storm-overflow of water. "Tequesquite" is an Indian word meaning soap.

The water supply of Riverside is taken from the tumultuous Santa Ana River, so full of silt (as are nearly all the Californian rivers) that it is said to flow "bottom-upwards," and, though nearly eternal and certainly perennial snows are forever thawing and adding to its volume, it rolls along more like



In the Suburbs of Riverside.

liquid sand forming broad "ciengas" hither and thither, and having a very shallow appearance. Californian rivers are curiosities, if not abortions, as while all have heads many have no mouths, in the summer.

To get its perfect wealth for irrigating purposes a tunnel will be driven through and under water down to the hard rock-bed, and the water drawn off into flumes or conduits for irrigating needs. Artesian wells tap the underflow and utilize various tributary springs.

The value of irrigation over rain is this: the farmer may get the rain when he needs it or he may not; or, the rain while benefiting one crop spoils another. But irrigation-water is turned on only when and exactly for the time and in the quantity needed for a farm, ranch, orchard, field or spot.

There is one feature in the city government which is of supreme importance to *pater-familias* with a family of children; and that is the number and equipment of its schools; for all are good and all are free; but boys and girls mingle together at every one; the classes are of both sexes. This is the rule from the kindergarten to the high or grammar school.

The High School, the pride and glory of the city, recently built, is of brick, and cost an outlay of $75,000 (£23,000). Here, the heads of schools are termed superintendents, even when they are women; while the assistant masters (as we call them at Eaton, Harrow, Rugby and all our crack schools) are termed professors.

Riverside claims undying fame for its oranges, and more particularly for its golden-hued ones of a seedless variety, sweet and pulpy, known as the "Washington navel." The Washington State horticultural authorities originally sent to a Mr. Tibbets, a rancher here, two spores that they had received from Bahia in Brazil; and from the two trees growing from these spores have sprung Riverside's wealth and celebrity. For the first eight years, Mrs. Tibbets tells me, her husband gave away all the grafts; but now he sells them; and though the trees are fifteen or sixteen years old, they look small, as they have been so cut back for buds with which to ingraft other trees. The "navel" being seedless can be propagated only by grafting.

A Riverside man was perfectly astonished when I said that hardly anyone in London had ever heard of Riverside, still less of its navel oranges. The price these fetch seems preposterous when one reflects how cheap are all sorts of juicy, pulpy and seedless oranges in London; but here, last season, the ordinary price wholesale for navels was three cents (one penny ha'penny) *on the trees!* The buyer having to pluck, pack and market them, and pay the railway charge or freight.

The following table, contributed by the editor of the Riverside *Daily Press*, shows the shipment of oranges from Riverside since 1880 (when it first began to produce oranges) down to the 7th of January, 1892:

Crop of	Carloads
1880–81	[illegible]
1881–82	42
1882–83	45
1883–84	50
1884–85	450
1885–86	506
1886–87	375
1887–88	725
1888–89	982
1889–90	1500
1890–91	1446

Note.—280 boxes make one carload.

1891—Dec. shipments, 59 cars, 16,874 boxes
1892—Jan. 1—7 " 40 " 11,440 boxes

Each box contains 96 to 226 oranges, according to size of fruit; the boxes used are of uniform size and shape—a double cube.

On the 20th of December, 1891, the market quotations for oranges in San Francisco, by commission merchants and wholesale buyers were as follows:

Description.	Size.	Price per box in Dollars.
Fancy Seedlings....	128 to 126,	$2.25 to $2.50
Choice Seedlings...	128 " 226,	1.50 " 2.00
F'cy Bright Navels..	112 " 200,	3.00 " 3.25
Choice " " ..	112 " 200,	2.50 " 2.75
Mt. Seedlings.....	128 " 226,	(no quota'n)
Mt. Navels.....	96 " 176,	"
Riv'sde F'cy Navels,	96 " 176,	3.25 to 3.50
" Choice "	96 " 176,	2.50 " 2.75
Mediterra'n Sweets.	128 " 226,	(no quota'n)
Malta Blood.....	128 " 226,	"
Paper rind.....	128 " 226,	"

NOTE.—Sizes larger than 112 and smaller than 250 per box of seedling oranges (oranges with seeds) are quoted 25c (or 1s.) per box less.

The oranges are graded by an automatic machine, and are wrapped separately in tissue paper with the grower's name or brand printed thereon.

Mr. Jas. W. Hewetson, of Oliphant avenue, Pachappa Grove, Riverside, a Canadian Scotchman, whom I called upon to receive authentic information, told me that last year he sold the crop on the trees of 430 seedling trees, nearly twenty years old, and covering six acres of his land, to the Earl's Fruit Company, of Los Angeles, for $7,500 (£1,500).

On one tree the fruit weighed 1200 lbs. (nearly 11 cwt). About a hundred of the trees average twenty boxes each (the older the tree, up to a hundred years, the greater the yield).

Mr. Hewetson bought his whole grove, six years ago, of Mr. M. J. Twogood, one of the pioneers of Riverside. He has since bought and planted some twenty more acres with navels, Malta bloods and Mediterranean sweets, etc. Last year they netted him a large income, and he showed me the diploma, dated Sept. 1, 1890, awarded to him by "The 28th District Agricultural Association of San Bernardino," certifying that his net crop was $517.65 (£103 11s.) an acre. Mr. Hewetson fertilizes pretty heavily, using about a ton of various manures to the acre. He says that the orange skin gets a deep red hue when fertilized, and that it has a pale yellow look when "hungry."



Irrigation near Riverside—Artesian Wells.

He thoroughly irrigates his land about seven times a year, according to the season. He grows nothing between the trees, and the soil is carefully cultivated to prevent caking after the irrigation. He employs but one man, who does all the work, and is paid $55 (£11) a month, and has a house, rent free.

When Mr. Hewetson came here six years ago, he was a constant martyr to asthma; now he enjoys outdoor life every day, and sleeps in his bed every night. He and his daughter, every year, go away for a three-months' trip to Canada or Scotland.

At the World's Industrial Cotton and Centennial Exposition, New Orleans, 1875, Riverside, in competition against all comers, including Florida, gained the highest prizes awarded, both for oranges and lemons, to wit:

First.—A gold medal for the best twenty varieties of oranges grown in California.

Second.—A gold medal for the twenty best varieties of oranges grown in the United States.

Third.—A gold medal for the best twenty varieties of oranges grown in the world.

Fourth.—A silver medal, the highest prize awarded, for the best display of lemons against the world. One reason why Riverside oranges command such high prices exemplifies the old adage that

> Late fruit keeps well,
> And late fruit sells well.

And Riverside oranges are at their best in April and May, when other oranges are exhausted. Though the orange is yellow at Christmas, don't suppose that it is ripe; no orange tastes so well or is so juicy as one which has hung for several months on the boughs after turning yellow. It was upon the advice of Judge Brown that the syndicate of enterprising men who started the first orange-growing colony at Jurupa, (as Riverside was known until the 14th of December, 1870) settled here. To quote his own words: "I was the first one who had the courage to say: 'Here will I dwell.'"

At that time all was desert, but the worthy Judge and his family industriously tilled and improved his location; he built a nice residence, made a pleasant garden with water running through it; and planted orange groves; and at the end of five years, on payment solely of $50.00 (or £10) the Government fees for registration, he was the absolute owner of 80 acres and all on it. And now this land yields the Judge an annual income of not less than £100 or $500.00 an acre! Last year Riverside exported 266,192 boxes of oranges and received for dried fruits over half a million dollars.

Practically, the industrious man can here have a harvest of one kind or another, for ten months out of the twelve. Though the land is naturally fertile, to get best results he must fertili[illegible] sheep and stable manure, or bo[illegible]l nitrates; experience will soon teach in what proportions. To fence his land let him plant the graceful and quick-growing Monterey cypress. When clipped, it outrivals the best yew hedge. Does he need fuel? Let him plant eucalyptus trees, and in two years' time the loppings from them will give him all the fuel he needs. Does he need food for his horse? Let him plant alfalfa (a sort of vetch). He can have five crops a year. One lady I met had seven luxurious crops of it last year on one field. Should a settler wish to leave the dry summer heat here, in a few hours he can have balmy breezes, and inhale ozone at many places on the coast or its adjacent islands, finding good hotels, in some instances perfect palaces; or he can have the enjoyment of mountain air up the many beautiful ranges that prevent the storms from elsewhere coming here.

Mr. Gladstone was once considerably scoffed at by some newspapers because he advised the Cheshire farmers to

cultivate and preserve fruit. Does anyone wish to get a quick return for his work on small farms? Let him come here and start market-gardening; and in making preserves and orange marmalade, there would seem to be fortunes to be made, as nearly all the marmalade sold in America is imported.

The soil of Southern California, with irrigation, will grow anything,

Name.	Time of Harvesting.
Currants	May and June.
Figs	July to January.
Gooseberries	June.
Grapes	Middle of June to Dec.
Guava	Whole year nearly.
Japanese persimmon	November.
Lemons	All the year round.
Limes	" " "
Loquats	Mid May to Mid June.
Muskmelons	July to October.
Mulberries	July to November.
Nectarines	August.



In the Bed of the Santa Ana River.

and yield a thousandfold; and the industry of fruit-raising has variety enough to create constant interest and an ever-present market. The following table, which I have carefully selected and verified, shows the range of Riverside products:

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS.

Name.	Time of Harvesting.
Almonds	October.
Apples	July to November.
Apricots	Middle of June to Sept.
Blackberries	" " "
Cherries	June.
Olives	December to January.
Oranges	Christmas to July.
Pears	July to November.
Peaches	Mid June to January.
Plums and Prunes	June to November.
Pomegranites	September to Dec.
Quince	October to December.
Raisins	September to November
Raspberries	Mid June to January.
Strawberries	Nearly all the year.
Watermelons	July to October.

All these are grown, or can be, at Riverside.

There is one serious drawback to the well-to-do, and that is, there are no good domestic servants. For a











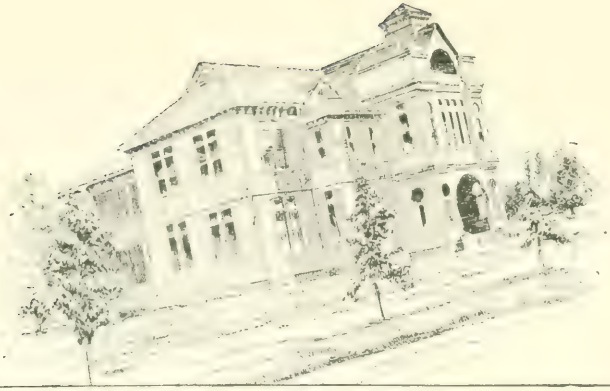
Baptist Church.

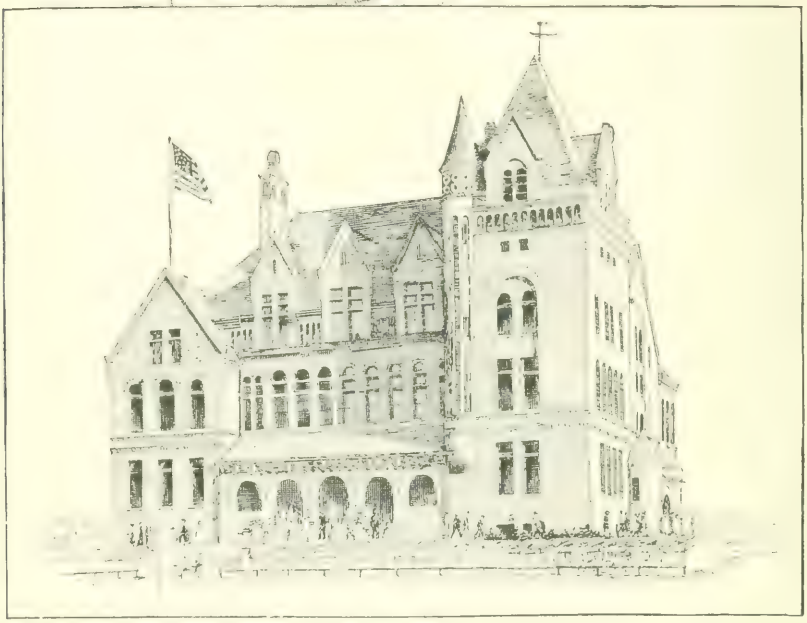
Catholic Church.

All Saints' Episcopal Church.

Universalist Church.

Congregational Church.







1—Grammar School. 2—High School. 3—Grammar School.

good general servant who can be obliging and cook plain food in a wholesome way, people here will gladly pay $25 to $30, £5 to £6 per month, and "all found," but no beer; and they would, too, after a period be willing to refund the cost of voyage, if the help proved satisfactory.

For the English reader, let me say that California is 770 miles long and 330 miles broad; that its land surface is 157,801 square miles; that it is out of debt; that it has already the largest wealth per head of any State in the Union; that it has 30,000,000 acres of arable land; that it has 72,189,644 acres of public land surveyed, while its unsurveyed public lands have a total of 28,802,966 acres; that it is the only raisin-producing State in North America; and that in 1890 it produced crops as follows:

Raisins	40,000,000	lbs.
Prunes	25,000,000	"
Dried Fruits	66,318,000	"
Green Fruits	105,000,000	"
Hops	42,000,000	"
Barley	10,000,000	"
Honey	60,000,000	"

It exported flour to the amount of 1,096,933 barrels.

It had in vines and raisin grapes 225,000 acres, which represent an invested capital of $80,000,000 or £16,000,000. Of wine it produced 3,200,000 gallons; it had a wheat crop of 27,000,000 centals, of which it exported upward of 16,000,000 centals, in exchange for $17,000,000, and upwards.

Its bean crop is 1,000,000 centals; it is the leading producer of almonds, nuts, peanuts, walnuts, etc. The olive and the lemon are now being scientifically cultivated in South California, and will soon be some of its most valuable products. Small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, cherries, etc., quickly yield a large return on a small capital outlay; and vegetable growing offers lucrative business to patient seekers after independence.

California's wool product in 1891 was 33,183,175 pounds, and it exported 21,022 flasks of quicksilver. It has millions of sheep, pigs, cows, oxen, and other cattle; and over a quarter of a million of horses, and it breeds some of the fastest trotting horses in the world.

Though the population is only equal to almost one-fourth of the metropolis of London (the exact figures 1,208,130, according to the census of 1891) its annual expenditure on public schools is very nearly £1,250,000 or $6,250,000, and upwards of 200,000 children daily attend school, and receive gratis the very best of education.

It has several universities at which, also, the education is free, the only cost being for books and board, the latest addition being the Leland Stanford Jr. University, at Palo Alto, opened Michaelmas, 1891, as a gift to the State by Senator Stanford, and a monument to his late son and only child; and he is endowing it with $20,000,000 (£4,000,000).

In the North the tendency is to have large ranches of 5,000 acres and upward; so the soil belongs to a few and the population is sparse. In the South, however, there are more of ten-acre farms than of twenty. And owners of orange groves of 80 or 100 acres are rare.

Traveling through the Highlands, the mountain scenery is grand! There, trains have been nicknamed the "Panorama," as they pass the fertile vales, picturesque glades, beautiful orange groves of the San Gabriel, San Bernardino and Santa Ana valleys.

In conclusion, let me adopt David Mallet's parody of the prayer of Agur, the son of Jakeh. (See Prov. xxx, 5–9.)

> O! grant me heaven, a middle state,
> Neither too humble nor too great;
> More than enough for nature's ends,
> With something left to treat my friends.



OUR COMMERCIAL GROWTH AND THE TARIFF.

FROM A REPUBLICAN STANDPOINT.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

PRODUCTIONS in this country are of wide range and abundant, through favorable climatic conditions, exceeding fertility of soil, and the energy and intelligence of the people. The United States is the greatest producing nation in the world, especially of articles of food, and of materials which enter into manufactures. Americans consume more per capita than any other people, yet we produce surpluses of nearly all the necessaries of life and of many luxuries. If her bleak and Asiatic possessions are taken into account, Russia alone is larger in contiguous territory; but in number of enlightened population the United States leads every other nation. The same is true as to seacoasts and number of capacious harbors. In domestic commerce we stand first, but in international trade we are third, Great Britain being first and Germany second. Our natural advantages entitle us to leadership in foreign as well as in internal trade.

The foreign commerce of Great Britain, through duplication of accounts, is undoubtedly considerably exaggerated. Aside from iron and tin ores, the British Isles are not great producers of raw materials for manufacturing. They are largely procured from their dependencies and other countries, and when wrought into forms for consumption, are exported. This is especially the case as to cotton, wool, hides, jute, and many other raw materials. Great Britain also imports tea, coffee, spices, breadstuffs and provisions for exportation. They are taken up on the import side of accounts, in the one case, and entered on the export side, in the other. The same is true in Germany, only to a less extent.

There is very little exported from this country that is not wholly produced here. If duplication were eliminated from British and German accounts, our position in international trade would be relatively higher and possibly highest; but our foreign trade is far less than it ought to be, or would be, if proper efforts were made

to develop it. To find markets for their surplus products, is of the highest importance to any people, and especially to us, since we have passed the colonizing period, and have gained a position in which we are able to produce almost without limit. Our industries have already reached immense proportion, and are destined to the greatest development in the future, if proper efforts are made. On the whole, our productions are not likely to be reduced but increased, and there will be greater necessity for larger markets.

Ever since the Phœnicians gained great wealth from commerce, the magnitude of foreign trade has been deemed a measure of a nation's material prosperity; whether such traffic is beneficial or not, depends upon its character. A nation which imports more for consumption than it exports cannot prosper any more than the individual who consumes more than he produces. Great Britain rapidly gained wealth for two hundred and fifty years, for the reason, mainly, that generally she was able to secure balances of trade in her favor. As commonly understood, a balance of trade is the difference arising from an exchange of commodities which is met with cash. An individual who buys what he should produce, grows poorer; and so it is with the people. Nations, like individuals, are at times obliged to purchase more than they sell. The farmer must do this while he is erecting necessary buildings and preparing his new farm for cultivation; and this country was similarly situated in its young and colonizing days. That necessity no longer exists, for the preparatory period has passed away. In the early days, there were statesmen who forecast the future and urged policies that would avoid depletion through adverse balances of trade. The policy pursued from Washington to Polk was measurably successful in preventing diminution of our money resources. There were adverse balances of trade, which resulted in no grievous harm, because virgin wealth was so great; but commendable efforts were put forth to build up manufacturing to supply home wants, and a merchant marine capable of doing our own transportation on the high seas.

In 1846, a new policy was inaugurated which checked industrial growth, and the War of the Rebellion swept our shipping from the sea. For thirty years from and after 1846, balances of trade were uniformly against us, and the country would have been greatly distressed for money, had it not been for the phenomenal production of gold in California. For fifteen years, which was a period of peace, there was a continual outflow of gold from this country, caused in large part by depression of manufacturing industries, through the influence of the Tariff Act of that year; and from 1861 to 1865, balances resulted from the necessity to purchase raw materials in Europe. In 1862, the policy which was advocated by Washington, and all the Presidents down to Polk, was restored, but time was required to put our industries on a footing that would enable them to produce sufficient to supply domestic demands. Conditions were extraordinary, as a large labor force was employed in war, and consumption was unusual, for war is destruction. For years after the conflict closed, the energies of the people were devoted to colonizing and developing new regions, to building railroads, and making other internal improvements. Ten years after the war were required to place ourselves in a condition to overcome adverse balances, and turn the tide in our favor. This result would not have been achieved so soon, but for the remarkable increase of agricultural productions and exceptional demand for them in Europe. Had the principle of the tariff of 1846 been restored at the close of the war, and continuously adhered to, there would not now be large and diversified manufacturing industries in this country; and however immense our

agricultural productions, there could scarcely have been any foreign demand for them which would have paid for imported manufactures. The protective principle having been preserved, our industries have thrived. For the first time in thirty years, at the end of the fiscal year of 1877, a handsome balance appeared in our favor, and the tide has flowed our way ever since, except in 1888, and 1889; but from June 30, 1876, to June 30, 1892, the net aggregate of balances in our favor was $1,762,000,000. Our gold resources have been increased $500,000,000; some of our securities held abroad have been paid off, and others have been purchased, and brought home; so that interest on them is paid here, instead of to holders on the other side of the Atlantic. After years of suspension of specie payment, the Government has been able to enter upon and maintain a gold paying basis, and to make treasury and national bank notes circulable everywhere at par with gold. Our policy has had the effect, also, to place foreign countries in financial straits. The Bank of England, a little more than a year ago, was obliged to obtain $70,000,000 in gold from this country and for which a premium was paid. There is to-day a gold stringency in several of the leading nations of Europe, and if favorable balances of trade continue, the result will be to compel monometalist nations of Europe to resort to some international standard of value additional to that of gold. Silver's hope rests upon the maintenance of the protective principle in tariff legislation. It contributes materially to an increase of our domestic circulating medium, which is so much needed, and by a kind of money which all nations regard as the best. Results so beneficial have been achieved without the aid of an adequate merchant marine; in fact we have been so dependent on foreigners and rivals for transportation, that in the last fiscal year six-sevenths of our foreign commerce were carried in foreign bottoms.

There has been in this country over-production of cotton, breadstuffs and provisions, but under-production in some lines of manufacture. For fifteen years anterior to the enactment of the McKinley law, we annually imported, on the average, merchandise to the value of $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 consisting chiefly of manufactures which we should have produced for ourselves. Nearly three-fourths of our exports are products of agriculture, and if mineral illuminating oils are included, they constitute a larger percentage. We import more manufactures than we export, which shows that we do not on the whole manufacture sufficient to supply domestic consumption. It is therefore wise that we should develop those industries in which we are deficient, to supply home wants to the utmost practicable extent. This will lessen importation and consequently enlarge balances of trade in our favor. The time has come when this policy also should be pursued with a view to larger exportation of manufactures. We have relied too much on exporting products of agriculture. Indeed, our people have not displayed their wonted energy in building up export trade. Because we produce some things that other countries do not or cannot, they have been quite content to let others come to us. The most effective work could not have been done in developing export trade, for the want of transportation of our own. A fallacious idea has prevailed as to the best markets for our surplus agricultural products. Because Great Britain has hitherto been the largest buyer of our food articles and raw materials, there are those who believe our best interest lies in promoting trade with that country; but she need not come to us for articles of food or for raw materials, except cotton. The United Kingdom and Ireland produce wheat enough to supply their people to the extent of 2½ bushels

to the person. Per capita consumption in the United States, where nearly all the population daily eat wheat bread, is but 5 bushels, while in those countries it is a rarity to more than a moiety of the people. India and Australia export from 45,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum, and they are dependencies of Great Britain. British America exports wheat, and there are such railway and steamship facilities that the mother country can obtain it there at less cost than from us. The Argentine Republic exports 12,000,000 bushels, which are taken largely in exchange for British manufactures. Austria-Hungary, France, Italy and Spain are exporters of wheat, and Russia, on the average, exports 25,000,000 bushels more than we do. Ordinarily, Germany raises breadstuffs enough for her own people. Europe, on the average, produces 1,250,000,000 bushels of wheat, which is sufficient for the people of that continent. It is not to any great extent that Great Britain buys of us to feed her own people, but she does purchase largely to supply countries to which we should export directly. She is a dealer, and finding out what all countries want, she arranges to supply them. She can do this, because she has the means of transportation, her tonnage being equal to that of all other nations combined. European people must have our cotton, because nothing yet produced in the world can take its place. If we manufacture it, all other nations would be compelled to accept it in fabric, as they now do in the bale. What a vast field for employment would be opened to our people, and what immense wealth would come to the country, if all our cotton were manufactured at home and then sold abroad!

The best trade is that between nations whose productions are different. It would not be sensible for one farmer to seek to sell to another whose products are the same as his own. There is not much of importance produced in Europe, which we do not or cannot produce, and therefore the people over there need not buy of us, barring cotton, nor we of them, to any great extent, except there is an unusual condition, such as poor crops or a state of war. There is an adverse balance of trade with France because we buy her wines and silks; with Germany, because we buy her sugar; and with Italy, because we import her fruits—all of which we are able to produce for ourselves. These are only some of the commodities imported from those countries, and with which we should supply ourselves. If our industries, manufacturing and agricultural, were properly diversified and enlarged, there would be little that we should need of European produce. We have been expending, annually, $15,000,000 for oranges, lemons, raisins, olives, figs, preserved fruits and nuts, which California alone can produce in sufficient quantities to supply the whole country. The protection afforded by the McKinley law will shortly enable us to avoid this outlay, and cause the fifteen million dollars to be paid to Californians and Floridians, instead of foreigners.

Generally, in trade with Great Britain, there is a large balance of trade in our favor; in 1891, it amounted to $250,000,000, yet in that year we shipped her $60,000,000 in gold which were used to square our trade accounts with other countries. We send more gold there than to all other nations, because trade balances of the world are paid in London. Through English banks we pay balances to Germany, France and other European States, and also to Brazil, Cuba, the East and West Indies, Mexico, the northern States of South America, Central America, China, Japan and many other countries. The gold of the world concenters in London, and is there distributed, because Great Britain through her ubiquitous merchant marine has control of the channels of commerce. The gold standard

of value originated in that country, and it will be maintained so long as she remains the commercial clearing house of the world.

Adverse balances of trade do not arise in Europe as a whole, but in countries elsewhere. In 1891, we bought of Brazil (I use round numbers) $83,000,000, and sold her $14,000,000: of Cuba $64,000,000, and sold her $12,000,000; of Mexico $41,000,000 and sold her $14,000,000; of the Central American States $9,500,000, and sold them $6,000,000; of the Hawaiian Islands $14,000,000, and sold them $5,000,000. The balance against us in China was $10,500,000 and in Japan $14,000,000. Outside of Europe the aggregate of balances against us was about $200,000,000. In 1892, the aggregate was considerably less, because, through reciprocity in large part, our exports were increased $145,000,000. Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, China, Japan, the East and West Indies, Hawaiian and Phillipine Islands, Oceanica, and the northern States of South America produce many things that we cannot, and which we consume; and we produce much that they cannot. None of them raise largely of breadstuffs and provisions, nor do they manufacture except in a comparatively small way and to supply a few wants. Conditions in those countries forbid, or are unfavorable to manufacturing on an extensive scale. Trade with them consists almost wholly of an exchange of commodities. It is in enlargement of direct trade with them that all danger of adverse balances will be removed. Considering these facts, one cannot be otherwise than impressed with the importance of making vigorous efforts to manufacture in larger quantity and in greater variety, in order to be able to supply those countries.

It was but natural that in the past the greatest efforts should have been made to find markets abroad for the products of agriculture, because the country had little else to sell. The farmers did not for a long time seem to understand that domestic markets are better for them than foreign, or that it is best for both that producer and consumer should live near each other in order to save the cost of transportation. A thousand artisans or laborers in this country will consume more than the same number in Europe, because they receive more wages and can afford to live better. Therefore, producers of breadstuffs, provisions, fruits and vegetables, and raw materials should favor the policy that will increase the number of consumers at home and transfer the surplus labor from the field to the shop and mill. If this policy is pursued, the day is not distant when the country will not be over-burdened with agricultural products. Consumption is rapidly approaching equality with production. When it has reached that point, it will be important that we should be able to pay for the necessaries of life, which must be procured in other lands, with manufactures. Because there were large surpluses of farm products, the McKinley law was framed and adopted by the Republican party so as to give better protection to agriculture than any previous tariff measure. While nearly three-fourths of our exports are agricultural products, nearly one-half in value is cotton. All our surpluses of food articles, which will stand transportation for a considerable distance, can be disposed of to countries south and west to better advantage than to other parts of the world. Reciprocity is based upon the idea of developing such a trade. In many lines our ability to produce raw materials is practically limitless, and agriculturists will find it immensely to their interest to produce sugar, wool, hides and fruits, which we now largely import.

The legislation of the fifty-first Congress is admirably adapted to the growth of industry and commerce without the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the people. The Tariff

Act places in the non-dutiable schedules all necessaries of life impracticable of production at home. High duties are put upon luxuries, because they are mainly consumed by those who are able to bear the expense. Upon such commodities as we can reasonably produce, the duties are just high enough to make up the difference in the cost of production in this and foreign countries, which difference is chiefly, if not wholly, one of wages. Such duties simply equalize conditions and render monopoly in production impossible either at home or abroad. The only departure from this principle is in imposing higher duties to protect new and infantile industries until they are able to compete with foreign producers. Benefits are bestowed upon agriculturists and manufacturers with impartiality. If, as General Hancock said, the tariff is a local question, California is more interested in it than almost any part of the nation. There are numerous industries which are benefited by protection; and in looking through the McKinley law, one cannot avoid being impressed with the idea that the Republican Congress which enacted it legislated liberally with reference to the interest of California, the empire Pacific State. This will appear more clearly and forcibly by contrasting the law with the Act of 1883 and the Mills bill. The duties are raised on wool, brandy, sparkling wines, grapes, raisins, figs, nuts, and generally on green and preserved fruits; particularly is this true in contrast with the Mills bill. There is hardly a California industry that is not protected. The spirit of the law is to assure compensatory wages to the laborer, and to capital reasonable remuneration.

The legislation of that Congress would have been incomplete if the Tariff Act had not been supplemented by one that encourages the creation of an American merchant marine. The benefits of industrial legislation would not be realized in full measure, unless something were done to give impetus to commercial development. It is not far from the exact truth to say, that we are paying to foreign shipowners $100,000,000 per annum for transportation of our passengers and freight upon the high seas. It is an outlay that should be avoided; a depletion that should not be endured. No nation can succeed in competitive traffic which must depend upon rivals for the means of transportation. Ships are handmaids to foreign commerce. The carrying trade upon the seas is controlled by European nations. To them the cost of transportation is less than to Americans, because the wages of their seamen are less; and added to this is the fact that the principal maritime powers afford pecuniary aid to their steamship lines engaged in trade between the great distributing centers of the world. Great Britain does this through postal estimates, France by tonnage bounties, and Germany, Italy and Spain, by direct subsidies. These are the conditions under which our people must compete for a status in the carrying trade upon the seas. It has been proposed to admit foreign built ships to an American registry. Such a measure would be but slightly beneficial, as the difference in the cost of construction is now but eight per cent, according to the statement of Senator Gorman of Maryland recently made in the Senate; and it would be unwise, because to purchase foreign ships, instead of building them at home, would give employment to foreign instead of American mechanics, involving the payment of money to other people when it should be expended at home. We now have yards, established under difficulty and great expense, which are capable of turning out the best quality of ships, and we are able to produce shipbuilding materials in the greatest abundance. The fifty-first Congress authorized the Postmaster-General to contract for carrying the mail for a series of years, and to pay liberally for the service, in order to induce Amer-

icans to put competitive lines upon the ocean; and one of the conditions is, that the Government may take the ships for naval uses, in case of war. It is a measure which is necessary, because other nations grant pecuniary assistance to their steamship lines. If the law is permitted to stand, and is faithfully executed, it will tend strongly to the creation of a merchant marine worthy a nation of our greatness and power. Its value can hardly be overestimated. All the ship-owners and officers will be interested solicitors of trade for their countrymen. Our exportations will be direct and we cannot be embarrassed by rivals.

The policy thus inaugurated, if adhered to, will give larger employment to our people, strengthen our finances, assure an honorable and influential position in the world's commerce, a power in diplomacy, and a position in the politics of nations, to which we are entitled from our unequaled wealth, from the intelligence of the people and the freedom of our institutions.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY ROSE MAYNARD DAVID.

But who created thee, thou vampire Worm?
What need was voiced that thou, too, should'st appear
In hideous form of matter animate,
With power to crumble the deserted throne—
Base scavenger of transitory fame
Existing where we once invested mind,
And trembling held as lord of that domain—

What funeral processes are yours
Thou tiniest form of law immutable!
Consuming buried hopes toward greater ends—
Manipulate bold atoms into dust—
E'en empty shells where once have reigned vast powers,
You enter there and devastate all form,
Reducing all unto thine own, O Worm!

Brave forager of unknown darks and depths!
No mystery remains proof to your lens,
The first and last in germ of life extant;
Of form the one eternally to endure
There's nothing holds to self its purposed power
More lasting, omnipresent, than thou art.

We crown you king and conqueror of earth!
This myriad peopled pedestal, your throne!



OUR COMMERCIAL GROWTH AND THE TARIFF.*

FROM A DEMOCRATIC STANDPOINT.

BY HON. STEPHEN M. WHITE.

THE Editor of THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has requested me to give an abstract of my views relative to the very interesting article by Mr. R. H. McDonald Jr., entitled: "Commercial Growth the result of a Republican Tariff"

Mr. McDonald says much which cannot be successfully disputed, and which, I conceive, points to a conclusion differing radically from that which he has reached. I quote: "Ever since the Phœnicians gained great wealth from commerce, the magnitude of foreign trade has been deemed the measure of a nation's material prosperity." Again, "Results so beneficial have been achieved without the aid of an adequate merchant marine. In fact, we have been so dependent upon foreigners and rivals for transportation, that in the last fiscal year six-sevenths of our foreign commerce were carried in foreign bottoms." Again: "We have relied too much on exporting products of agriculture. Indeed, our people have not displayed their wonted energy in building up export trade. Because we produce some things that other countries do not or cannot, they have been quite content to let others come to us. The most effective work could not have been done for the want of transportation." The summary given of our trade balances with Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, the Central American States, the Hawaiian Islands, China and Japan, is not encouraging, and does not indicate "commercial growth." I will endeavor to follow Mr. McDonald's argument, and ascertain whether he is justified in sounding the praises of the McKinley bill, and other kindred Republican fiscal legislation. He states: "The policy pursued from Washington to Polk was measurably successful in preventing diminution of our money resources." Also: "In 1840, a new policy was inaugurated which checked industrial growth, and the War of the Rebellion swept our shipping from the sea. * * * In 1862, the policy which was advo-

*In the preparation of this article, I have freely consulted Mr. Moffet's very able tariff articles, also the valuable statistical information lately published in the "Examiner," and several publications of Hon. David A. Wells.

cated by Washington and all the other Presidents down to Polk, was restored."

Much has been written during this campaign with reference to the policy alleged to have been advocated by Washington and other Presidents. Every student knows, or ought to know, that no such tariff as the present was thought of in our earlier history. No one then dreamed that in hours of tranquillity the power of the Federal Government would be deliberately used to make rich men richer and poor men poorer. Republican leaders direct our attention to the preamble of the Tariff Act of 1789; viz: "Whereas, it is necessary for the support of this Government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid, etc." This preamble must be interpreted by the Act which accompanied it. The duties there prescribed ranged from 5 to 15 per cent. It is therefore patent that it was the idea of "the fathers" that manufacturers might receive such protection as incidentally followed a tariff for revenue only. The Democracy proposes no such moderate tariff as that to which Washington gave his indorsement. The schedule there approved would now be called rank free trade. The tariff of 1790 averaged 11 per cent; that of 1791, 13½ per cent. In 1809, the severest duty was 24¾ per cent. An investigation of all of our revenue acts will prove that it was not until the year 1816, immediately after the close of the war of 1812, that a substantial effort was made in the protection line; and yet the enactments there adopted, with possibly one or two exceptions, were less protective than the Mills Bill. Formerly, whenever protection was spoken of reference was had to real "infant industries." The bogus infantile creations of protective Republicanism had not been developed. But the policy of President Washington, mild as it was, did not meet the unqualified acquiescence of the statesmen of his time. Mr. Jefferson withdrew from the Cabinet, in 1793, upon the distinct ground that he would not be held even indirectly responsible for the doctrine of Alexander Hamilton, as announced in that statesman's report on manufactures. But even Hamilton did not believe in never-ending protection. His idea, as expressed in his report, was that while the payment of bounties for the encouragement of new industrial undertakings was advisable, their "continuance on manufactures long established was most questionable." When this Republic was younger, and it was impossible to know, and not very easy to surmise the best policy to be adopted, especially upon tariff subjects, views were sometimes expressed the inaccurate character of which experience has made apparent.

I challenge the correctness of Mr. McDonald's statement that the policy inaugurated in 1846 checked industrial growth, or had any other effect than to promote national progress. In the ten years which elapsed between 1850 and 1860, our national wealth doubled. It has required thirty years of Republican rule to reach a similar result. In 1850, the per capita estimate of wealth was $261; in 1860, $384; while at the end of thirty years from 1850, there was an advance of only $3.00—$387. During the ten-year period above mentioned, the appreciation in farms was 10½ per cent. During the succeeding twenty years it was but 2½ per cent. But possibly Mr. McDonald refers specially to manufactures, in his attack upon the Democratic tariff. If so, the facts do not bear him out. In 1850, the capital employed in manufactures was $533,000,000 (round figures). In 1860, the amount had increased to $1,009,000,000. Thus it will be observed that the capital invested in manufactures during that low-tariff decade almost doubled; and the same may be said regarding the wages paid and the number of employes engaged. In the succeeding twenty years of high tariff the capital in manufactures

but little more than doubled; while the commerce of our country, which, as Mr. McDonald says, since the days of the Phœnicians "has been deemed the measure of a nation's material prosperity," really prospered from 1850 to 1860, and has been, as he admits, in a sadly depressed state ever since. It is true that in 1857 there was a financial panic, but this was due to causes disconnected with tariff legislation. That very year Charles Sumner, Hamilton Fish and Henry Wilson voted for a reduced tariff. In the decade of 1850–1860 our exports increased 135 per cent. In the thirty succeeding years, or to 1890, the increase has been only 167 per cent. From 1850 to 1860 the amount exported much more than doubled, and this achievement was not repeated until 1879. The tonnage of United States vessels, in 1850, was 3,535,454; in 1860, 5,353,868. Tonnage in foreign trade, in 1850, 1,439,694; in 1860, 2,379,396. In 1890, the tonnage of United States vessels had fallen to 4,424,496, and the foreign trade tonnage to 928,062. This certainly is an appalling condition of affairs from a business standpoint.

Our Republican friends blame the war for these consequences. But the war is over. It was concluded many years ago. Prominent business men of the present day were born after the scene at Appomattox. There never was a country better situated to recuperate from the effects of a conflict than the United States; and yet we find, as Mr. McDonald very truly tells us, that now "six-sevenths of our foreign commerce are carried in foreign bottoms." We are promised that the McKinley bill will cure all this, but the evil exists, and it exists not only in spite of Republican legislation, but because of it. The Republican party was in power when the Rebellion terminated, and with the exception of Mr. Cleveland's incumbency it has held the government ever since. Why has it not done something for commerce for Lo! these many years? There is nothing backward or bashful about the ordinary McKinleyite. He is prepared to claim everything. The United States has progressed in defiance of Republican legislation. The corner-stone of the edifice may be placed upon the oak's expanding roots, the tree will grow, and will even shatter the unnatural superstructure; but the imposition of the burden will not facilitate healthy development. The forces of nature will in time prevail, without, however, accomplishing perfect or natural results. No one will deny that our country is beneficially located. Great rivers, grand lakes, numerous and splendid harbors, rich soil, minerals of all kinds in abundance; in short, all things suggestive of commercial greatness are ours. There is no inaptitude upon the part of our people. It is the fault of the Republican party that "they have not displayed their wonted energy in building up export trade." It has been possible for other countries to outstrip us and levy tribute upon us, to capture our carrying trade, simply because of pernicious legislation. Just before each session of Congress a number of wealthy Republican manufacturers meet and arrange for a new infant industry, whose continuous growth will bring about individual aggrandizement as the result of general taxation. These infants are to remain forever unweaned. They are not destined for death or even maturity. Take the condition of affairs in San Francisco. There are at this time in her bay and at Port Costa a number of vessels preparing to remove our grain crop. It is estimated that the fleet of 1891–2 will carry nearly $22,000,000 worth of wheat, and about $1,700,000,000 worth of flour; the total aggregating a freight capacity of over 438,000 tons, of the value of about $23,500,000. The cost of transporting this crop will be about $5,226,000, or nearly 25 per cent. of the total worth. The bulk of this transportation money goes into the pockets of

Englishmen, whose tariff system our Republican friends are daily criticising, but whose ability to earn money by means of that tariff system is recognized the world over. Mr. McDonald refers to the immense productive capacity of our country, and to the difficulty which England experiences in conducting her affairs, because the bulk of her exports consist of manufactures made to a large extent from imported articles. That we have immense natural advantages no one can dispute. But it is novel to claim that our prolific crops are the result of the McKinley bill. Our adversaries will maintain that favorable seasons (good winters, as we call them), are produced by Republican legislation, and that a drouth is sure to result from fear of Democratic supremacy.

Our tariff legislation is behind the age. The Protectionist insists that Democracy is seeking to bring the country down to the level of England; that we are imitators of the British free-traders, etc. In the first place, free trade is not advocated by the Democratic party. A tariff for revenue only, and that means a very large collection, is the insistence of Grover Cleveland. England, which is usually called a free trade country, raises one-fourth of her revenue from her custom houses. The actual receipts from taxes for the year ending March 31st, 1891, were $367,890,000, of which $97,400,000 were derived from customs duties, excise or internal revenue yielding $123,940,000. The United States, on the other hand, throws the burden of taxation upon imports as follows: Customs receipts, fiscal year 1891, $219,522,205; internal revenue, $145,686,250. For many years prior to 1842 the fiscal system of Great Britain was rigidly protective. The number of articles on the tariff list as late as 1840 exceeded 1,500, of which more than 400 were the raw materials of British manufactures. There were likewise export duties and prohibition of exports. Smuggling penalties were high, and there was no mercy displayed in enforcing the revenue laws. England then had a system of navigation laws upon which our present suicidal scheme was modeled. What was the issue? From 1815, when all the great wars in which she had been engaged were over, when she had as much influence over the affairs of the world as she has ever enjoyed, England proceeded under a protective tariff policy until 1842, and during the twenty-seven intervening years of comparative peace, her business affairs experienced such stagnation that bankruptcy was threatened. In 1815, her exports of manufactures and produce were £51,610,480; and in 1841 the increase was scarcely worth taking into account, the amount being £24,143 ($120,715). According to Mr. Noble, whose work upon English fiscal legislation is recognized authority, the effect of this condition of affairs, the legitimate result of the policy now imitated by the Republican party, was to close mills and workshops, depreciate property values, paralyze shipping and drive starving laborers to the poorhouse. In 1841, Sir Robert Peel took the first step toward reducing import duties, and by the Act of 1842 there was an abatement of the imposition upon seven hundred and fifty articles. The result was at once apparent. A deficiency in the national revenue of $12,105,000 in 1841 was converted into a surplus of $17,045,000 in 1845. The duties on wool, particularly, which had been maintained for more than two hundred years, were wholly repealed in 1844, and in 1845 more than four hundred articles, mostly raw materials, were added to the free list. British navigation laws of a restrictive character were abrogated in 1849, with the exception of several relating entirely to the coasting trade, and these were eliminated from the statute book in 1854. Mr. Disraeli bitterly opposed the repeal of the navigation laws, and declared with the high protectionists who had preceded him, and who prognosticated innumerable evils as the result of the acts of

the Peel Cabinet, that the nation was in danger. There was great opposition to any reduction of import duties. But the protest did not come from the poorer or middle classes, or from the body of the people. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the present leader of the Irish Home Rule Party, in his well-known work, "History of our own Times," says: "The corn laws, as all the world now admits, were a cruel burden on the poor and the working classes of England. They who were the uncompromising opponents of free trade at that time are proud to be its uncompromising zealots now. Indeed, there is no more chance for a reaction against free trade than there is against the rule of three." Says Mr. Gladstone: "When the free trade reform began, trade increased to a degree unexampled in the history of the world. Periods of distress have been due to special causes which were beyond human agency to deal with. Such times of hardship have become almost, if not absolutely, unknown, owing to the blessed effects of free trade. The country has made a great step forward and will not go back."

The expression "free trade" is used by these statesmen in a relative sense, since England has never ceased to collect a large custom revenue. Charles Sumner, the great Republican leader, wrote to Cobden congratulating him upon his fiscal victories. He said: "I am happy in your true success. You are the great volunteer with something in your hand better than a musket. This commercial treaty seems like a harbinger of glad tidings. Let that go into full operation and the war system must be discontinued." Does anyone believe that Charles Sumner, holding these views, would have supported the McKinley bill? He favored a war tariff in war; he would not have favored a war tariff in peace. Mr. Garfield did not hesitate to publicly declare that he favored that sort of a tariff which would ultimately lead to free trade. But what was the consequence of the repeal of the McKinley legislation of Great Britain? The effect was not only remarkable and favorable, but almost instantaneous. The aggregate exports and imports of Great Britain which were £123,312,000 in 1840 rose to £268,210,000 in 1854; £489,903,000 in 1865; £697,000,000 in 1880; and £748,000,000 ($3,744,715,000) in 1890. This must be admitted to be a pretty good showing. The population of the United Kingdom, on April 5th, 1891, was 37,888,153. The total area in square miles is 121,481, more than 36,000 square miles less than the State of California. And with this population Great Britain has a commerce equal to that of Austria, France, Germany and Italy combined, although the aggregate population of those countries is about 160,000,000. Prior to the removal of the restrictions on her commerce in 1842 the merchant marine tonnage of England had been long almost stationary. While it did not present, perhaps, such a woeful condition as that afforded by the United States, still no progress was observed. Between 1842 and 1849 there was a gain of nearly 450,000 tons. There was a rise from 3,485,000 tons in 1849 to 4,284,000 tons in 1854; 4,806,000 in 1861; 5,694,000 in 1871; 6,574,000 in 1880; and 7,759,000 in 1890. It is estimated that the total tonnage of the British merchant marine is now in excess of 10,000,000. Before the repeal of her ridiculous navigation laws from which ours have been practically copied, Great Britain was the proprietor of one-third of the shipping of the world. To-day she owns about two-thirds, and of the steam tonnage about 75 per cent. We are often referred to the extent of the deposits in our savings-banks; and Mr. McDonald alludes to our seemingly favorable balance of trade. He does not mention the trade balance in gold and silver for the last fifteen years.

It may be well in this connection to consider the relative condition of our savings-deposits. The natural advantages of the United States are, as we

all admit, remarkable and unrivaled. Hence, we ought to make an unequaled financial showing. The tax returns of England prove that the recipients of incomes of $5,000 and upwards are decreasing, while the increase in the number of those whose incomes are small is far greater than the percentage increase of population. This, of course, means more equality in distribution. The tendency of the United States appears to be the other way. It has been shown that between 25,000 and 30,000 persons out of a population of more than 60,000 own half the wealth of this Republic. The gold to which Mr. McDonald refers must have been and must be flowing into the pockets of this exclusive class. In 1890, the deposits in our savings-banks were $1,438,000,000, or in the ratio of $22.82 per head. The deposits, in 1888, in the savings-banks and provident institutions of England, were estimated at $1,075,000,000, or in the ratio of $28.28 per head. One among the many effects of the repeal in 1842, of the English McKinley measure, is found in the fact that there was then one able-bodied pauper to every 38 of the population of England and Wales. In 1890, the ratio was one in 300. Hence, there has evidently been a marked decrease in pauperism in England and Scotland. But if we are to believe the Census return for 1890, pauperism has increased in the United States; and I have the authority of Hon. David A. Wells for the statement that "there is not a city or town in England in which the percentage of returned pauperism is as large as the City of Hartford in New England." It is somewhat remarkable that, in 1885 one person in every 4,100 of the population of the British Isles was a convict. In 1890, the proportion in Massachusetts was one to every 461; and we are told that in this country many of our criminals escape. While it is true that numbers of our laborers receive excellent wages, this is not because of protective legislation. They are paid whatever their labor is worth in the market. Labor is not protected. The man who is running the so-called protected industry takes the benefits of legislation.

He pays his employé whatever the market rate may be. Indeed, if it were not for labor organizations, supplemented by the skill required in manufacturing institutions, those who constitute the actual bone and sinew of the land would indeed be poorly compensated. The fact is that the best-paid laborers in the United States are not in any way connected with protection, unless it be as tax contributors. But if the reward of toil has advanced in this country, it must be remembered that in England, since 1842, wages of all classes have gone forward 100 per cent; and some of our best statisticians claim that of recent years the advance has been more rapid there than in the United States. It might also be noted, as a circumstance tending to show general prosperity, that the amount of life insurance in Great Britain is greater than in any other country. It is no answer to all this to say: "Then if you are such an admirer of England, why do you not go there?" Ours is the greatest of nations, notwithstanding Congressional blunders. The foregoing figures are not the result of any admiration for Great Britain. I am merely stating facts. It is aggravating to a patriotic American to see his Government adopting a policy which must retard the country's growth. It is exasperating to find that a foreign land, possessing no natural advantages over us, and whose people are neither as skillful or persevering as those of the United States, can make such a favorable showing. When we reflect that England proper has a population of more than 540 to the square mile, and that our people number only 18 to the square mile; when we look about us and comprehend all that nature has done for us, and see how little we are doing for ourselves in economic matters; when we remember that with all our freedom and all our intelligence, we are

diverting vast wealth from the pockets of the masses into the coffers of selected millionaires, our sense of duty —our common sense—must bid us pause. That we are happier and better off than any other people is proof of our great endurance and our limitless resources.

Says Mr. McDonald: "The legislation of the fifty-first Congress is admirably adapted to the growth of industries and commerce. It does not impose unnecessary burdens on the people. * * * Upon such commodities as we can produce, the duties are only sufficiently high to make up the difference in the cost of production in this and foreign countries, which difference is mostly, if not wholly, one of wages." The McKinley bill, as I think I have shown, is admirably adapted to interfere with the growth of our commerce. The assertion that the tariff upon such commodities as we can reasonably produce is sufficiently high to make up the difference in the cost of production here and in foreign countries, which difference consists principally in wages, is a mistake. The Minneapolis platform announces this doctrine; but as there are many people who fail to practice what they preach, so the Republican party announces a rule in its platform which it has never carried out. Thus the duty on steel rails is fixed by the McKinley bill at $13.44 per ton. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, U.S. Commissioner of Labor, reported to the Senate on August 13, 1890, (See Senate Miscellaneous Documents, No. 212,) that the entire labor cost in this country of the production of a ton of steel rails is $11.59; so that if the British manufacturer gets all his labor for nothing, the McKinley bill gives Mr. Carnegie and his associates $1.85 per ton, besides the cost of freight, insurance, commissions, etc. But the cost to the British manufacturer to make the same material, as far as the labor is concerned, is $7.81; therefore, the labor cost of a ton of steel rails in the United States is $3.78 more than it is in England. So, if we accept the Republican platform theory, which seems to be adopted in the article which I am considering, the tariff ought to be $3.78 instead of $13.44. But taking into account not only labor cost, but all other differences, Commissioner Wright declares that the net cost in this country is $24.66 per ton, and in England $18.61 per ton—difference, $6.05; leaving a net tariff excess, over this aggregate difference, of $7.39. This is a mere sample of the insincerity of the tariff lords, and of the inaccuracy of those who advocate their interests.

Woolen clothing must be considered a necessary of life; yet, with the exception of spirituous liquors, it is made the principal source of revenue. One dollar out of every five in our tariff tax is exacted from this essential. Of all our revenue from taxation, more than one-ninth is drawn from taxes upon wool and woolen goods. It is estimated that $41,000,000 of taxes are gathered upon an importation of $60,000,000 worth of wool and woolens. In 1891, there were some $338,000,000 worth of woolen goods made in this country, which were protected by a duty under the McKinley bill exceeding $80.00 on the $100.00 worth; and yet wool-growing is not profitable. We have not sufficient raw material in this country to supply our wants. We cannot get what we need without paying extravagant duties. We must buy foreign-made articles, or purchase them from those who have secured the enactment of the McKinley bill. And somehow it happens that the legislation of the fifty-first Congress has not made the wool-growers happy. As to the assertion that raisins, oranges, etc., can be raised at a profit, because of Republican legislation, it may well be doubted whether much benefit is derived from the tariff thus imposed. But in any event, as the Democratic platform demands a tariff for revenue only, and as these articles must be considered luxuries, a high duty will be imposed upon imports of that class.

Although Mr. McKinley placed an additional half cent on imported raisins, yet the market price of the article has actually fallen. Probably this may be cited as an instance of the beneficial effect of protection. When a protected article becomes cheaper, our Republican brethren declare that its cheapness is due to protection. When it is high, they declare, on the other hand, that protection causes the high price. It will not be claimed, I imagine, that the object of the tariff on raisins is to reduce their value. As illustrating the McKinley method of establishing industries, Republicans are fond of declaring that all our tinware will soon be manufactured in the United States on account of the enormous duty imposed upon tinplate, and that the pearl-button business will rapidly attain large proportions.

What is meant by establishing or creating an industry? It is certain that the industry has not heretofore existed, because the market price of its product would not justify its maintenance. But why do such industries exist now? Manifestly for the reason that the law has increased the market price of their product by taxing the consumer. This may be beneficial to the handful engaged in the enterprise, but it is onerous to the people at large who are involuntarily supporting a class of persons who have no more claim upon the nation than those who raise wheat or corn or potatoes. The tin iniquity is familiar to all. Every man who has constructed the smallest tin roof, since the McKinley bill went into effect, can see the point. He knows that he pays more for his roof, and he knows that as a consumer he pays the tax. A very prominent merchant in New York, whose establishment is at 476 Broadway, made the following statement to the Committee on Ways and Means of the present House, regarding the difference in rates between the McKinley bill and the Act of March 3, 1883, as regards imported pearl-buttons: The foreign value of a given package in 1883 was $322.00; duty 25 per cent—$80.50. In 1890 the duty amounted to $1009.25. Another imported package of the same article in value amounted to $2,871, and the duty in 1883 was $717.75. The duty alone on the same package in 1890 was $5,020.89. Now, when the storekeeper on Broadway sells these buttons to the public, he does not sell them at a loss. Hence his patrons contribute this enormous sum for the benefit of a few gentlemen who have started a pearl-button establishment in Detroit. And still it is said that the McKinley bill "does not impose unnecessary burdens upon the people." I might multiply instances by the page and by the hour, but limited space forbids.

Republican protectionists assume to be very friendly to the American farmer, and declare that an additional tariff has been laid upon wheat for his benefit. But what advantage does the farmer derive from this additional tariff? Are not the wheat fleet and the flour fleet to which I have directed attention, preparing to sail to Liverpool? And does not the American farmer there meet the almost slave labor of India, and the miserably paid Russian? And are not the prices which he there receives, regulated by the English demand and supply? The farmer pays tariff on everything he uses, but he makes no profit by the legislation. There is nothing in it for him. If a San Diego rancher goes into Mexico and buys a mustang worth $30.00 there, he must pay $30.00 in order to bring his horse home. Thus he finds himself possessed of a $60.00 animal, which across the line is worth $30.00. The farmers through the country have been sold so often by the Republican party that they are protesting vigorously. If the wheat fleet already adverted to might go to Liverpool bearing the product of our soil (which grows not because of the McKinley bill,) there to receive in exchange the commodities which are needed at home, the materials which

farmers consume and require, and which are now practically barred out by law, would not the agriculturalist be benefited thereby?

Here may be illustrated the delusive character of the balance of trade argument in which protectionists indulge.

Let us assume that California's wheat crop is worth $23,000,000 in Liverpool, and that its owners instead of getting gold for it make a wise bargain with their English customers and take and bring home in exchange English goods worth $25,000,000. Here, evidently, the balance of trade appearing against us is $2,000,000, and yet that sum represents gain resulting from barter in excess of the gold value of the article sold.

The assertion made by Mr. McDonald to the effect that reciprocity is reducing our trade losses with South America is strongly confirmatory of the position which I have taken. The Republican party never thought of reciprocity until Mr. Blaine stamped it on the McKinley bill and declared that the time had come when the American producer must get some benefit. Reciprocity merely gives us a taste of the benefits of freer trade. We oppose the reciprocity features of the McKinley bill, among the reasons, because it is there sought to vest in the President dangerous powers, and because the retaliatory spirit of the enactment is unworthy of the age. If some of the unfortunate Republics south of us are compelled, in consequence of their requirements or improvidence, to make bread higher and scarcer to their people, then we will make leather and sugar higher to our people. Against such conduct Washington warned us in his farewell address. He said: "Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing."

Reciprocity, however, is valuable as demonstrating the benefits which would follow more generous legislation. Belgium, containing about the population of the Empire State, and smaller in area, shows imports and exports amounting annually to $582,000,000. It is true that Austria, Bulgaria, Italy, Portugal, Roumania and Servia do not surpass the United States in the proportion of commerce to population. But we must not, because we are doing better than Servia, become vain or boastful. The Republican idea seems to be to avoid trading with populous and rich nations. In 1891, the United Kingdom imported 4,838,991 quarters of wheat from the United States; very nearly 2,000,000 quarters in excess of that derived from Russia, and more than 2,000,000 quarters above the importation from India. One of the most iniquitous results of the Republican protective policy is found in the circumstance that our manufacturers sell many of the articles made by them in this country to foreigners far cheaper than they do to the tax-ridden American. Mr. Farquhar, who is one of the wealthiest and most successful manufacturers of agricultural implements in the United States, frankly admits this, but nevertheless declares that he prefers a modification of the tariff, as the free importation of raw materials would enable him to compete with British manufacturers anywhere. He says that he sells manufactured articles to consumers in South America and Mexico from ten to twenty-five per cent. cheaper than to his United States patrons.

The Ann Arbor Agricultural Implement Company, through its advertisements in the Spanish edition of the *American Mail*, offers standard agricultural implements at enormously reduced rates to Spanish consumers. A few of the relative prices are here given.

	Spanish Price.	American Price.
Advance Plow,.....	5.00	18.00
Advance Plow,.....	3.00	8.00
Hay Tedder,.....	30.00	45.00
Mower,.....	40.00	65.00
Horse Rake,.....	17.00	25.00
Cumming Feed Cutter, No. 3	60.00	90.00
Ann Arbor Cutter, No. 2	28.00	40.00
Ann Arbor Cutter, No. 1.....	16.00	28.00
Clipper Cutter,.....	9.50	18.00
Lever Cutter,.....	4.25	8.00
Cultivator.....	22.00	35.00
Sweep,.....	60.00	90.00

Nearly all the large concerns in the country present similar records. And Mr. George Draper, a prominent Massachusetts manufacturer, so concedes in a pamphlet recently issued by the "American Protective Tariff League."

California Republicans have not always held the views which many of them now profess. In 1891, the Legislature of this State, which was largely Republican, passed a joint resolution requesting the removal of the tariff (truly called in the resolution *a tax*) upon grain-bags, burlaps, gunneys and gunney-cloth. (Statutes of 1891, page 525). But the Republicans in Congress heeded not the appeal.

The Democrats made an effort in the last Congress to procure the removal of the duty upon binding twine, but failed by reason of Republican opposition. President Jackson truly said (and he never did anything at the battle of New Orleans, or elsewhere, to indicate that he was very fond of England): "The corporations and wealthy individuals, who are engaged in large manufacturing establishments, desire a high tariff to increase their gains. Designing politicians will support it to conciliate their favor, and to obtain the means of a profuse expenditure for the purpose of purchasing influence in other quarters. * * * Do not allow yourselves, my fellow-citizens, to be misled on this subject. The Federal Government cannot collect a surplus for such purposes without violating the principles of the Constitution, and assuming powers which have not been granted. It is, moreover, a system of injustice, and if persisted in, will, inevitably, lead to corruption, and must end in ruin."

Republican protection is a fraud.

TRAFFIC IN WHITE GIRLS.

BY M. G. C. EDHOLM.

IN the February number of THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE appeared an article entitled "The Stain on the Flag," exposing the horrors of the life of Chinese slave-women. The purpose of this paper is to call the attention of the American people to the fact that we are not much better in this respect than the Chinese, and that there is maintained in all large cities in America and Europe a systematized traffic in white slaves almost, if not altogether equaling in horror the Chinese slavery. The only difference is that American and European nations call themselves civilized Christians, while the Chinese they denominate as barbarous heathens.

Two months in Florence Crittenton Mission in New York, founded by the famous evangelist and philanthropist, Charles N. Crittenton, for the rescue of erring girls, gave the writer an insight into the life of these white slaves that should bring a blush to manhood in America.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton whose Herculean labors for the rescue of erring girls is known around the world, and who spends through his Florence Crittenton Missions $25,000 a year to uplift these fallen ones, has stated that he learned from keepers of houses of infamy in Sacramento that just before the Legislature convened there was a special activity in the traffic of young girls, preparatory to the assembling of the State's Legislature. Every man of the world knows that the facts unblushingly admitted by the keepers of houses of ill-fame in Sacramento are repeated in every city of the United States, and fair young girls must in some way be secured as victims to be sacrificed to the lust of dissolute men. The average life of these girls is only five years, and then comes the horrible death from loathsome disease in a charity hospital and the nameless grave in the potter's field. With such an awful death-rate in the ranks of this army of victims the recruits must be many; and in America, Christian America! we have a body of men and women known as procurers, who make it the business of their lives to seduce, lure, ensnare, trap, drug and ruin innocent girls and imprison them in houses of prostitution. The proof that such a class of unclean vampires exists is found in the admissions of the law, which places heavy penalties upon their vile business, and in stories told by hundreds of victims who have escaped from the clutches of their captors to the refuge of Florence Crittenton Missions or other houses for the rescued. What we wish to impress, as the most important phase of this question, is that the traffic in girls is a business carried on systematically. If fathers and mothers knew this they would guard their daughters a thousand times more jealously than they do. Many fathers do know these facts, but they think so long as their own daughters are not molested the fate of thousands of other fathers' daughters need not concern them.

August Bebel in his profound work, "Woman in the Past, Present and Future," says: "The trade in woman's flesh has assumed enormous dimensions. It is carried on with a systematized organization on a most extensive scale, without attracting the attention of the police in the midst of all our culture and civilization. A host of brokers, agents, carriers of both sexes is engaged in the business with the same cold-bloodedness as though it were a question of any other article of sale. Birth certificates are forged and invoices made out, which



Charles N. Crittenton, Founder Florence Missions.

contain an exact description of the qualifications of the 'separate packages,' and which are handed to the carrier as a statement for the purchaser. The price depends, as in the case of other wares, on the quality, and the different categories are sorted and sent to different places and countries according to the tastes and demands of the customers. These agents make use of the most elaborate manipulations to avoid rousing the suspicion and incurring the pursuit of the police. And not unfrequently large sums are spent in closing the eyes of the officers of the law. Some such cases have become public, especially in Paris.

"Europe enjoys the reputation of stocking the woman market for the world. European women fill the harems of the Turks and the public brothels, from the interior of Siberia to Bombay, Singapore and New York." One writer, W. Joest, in his book of travels from Japan to Germany through Siberia, alluding to the German trade in girls, speaks as follows:

"People excite themselves, in our moral Germany, often enough about the slave-trade that is carried on by some West African Negro Prince, or about the condition of things in Cuba or Brazil. They would do better to take the beam out of their own eye, for in no country in the world is such a trade in white slaves carried on as in Germany and Austria; and from no country in the world are such numbers of these human wares exported. This enormous business is thoroughly organized. It is transacted by agents and commercial travelers, and if the ministers of Foreign Affairs were to demand reports from all the German Consuls very interesting statistical tables might be made out." Mr. Bebel, after quoting the above words, then says: "Similar complaints, too, have come from another quarter, which occasioned the German Reichstag, in its session of 1882–83, to pass a resolution requesting the Imperial Chancellor to unite with Holland in its endeavor to restrict and suppress this odious trade."

England and America cannot boast of much better morality, for the exposé in the *Pall Mall Gazette* by that splendid champion of womanhood, William T. Stead, proved the horrible traffic in girls for the lust of the English aristocracy, in which traffic mere children were bought and sold. This exposure thrilled the world with indignation at the awful evidence of truth. America, too, sustains just such a traffic, and thousands of girls are literally sold into the slavery of the brothel. An evangelist in New York City, once a dissipated man, but now dedicating his life to God, said he knew of one case where a drunken mother sold her own daughter to a rich libertine for $1,000; and he said, "I thought she was a big fool, for she might as well have gotten $2,000, for the girl was so pretty."

These girls are secured in various ways. Immoral literature is placed in the hands of hundreds of school children, and evil passions are aroused, often resulting in the ruin of girls and boys who their parents fondly imagine are as innocent as babes, of such foul sin. Anthony Comstock, the "Children's Friend," well known as the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, by the destruction of immoral literature, has put out of existence tons of such utterly vile printed matter, and as utterly vile pictures, that make even a grown-up man shudder. The grand service this man has rendered humanity, risking his life again and again to bring to justice these foul corrupters of children's minds, can never be estimated. After the child's mind is debauched it is an easy matter to debauch the body, and thousands of our youth of both sexes are ruined by these vile books. Anthony Comstock could tell such tales of horror that every father and mother and teacher in our land would be on the alert against these pernicious books and their leprous vendors.

It is often supposed by the unthink-

ing that these girls willingly enter a life of shame. Such is not true. The Parisian Doctor Parent Duchatelet has made out an interesting statistical table containing an account of 5,000 erring girls, with a view to ascertaining the principal causes which drive



A. W. Dennett, Associate Founder of Florence Home.

girls to prostitution. He says: "Of these 5,000 girls, 1,440 had been driven to prostitution by want and misery; 1,250 had neither parents nor means of livelihood, and therefore belong to the first category; 80 prostituted themselves to support poor and aged parents; 1,400 were concubines deserted by their lovers; 400 girls were seduced by officers and soldiers and dragged to Paris; and 200 had been deserted by their lovers in an unfortunate condition. These figures and rubrics speak for themselves."

It is thus seen that 2,700, or more than half of these girls, were forced to sell themselves for bread, and nearly all the remainder were betrayed victims of seduction. Perhaps the whole question could not be better stated in a nutshell than by the author already quoted, August Bebel, whose great researches make his opinion authoritative:

"We only need to consider the miserable wages earned by the greater number of working women, wages upon which it is impossible to exist, and which the recipients are forced to eke out by prostitution to understand why things are as they are. Some employers are infamous enough to excuse the lowness of the salary by pointing to this means of indemnification. Such is the position of workwomen of all kinds, counting by hundreds of thousands. The Jus Primæ Noctis of feudal lords in the Middle Ages exists to-day in another shape. The sons of our cultured and well-to-do classes consider it for the most part their right to seduce and then desert the daughters of the people. These confiding and inexperienced girls, whose lives are friendless and

joyless, become too easily the victims of a brilliant and fascinating seducer. Disappointment and misery, and finally crime are the consequences. Suicide and infanticide among women are generally traceable to these causes. The numerous trials for child murder present a dark but instructive picture. A girl is led astray and heartlessly abandoned; helpless in desperation and shame she is driven to the last resource; she commits infant murder; is tried and condemned, and sentenced to final servitude or death. The unscrupulous man, the moral author of the crime, in reality the true murderer, is unpunished. He, probably, soon after marries the daughter of a "respectable family,' and becomes a much respected (?) man. There are many occupying positions of honor and dignity who have thus defiled their names and conscience. *If women had a word to say in legislation many things would be altered in these matters.*



Mrs. E. G. Underhill, Matron Florence Home, New York.

"The cruellest procedure is that prescribed by French law which forbids inquiry after the father, and builds Foundling Houses instead. The decree of the convention, dated June 28th, 1793, runs as follows: 'The nation undertakes the physical and moral education of abandoned children. They will henceforth be designated as orphans. No other name will be allowed.' That was a convenient arrangement for the men who could thus throw their individual responsibility on the shoulders of the community without compromising themselves publicly or before their wives."

While starvation wages and seduction are the two favorite methods of forcing and luring girls into this life of shame, other methods are resorted to by which thousands of innocent girls are dragged into this maelstrom of prostitution. One of these methods is mock marriage.

There are in the San Francisco Florence Crittenton Home, at 808 Twenty-fourth street, several girls whose lives are blighted, though they are as innocent of sin as any married woman, for they have been ruined by



Miss Frances E. Willard, President World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

the men they trusted. They were enticed into a mock marriage, and too late found the husband a scoundrel of the deepest dye. And yet so tender-hearted are these dear girls toward the legal wife and children who would be disgraced by exposure that they refuse to prosecute the husband and place him behind penitentiary bars, where he deserves to be.

Hundreds of girls are snared by agents who place false advertisements for work in the daily papers. Girls who have their living to make innocently answer them. They are met at the depot by the wily agent, who drives them to a house of ill-fame. How is the girl to know from the outside appearance that the place is a house of infamy? She is taken to a room, a man is sent there and she is ruined. The girl is kept a prisoner behind locked doors, and there is no escape for her. Liquor is constantly applied, and she is made drunken until the appetite for drink conquers her and she gives up hope and sinks to the depths of prostitution. Then the doors may be freely opened, and thank God! many, who are as low as this, escape, turn their eyes to Florence Crittenton Missions and fly for their lives and are saved.

The reader may ask, "What about the police? Can't they rescue these girls if they want to get out?" In the first place, the cries of the girls cannot penetrate thick walls, and if they could, it is a well-known fact that many of the officers are bribed to allow these places to go on unmolested. These girls are assessed so much a week, the keeper boldly claiming that the money must be paid to prevent

the police from raiding the place. This is not true of all policemen. Thank God, many a true heart beats beneath the coat of blue with the glittering star, and many a girl has been rescued from ruin by the kindly protection of these officers of the law.

Another way in which these girls are kept prisoners is by the keeper of the house always holding them in debt. When they enter, their clothing is taken from them and locked up as security until the fancy clothing of ballet-dancers is paid for; and as extravagant prices are always charged, the poor girl doesn't get out of debt until her moral degradation is so complete that she utterly despairs of getting free.

Mr. Crittenton relates an instance of a little girl, only thirteen years of age, who jumped from the second story window of a bagnio, risking her life to escape. She was dressed in the ballet-dancer's costume, and, of course, she was arrested and taken to jail for being improperly dressed. The keeper of the house was sent for, who came and paid her fine, and the sobbing child was taken back to her doom under the very eyes of a judge who ought to have sent her to Florence Mission, instead of giving her back to this vulture in human shape. Surely Isaiah saw this awful social evil in prophetic vision when he wrote these significant words: "But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey and none delivereth: for a spoil and none saith, restore."

These girls are not only prisoners, but slaves of the keepers, who take most of the money gained by sin, while the barbarities practiced upon them are so atrocious and cruel and disgusting, that the very paper would turn black in horror were their recital attempted. Kicks and blows, and cuts, and bruises, and oaths, and foul epithets, prove indeed to these poor girls that the "wages of sin is death." Surely God's word is true: "For it is a shame to even speak of those things which are done of them in secret;" "for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

That the liquor traffic is largely the cause of the brothel, is manifest. Liquor everywhere. Liquor is used to make the innocent girls drunken, that seduction may be rendered easy. Drugged liquor is given to overcome the unwilling victim, and it is stated that within these "ladies' entrances" the man who wants to drug his companion need only wink at the bar-keeper. The brothel is always connected with drink.

The great army of girls driven to prostitution by starvation wages can trace their downfall to drink, because hundreds of them are daughters of drunken fathers who do not support them, and the girls are thrown out in the street to take what they can get; and when starvation stares them in the face, and the lover promises marriage—and it is woman's nature to love and give herself to the man she loves—with a trusting heart she gives herself, and we all know the result. And yet, if the girl were getting fair wages for her work so that she could live, she would never yield herself till the marriage vow is taken.

Upon the heads of millionaires and employers, who are making money on the starvation wages of these dear girls, will be their blood. Let us not blame the girls. Let us blame the employers who defraud them. Let us blame the fathers that neglect their daughters for drink, and the saloon keepers who corrupt the fathers and the voters, and, alas! Christian voters, who license the saloon, the great cause of prostitution.

From the painful picture which the facts stated have drawn, let us turn to the more hopeful side of the case and speak of those efforts that contribute a remedy. There are a few doors of escape where these poor, outraged girls can find a chance to enter a better life. Florence Crittenton Mis-

sions signify to these poor slaves freedom, hope, happiness. The first Florence Mission was founded in New York City, April 19, 1883. The story of its founding thrills every heart that loves humanity and touches all eyes to tears, for it is a memorial of a precious little girl.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, a merchant prince in the City of New York,



Florence Crittenton.

reveled in joy, for his beautiful home on Fifth avenue was full of sunshine because a devoted wife and precious little ones lit it up with love. "Little Florence" was her father's idol. Her childish laugh was sweetest music to his ears. Her whispered love and baby kisses falling upon his lips, thrilled his soul, and as he clasped her close to his pulsing heart, no language can picture the delight that flooded his being.

By and by the angel of death entered that home. The little arms fell from about her father's neck, the little lips faltered, "Papa, sing 'The Sweet By-and-By;'" and with quivering voice the father sang the beautiful words, and the precious soul was wafted heavenward and caught the sweet strains "over there" in the heavenly choir where never a minor chord of pain breaks the celestial harmony.

When the clods fell on that little snowy casket and hid his darling's face, and sounded the death-knell of his earthly hopes, his heart broke, and for months he struggled in tears and pain in his great sorrow, until at last, in an upper chamber, where he "trod the wine-press alone," it was telegraphed to heaven, "Behold he prayeth." Then God said, "Surely he is my child." "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior."

Then he rose from his knees with a wondrous peace lighting his life.

Like his divine Master he opened the "Book," and found this message: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

So down into the slums of New York City he went, and found the poor, the broken-hearted, the captive, the blind and the bruised. In the missions he found hundreds of these human wrecks, these drunken boys, and girls sunk in the mire of prostitution, and through his loving sympathy many were restored to noble manhood and womanhood. One night, in talking to a poor, erring girl, he said in the words of Jesus: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." The weeping girl said: "Where can I go?" Quick as a flash the thought echoed in his own mind, "Where can she go? There is scarcely a door in New York, save the door of a brothel open to her." And then and there he determined as a memorial to his angel baby Florence, to found a home for other fathers' girls who are indeed a thousand times more lost than was his little girl.



The First Florence Crittenton Mission, 21-23 Bleecker St., New York City.

So down at 21–23 Bleecker street, in the very heart of the slums, rises Florence Crittenton Mission — converted from a brothel to a Bethel—as a lighthouse amid the breakers of sin. A beautiful illuminated sign bearing the words "Florence Crittenton Mission, Welcome," invites every broken-hearted one to enter a spacious double four-story house. On one side is the chapel, cozy, clean, beautiful. Above the pulpit is the life-size picture of little Florence, sweet-faced and innocent; and like a halo, the golden motto, "A little child shall lead them." And indeed, this little child has led thousands from the depths of sin to the heights of heaven. Across the hall are the inquiry rooms, where hundreds of souls have been "born again." Above are bedrooms and dormitories where are sheltered, on an average, forty girls, who have turned from a life of sin. Here food and clothing and medicine are freely given them, and above all, in warm, loving sympathy they are pointed to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." The sight at the dinner

table is beautiful. These poor desolate ones who feel they have not a friend on earth save the friends in Florence Mission, gather about the table laden with appetizing food. The heads are bowed a moment while

After dinner they repair to the chapel for a short service.

Behind the girls are the seats for the men, who nightly, by hundreds, crowd in, poor, drunken, defiled, and heart-sick. Upon the platform



Lady Henry Somerset, President British Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mother Prindle offers grace, in which a benediction on Mr. Charles N. Crittenton always finds a hearty "Amen;" then all sing a verse of some familiar hymn, often

At the cross! at the cross!
There I first saw the light
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith I received my sight
And now I am happy night and day.

are the workers. Often the ministers of the grand uptown churches are here to get a fresh baptism of power, for in no place in New York is there a greater evidence of the brooding Holy Spirit, than in Florence Crittenton Mission. Dear Mother Prindle James Johnston, J. Carpenter, A. S. Hatch, Jas. Sketchley, A. W. Milbury, J. H. Pierce, Mr. Vassar, Mr. Hoople, Mrs. Wall and others, with

Mrs. Elton as organist, lead the meetings in great power, and every night souls are converted.

Among the best workers in the inquiry room is "Sister Charlotte" Draper; herself rescued, she has wonderful power in leading to a better life her erring sisters. As a worker in the slums, she has had most marvelous success. In the brothels and dives she goes, always allowed by the keepers, and pleads tenderly with the girls and men to come to Florence Mission and the Christ who saved her. Her husband, Mr. Edwin Draper, is also a worker blessed with grand success; and not only do these practical helpers bring the poor ones back to God, but through the Christian Alliance they have provided a house and a wood-yard, and a broom factory, where men and women may earn their board and lodging; and so from the Florence Missions and their workers are constantly going forth the influences that bless and uplift fallen humanity.

Nor does the good thought of Mr. Crittenton stop at the rescue work:



M. H. Vassar, a Worker in Florence Mission.

for he and Mr. A. W. Dennett, the noted caterer, support at 140 E. 14th street, New York, a Florence Crittenton Home for worthy working girls out of employment, or whose wages will not sustain them. Mrs. E. G. Underhill is the mother-hearted matron. She and her husband are ministers in the Friend Church, and every one of these girls finds friends indeed who love them as a father and

mother. Mr. A. W. Dennett, a few years ago, consecrated himself and his business to God's service, and he has been wonderfully blessed by his Master, having no less than a dozen large restaurants in the chief cities of New York; for there are Florence Crittenton Missions in New Brunswick, New Jersey; in Sacramento, led by Rev. G. N. Ballantine and Rev. G. C. Gorner; in San Jose, under the supervision of a board of



"Mother" Prindle, Matron of Florence Mission, New York.

the United States, every one of which is run on Christian principles, no liquor or tobacco being sold, and closing on Sunday; and every morning the employes gather for prayer before business. As he honors God, God blesses him, and he spends thousands every year in Florence Crittenton Home and other missions.

But Mr. Crittenton does not confine his benevolence to his native State of which Mrs. M. A. Knox is president, and Messrs. Wm. Chappell and T. H. Lawson have been able superintendents. And Mr. Crittenton has lately become president of the Pacific Rescue Home of San Francisco, which will hereafter bear his darling's name.

This home has done a magnificent work in the past few years. Under the efficient work of the board composed of the following well-known

names: Chas. N. Crittenton, president; E. A. Girvin, vice-president; Jos. Moscrop, secretary; Mrs. C. H. Sykes, president of the board of lady managers. Rev. J. W. Ellsworth is the energetic business manager, and Mrs. Russell is the tender-hearted matron, loved by the girls like a mother. Hundreds of girls who have made their first misstep are helped out of their awful trouble, their little ones are tenderly cared for, and many are sent out for adoption to the best families. Nearly all the girls become Christians, and go forth into the world redeemed and noble women. Many a girl, many a girl's father and mother thank God for this blessed home, which has saved so many souls from death in the black waters of prostitution.

Mr. Adolph Sutro has lately given a large lot for the erection of a new home, since the old one is so overflowingly full, and the compassionate matrons cannot bear to turn away a single broken-hearted girl. All California should rally to the support of this home, for here are girls from all parts of the State. This institution appeals to philanthropic hearts; this home so sadly needs money. Will not the thousands in California who can afford to give sums of hundreds, or even the



Anthony Comstock, "the Children's Friend."

smallest pittance, contribute to this noble work?

Mr. George S. and Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery aid Mr. Crittenton largely in Florence Missions, and also gave to the Salvation Army the site for their Rescue Home at Beulah, California. Like Mr. Crittenton, too, they have presented gifts in the name of their baby girl, Faith Montgomery.

The co-operation of women and women's societies with Mr. Crittenton's Florence Missions disproves the old adage—"Woman is woman's worst enemy." Many societies have passed resolutions similar to this passed at the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association:

Resolved, That we heartily rejoice in the work for the rescue of erring girls, being done by Mr. Charles N. Crittenton and other philanthropists in founding Florence Missions.

But Mr. Crittenton wants to feel that after he has "gone home" these Florence Missions may still go on; and it is the dream of his life—a dream which is rapidly becoming a reality—to establish a Florence Crittenton Mission in every large city of the United States and Europe. And that they may flourish even after the inspiration of his presence has ceased, he is most wisely co-operating with that wonderfully grand organization, The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is President and Lady Henry Somerset is one of the chief officers. Miss Willard is also National Superintendent of the Social Purity department, one of the most important of the forty departments sustained by this great organization; and most fitting is it that this excellent woman and the hosts she is leading should aid Mr. Crittenton in sustaining the Florence Missions, for these kind-hearted women have battled for years against legalizing prostitution, being led by Josephine Butler of England. California, too, was saved from the horrible sin of legalized vice, twenty years ago, before the W. C. T. U. was organized by that noble champion of her sex, Mrs. Emily Pitt Stevens, now a National organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose speeches in the past year for Florence Crittenton Missions have thrilled thousands into sympathy for these erring girls.

Mr. Crittenton finds a grand ally in this "White Ribbon" sisterhood, and will found a Florence Mission in large cities on condition that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will so interest the public that they may be supported by the generous hearted in these cities. Surely this is but right, and a most liberal proposition. Had Mr. Crittenton the wealth of Crœsus fifty fold he could not alone rescue all the fallen girls, for alas! they are numbered by the million. God's way is that all may have a share in this blessed philanthropy. And who does not thrill with joy at the thought that his money given to these blessed missions may save hundreds of our precious girls from the horrors of the brothel?

That the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is most able to conduct such missions is well proved by the Julia Ames Anchorage of Chicago, founded by Miss Willard. The Refuge Home of Portland, largely supported by the W. C. T. U. women of Oregon, led by Mrs. Anna R. Riggs, State President; The "White Shield Home" of Tacoma, Washington; the "Open Door" of Omaha, Nebraska, superintended by that consecrated woman, Mrs. G. W. Clark, and many others—these are some of the institutions consecrated to the work. With the inspiration of Mr. Crittenton's leadership, no doubt the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will do such work for social purity that the very angels in heaven will rejoice with unspeakable gladness; for if there is joy in heaven over one soul redeemed, who can measure the volume of joy upon joy over these countless thousands?

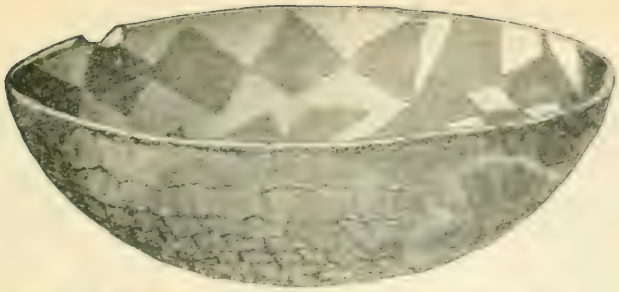


Fig. 1.—Bowl with Coiled Exterior and Plaited Interior.

THE PRE-COLUMBIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

NEXT year will take place the celebration of an event, which did away forever with the mystery of the earth's shape, and opened a new world to commerce and enterprise. In this celebration all the civilized nations of the earth will participate, and every material production of human hand and brain will be represented by specimens, the best of their kind. Every agricultural, industrial, artistic and scientific occupation will have its mute delegate at the World's Fair. The past and present will be illustrated, and the future will be punctuated with suggestions. It is of the distant past that we propose to treat, or rather of one of its anthropological features.

At the World's Fair, while the farmer will wonder at the productions of climes foreign to his own; while the Asiatic mechanic will gaze with awe upon powerful and complicated machinery capable of driving thousands of tons across an ocean, and cutting inter-oceanic canals; while the retail dealer of a country store for the first time realizes the immensity of commerce as he cons one after another the fabrics of all nations; and while the public at large are wandering about in delight at the stupendous collection, the ethnologist and historian will be standing in thoughtful contemplation of specimens that represent the work, the ingenuity and artistic taste of primitive man.

So great an interest is taken in aboriginal art in America, that the faculty of the Leland Stanford Jr. University is sending agents in all directions with the object of collecting specimens of ancient pottery and other relics bearing on the subject, for the purpose of sending them to the World's Fair. Nor is the Stanford University alone in this effort to exhibit to the visitors from many nations, and to the public, the objects of prehistoric art. Other institutions are equally interested and similarly engaged.

The origin and development of the



ceramic art have long occupied the attention of archæologists whose skill

in deduction and accuracy of conclusions enable them to read the story of primitive peoples' progress in art, from unearthed relics as from a book. In arid regions, such as that occupied by the Zuñi, where water is scarce and found only in places far distant from one another, the first consideration with the primitive inhabitant was the transportation of water to the secure abodes which it is reasonable to suppose they were compelled to occupy by the pressure of hostile and stronger tribes. It was in these regions that aboriginal pottery was more highly developed than elsewhere, and in no other portion of the United States did it reach such a degree of perfection as it attained in the ancient Pueblo district. A moment's consideration will make it evident that the development of pottery depended mainly upon environment. In well-watered localities, where the transportation of water was of no vital importance, invention was little called upon to design convenient vessels; in the region of the Zuñi, however, the water supply was the prime necessity of life. It had to be brought from a distance, doubtless with intervals of hostile interruption, which necessitated the storage of considerable quantities of it. The want, therefore, of suitable and convenient vessels, sharpened the observation of those primitive men and evolved their ingenuity.

There is every reason to conclude that the earliest water vessels used by the Zuñi were sections of hollow canes and tubes of wood. In the hot and parching atmosphere in which they lived, the paunches and skins of animals, however useful elsewhere as water bottles, would be of little service, being liable to destruction by drying, and unfit to preserve water in a pure condition. The hollow cane and wooden tube were poor means of transportation and inadequate to the requirements; but nature offered another vessel already made and ready for the hand. This was the gourd, large in capacity and convenient in form, the shape of which has been used as a model in Indian pottery down to the present day. There was only one objection to this natural vessel, and that was its fragility. What more natural, then, than to strengthen it with a coarse kind of wicker work composed of flexible splints of fibrous plants? This was done, and basketry was developed therefrom.

This crude origin of the wicker art led in time to the construction of the

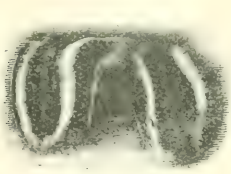


Fig. 4.

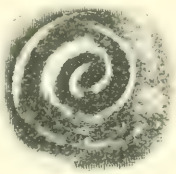


Fig. 5.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

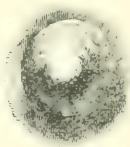


Fig. 6.

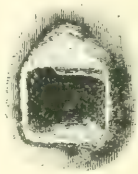


Fig. 3.

Examples of Relief Ornaments.

water-tight basketry of the southwest, which supplanted as a water receptacle the natural gourd. Let us now see how the ceramic art had its birth cradle in basketry.

The ancestors of the Zuñi were



Fig. 8—Coiled Vase from a Cliff-house in Mancos Cañon, Colorado.

wont to roast seeds, crickets and bits of meat in wicker trays coated inside with gritty clay. Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, visited, in 1881, among other Pueblo tribes, the Coçoninos, of Cataract Cañon, Arizona, and found that isolated people still using that ancient mode of dressing their food. He thus describes this archaic frying-pan and the mode of using it. "A round basket tray, either loosely or closely woven, is evenly coated inside with clay, into which has been kneaded a very large proportion of sand, to prevent contraction and consequent cracking from drying. This lining of clay is pressed, while still soft, into the basket as closely as possible with the hands, and then allowed to dry. The tray is thus made ready for use. The seeds or other substances to be parched are placed inside of it, together with a quantity of glowing wood coals. The operator, quickly squatting, grasps the tray at opposite edges, and, by a rapid spiral motion up and down, succeeds in keeping the coals and seeds constantly shifting places, and turning over as they dance after one another around and around the tray, meanwhile blowing or puffing the embers with every breath to keep them free from ashes and glowing at their hottest."

It is obvious that the constant,

heating of the clay lining, would cause it to grow hard, and instances would occur when the lining would become detached from the wicker work and a perfect earthen roasting vessel be produced. The occasional production of such a vessel, suitable in all ways and for all uses in cookery, would suggest the manufacture of similar serviceable utensils. It was but natural, after it was discovered that clay vessels when well burned would answer all the purposes of water utensils and cooking pots, that all kinds of earthen vessels would in time be manufactured. As regards the process, the ancient potter would soon find out that she could not use a mold in manufacturing her water-jars, which, for the purposes of transportation, required a narrow neck, and she naturally pursued the process she was accustomed to in manufacturing the basket bottle. Long, slender fillets or ropes of clay of various thicknesses, according to the sizes of the vessels to be manufactured, were rolled out, and, like the wisp of the basket, were coiled by the ancient Pueblo potters round centers, to form the bottoms of the utensils. At first the fillets were made to overlap each other very slightly; but, as the disk grew larger, and it was necessary to form the upper structure upon it as a base, the imbrication became greater and greater, the diameter of the vessel being increased at each successive coil until the greatest desired width was attained. As the potter progressed upward with her work, after this stage was reached, she kept contracting each coil more and more until the utensil assumed the desired height and shape. This process required both patience and skill. When one fillet or strip of clay rope was used up, another was joined to it with the greatest care, and each coil was firmly attached to the one already formed, by pressing together with the fingers the connecting edges at short intervals as the coiling went on. This manipulation produced indenta-



Fig. 9.—Vessel from the Tumulus at Saint George.



Fig. 10.—Vase from the Province of Tusayan.

tions or corrugations that bear a striking similarity to the stitches in basket work. The rim of the vessel was generally formed of a broad plain band thickening at the lip and somewhat recurved.

The art of making coil-worked pottery was not confined to the Pueblo Indians, but was practiced by many widely separated communities. Butel made out of wood and perfectly smooth, and an oval-shaped polished stone"—for smoothing and joining the layers together. Lastly, Mr. Wm. H. Holmes, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, has specimens of coil-made ware from a number of the Eastern and Southern States. A specimen which he picked up at Avoca, North Carolina, exhibits no



Fig. 11.—Vase from Parowan, Utah.

Dumont, in his *Mémoires sur la Louisiane*, published in Paris, 1753, mentions the skill and industry of the Indian girls and women in making pottery with their fingers, and describes their method of work, which is identical with that given above, with the exception that "they flattened the inside and the outside of the vase, which without this would be uneven." Professor Hartt states that the women of Santarem, in Brazil, employed the same system of manufacture, and Humboldt makes a similar statement with regard to the Indian tribes of the Orinoco. Captain John Moss, a resident for a long time in Colorado, informed Mr. E. A. Barber that the Ute Indians manufacture pottery at the present time under the coil system, though they employ tools—"a paddle overlapping, the attachment of the coils being accomplished by pressure and by drawing both edges of the superior coil down over the convex edge of the under coil. A section of this kind of coil-made pottery has the appearance of a series of heavy arches, of equal curvature, superimposed one upon the other. This mode of construction differs widely from that practiced by the ancient Pueblos. Mr. Holmes obtained similar specimens from the modern Pueblos, from Florida, Mexico and Brazil.

Having thus traced the ceramic art in America to its origin, and described the primitive mode of construction, "casting in regularly constructed molds being only practiced by the more cultured races, such as the Peruvians," as Mr. Holmes re-

marks, it remains to mark the development and progress of art through the medium of form and ornamentation.

The decorative art had originated



Fig. 12—Cup from Central Utah.

before pottery came into use. Personal adornment had undoubtedly preceded it, as well as ornamental designs in basket plaiting. Embellishment soon extended from the person to every article that the necessities of life compelled man to make use of. Man is an observant and an imitative animal, and long before the ideographic element of embellishment was developed in his mind, natural sources had supplied him with numerous styles of ornament. In the manufacture of earthenware, as, indeed, of all artificial things, there are two latent capabilities of giving rise to ornamentation, namely, the *constructional* and the *functional*. The *functional* suggestions arise from the necessary appendages of a utensil, such as handles, legs, etc.; the *constructional* are derived from the coil, the plait, the twist, and so forth. Moreover, during the process of construction, accidental suggestions arise from finger-marks, the marks of implements and other impressions.

But the earliest suggestions in the art of embellishment were derived from the features of natural utensils. The first articles used by primitive man for domestic use, such as the shells of mollusks or of fruits, were suggestive of decoration, and when similar articles began to be produced in plastic material, the workman would imitate the peculiarities of the natural model before him. The shell of a mollusk covered with spines would suggest a noded vessel in clay, while a ribbed or fluted fruit shell would give rise to a similarly formed vessel. Even the ornamental scroll may have had the sea-shell for its origin. The elements of aboriginal ornamental art were thus derived from three sources: First, from natural objects; second, from artificial objects, whether functional or constructional; and third, from suggestions arising from accidents attending construction.

It was not, therefore, in the potter's mind that the first ideas of decoration originated. They were derived, unconsciously, from nature; and taste being exercised later, a variety of objects gradually, in course of time, would be rudely ornamented. The first stage of ceramic ornamentation was the utilization of the coil for that purpose. It would not generally be supposed that the coil could be made to contribute to the beauty of a vessel,



Fig. 13. Vessel from Zuñi.

but under the skill of the Pueblo Indians, it formed a very prominent feature in decoration. The primitive

potter failed not to notice that the ridges produced by the layers of coils, and the corrugations formed by the pressure of her fingers gave a pleasing effect to the vessel, and therefrom she worked out a variety of decorative designs.

Numerous were the devices resorted to in order to decorate ribbed spirals, in which the indentations, caused by the joining of the edges of the coils, suggest the serpent, and the means of representing it.

That the Pueblo Indians had a decided taste for ornament is evidenced by attempts to elaborate intricate patterns, by means of thumb-nail indentations; and it is astonishing what beautiful designs and work were accomplished by this simple means. The checkered, wave-like and meandering patterns produced by indenta-



Fig. 14—Bowl, Tumulus at Saint George.

are avoided. The coil was often crimped from the top to the bottom of the vessel, while in other instances, the vessel was constructed of alternate bands of rib-like coil and crimped, or corrugated coil. This relief form of ornamentation is generally traceable to construction, the crenelated surfaces of the vases there represented being the result of the method of building, modified by artistic indentation.

The coil, in fact, had an important influence on ceramic decoration, and from it a great variety of surface ornamentation was attained by treating the coil when in place, while suggestions derived from it may readily be conceived to have originated the scroll and double scroll, and the ornamental use of individual fillets built on to the surfaces of vessels, while the sinuous forms which the coil assumes would

tion, which was not always performed with the thumb-nail and finger tips, a variety of implements being used, point alike to the skill, the ingenuity, and the patience of those primitive people. In the ancient Pueblo district, examples of incised designs and stamped figures are rare, while basket indentations, according to Mr. Holmes, "are in all cases the accidents of manufacture." The fragment (illustration, Fig. 1), was picked up by that gentleman on the site of an old Pueblo village, near Abiquiu, New Mexico. It is a portion of a small vase, which was covered by a simple pattern of intaglio lines, produced with a bone or wooden stylus.

With regard to functional suggestions, and their influence on the decorative art, they were derived from peculiar features in pottery, originating in utility, such as handles and

spouts, legs and feet, rims and bands. Handles, particularly, were copied in clay, from a variety of models, and underwent many and great modifications. Owing to the fragility of the material, however, in many instances they lost their functional utility, and degenerated into ornaments. In the same way, other functional features of earthenware gave rise to decoration.

Having thus given a brief outline of the views of archæologists, on the origin of ceramic ornament, we shall now consider the origin of form.

Mr. Holmes considers that there are three possible origins of form, namely, by accident, by imitation, and by invention. The origin by imitation is subdivided into imitation of natural models and imitation of artificial models. Forms suggested by accident are fruitful sources of progress, and it was by such suggestions that the use of clay was discovered, and the ceramic art was developed therefrom. "The accidental indentation of a mass of clay by the foot, or hand, or by a fruit, shell, or stone, while serving as an auxiliary in some simple art, may have suggested the making of a cup—the simplest form of a vessel." Clay used as a cement in repairing stone, wooden or wicker utensils may also have led to the formation of disks or cups, afterwards independently fashioned, and the forms of the utensils on which the clay was used would be impressed upon these newly constructed objects.



Fig. 15—Vase from Tumulus at Saint George.

Forms derived from imitation admit of great variety. At first the range of models in the ceramic art was very limited, and included only the small variety of domestic utensils used by primitive man. Later, closely associated objects were copied. Both the animal and vegetable kingdom liberally supplied natural originals. The seashore abounded with shells which furnished receptacles for food and drink; in woodland valleys grew the gourd and other vegetable productions, whose fruits supplied shells serviceable as natural vessels; and on the grassy plains and meadows the horns of cattle and other animals were found and utilized as utensils, and these were the natural originals which the primitive potter imitated.



Fig. 16—Red Pitcher, Tumulus at Saint George.

Of all these, however, the gourd furnished a greater proportionate number of models than any other original. It gave rise to many primitive shapes of vessels. According to the mode of cutting it, bowls of different dimensions, wide-mouthed vases, narrow-mouthed jars, and narrow-necked bottles could be obtained. By cutting

the body of the gourd longitudinally on one side of its axis, dippers with straight or curved handles were procured. And all these forms the potter has used as models. All tribes situated upon the seashore used shells as receptacles for food and water, and imitations of these are found in the relics of the ancient potter's art. Again the skins, paunches and bladders of animals were extensively employed in favorable regions, as vessels for the transportation of water and the preservation of seeds and other kinds of food, and they have had their influence on the forms of earthenware. Indeed any object that in its natural or slightly altered state is available as a utensil, has been utilized by primeval man and become a model for the potter.



Fig. 17—Handled Mug, Rio San Juan.

Most primitive peoples had manufactured vessels before the discovery of the ceramic art. Utensils wrought in stone and wood, and fabricated in wickerwork preceded the utilization of clay, and these constituted the potter's artificial originals. The field for the practice of her art became more extensive as these originals were imitated, and a multitude of new forms offered themselves as models. There is a great variety of form in basketry and other classes of woven vessels; and these arts being antecedent to pottery, have left indelible impressions upon ceramic forms. The earthenware of nearly all nations exhibits this secondary position to wickerwork.

As it was only in the later stages of the art that the invention of forms supplied originals, it is not necessary to consider that subject at present. With the above account of the origin of prehistoric pottery, its form and embellishment, we will now consider the development of the art.

We have seen that the most archaic method of construction was that of the coil. The most notable collection of this ware was made from a tumulus near St. George, Utah, where a large deposit of ancient relics was found. In 1876, a collector was sent out from the National Museum to investigate the deposit, the result of his work being of a most satisfactory nature. The mound was situated on the Santa Clara River, a tributary of the Rio Virgen, and had been an ancient village site or dwelling site. By the application of a jet of water the work of exhumation was successfully accomplished. A great number of skeletons were unearthed, and a profusion of earthen vessels was found. The discovery furnished an insight into the customs of the ancient people not hitherto obtained. Along with the remains of the dead were found earthen vases, no system of arrangement being observable. "With a single body there were sometimes as many as eight vases, the children having been in this respect more highly favored than the adults."

Coiled ware was succeeded by plain ware, which in turn was followed in the order of development by painted ware.

Plain or smooth vessels, as a rule, are heavy, rudely finished utensils, intended for the more ordinary domestic uses, as the storage of water and cooking of food. They appear in widely separated districts, and exhibit such uniformity of character that it is difficult to assign any such vessel to its proper family. In many cases plain ware is coiled ware smoothed down; that is, it is coil-built with the coils obliterated either by the hand or some smoothing implement. From Saint George and other localities examples of this coiled variety have been ob-

tained. Such vessels are plentiful in the province of Tusayan, and in many cases the successive stages of the wholly coiled, the partly coiled and plain ware proper are easily discernible.



Fig. 18—Vase of Eccentric Form, Tusayan.

Mr. Holmes remarks that, among the Mokis, the Zuñis, Acomas, Yumas, and others, similar vessels are in daily use at the present time. "They are employed in cooking the messes for feasts and large gatherings, for dyeing wool and for storing various household materials. The modern work is so like the ancient that it is difficult in many cases to distinguish the one from the other. There are other varieties of plain ware which include bowls, pots and bottles. The vessel represented by the illustration, (Fig. 15) on page 785, is in possession of the Salt Lake City Museum. The three nodes which give the vessel a sub-triangular shape, are very prominent and curve upward at the points, like horns. An upright handle is attached to the side of the neck.

We now arrive at that stage of ceramic art where development has reached the new and interesting features of decoration by means of colors. The varieties of ornament obtained by indentation and corrugation, by nodes, cones, and fillets applied to the surface, and other sparingly employed decorations in relief, are now supplanted by colored designs; and a great advance in aboriginal art has been made.

The colors used in the embellishment of painted ware were generally of a mineral character, and comprised white, black, red, and various shades of brown, which were applied by means of brushes. A high order of skill, on the part of the ancient artists, is not observable, though instances are found which indicate that the painter possessed a correct eye and skilled hand. The designs are painted on spaces of the vessels, tinted and polished for their reception, and in the case of wide-mouthed utensils, such as cups and bowls, the interior surface was chiefly decorated, while vessels with restricted necks had external decorations only.

Among primitive races there are two stages of ornament: the non-ideographic and the ideographic. Contact with the whites has been the cause of the Pueblo Indians reaching a third stage, by the introduction into modern decoration of life forms and pictorial delineations, a stage not reached in the natural course of development. In modern Pueblo decoration, ideographic, non-ideographic, and



Fig. 19—Vase of Eccentric Form, Tusayan.

purely pictorial characters are combined in a heterogeneous manner.

The non-ideographic forms of expression in archaic art were principally geometric, and embraced dots, straight lines, and angular and curvilinear

figures, which developed into checkers, zigzags, complex forms of meanders, with an infinite variety of combination. The ancient artist never worked in a hap-hazard manner, the design being well formed in the mind, and a clear conception being entertained of the vessel under his hand. In accommodating geometric figures to curved and uneven surfaces, there were no erasures. "This feature of the art," says Mr. Holmes, "shows it to be a native and spontaneous growth—the untrammeled working out of traditional conceptions by native gifts."

Widely distributed, and indeed covering the entire area known to have been occupied by the Pueblo Indians, is found a whitish ware, which is distinguished by pronounced peculiarities of color, form, and ornament, resulting, not from differences in time, race, and method of construction, but from varieties of environment. This group, and that of the archaic coiled ware, belong to the first great period of Pueblo ceramic art, and are closely associated in nearly every locality, the greater antiquity being generally conceded to the latter by archæologists.

White ware is easily recognized, even in small fragments, the color being generally gray within and white upon the surface. The forms of this earthenware are few and simple, and the ornamentation consists, for the most part, of geometric figures painted in black, and exceptionally in red. Very rarely was an attempt made by the ancient artist to represent a human or animal form, and the delineation of a vegetable form never occurs. The forms of this white ware comprised bowl-shaped vessels, ollas or pot-shaped vases, bottle-shaped vessels, which differed from the olla only as the neck was longer and narrower, and handled vessels. Two well-defined varieties of handles are exhibited in this ware: the cylindrical form, derived from the gourd when cut longitudinally, and the loop. The latter form is attached to the side of bowl-shaped vessels, in either a vertical or horizontal position, and is found of different dimensions, long or short, wide or narrow, simple or compound. In high-necked vases and bottles, long loop handles were placed vertically.

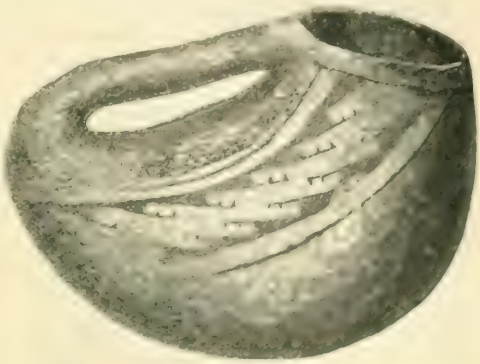


Fig. 20—Vase of Eccentric Form. Twist ar...

The rareness of the occurrence of life forms, in the decorative art of the primitive Pueblo Indians, is well illustrated by the fact that in the whole region of the Rio Virgen only one specimen bearing such delineation has been found. It was discovered in the Saint George tumulus, and is a rude oblong bowl, on the inner surface of which are painted two human figures, executed in the most primitive style. A checkered belt in black extends longitudinally along the bowl, at the sides of which, near the middle, are the figures whose angular forms are indicative of textile influence. The middle of the bowl is broken so that the feet of one figure and the head of the other are lost. (See illustration, Fig. 22, on page 789.)

From the tumulus at Saint George, a few of those red vessels, which so seldom occur, were obtained. They are bowls, the surfaces of which were washed with a bright red color. The designs are painted in black, and present such marked peculiarities that they have given rise to the idea that the vessels may have been utensils used in ceremonial observances. One

of the most characteristic vessels taken from the mound at Saint George is illustrated by Fig. 14, on page 784. The exterior is painted red; the rim has been brought to a sharp edge, and the design consists of an elaborately fretted line, so involved that the eye follows it with difficulty. From the same tumulus a fine red pitcher was also exhumed. The workmanship of this vessel is unusually good, the surface being even and well polished. The color is a strong red, the design, which is painted in black, consisting of a number of meandering lines, to which are added at intervals dentate figures, as seen in the illustration, Fig. 16, on page 785.

In the district of the Rio San Juan, the ceramic relics are more uniform in character and archaic in decoration than those of other districts. Few entire vessels of painted ware have been found in the section, but fragments are plentiful, and much has been done there to restore various forms. Bowls, in this region which is an extensive one, are very numerous, and exhibit great varieties in size, form, and ornamentation. Handled cups, of hemispherical shape, and mugs are common, bottle-shaped vessels and ollas being much less so.

The ancient provinces of Cibota and Tusayan, in the district of Colorado Chiquito, are very rich in ceramic relics, the latter-named province furnishing two or three distinct varieties of earthenware. Space will not admit of our making mention of more than a few specimens in illustration of eccentricity of form or peculiarity of design.

The vase (Fig. 19), is a well-finished, handsomely decorated cup of white ware of eccentric form, and having a handle apparently modeled after the curved neck of a gourd, the point touching, but not uniting with the body of the vessel. Fig. 18 is very simply decorated; the node next the handle, suggests the tail of a bird. A fine specimen of these vessels of eccentric form is Fig. 20, which decidedly suggests a skin, or intestine vessel. There is but a step from this form to that of the well-known moccasin shape of a later period of Pueblo art. The decoration is simple and unique, consisting of a meandering design in white, on a black ground.

Among the relics of Pueblo Indians, animal forms in pottery, which constitute the prominent feature of the ancient pottery of the Mississippi Valley, are rare, and received little attention by the primitive artist.

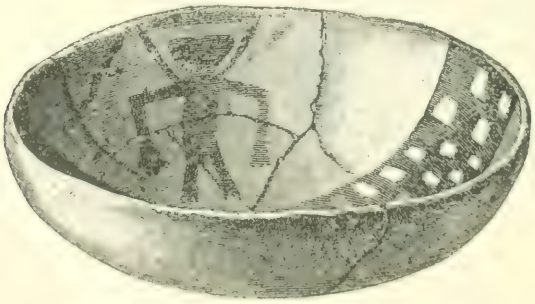
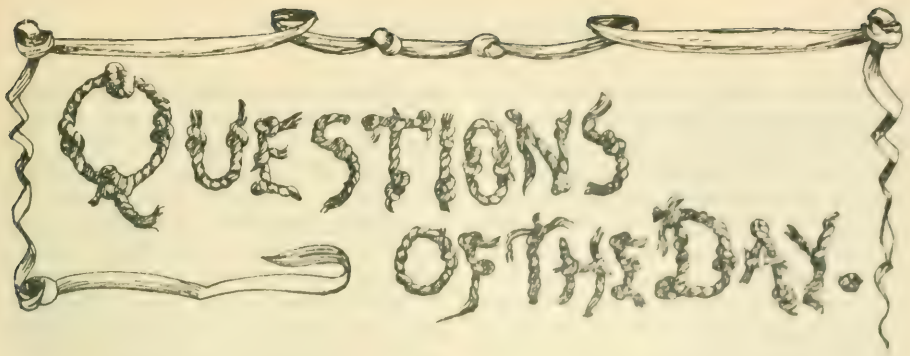


Fig. 22—Bowl with Human Figures, Tumulus at Saint George.



GONE, YET WITH US.

WITH the ripening fruits and mellowing tints of autumn, our poet of nature and humanity falls from his bough in a ripe old age. It was fitting that this quiet son of Quaker fathers should be laid to rest in the sweet silence of flowers, laden with the speechless offerings of Friends.

Words must fail to bestow a worthy tribute to the name of Whittier. He was a child of Nature, and he voiced her sublime trinity—the good, the true and the beautiful. The companions of his youth, who tottered at his grave, had drunk of his spirit, and mourned with a cheerful heart. He had inspired a great nation. The children have felt the touch of his poet's heart. Out of sight, his life remains. No monument will rise from his grave. His song is his monument. Though dead, wherever his native tongue abounds, he will speak.

In a time when the power of wealth is supreme, it is refreshing to think this poet's life was no more sordid than the money-vine that crept over the ground around his old homestead. Among all the words that have been uttered over his fresh grave, none are more fitly chosen than those of Chicago's poet-preacher, Dr. Gunsaulus :

His were the sweet-voiced accents of the little child,
Learned of time's streamlets where eternal currents ran ;
Ne'er by time's shadowed surface was his muse beguiled :
He was the prophet-psalmist of the common man.

Snowflakes of purest white from his New England skies
Come drifting soon to sparkle o'er our singer's tomb.
Calm sleeps their truest lyrist where his dreaming eyes
Saw rock-strewn field and hillock with the storm abloom.

Black arms upstretched to God, once manacled in chains,
In glad thanksgiving raptures praise the heaven that gave.
No more to clanking fetters freedom yields her gains:
Before his heart of song they melted from the slave.

THE RECENT STRIKES.

SINCE 1886, strikes have not been as frequent as before that date, until within the last three or four months. They had been so seldom and of such mild character, comparatively, that the hope had become generally entertained that they would soon disappear altogether. In the main, the American people are strongly in sympathy with the cause of labor, and the opinion has become widespread that organization is necessary to resist the exactions of capital. The recent strikes have tended to estrange the friends of labor and to bring pain to the lovers of peace and order.

It is true that capital is often exacting and oppressive, and it is equally true that labor organizations have at times acted in an indefensible manner. Formerly, they frequently fell under the control of irresponsible and reckless men, who ordered strikes in passion, through ignorance, or from sinister motives. Latterly, leadership has been improved by the selection of more intelligent and better men, who are capable, and are disposed to make a study of conditions, with a view to arranging that labor shall receive its fair share of produced wealth, and capital shall enjoy reasonable remuneration.

It is an indisputable right of every man to refuse to work when terms are unsatisfactory ; and beyond the exercise of this right, strikers cannot be defended. The employer has an equal right to reject applications for employment. To interfere with others by force, when they are willing to work on the terms offered, is a moral crime; and to destroy property and life is heinous beyond measure, as it not only harms those directly affected, but indirectly damages those who are not parties to the controversy,

and even the destroyers themselves. It is true that wealth has become distributed out of proportion to ability to earn, but destructive acts have no tendency to equalize distribution. Organization, if it embraces the masses of the working people, will enable them to enforce such compensation for labor that capital will not secure more than it is justly entitled to. Our laws of descent and distribution are effective in breaking up ponderous estates, which are usually widely distributed before the third or even the second generation from the acquisitor passes from the stage of action.

If it is true, as is often charged, that the rich do not bear their share of the burdens of government, the laws can be changed to compel them, and officers can be chosen who will faithfully enforce them. Let the principle of taxation be so changed as to exempt homesteads of limited value. Graduated incomes and inheritances can be taxed. The first will recognize the principle that burdens shall be borne in proportion to ability, and the other that it is wisest that all should begin life under conditions as nearly equal as practicable.

It is a mistake to prescribe unchangeable scales of wages. They should be based upon equitable principles, and varied according to circumstances. Prices of raw materials and of manufactures go up and down, and so should wages. Because the manufacturer and railway carrier make a certain profit this year, this is no proof that they will be as fortunate next. Another fact to be considered is that capital always takes the hazard of loss, and labor takes none. Wages are paid whatever may be the results of the business; they are by the laws given preference over other liabilities. There is an absolutism in the management of labor organizations utterly inconsistent with the principles of popular government. Leaders seem to have power to order strikes and to declare them off at will. Chiefs meet and consult and make treaties very much like Czar and Kaiser. As the masses have not the leisure to devote to such investigations, it is well and necessary to have trusty persons to study markets and other conditions, that it may be known whether or not labor is receiving deserved remuneration.

A strike is a dangerous remedy unless it can be restricted to a refusal to work. There are bad men everywhere, and under excitement the evil-minded may induce the well-disposed to take part in disorderly proceedings. Violence is contagious, and the more people become familiarized with it the less intolerable it appears. Capital cannot get along without labor, and the converse of the proposition is also true. Labor and capital in a sense may be natural antagonisms, for the reason that their interests are conflicting; but they need not be arrayed against each other in hostility. If, as alleged, capital is always united and organized, it is enough for labor to do likewise. If the working people were equally united and organized, one would have no advantage over the other. If there are those who do not choose to enter labor organizations, they cannot be coerced. This is a free country. The question is not without difficulty. Conditions are quite different, since the distribution of products is speedier, and in large volume. Production is concentrated in larger plants, and associated labor has become a necessity and an economy. Capitalists and labor leaders must negotiate in a friendly spirit, and arrange terms that will be just to both. If this cannot be done the laws must provide means of arbitration on the principle that it is a duty of government to assure equity to every interest and class.

The affair in Tennessee was not a strike for higher wages or shorter hours of work. It was a rebellion, rather, against the law of the State, which authorizes the leasing of convict labor. This law is unwise. To work by the side of or in competition with convicted criminals is justly repulsive to free and intelligent men, who must regard such as if they were slave gangs or worse. Convict labor is sought because it is cheaper, and convicted criminals can be treated as if they have no rights, which men out of the penitentiary are bound to respect. They are often overworked and otherwise mistreated. Free laboring men have not infrequently carried their opposition to convict labor too far. The State should relieve the people from expense, as far as practicable, by requiring convicts to earn the cost of their keeping. Punishment is not for the purpose of making the punished

as miserable as possible, but for the protection of society, and it is intended, also, to be reformatory, as far as practicable. Convicts are healthier and happier when they are required to perform a reasonable amount of work. Statistics show that where they labor and acquire a trade, with which they can earn a living after release from imprisonment, a much less percentage commit the second crime and return to prison. This is important to the public. Convicts should be put to producing what will not unnecessarily compete with the products of free labor.

At Homestead, in Pennsylvania, and at Buffalo, New York, the strikes were on account of differences as to wages. When they could not be settled by the parties amicably, the strike should not have gone farther than to refuse to work. If there had been no danger to non-union men or to property, the Pinkertons would not have been called into service. Their employment under any circumstances would be improper. Employment of a private force to protect property is lawful, but it is the worst of practices. The law provides the *posse comitatus*, and the organized militia, and officers to call out and command them. Protection to property and life is provided by the Government, and if officers and good citizens perform their duties, the protection will be ample.

The Governor of Pennsylvania was dilatory. He should have taken the request of the sheriff for assistance as sufficient proof that the means at his immediate command were inadequate. When too late, he acted efficiently. The Governor of Tennessee was so indecisive and irresolute that he may be justly chargeable with the loss of life that ensued. He acted like a demagogue, and not like a chief magistrate, who regards the faithful execution of the laws as his highest duty. The Governor of New York acted with promptness and efficiency. Peace officers, from governor down, are in duty bound to suppress violence and disorder whenever they appear. It is not their duty to inquire into the cause, but to take notice of the fact and to put an end to it promptly, and with impartiality. The courts must deal with differences afterwards, if there are any worthy of judicial consideration. When it becomes understood that violence will be dealt with promptly, and repressed with vigor, even the worst element of society will consider before overt acts of disorder are committed. When it is a certainty that all officers will do their duty regardless of personal consequences, mobs will be less frequent, and probably will soon disappear altogether. Any official who will subordinate the public to private interests, should be sent where he will be compelled to endure the agony of public and of his own disrespect.

SIGNALING MARS.

In the November number of the CALIFORNIAN, Professor Pierson has ably discouraged the hopes of those who think we shall before long exchange signals with our little reddish neighbor, Mars. Science is very sensitive to errors, and on page 679 a mistake was inadvertently made. Instead of saying, "Being half as far again distant from the sun, it (Mars) receives but a quarter of the heat that we do, etc.," the types should have said, "it receives but *one half* the heat, etc."

A NOTABLE CONVENTION.

By the time this issue of the CALIFORNIAN passes the Rocky Mountains, the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, advertised for October 28th –November 4th, will be gathering at Denver. Among the distinguished reformers to be present will be Mr. Wm. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, the great defender of woman's purity, whose startling exposures in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some years since, created consternation on both sides of the Atlantic; also, Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, the founder of Florence Crittenton Missions. The subject of social purity is expected to secure earnest attention; and the remarkable description given in this November CALIFORNIAN by Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm, press reporter of the W. C. T. U., will, it is believed, aid the objects of the convention, as well as open the eyes of thousands of careless readers. This article, while straightforward and pointed in its statement of facts, is phrased in language entirely respectable and chaste. It is time the public should know the proportions of a traffic that is a disgrace to humanity.

NEW BOOKS

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN LITERATURE opens to the teacher a new field of instruction. It leads him away from dry and drastic analysis and details of methods that reign supreme over the typical institute, and brings him into the presence of living models, bad and good. We are treated, not to a cold collation of theories and philosophical saws, but to a portrait gallery of schools and teachers, from quaint old Roger Asham's "Scholemaster" of the 16th century, to Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," of the 19th century. Prose, play, poetry and fiction conspire to set before us the teacher as a man or a woman, instead of mere explanations of good and bad teaching. By the aid of literature — its genius, humanity, sentiment and wholeness — "The Schoolmaster in Literature" introduces us in succession to the *Émile* of Rousseau, the "Christopher and Eliza" of Pestalozzi, the "Trocinium" of Cowper, the "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre" of Goethe, the "Village Schoolmistress" of Mary Russell Mitford, the "Lowood School" of Charlotte Brontë, "Miss Pinkerton" of Thackeray, the "Rugby" of Thomas Hughes, "Dr. Blimber's School," "Salem House" and "Dotheboy's Hall" of Dickens, with the familiar sketches of Tom Tulliver's" experience by George Eliot, "Ichabod Crane" by Washington Irving, and "Malcolm" by George MacDonald.

We have often wished that Rousseau's *Émile* could receive a merited translation and be placed in the hands of our public school teachers. Rousseau originated the seed-thought for Pestalozzi; and the *Émile* contains the germ of the school at Bonnal. But since the teacher, like the pupil, learns better by example than by precept, he will find wholesome object lessons in Cornelia Blimber and poor little Paul Dombey. Take one glimpse of the Blimber school with little six-year-old Paul on the dissecting board:

"'Analysis of the character of P. Dombey. If my recollection serves me,' said Miss Blimber, breaking off, 'the word analysis as opposed to synthesis, is thus defined by Walker: *The resolution of an object, whether of the senses or of the intellect, into its first elements.* As opposed to synthesis, you observe. Now you know what analysis is, Dombey?'

"Dombey didn't seem to be absolutely blinded by the light let in upon his intellect, but he made Miss Blimber a little bow."

An example like this is better than a whole chapter of didactic lessons. Any teacher who studies such pictures of the false must turn away in disgust and seek a better way. Well does Edward Eggleston, in his pithy introduction to this group of school sketches remark, that "examinations for license to teach do not get at what is most valuable in the teacher." In our zeal to abandon the theories and methods of a barren past, we are in danger of turning our school-teachers into machines, cog-wheels and millstones. This book will touch the heart, the quality, the manhood and womanhood of the teacher. New York. Published by the American Book Company—Price, $1.40.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER, by Agnes Maule Machar, author of "Stories of New France," abounds in vivid descriptions of the Canadian Carnival and other provincial winter sports, including tobogganing, which is a passionate pastime for young folks in the Northwest. These accessories will excite interest in Eastern readers and awaken in our coast dwellers of Eastern origin a hankering for an old-fashioned northern winter; but to "Native Sons and Daughters" they will have little charm. The story is well told, but will fail to fascinate readers far away from its local surroundings. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

EDNA WILLIS LINN, who writes many genuine poems for periodical publications, with some common-place verses, has bravely surmounted the ordinary obstacles to public notice by bringing out a neat little volume of "Poems." The tendency of our new poets is to dwell upon subjective themes, and to reach for what is not palpable to the common mind and eye. Miss Linn's verse is fresh with real life and nature, and treats the lover of poetry to a pleasant contrast. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.

C. L. DINGLEY, Jr.

An honest man, close button'd to the chin—
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

IN these days of severe competition and unrivaled successes, it is a difficult matter to single out any one individual as being specially worthy to occupy a place upon the roll of our business heroes, who bring tone, character and honor to our commercial world; but there can be nothing invidious in selecting Mr. C. L. Dingley, and in pointing out, for the benefit of some of our readers, a few of the traits of character which make him—*facile princeps*—a leader even at his time of life; who has, by the sheer force of upright and persevering industry gained a name for himself which might well be coveted by many men many years his senior.

It is often dangerous to speak in glowing terms of those who are practically young in the world, especially if their ears can hear or their eyes can see what has been said regarding them; but the present writer can affirm that while this is not the first article which has contained complimentary references to the push, the enterprise and the success of the brilliant young leader of the "Drifted Snow Flour" boom, and while it most certainly will not be the last, the gentleman in question is apparently less concerned and certainly less exalted than if he were the subject of adverse criticism and reproach.

There never was a man who has become less intoxicated, either by reason of the amazing success that has followed him, or by reason of the flattering manner in which he is spoken of by all who know him—by the public press, by the leading weeklies and monthlies—than Mr. Charles L. Dingley.

Of his early life there is nothing special to record. He is the eldest son of parents whose lives shone, not in public but in private, and yet who maintained a position which entitled them to the respect and affection of the community in which they dweit. Treated to a liberal education at our public schools, he graduated therefrom in 1883, and not being decided as to his future course of life, he spent some time in travel, which has proved of immense advantage to him in late years. Though not particularly enamored of business life, at his father's request he entered his office and began his life with the noble determination to do his duty as long as he remained in business, and die before surrender. Little did the young man think that his resolution would soon be severely tested. Yet when—in the winter of 1889, his father died, the tremendous burden of a large growing business fell upon his shoulders, and it devolved upon him to assume the management of interests which might well have alarmed a more matured mind—the subject of this sketch stepped into the breach, and instead of retiring from a life which had not yet proved congenial to him, he stood by his former resolution and determined that all his powers should be used in furthering the interests of his late father's firm, and in gaining for it a place higher than it had hitherto occupied.

The rank is but the guinea stamp.
The man's the gowd for a' that.

It is true "Drifted Snow Flour" had at this time an existence, but its existence was no more remarkable than that of any other brand of flour. Now began that peculiar tide in the affairs of Mr. Dingley which he took at the flood and which has led on to his fortune. "I do not believe," he recently said, "in *squandering* a cent, but I do believe in spending thousands of dollars *judiciously*." Mr. Dingley set himself to make sure that his flour was the best in the market, and having made



C. L. Dingley, Jr.

sure of that, he set himself to advise the public of the fact. To do this the "thousands of dollars" must be spent, and spent judiciously. Opposition met him on every side, but the man knew his opportunity and made use of it, to what purpose the public knows full well. With this advertising began one of the most memorable struggles in the history of business enterprise in this city. "Drifted snow flour is a success," was the simple sign which met the public eye at every point. The older firms, which had so long held their position and worn the wreath without any daring to contest their right, laughed at the suggestion that they could ever suffer by the advent of this young intruder, and the entrance of the junior Dingley into the contest reminded many of the old Bible story of David and Goliath, not only in its beginning, but in its termination; for, *mirabile dictu!* the flour giants are slain, and the youthful manager of the Drifted Snow Flour Co. victoriously seizes the prize and compels the great milling firms of the State to form a combine!

The question is often asked, "How do you account for such remarkable success in so young a man?" and we answer, that in Mr. Dingley's case success is inevitable. He adopts all the prerequisite means; gives to his business schemes all the freshness of sturdy young manhood, all the courage, indomitable zeal and perseverance of a new energy, and inspires all who are associated with him with a dauntless spirit which generates enthusiasm and which refuses to think of even the possibility of defeat. The dashing, *go-ahead* spirit is not the only feature peculiar to Mr. Dingley's business habits; he possesses to an almost equal degree the calm, judicious, steady nature without which the former would be insecure, and though a thorough believer in pressing on at "full steam," he is also a thorough believer in the value of the "brake," and knows how and when to apply it.

Without any doubt, excessive modesty is Mr. Dingley's chief fault. His modesty keeps him from aspiring to positions for which he is amply qualified. No better illustration of this could be found than is contained in the fact that though he alone is responsible for the unparalleled success of "Drifted Snow Flour," his own name never appeared in connection with it, and few are aware that the retiring manager of the Central Milling Co. is the subject of this sketch.

It is greatly to be regretted that, in these days, when so many who are totally unfitted for appointments of public trust are pushing themselves to the front, such men as Mr. Dingley could not be secured and induced to accept an appointment which would bring confidence to the public mind; but though ambitious along the line of business, he has no ambition to be among the political place-seekers of the city. We trust the day is not far distant when the public may elevate him to the place where his character, attainments and life entitle him.

In private life, it would be hard to find a more genial and companionable gentleman.

In November, 1890, Mr. Dingley married Miss Laura Albrecht of Fruitvale, and in their beautiful home at Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. Dingley lead a quiet, happy life—the ideal life of a genuine American home.

The future of such a man must be a notable one. Although but twenty-seven years of age, he has already achieved a remarkable distinction, and has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that with determination, perseverance, purity of motive and integrity of character, combined with all the other traits—noble and gentle—of true manhood, a man must succeed in this world, and deserve the testimony of approval not only from his own conscience, but also from that great tribunal which sits in judgment upon all men, and pronounces its decisions with characteristic frankness and fearlessness.

"MY NAME IS U. S. GRANT."

IN an illustrated history of his regiment, Major D. E. Cronin publishes a story contributed by Sergeant Prince, which runs as follows:

"Our regiment—the First New York Mounted Rifles—with many other troops, lay in front of Richmond, in March, 1865. We had been hustled around pretty lively for several weeks and had no permanent camp. One night the word was passed along the line and soon became common property that there was to be an early advance the following morning, and everywhere was bustle and confusion. Every man was ordered to be in his saddle by 2 A. M. I was at this time clerk in the Quartermaster's department under Lieutenant Corby. About 10 or 11 o'clock Colonel Sumner sent word to the Quartermaster to send me to his tent mounted. I reported at headquarters in a few moments, and the Colonel handed me a dispatch and told me to go to the City Point with it at once and to go lively and deliver it at once to one of the departments, which I do not recall now, as it did not impress me as much as what occurred afterward.

"There was no moon, but the weather was pleasant and it was a starlight night. I started off on a lope, and had reached the James River and crossed the pontoon bridge, and had followed the road probably a mile, keeping the right of it. I had met no one up to this time, but now in the distance I heard a horseman approaching in the opposite direction, riding fast.

"As we approached each other my left leg struck his left leg with such violence that both of us were nearly unseated and swept from our saddles. My first involuntary exclamation was: 'Why the devil don't you keep the right side of the road, you chucklehead!' or something to that effect. He replied in a similar strain, as we were both mad and felt sore. This kind of talk was kept up for a few minutes pro and con, each blaming the other for the accident, and it was give and take all the time, as I felt perfectly secure in my position, having the right of the road, until he asked the question: 'How does it happen that you are galloping your horse?' I replied that I had the same right to gallop my horse that he had to gallop his. 'Yes,' said he, 'but I thought I had issued orders that there should be no galloping of horses in this department.'

"This was the first intimation I had received that I was not talking to a private soldier, as it was too dark to see anything but the outlines of a man and horse. I at once took a back track and was profuse in my apologies. But he answered me curtly and said: 'Come along back to the pontoon bridge and I will place you in charge of the officer in command.'

"I turned about and started back with him. I was satisfied by this time I had struck a snag and had nearly knocked the breath out of a commanding officer, but who it was I had not the remotest idea. I now explained to him my errand and the importance of haste in its execution, and that I had been ordered by Colonel Sumner to ride quick. We had only proceeded a quarter or half a mile when he said: 'I guess you can go on. My name is U. S. Grant. Look out that you don't run into my staff; you will find them down the road somewhere.' And sure enough, when I got down the road about half a mile, I met his staff clattering along at a rapid pace.

"General Grant was on his way to the front to be ready for the movement that was to take place the following morning, and had ridden out of sight and hearing of his staff."

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A Tribute to Emerson

Mr. Whittier spoke of Oliver Wendell Holmes and himself as the only two left of that literary circle in Boston, which the world has recognized as the light of American letters—Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes and himself. "But," he said, "Emerson was the greatest one among us. He will live long after we are all forgotten." I asked why he considered Emerson the greatest, and he answered promptly, "Because he had more truth than any of us, and because he recognized the divinity of man." I reminded him that Emerson had theorized splendidly, while he had demonstrated those theories Emerson taught. "Ah, but he was a noble soul," he said. "I loved him like a brother, and I shall soon join him."

He spoke of the Transcendental Club, and when I ventured surprise that he was not a regular attendant, he replied: "Oh, I went down occasionally and visited Mr. Longfellow and attended it. But, to be very frank with you, I have avoided society whenever I could. My life has been lived in seclusion. I have loved the solitude, and courted it, meeting only the few who were akin to me. Mr. Longfellow was different. He was genial and entertaining. His home was the center of a large circle of gifted minds. I have met Helen Hunt Jackson there and many delightful people whom I might have entertained, I suppose, but my life has been very simple, very quiet." "But you have reached many people with your poems, and helped many," I suggested; "there was always a heart-touch in them."

"There was a heart-need in them, I doubt not," he said, with tears in his eyes, "for my life has been very incomplete—sometimes very lonely." I wanted to ask why he never wedded, but felt it would be indelicate, notwithstanding the freedom with which he spoke of himself. He seemed to divine my thought, for he continued: "You wonder why I have never married! I believe in marriage when there is a spiritual love, of which you have written—and then only is it marriage—but there were reasons why I have never married. I have chosen to live for an ideal." This time it was I who caught the reflex of his thought, so I said: "Your poem, 'My Playmate,' has always interested me. When I was the merest child it was my compensation for well-doing to stand by my mother's knee and hear her read that poem. The pathos of those lines,

> 'And still the pines on Ramoth Hill
> Are moaning like the sea,
> The moaning of the sea of change
> That parted thee and me,'

had a strange power to stir my emotive nature; and later, when I came in possession of the reply to that poem, I seemed to feel all the desolation it embodied in my own soul." "Where did you get a reply to that poem?" Mr. Whittier asked with quick, earnest tone. "How came you by it?" I told him "a lady whom I knew, while traveling in Europe, obtained the MSS. from the author," and I said: "You know it has your name in it, Mr. Whittier?" "Yes, I know. I have it, but I did not know—I did not think—any other had a copy of it." Then, in a thoughtful mood, he continued: "I have sometimes regretted giving to the public some of the poems relating to my personal history. It seemed sacrilege for the world to see them."—*Cor. Inter-Ocean.*

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BRIC-A-BRAC

Knowledge is Safety

New York *Times:* Everybody now knows how cholera is propagated, and everybody therefore knows that if the water supply is properly protected, cholera cannot become epidemic. It is a full quarter of a century and more since it has been epidemic, even if we allow the proportions of an epidemic to the cholera of 1866 distinctly less fatal as it was than the "grip" of 1891 and 1892, not to speak of the diseases that we have always with us. In the existing situation there is abundant reason why the Commissioner of Public Works should bestir himself to see that the water supply of the city is not polluted. If he does his duty in that respect, and if the Board of Health does its duty in seeing that the belongings of people who die from cholera are promptly destroyed, then the cholera will be much less calamitous than an ordinary and annual outbreak of typhoid fever, and whoever allows himself to become excited about the cholera will properly be classed as a "crank."

A SAD TALE

"Why, what makes you look so sad, Fanny?" asked a sensible-looking elderly lady of a fashionable young lady who lives on Madison avenue."

"Didn't you hear of my bereavement?"

"No."

"I've lost my dear little Fido," replied the young lady, swallowing a big lump. "He lingered for three days, and then his little spirit fled."

"You don't say."

"I had the servant dig him a little grave in the garden. I can see it from my window. For a whole week after he died I felt so badly I did not eat a morsel."

"You ought not to have buried him so near the house," was the reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

George William Curtis made a very happy response to the praises of friends at a dinner given at the Tavern Club, of Boston, some years since upon his birthday. Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell and President Norton had all said their say, and said it well, when Mr. Curtis was called upon to respond. By way of illustrating his own case, he told the story of an Oriental prince and his mentor. Prince and mentor walked abroad one day, the latter carrying in his hand a jar, which he presently uncorked. From the open mouth of the vessel rose a gas, and this the mentor lighted. Thick fumes curled up from the burning gas, and gradually took such shape that the prince could not help recognizing traces of his own features, though glorified and ennobled. "Can it be that this pictures me?" asked the flattered prince. "Yes," smiled the mentor, "not, however, as you are, but as you ought to be."—*Inter-Ocean.*

HOW HE LOOKED IN A BICYCLE COSTUME

A Spoke in His Wheel.—They had just been introduced. She was a pretty country girl and he a wheelman, vain of his personal appearance, when clad in cycling costume.

He—"I assure you there is scarcely a man who does not find the wheel suit most becoming."

She (doubtingly)—"Indeed!"

He—"As for myself, everybody insists that I look one hundred per cent better in bicycle costume than in an ordinary business suit."

She (innocently)—"Dear me! how awful you must look in an ordinary business suit."—*Exchange.*



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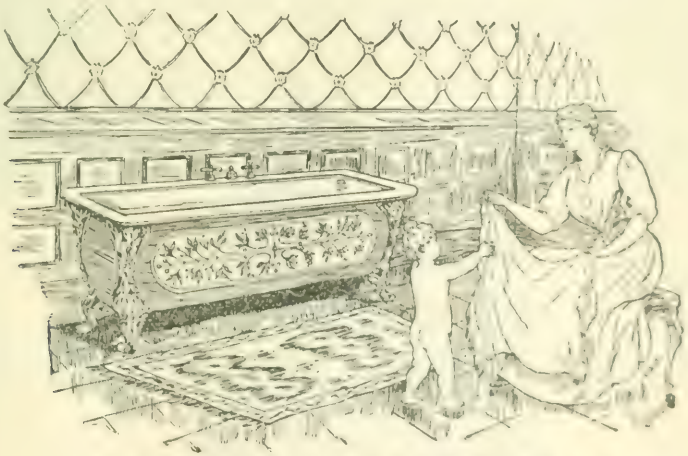
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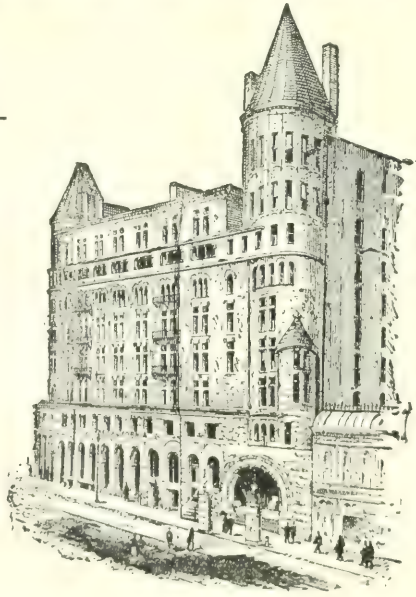
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A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

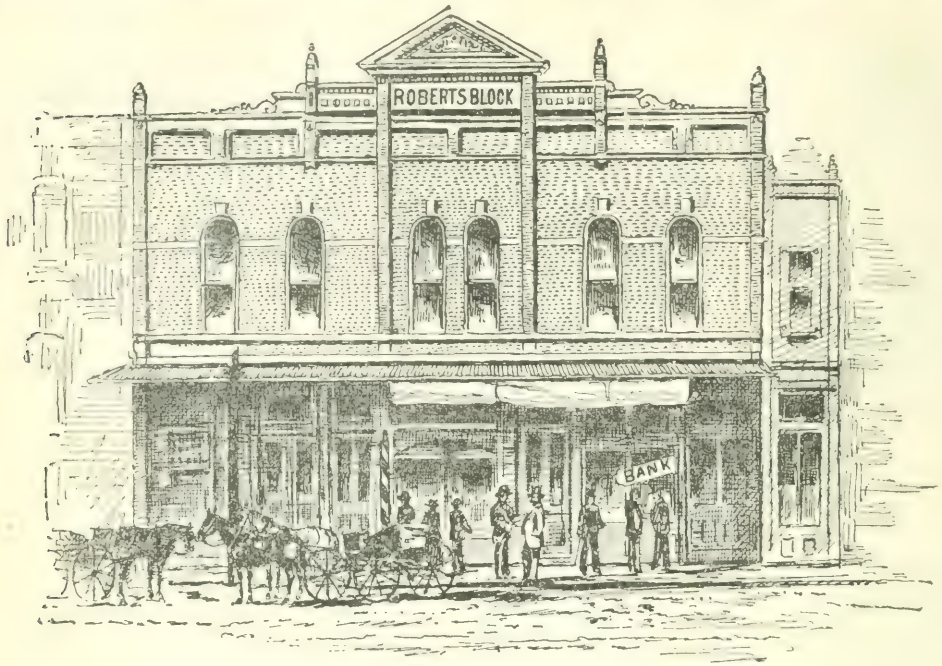
A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet), of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

The John Brown Colony, Madera, California



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6 35 a. m.	7 15 a. m.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	8 05 p. m.
9 20 p. m.	10 05 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
10 30 a. m.	11 25 a. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 00 p. m.

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Leave Los Angeles for Monrovia	Leave Monrovia for Los Angeles
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11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

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Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
3 00 p. m.	3 50 p. m.
5 15 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro Depot, E. end of 1st St. Brg.

Leave Los Angeles for Long Beach and E. San Pedro	Leave E. San Pedro for Los Angeles
9 55 a. m.	7 25 a. m.
12 45 p. m.	11 15 a. m.
5 30 p. m. Sat. ex.	4 00 p. m. Sat. ex.
8 05 a. m. Sun. only	12 55 p. m. Sun. only
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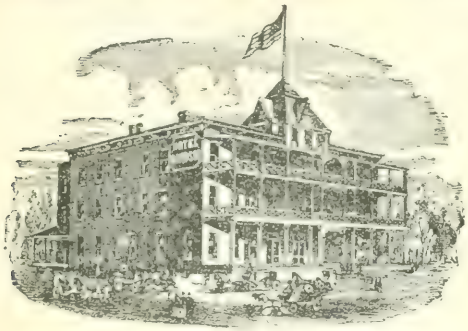
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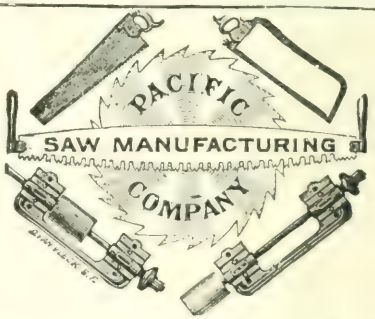
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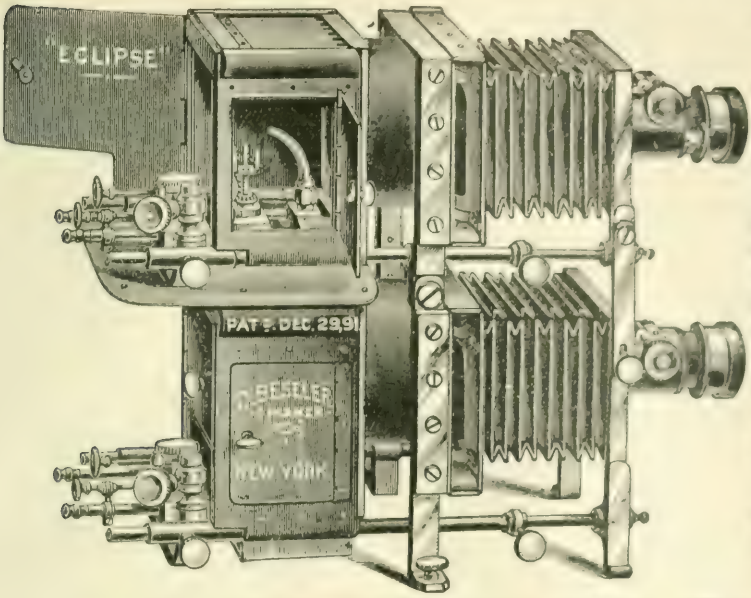
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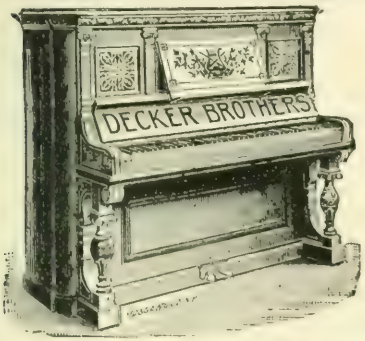
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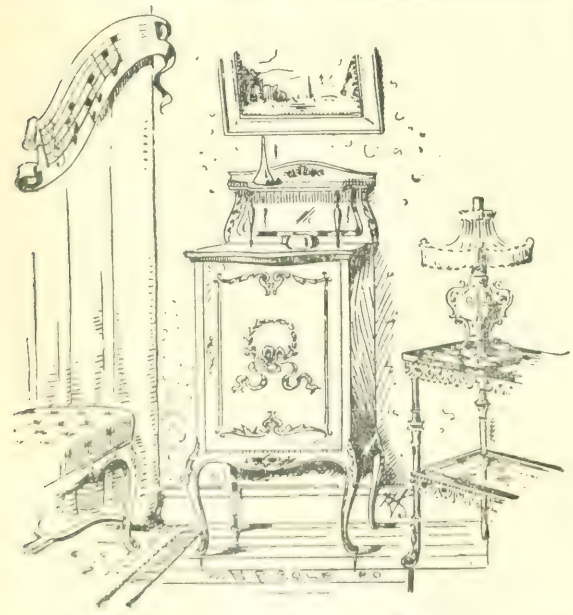
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